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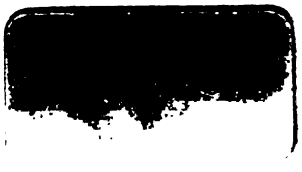

THE

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ABEL STEVENS, EDITOR.

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THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1855.

BISHOP SCOTT.

AT the last session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church four new bishops were elected. We propose to give portraits of each, with "pen-and-ink" sketches: the latter will be very brief but accurate—the former may not be the most accurate in every case, but shall be as good as the paintings or daguerreotypes, from which our artists copy, will admit.

BISHOP SCOTT was born October 11, 1802, at Cantwell's Bridge, Newcastle County, Delaware, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church October 16, 1822. He entered the Philadelphia Conference in 1826, and was sent to Talbott Circuit, and in 1827 to Dover Circuit. In 1828 he was stationed in St. George's Charge, Philadelphia. In 1829 he returned to the same station. In 1830 he was sent to West Chester, Pennsylvania, whither he returned in 1831. In 1832, his health having failed, he was given the relation of supernumerary. In 1833 he resumed an effective relation, and was sent to Kent County, Maryland. In 1834 and 1835 he traveled Delaware District, on the "Peninsula." In 1836 he was stationed at Franklin-street Church, Newark, New-Jersey; in 1837 and 1838 at Ebenezer Church, Philadelphia; 1839, St. Paul's, Philadelphia. In 1840 he was appointed principal of Dickinson Grammar School, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. In the same year the honorary degree of A. M. was conferred upon him by the Wesleyan Uni-

versity, Middletown, Connecticut. In 1843 he resigned his position at Carlisle, and was appointed to Union Church, Philadelphia; and in 1844 was resent to the same charge. In 1845–8 he was the presiding elder of the South Philadelphia District. In 1846 the honorary degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by Delaware College, Newark, Del. He has been honored with an election to the General Conference at every session since 1832. In 1848 he was elected by that body Assistant Book Agent, in New-York, where he performed important service to the Church in the noted lawsuit case. It is a singular fact that while no Church holds more extreme views respecting the sacredness and exclusiveness of the ministerial work and the ministerial "call" or "commission," Methodism has, nevertheless, for nearly three quarters of a century, spared from its regular ministry some of its strongest men for the management of the secular business and financial responsibilities of its "Book Concern"—not merely for *editors*—that might be desirable and seemly enough as a necessary guard of the moral or theological character of its publications, but, we repeat, for its *business management*; and no less than three men have been kept for years in this sort of "secularized" relation to the Church, who were afterward deemed worthy to stand at the head of its ministerial hosts as bishops—Emory, Waugh, and Scott.

Originally, and for years, the ministerial "Book Agent" did all the local business of the Concern — the editing, (what little there was of it,) the packing of the books, the keeping of the accounts, &c. For *thirty* years there was no clerk allowed him; and though selected from the conference ranks—from purely ministerial employments, and usually, if not invariably, without the business experience of which the management of ten thousand dollars' worth of property could afford—he is suddenly placed in the midst of the largest business of the kind, save one instance, known in this country; the largest, save two instances, known in the world—a business which includes hundreds of artisans and clerks, hundreds of thousands of dollars, steam printing-presses, binderies, a stereotype foundry, compositors, and dealers scattered over the continent! Rare resources of practical talent must the Church have possessed if it has managed properly this immense and complicated business, under such circumstances — a business and an amount of property which no ordinary capitalists would dare to trust to any other than the most able and *experienced* management. But it has grown richer and richer — a fact which no one can deny.

Whether, however, its success has, in spite of its management, been owing to the vast and peculiar advantages of its denominational market which now commands, it is estimated, about one-fifth of the population of the country, and is everywhere reached by its itinerant agencies—and whether it ought to have been double what it has been—and whether its capital yields anything like the interest which ordinary business men expect, are questions which captious critics in the Church papers have not yet decided. One thing seems plain enough, viz., that with the recent and prospective enlargement of this really stupendous interest, the old policy must be modified, either by retaining permanently, in the management of the Concern, really capable men when once they are found, as is the case in England, or by vesting its management, wholly or in part, in laymen of ascertained and first-rate business talent, who shall be under the supervision of the present clerical Book Committee. Any clergyman of good sense, and little or no business experience, must certainly feel stunned by a sudden introduction to such varied and overwhelming responsibilities, and must naturally be afraid of any other policy than one of extreme caution and retrenchment—a policy very excellent in some cases, but which with such capital and such a market may cramp the noblest energies of the Concern, and be a real though indirect and unperceived waste of tens of thousands annually—of enough to pay, a score of times over, the best salaries of the best lay business men that can be found.

This is a digression, yet not an irrelevant one; but be this as it may, and granting the best business talent in the world to Methodist preachers, we think the General Conference showed its good sense in calling from their money desks such men as Waugh, Emory, and Scott for the episcopal office.

Bishop Scott was elected the first on the list of the new candidates of 1852, and by the largest majority. He had done well in the Book Concern along with his venerable associate the Rev. George Lane, and had helped successfully to steady it amidst the hurricane that swept over the denomination at the division of the Church, North and South.

He had been on the ministerial roll during a quarter of a century, and no man in the connection stood before the Church with a purer and more exemplary reputation. All felt, at his nomination, that there could be but one drawback to his election, and that was his health, which had been frail for years. His good sense and judgment, his integrity to the Church, his prudence and impartiality in the administration of its government, his excellence as a dignified and impressive preacher, were all accredited, without a doubt, and he passed into the episcopal chair with as much approbation on the part of his brethren as modesty on his own part.

Not long after his appointment, Dr. Scott made an episcopal visit to the Methodist missions in Africa; the first visit of the kind in the history of the Church. His friends apprehended serious results to his health, from the well-known perils of the African climate, and he has suffered somewhat from it. While absent he seemed to improve much; but on returning, the insidious effects of the climate were developed, and his health has by no means been vigorous since. Still, it may be hoped that the travels, required by his office, will repair his strength; and perhaps his friends may yet find that, like most of his brother functionaries, the usual rotundity of the episcopal physique shall dignify his official presence among them. We think his improvement the more probable, as he is evidently a man of calm self-control, and therefore, the mental wear and tear of the office being its chief perils, he will be able to defend himself against them.

No man could preside with more simple and graceful dignity than Bishop Scott. He dispatches business—but is never in a "hurry." Wesley had a good maxim, of being *always in haste but never in a hurry*,—it is a requisite rule with Methodist bishops. Bishop Scott is one of those rare men with whom it would seem to be next to impossible to give offense. The suavity, the serenity, the courtesy—the *religious* courtesy, if such we may call it—of his manner in the episcopal chair, will not admit of a misinterpretation, and no man could venture to resent any of his official opinions or decisions without feeling that he did an act of as much disrespect to himself as to his officer. It takes a genuine gentleman to impress a public body in this way, and usually the "highest style" of that character—the Christian gentleman.

Dr. Scott is tall and slight in person. His features are very regular, and indicate much refinement, both moral and intellectual. His hair is sandy and is becoming slight; his craniological development full and intellectual, the organs of "perception," "comparison," and "caution" being most prominent; his eyes are dark blue; his nose large and well-formed; his mouth remarkably well defined and expressive of the refinement of sentiment we have alluded to. Though Bishop Scott has not any preëminent reputation, that we are aware of, as a preacher, his pulpit discourses are always good and impressive. Thoughtful hearers usually return from them pronouncing them "excellent." They are clear, well framed, and expressed in a correct and chaste style; they are often happily illustrated by figures; there is a fragrant unction about them which is always grateful and refreshing to devout minds, and they never fail of the chief attribute of a good sermon—*instruction*. Not unfrequently they rise to a tone of chastened power and grandeur; we have recollections of such sermons, delivered by him a full quarter of a century ago, and which we shall never forget.

Dr. Scott is self-educated, but not the less thoroughly educated on that account; his attainments are classical, and he was, as we have stated, the successful teacher, for a period of three years, of the Grammar School of Dickinson College. Thus has he found, like many of his ministerial brethren, opportunities for mental culture amidst the toils of the Methodist itinerancy. Able and reliable, as he is unpretending, he cannot fail to sustain his functions with success, if he can only sustain his health.

The marked distinction of his whole character, moral and intellectual, is its perfect *symmetry*

GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face:
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;

Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault:
The village all declared how much he knew;
'T was certain he could write and cipher too:
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge:

In arguing too the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame: the very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay—
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain, transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart:
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care:

No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train:
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere trifers half their wish obtain,
The toilsome pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'T is yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.

Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress;
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd;
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;

While, scourged by famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave!

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way;
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies:
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling!
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they,
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away!
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
While her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury! thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!

Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own:
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till, sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.
E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done:
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where you anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale;
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness, are there;
And Piety with wishes placed above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade,
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell! and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime.
Aid slighted Truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

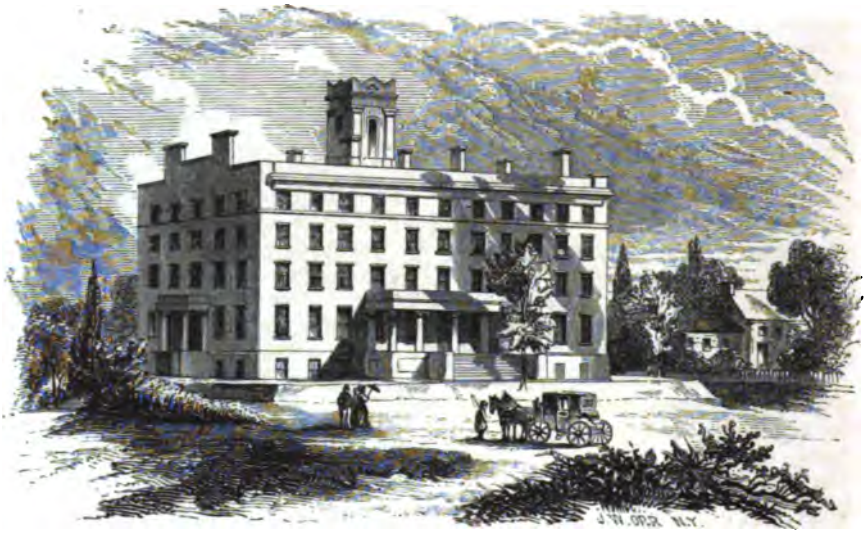
[For the National Magazine.]

JUNE.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

Time when violets dot the grasses,
Mingling in the meshy masses
Knots of living, blooming blue;
When the meads are cover'd over
With the clumps of clustering clover,
Heavy with their honey-dew;
Where, through all the sunny weather,
Buttercups bloom bright together,
Opening every morn anew.

Time when rippling rounds of song
Gush melodiously along,
Making harps of every tree;
When the weary, heavy hearted,
Smile as in the days departed:
Time of greenness and of glee.
Hail thee! June, most welcome comer!
Sunrise of the blessed summer,
Nature's grandest jubilee.



VIEW OF THE OLD INSTITUTION.

NEW-YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.*

BENEFICENT institutions, especially for the *education* of the unfortunate, are among the highest indications of an advancing civilization. They begin to abound in our noble state, and indeed throughout the Union. Those of our own city are numerous, and almost yearly assume increasing importance by the donations of the wealthy, or the liberality of the state. The institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb ranks among the first of these generous provisions.

About three centuries have elapsed since the first recorded efforts were made, cotemporaneously, by Pedro Ponce, a Spanish monk, and Joachim Pasch, a German pastor, to lead to the light of knowledge and religion some few of those our unfortunate fellowmen, whom the deprivation of speech and hearing had shut out of the pale of social and religious privileges, during so many thousand years. Less than one century has passed since the benevolent and self-denying De L'Epée founded the first institution, devoting to it both his life and his own private fortune, for the free instruction of the indigent deaf and dumb; and already there are, in Europe and America, two hundred such institutions, all but twelve or thirteen of which have sprung up within the last fifty years.

And though the oldest institution for the deaf and dumb on this side of the Atlantic, that of Hartford, is but a year older than our own, and our own has numbered only about half as many years as are usually reckoned to the life of man, there are now sixteen such institutions in as many states of the Union, all supported mainly by appropriations from the state treasuries. More than half of these were opened within the last twelve years.

Nine states, which have as yet no institutions for deaf mutes within their own borders, have made provision for educating, in some cases all, and in others, a large proportion of their indigent deaf and dumb, in a school in some neighboring state.

In the number of pupils under instruction, the increase has been equally encouraging. Twenty-one years ago all the American schools for the deaf and dumb, then six in number, contained barely four hundred pupils, six-sevenths of whom were from states north and east of the Potomac, leaving still unprovided for, nearly or quite one-half of the deaf mutes in the eastern and middle states; while south of the Potomac and west of the Alleghanies, deaf mutes, to whom the advantages of

* We condense the materials of our present article from documents, with which we have been politely favored by Dr. Peet, the president of this institution.

education were accessible, formed rare exceptions to the general deplorable doom of their companions in misfortune. Ten years later, the number of schools in actual operation had not increased, (one in this state having been merged in our own, and one in Virginia opened in the interval,) but the number of pupils had risen to six hundred. Since then the cause has received a new impulse. The present number of pupils in our sixteen institutions is not far from twelve hundred, the number of pupils having doubled, and of schools more than doubled, within the last ten years.

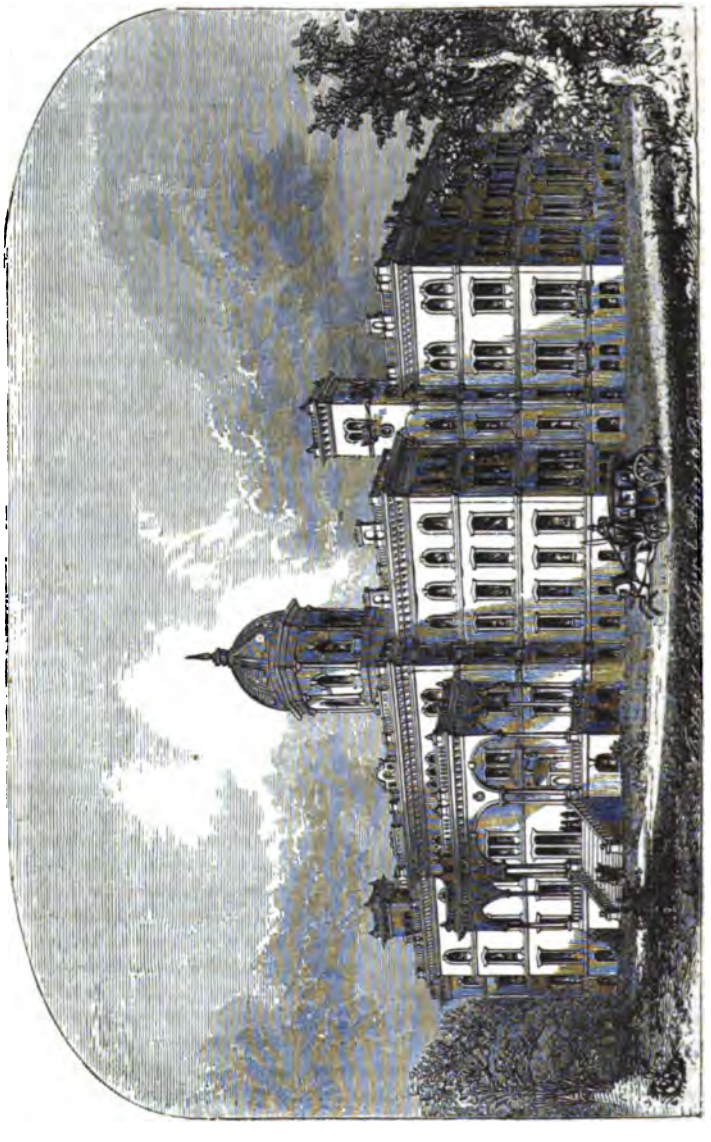
Our own great and prosperous state stands where she ought to stand, among the foremost, in the liberality of her provisions in behalf of the deaf and dumb. The institution which has grown up under her fostering care is nearly equal, in number of pupils, to that of London, long the largest in the world; and in that respect, at least, is far in advance of every other similar institution on either side of the Atlantic; and its conductors have successfully labored to place it in the front rank of institutions for deaf mutes, in all the requisites of usefulness—all the means of mental, moral, and religious education.

Through the efforts of a few philanthropic men, nearly all of whom have rested from their labors, the "New-York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb," was incorporated in April, 1817, and opened for the reception of pupils in May, 1818. For the first year, its pecuniary means, with the exception of a small but encouraging donation from the city, were derived from private benevolence. A rapid increase in the number of pupils, and a still more rapid increase of applications from the interior of the state, made necessary an appeal to the legislature for aid. Nor was this appeal made in vain. The evidence presented to the legislature by a delegation of directors, teachers, and pupils, sent to Albany, of the practicability of instructing the deaf and dumb, and of the numbers of this unfortunate class in the state, awakened a warm interest and sympathy, testified by a prompt donation of $10,000. Preceded only a year or two by a donation of money by the State of Connecticut, and a few weeks by one of land by Congress to the asylum at Hartford, this was the third practical recognition, by an American legislature, of the claims of the deaf and dumb. And well and nobly has our state followed out this auspicious beginning. Through all the political changes of the state, there has been no retrograde movement in the cause of benevolence. To the appropriations to the school for the deaf and dumb have since been added liberal donations to the establishments for the instruction of the blind, the relief of the insane, and finally, for the education of idiots.

In April, 1822, the legislative provision for the education of the deaf and dumb first assumed a specific and permanent character. Provision was then made for thirty-two state beneficiaries, limited to three years each. This term was, however, as early as 1825, extended to four years, a period still very inadequate; but sufficient to qualify not a few of our early pupils for a gratifying degree of respectability, usefulness, and happiness. For several years, with this comparatively scanty provision, aided by the donations of some benevolent citizens of New-York, and the receipts of a few paying pupils, the institution struggled on. The number of pupils was little over fifty, more than twenty of whom were day scholars, often irregular in their attendance, and exposed to many dangers in the streets.

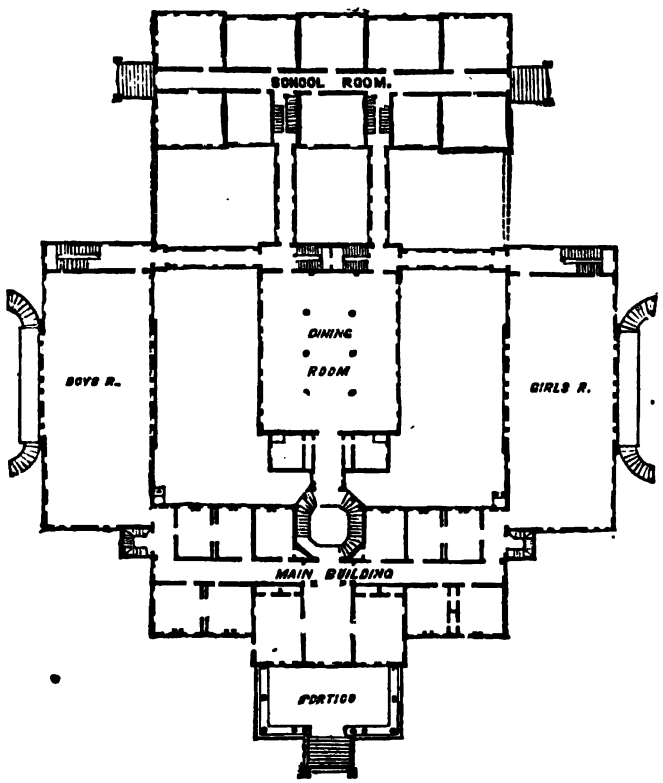
On October 19, 1827, the edifice in the city was begun. We give a picture of it above. Here, after anxious years devoted to the collection of funds, by repeated appeals to the benevolent, and by the practice of strict economy, encouraged at last by a conditional donation of $10,000 from the state treasury, and by the gift from the city of an acre of land for the site of the principal buildings, the directors of the New-York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb laid the corner-stone of their first modest building. Though designed to accommodate a greater increase of pupils than was then anticipated for many years, its dimensions were only one hundred and ten feet by sixty, and three stories beside the basement.

Meantime the city, which twenty years ago lay in distant prospect from its upper windows, was shooting forth its roots, in the form of canals, and railroads, and lines of ocean steamers, and expanding with a growth that outran the expectations of the most sanguine. With its increasing need of ample space for fresh air, and the outdoor recreations of so many youth, the



VIEW OF THE NEW INSTITUTION.

space available for its purposes was becoming more restricted. Where recently had been only swamps, pastures, and woods, streets were opening, and lines of building going up all around it. The period seemed not remote when a dense population would press upon it on every side. It had, by incurring a considerable debt, secured, as we hoped, grounds large enough for the necessary uses of the institution, and the indispensable out-door exercise of the pupils; but the opening of a wide street through the whole length of those grounds, entirely marring them; and the prospect that yet another would be ordered, perhaps destroying the safe and easy communication between the different parts of the establishment, convinced its friends that it was in vain to attempt to stem the flood of improvement, and that their best plan was a speedy removal while an eligible site could be



PRINCIPAL FLOOR.
SCALE.

secured on fair terms, and near enough to the business center of the city for necessary communication, yet not so near that the institution would, at least in our day, be again driven forth by the pressure of the advancing city.

By the assistance of the state, a most eligible site was secured at Fort Washington. The grounds belonging, comprise thirty-seven and a half acres, bounded by the Hudson river and the Kingsbridge road, at the intersection of the Tenth avenue, about nine miles from the City Hall. The property was purchased by the board of directors from the family of Colonel James Monroe, by whom the mansion house was built in the year 1842. The dock or pier on the river front is of stone, filled in cribs to the average depth of thirty feet. It is forty feet in width, by sixty feet in length on the northern, and sixty-five feet on the southern side, the surface being macadamized to the depth of two feet. The cost of the pier has been $1,500.

The site selected for the buildings is on the front lawn, at an elevation of one hundred and twenty-seven feet above the river, of which it has a commanding view, extending to the Narrows on the one side, and the Highlands on the other. To this site a winding road has been constructed on an easy grade, the average rise being one part in twelve. The road has been built in the most durable manner, with solid stone walls over the broken grounds, having four culverts for watercourses, and bank walls terraced on the inner side. The filling is mainly of stone, macadamized to the depth of from one to two feet, with paved channels for carrying off the surface water. The cost of construction has been about $3,000.

The excavation of the principal site has

been a work of much labor and expense, requiring the removal of rock covering a large portion of the area, and extending in several parts to a depth varying from five to twenty feet. The cost of the excavation will be from $12,000 to $15,000.

The buildings designed to be occupied for the purposes of the institution are exhibited in the accompanying view, as seen from the south-west. A front building, with a wing receding from either end, and a school-house in the rear, form a hollow square, in the center of which is a building, connected by inclosed passages with the four exterior buildings. The principal building is one hundred and fifty feet in front, by fifty-five feet in depth. In elevation, it embraces four stories, including the basement, and is surmounted by a dome or observatory, commanding an extensive and beautiful prospect. It has a central corridor, ten feet wide, extending from one end to the other in the basement, first and second stories, and the rooms on either side are twenty feet in width. The central, projecting part of this building is advanced twelve feet beyond the front of the main part. This projecting part is sixty feet wide, giving an entrance hall of twenty feet in width. The portico in front is twenty-nine feet wide by fifty-seven feet long. The main entrance is spanned by an elliptical arch of twenty-two feet, with semicircular arches of fourteen feet in the clear, on either side. The principal floor of the front building, as described in the drawings, contains a reception room, directors' room, a parlor, rooms for the president, as also rooms for the matron and steward. The second story contains rooms for the teachers, for visitors, and for other purposes. The upper story is devoted to the accommodation of the pupils, the dormitory at either end being separated at the center by an intervening hall, which affords a passage to the lantern to the top of the stair dome. The basement of this building contains rooms for domestics, store-rooms, places for fuel, furnaces, &c.

The wings, the southernmost of which is devoted to the girls, and the other to the boys, are each one hundred and twenty by forty-six feet, and contain, in the first story, the saloon or sitting-room for the pupils; in the second story, separate dormitories, hospital-rooms, wardrobes, &c.; and in the upper story, an open dormitory connecting with the one in the front building. In the basement of each are wash and bathing rooms, and in the girls' wing a laundry. The sitting-rooms are each forty-two by one hundred and six feet. In the construction of these rooms, the columns usually required in the center, to support the floors above, are entirely dispensed with; the upper floors being sustained by rods, suspended from the roof trusses. The wings are united to the main building by towers, containing private passages and stair-cases, through which the steward and matron may, at any time, visit the apartments of the pupils under their respective care.

The school-house in the rear is one hundred and fifty feet long by fifty-five feet wide, and contains class, lecture, library, and cabinet-rooms, and a hall of design. The latter is located in the upper story, and lighted by a sky-light.

The first story of the central building contains the dining-room, in front of which are pantries, and arrangements connected with the kitchen below, and a private stair-case leading thereto. The second story contains the chapel, which is eighty feet long by sixty wide, and thirty feet in height. This apartment may be reached from the main building by the large stair-case in front, and is approached by the pupils from the second story of the school-house, through separate passages for each sex. The dining-room may be entered from the main building in front, and from the wings, by lateral corridors. The school-house is connected with each wing by a separate corridor, and there are also separate passages connecting each story.

The basement, as well as the portico, window-sills, and lintel keys are of granite, and the other stories are indicated by courses of the same material, running around the entire building. The material principally used in the construction of the exterior walls is yellow Milwaukee brick, to which the granite affords an agreeable contrast. On either side of the wings are ornamented verandahs of cast-iron, painted in imitation of the material used for the portico. The roof is of slate, and is bordered by a handsome cornice and balustrade.

The corner-stone was laid with interesting ceremonies on November 22, 1853. Addresses were delivered by the Mayor, Dr. Peet, the president of the institution,

and the Rev. Dr. Adams. The latter gave some very interesting illustrations of the effect of deafness in sharpening the remaining senses. He said:—

"There are many interesting psychological inquiries which are suggested in regard to those who are deprived of one or more of the senses, as whether, to use the allegorical language of Bunyan, when 'ear gate' and 'eye gate,' those avenues of approach to the 'town of Mansoul,' be closed up, there be not some new method of access, not recognizable to our senses, by which our Father in heaven draws nigh to his afflicted children? I have no visionary theory to suggest on this subject; but it is a pleasant testimony that I am able to give, after a close examination, that in the process of instructing the deaf mute, it has been a question with me whether there be any disadvantage in the loss of human sounds of folly and error, which mislead and delude so many others. There has been an abundant success in developing the conscience, warming into life their religious sentiments, and establishing direct communion with the Father of spirits. I have often been delighted at the clearness, simplicity, and promptness of the replies which have been made by the mute to questions of a religious import.

"'Who made the world?' was the question once proposed to a little boy in the institution. Without an instant's delay, the chalk had rapidly traced the answer:—

"'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.'

"'Why did Jesus come into the world?' was the next question proposed. With a smile of gratitude, the little fellow wrote in reply:—

"'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' The astonished visitor, desirous of testing the religious nature of the pupil to the utmost, ventured at length to ask:

"'Why were you born deaf and dumb, when I can both hear and speak?' With the sweetest and most touching expression of meek resignation on the face of the boy, the rapid chalk replied:

"'Even so, Father, for it seemeth good in thy sight.'

"We rejoice in the privilege of taking part in the services of this occasion. We count it a pleasant thing to be present at the beginning of an edifice, where ampler accommodations shall invite multitudes of the afflicted to its fostering care. We welcome them not only to a safe shelter, to kindly protection, to useful arts, but to the teachings and consolations of religion. We congratulate those who will come after us, afflicted like those who are now with us, in the advantages which will accrue to them from what we have founded to-day. Here let knowledge and religion receive and educate them. On these pleasant lawns let their playful feet find recreation long after our own have rested from the pilgrimage of life. Here may God speak to them in the vision of the morning, and of the stars; and within the chapel here to be consecrated to his worship, may generations be prepared for the temple on high, where no tongue is silent and no ear is deaf."

MOHAMMEDANISM.

THE TEMPLE OF MECCA.

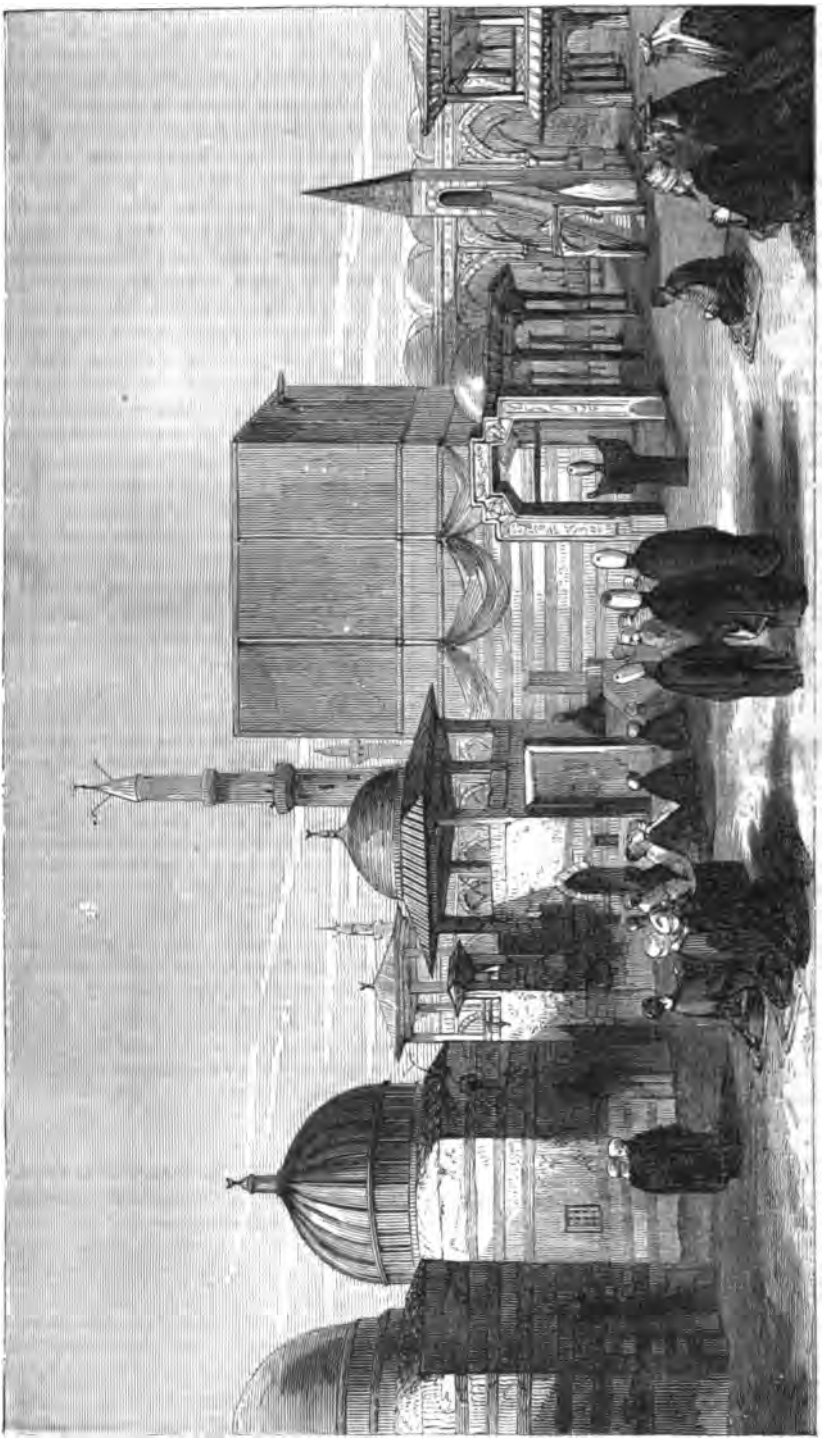
MOHAMMEDANISM is an intermediate religion—it arose out of the incompleteness, perversions, and semi-paganism of the Christian form of worship that prevailed in the sixth century. The populations that subscribed to the tenets of the Greek Church were only half converted; even in Constantinople, the old formula of worshiping images was preserved with scrupulous exactness.

In Arabia, the doctrines of the magi had by no means been extirpated; in fact, the Christianity that prevailed in the Eastern Churches—and we might consistently add, the Western—was merely a dogma ingrafted on the old trunk of paganism. The spiritualism of the creed was entirely neglected, and its expounders, like people groping in the dark, busied themselves almost exclusively with the discussion of scholastic subtilties. Sale, the historian, aptly describes the deplorable declension and ignorance that prevailed. He says:—

"If we look into the ecclesiastical historians, even from the third century, we shall find the Christian world to have then had a very different aspect from what some authors have represented, and—so far from being endowed with active grace, zeal, and devotion, and established within itself with purity of doctrine, union and firm profession of faith—that, on the contrary, what by the ambition of the clergy, and what by drawing the abstrusest niceties into controversy, and dividing and subdividing them into endless schisms and contentions, they had so destroyed that peace, love, and charity from among them which the gospel was given to promote, and instead thereof continually provoked each other to that malice, rancor, and every evil work, that they had lost the whole substance of their religion, while they thus eagerly contended for their own imaginations concerning it—and, in a manner, quite drove Christianity out of the world, by those very controversies in which they disputed with each other about it."

Bishops fought like maniacs for episcopal seats; and Sale adds, in his old-fashioned, but forcible way:—

"These dissensions were greatly owing to the emperors, who, confounding the pure and simple Christian religion with anile superstitions, and perplexing it with intricate questions, instead of reconciling different opinions, excited many disputes. This grew worse in the time of Justinian—and corruption in the doctrine and morals of the princes and clergy was necessarily followed by a general depravity of the people:



THE TEMPLE OF MECCA.

those of all conditions making it their sole business to get money by any means, and then to squander it away, when they had got it, in luxury and debauchery."

If we add to this moral depression the political weakness of Christendom, we shall be still less at a loss to account for the extraordinary spread of a new and, in discipline, more virile belief. By Mohammed's time, the western half of the empire was overrun by the Goths, and the eastern so reduced by the Huns on the one side and the Persians on the other, that there was no power existing capable of resisting a powerful invasion. The very vitals of the Christian world were in a state of decay—so that the period in every aspect was favorable to an enterprise of a novel and daring character. Absolute paganism and the worship of the Virgin Mary and a host of saints were so much alike, that the popular mind was reduced to intellectual stagnation—it had not a prop on which to rest its bewildered head.

At this crisis, Mohammed, at the mature age of forty, stepped into the agitated arena, with the bold project of uniting the jarring creeds of Jew, Christian, and Magian in a new religion, adapted to the clime and the people. The world was prepared for a wonder, and it greedily received the latest. We cannot follow this prophet throughout his marvelous career; but this much we can confidently say—that, having a willing soil ready prepared for the exertions of his industry, no man in a similar vocation ever went to work more cautiously or skillfully. Like Zoroaster, he first converted his own kinsfolk and neighbors, and then gradually enlarged the sphere of his missionary labors, until he was received by a multitude as one upon whose shoulders the mantle of true inspiration had fallen. Mohammed, having been bred a Pagan, was early initiated in the mysteries of the Christian faith, and had he not been ambitious—or, what is equally as likely, not had any faith in the divinity of his mission—he would probably have been the Luther of his age. Had he been so, the Christian development would undoubtedly have been accelerated a thousand years; but he was not—his temperament and spiritual idiosyncrasy rather inclined him to consult his individual gratification; and, accordingly, he framed a doctrine which, in the course of a few years, advanced him to the position which Christ had held in the popular mind for three centuries. Taking Judaism for his text and the groundwork of his mythology, he borrowed largely from the New Testament, from the Zenda-a-Visla, and the practices of his own tribe, and compiled the Koran—a work of not much literary merit, but, as far as its consequences were concerned, one of the most wonderful ever published.

But destiny favored Mohammed. Arabia, of all countries in the world, was then the most susceptible of a religious revolution. It was the asylum for the disaffected and persecuted of all the eastern nations. Romanist and Greek fled to it for shelter—all the Christians that dwelt in it were, in fact, Jacobites or Nestorians; they were the proscribed of the two great divisions of the Christian Church; and, living in harmony with the worshipers of idols and the stars, can it be wondered that their preachings had created such a ferment in the public mind, that it was ready to receive the latest and newest impression? In such a fertile soil Mohammedanism speedily took deep root, and, under the caliphs, penetrated with extraordinary celerity into Persia, India, and Tartary; and, inviting hordes of barbarous tribes—the Seljukian Turks among the number—to conquests in regions westward of their flat pasturage and hunting-grounds, led to the subjugation of the whole of the eastern Roman empire, and the annihilation of its Church as a secular establishment.

The intermediate doctrine flourished amazingly, brandished the sword in one hand and salvation in the other, and would have subjugated the three continents, had it not been for the personal ambition of its princes, and the conversion to Christianity of those warlike northern barbarians who infused valor into the veins of degenerate Europe, and, with a resolution that laughed at destiny—as interpreted by fatalists—courted danger as a bride, imparted to the trembling fragments of Christendom that unity, consistency, and courage which ultimately beat back the common enemy, and gave to the new and improved condition they created that intelligence and largeness of purpose which soon elevated the cross far above the paler rays of the crescent. In fact, their natural antagonism was adjusted by the growth of new circumstances, and Mo-

hammedanism may now be said to be in some of its last throes. Its services are no longer required—hence the violence of the current which has set in against it.

But whether the waning crescent is to be extinguished in the human sky in this generation or another, its beginning was auspicious, and a number of conflicting elements liberally contributed to its tremendous success. Not the least of these were the peculiar characteristics of Arabia. A spurious Christianity was ingrafted on the Sabian idolatry. The majority of the people, however, followed the latter belief. They adored "the host of heaven," and practiced the worship of images. Their idols, it must be said, were all representatives of men of great piety and merit. They had seven temples dedicated to the seven planets. One of these was the Temple of Mecca, which was consecrated to Zohal, or Saturn.

This celebrated temple—of which, in its Mohammedan guise, we give a faithful view—is said to have contained three hundred and sixty idols, equaling in number the days of the Arabic year. Its antiquity ascends beyond the Christian era. It is mentioned as the Kaaba, or the Temple of the Black Stone, by Diodorus Siculus. The linen or silken vail, which is annually renewed by the Turkish emperor, was first offered by a king of the Hamyarites seven hundred years before the time of Mohammed. Of this superstition—of which this temple was the repository—the prophet largely availed himself; for the same rites which are to this day accomplished by the faithful Mussulman, were invented and practiced by the Sabian idolators. At an awful distance they cast away their garments. Seven times, with hasty steps, they encircled the Kaaba, and kissed the Black Stone; seven times they visited and adored the adjacent mountains; seven times they threw stones into the valley of Minna; and the pilgrimage was achieved by a sacrifice of sheep and camels, and the burial of their hair and nails in the consecrated ground. Each tribe either found or introduced in the Kaaba their domestic worship. The temple was adorned with three hundred and sixty idols of men, eagles, lions, and antelopes; and most conspicuous was the statue of Hebal, of red agate, holding in his hands seven birds without heads or feathers—the instruments and symbols of profane divination. This statue was a monument of Syrian arts. The devotion of ruder ages was content with a pillar or a tablet; and the rocks of the desert were hewn into rocks or altars, in imitation of the Black Stone of Mecca.

Our illustration shows the Kaaba, covered with black cloth.

The temple known to all true Mussulmans under the name of *El Haram*—the Holy Place—is situated nearly in the middle of the city, which is built in a narrow valley, having a considerable slope from north to south. In order to form a level area for the great court of the temple, the ground has evidently been hollowed out, subsequently to the erection of the Kaaba, which is the only ancient edifice in the temple: so that, on entering it in any direction, you descend several steps; and the oval surface, paved with marble, that immediately surrounds the Kaaba, upon which the pilgrims perform their rounds, is the lowest part. The great court forms a parallelogram of about five hundred and thirty-six feet by three hundred and fifty-six, surrounded with a double piazza; the fronts of the two longer sides presenting thirty-six, and the two shorter sides twenty-four arches, slightly pointed, supported by columns of grayish marble, of different proportions. Each side is composed of two naves, formed by a triple row of arches—so that there may be counted more than five hundred columns and pilasters. Instead of a column, between every fourth arch there is an octangular pilaster of hewn stone, about three feet in diameter. The capitals of the columns which front the court are very fine, although they do not belong to either of the five orders of architecture; but the capitals of the interior columns are stated to be all of either the Corinthian or the Composite: some are exquisitely carved. The pedestals are of various form and proportion: some have, by an extravagant whim of the architect, a Corinthian capital reversed. The arches that front the court are all crowned with little conical cupolas: the interior ones have low, spherical vaults. The four fronts are also surmounted with stone ornaments, very much resembling *fleurs-de-lis*. All the galleries, as well as the paths crossing the area to the Kaaba, are paved with hewn stones of quartz rock, of which also the walls of the temple are built. Like the Mosque of

Omar, at Jerusalem, *El Haram* is partially surrounded with houses, which join the walls — so that it presents no external front; and some of the houses have windows that overlook the interior. The eastern angle of the temple is rounded off, to conform to the line of the principal street—so that the gallery is narrowed at that angle, hardly allowing space enough to pass between the wall and the column. In the southeastern gallery there is, for a short distance, a fourth row of arches. The temple has seven minarets, nineteen gates, with thirty-eight arches.

The greatest curiosity, and the only part which lays claim to high antiquity, is the Kaaba itself—otherwise called *Beit Allah*—the House of God. It is a quadrilateral tower, the sides and angles of which are unequal—so that its plan forms a true trapezium. The size of the edifice, and the black cloth which covers it, make this irregularity disappear, and give it the figure of a perfect square. It is built of square-hewn but unpolished stones of quartz, schorl, and mica, brought from the neighboring mountains. Its height is thirty-four feet four inches, and the sides vary from twenty-nine to thirty-eight feet in length. The black stone is built or "incrusted" in the angle formed by the north-east and south-east sides, and is believed to face exactly the east. It is raised forty-two inches above the pavement, and is bordered all round with a large plate of silver, about a foot broad. This miraculous block, which they call *Hhajera el Assouad*—the heavenly stone—is believed by all true Moslems to have been originally a transparent jacinth presented to Abraham by the angel Gabriel, who brought it from heaven; but, being touched by an impure woman, it became black and opaque. It is, in fact, a fragment of volcanic basalt, sprinkled throughout its circumference with small, pointed, colored crystals, and varied with red feldspath upon a dark-black ground like coal, except one of its protuberances, which is a little reddish. The continual kisses of the faithful have worn the surface uneven—so that it has now a muscular appearance, with one deep hollow.

We need scarcely allude to the Arabic tradition that this stone fell from heaven. That it is of volcanic origin is undoubted, but whether shot or transported by human agency from the neighborhood of Vesuvius or Etna, we leave it to all unbelievers in the supernatural to determine.

Mohammed, having founded a religion, and provided it with temples taken from the Pagans and the Christians, refrained with scrupulous exactness from interfering with the domestic habits of the people whom he had converted to his doctrines.

In early life he had been a strict monogamist; for, while his first wife—the kind widow who had befriended him in his poverty — lived, all accounts concur in stating that his marital fidelity to her was unimpeachable; but no sooner had she cast off this mortal coil, than he conformed to ancient usages as regards marriage, which had prevailed all over the East. He became a polygamist, and by giving his sanction to polygamy, riveted still further the bonds which held woman in subjection to man.

The jealousy of the Persians that their females be not seen by any but their legitimate lords, is remarkably strong. The observance of this custom among the ancients of the East is first instanced in Rebecca covering herself with a vail at the approach of her affianced lord. The females themselves are equally jealous of being seen—as in the times of "Vashti, the queen, who refused to come at the king's commandment to show the people and the princes her beauty." The observance of this custom is thus enforced in the twenty-fourth chapter of the Koran :—

"And speak unto the believing women, that they restrain their eyes, and preserve their modesty, and discover not their ornaments, except what necesarily appeareth thereof; and let them throw their vails over their bosoms, and not show their ornaments, unless to their husbands," &c.

They imagine it perfect pollution to the female for any strange man's eyes to light upon her.

In Turkey this oriental jealousy blazes with quite as much fury. The women have a little more liberty than in Persia: they are allowed to visit the bazaars and make purchases—but they must be closely vailed. When they walk, they patter about in yellow Morocco boots and slippers. Many of the Constantinople ladies wear Wellington boots! and about the head and faces the never-failing white yastmuth. In this horrible disguise they look like ghosts flitting about in bandages. But the Koran enjoins it.

MOUNTAINS OF USDUM.

THE DEAD SEA.

IN our last we passed in our route around the Dead Sea to the Mount of Usdum, or Sodom. The position of the Mountain of Sodom will be seen indicated on the map. The shore, here composed of loose sand and dangerous pits, is about one thousand feet in breadth. Here also are small pools of water, constituting real salt wells, and producing a perfectly crystallized salt of the most dazzling whiteness. Bedouins are employed disposing of this salt in heaps, preparatory to conveying it away for sale.

On the northern declivities of the Salt Mountain, and on the plain contiguous to it, we meet with huge masses of ruins. among which can be distinguished the foundations of very ancient structures. They cover a space of twelve hundred feet in extent. On the northern face of the mountain especially there are vast excrescences, or projecting hillocks. Many of these present an extensive surface, on which disjointed accumulations appear, "exhibiting infallible evidence of the existence, on this point, of a very considerable town." Other huge fragments of primeval habitations are scattered about in the neighborhood, bearing every stamp of high antiquity upon them.

In the eastern face of the Salt Mountain is the entrance to a cavern, which is said by our guides to penetrate to the opposite side, and to be a refuge for robbers,

who here waylay and plunder solitary travelers. Owing to the late rains, we find the entrance nearly blocked up by huge masses of salt, which have been thus detached from above. Some of the more enterprising of our party resolving to explore the interior, we light our torches, and enter the crystalline grotto—not, however, without some dread, inspired by the apprehension that we may encounter a band of freebooters in their own rocky fastness. We timidly advance until the cavern resolves itself into a small irregular gallery or fissure, with a murmuring water-course at the bottom, which at some seasons probably resounds with the hoarse roar of a torrent. Having penetrated to the very heart of the mountain without making any particular discovery, we are glad to return to daylight and the company of our anxious friends.

The general aspect of this mountain is very singular. It consists of a solid mass of rock-salt, and towers to an average height of about two hundred feet. It is in most parts coated with a stratum of clay, of a dingy white hue, though some of the upper layers are tinged with green and red. Through this covering, however, the pure rock crystal often breaks in precipitous columns, giving a fantastic appearance to the mountain. The whole hill-side abounds with fissures and furrows, produced by the action of the rains, and is continually undergoing a change of aspect. Through the six miles of coast at its foot, the ground is strewn with masses and lumps of all sizes and shapes, that have, at different times, been detached by climatic influences.

The existence of so remarkable a mountain in this region, and conterminous with the chief city of the Pentapolis, sends some of our explorers—in the absence of any Murray's hand-book—to the works of earlier travelers, which they have wisely brought with them, for information on this curious phenomenon. One of them, accordingly, seated on a block of prostrate rock-salt, having found some appropriate remarks in Dr. Robinson's work, reads to the group that gathers around him the following passage :—"The existence here of this immense mass of fossil salt, which, according to the latest geological views, is a frequent accompaniment of volcanic action, accounts sufficiently for the excessive saltness of the Dead Sea. At the time of our visit, the waters of the lake did not indeed wash the base of the mountain, though they appear to do so on some occasions; but the rains of winter, and the streamlets which we still found running to the sea, would naturally carry into it, in the course of ages, a sufficiency of salt to produce most of the phenomena. The position of this mountain enables us to ascertain the place of the Valley of Salt, mentioned in Scripture, where the Hebrews, under David, and again under Amaziah, gained decisive victories over Edom. This valley could well have been no other than the Ghor, south of the Dead Sea, adjacent to the Mountain of Salt; it separates indeed the ancient territories of Judah and Edom. Somewhere in the neighborhood lay probably, also, the city of Salt, enumerated along with Engedi, as in the desert of Judah."

Having thus identified this strange locality with interesting Biblical events, we are again on our way, eagerly searching for the remarkable pillar seen by Lieut. Lynch, and which some recent writers have understood him to represent as being the monumental effigy of Lot's wife. An ancient tradition of the kind prevailed in the time of Josephus, who declares that he had seen the pillar into which the disobedient woman had been changed. Other early writers also mention the same circumstance, and Reyland even goes so far as to assert, that as fast as any part of this pillar was washed away, it was supernaturally renewed. Among the superstitious Bedouins, the pillar seen by the American expeditionists is regarded as the "monument of an unbelieving soul." But the position and dimensions of this cylindrical rock are fatal to the hypothesis of its being the pillar into which the mistrustful woman was transformed. It is perched upon the top of an oval hill, about fifty feet above the level of the sea, and is itself at least forty feet in height. Its physical formation is ascribed by travelers to the action of the wintry rains. Indeed, De Saulcy speaks of the existence of vast numbers of needles of salt, and expresses his regret that the American officer did not happen to examine the Salt Mountain on two different occasions, and in the rainy season, when "he would have found a hundred Lot's wives instead of one." Besides these objections to the supposition in question, the death-stricken woman was overtaken

by the divine judgment on the *plain*, and not in the midst of a range of hills like Usdum; while, from all that is known of the relative positions of Sodom and Zoar, she would in this spot have been miles out of her route to the city of refuge.

As we have thus undoubtedly stumbled upon the ruins of the metropolis of the Pentapolis, many of our company—knowing that Zoar was situated at no great distance from Sodom, and remembering, moreover, that we only just now passed the mouth of a valley, which our Bedouin guides designated the Ouad-ez-Zouera—are bent on retracing their steps, for the purpose of exploring the valley in quest of some vestiges of that celebrated retreat. Cheerfully acceding to this desire, we turn our faces northward, and soon find ourselves again amid the huge fragments of the fallen city, at the extremity of the Salt Mountain. Here we enter upon a large and beautiful plain, planted with mimosas,* and which in ancient times had probably been rich in fertility. Beyond this plain is the mouth of the Valley of Zoar, which we enter, and soon find ourselves among gigantic ruins, of the same age and description as those of Engedi and Usdum. The locality is called by the Arabs, Zouera-et-Tahtah,—the lower Zoar, or Zoar at the foot of the hills. It has taken us twenty minutes to reach the spot—the distance being about one mile and a quarter—which corresponds singularly with the time occupied, and the distance traversed, by the fugitives from Sodom, referred to in Genesis xix, 15, 23. Lot is expressly said to have departed from Sodom "when the morning arose," and to have entered Zoar when "the sun was risen upon the earth." Now, in the short interval elapsing between these phenomena in Syria, it would have been quite impossible for Abraham's nephew to have crossed the plain now submerged beneath the southern bay of the Dead Sea, and reached the spot on the eastern side which is usually regarded as the site of Zoar; while *this* locality fulfills all the requirements of the case. Seated among the gray fragments of fallen edifices, one of our number is engrossed in the perusal of the masterly arguments by which De Saulcy has sought to demonstrate that *this* is the very spot where the fugitives found an asylum from the desolating storm that raged around them; and these arguments are felt by the most disputatious among us to be well-nigh conclusive.

No description can give an adequate idea of the present dreary aspect of the Ouad-ez-Zouera. On all sides, nothing is to be seen but immense chasms, rocks violently torn from their original masses, and hurled down into the bottom of the ravine; together with perpendicular cliffs of a soft crumbling stone, resembling volcanic ashes. Mountains there are, too, that look as if they had been calcined by intense fire.*

Tearing ourselves from a spot consecrated by so many mournful and monitory associations, we hasten to retrace our steps once more, and find ourselves soon emerging from the shadow of the Salt Mountain, and entering upon the great southern plain. A considerable portion of this region is a mere salt-marsh, which the sea overflows

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* During the recent march of the French party through this valley, they were so fortunate as to witness a storm of appalling grandeur burst over the Dead Sea, and which gave them a vivid conception of the terrible catastrophe that had destroyed the doomed cities. It is thus described by M. de Saulcy:—

"When we began ascending the first acclivities of the Ouad-ez-Zouera, large black clouds, driven by the westerly wind, passing above our heads and over the Djebel-Esdoum, rushed down upon the Dead Sea in the direction of the Rhôr-Safieh, then rising again along the flank of the mountains of Moab, soon cleared the view, and allowed us to contemplate the expanse of water, resembling a vast motionless sheet of molten lead. By degrees, as the storm hurried toward the east, the western sky became again pure and radiant: then for a moment the setting sun darted above the mountains of Canaan fiery rays, which seemed almost to cover the summits of the land of Moab with the flames of an enormous conflagration, while the bases of those imposing mountains remained as black as ink. Above was the dark lowering sky; below, the sea, like a metallic sheet of dull leaden gray; around us, the silence of the desert, and utter desolation. Afar off, in the west, a bright, cloudless sky, shining over a blessed land, while we seemed to be flying from a country condemned forever. It is impossible to describe this scene, which to be fully understood and felt must have been witnessed. Our Bedouins themselves, though accustomed to the grandest operations of nature, participated in the sensations by which we were completely mastered. 'See, sir, see,' they exclaimed: 'the Lord is smiting Sodom!' And they were right. The tremendous spectacle which was witnessed by Lot, from nearly the same spot where we were now standing, must have borne a striking resemblance to the magnificent repetition with which we had just been favored by the same presiding Providence."

Dr. Robinson, who passed through this ravine on his way to Kerak,—which he calls Wady-ez-Zuweirah,—saw the sea from this spot by sunrise, under an aspect altogether different from the one just described. He says:—

"When at the last descent, the sun rose over the eastern mountains. As we looked down through the narrow opening over the valley, the calm glassy waters of the lake became liquid gold, and the verdant shrubs along the shore, tinged with sunny hues, gave for the moment an impression of beauty to a scene in itself stern and desolate as death."

during the rainy season, and abounds with sluggish water-courses and mud-pits, in which the traveler, if not careful, is in danger of being engulfed. To this flat and dismal tract succeeds a region covered with a growth of gigantic reeds, so densely planted that it is difficult to make our way through them. Escaping at length from these, we enter upon a prettily-wooded country, interspersed with open districts, cultivated with wheat, barley, and tobacco. Some of the wild plants flourishing here are of a remarkable appearance. Ever and anon, as we press onward through scenes delightful in contrast with the dreary realms recently trodden, we find ourselves entangled in a forest of a most novel description, consisting of clumps of slender trunks of trees entwined together like sticks in a fagot. Thousands of prickly branches interlace each other around these impenetrable clusters, forming countless thickets, which it is impossible to pass without leaving portions of our dress suspended from the thorns. Traces of the wild boars and panthers that infest this region are everywhere visible. Beautiful little pink doves look down upon us from the branches of the trees, and exquisite humming-birds, with emerald and ruby frills, flutter joyously around us. Even floricultural products are met with on this part of our route.

The next point of interest inviting our examination is found beside the path generally traversed on the way to Kerak, and consists of some extensive and very ancient ruins, which have been often visited and described by modern travelers, some of whom have supposed them to mark the site of Zoar. De Saulcy having, as we have seen, fixed the locality of Zoar on the opposite coast, has, with a better array of argument, indentified these huge fragments of architecture as the remains of Zeboiim. He finds a strong corroboration of this view in the name still attached to the spot—Sebâan—in which he recognizes the Zeboiim of the Scriptures. The ruins, too, are said to be manifestly of the same age as those of Sodom, while there is no known record of any other city of ancient times having stood in this region. But let us turn aside and see this sad sight. In doing so, we diverge from the direct course when arrived at the heel of the peninsula, and, as will be seen on the map, enter the mouth of a valley, and ascend toward the higher ranges of the land of Moab. On reaching the spot indicated by Sebâan, the ruins in question first appear, and extend from thence, in greater or lesser quantities, as far as the presumed site of Zeboiim. Here we find ourselves surrounded by remains of so stupendous a character, that it is at once evident they could not belong to a town or city of inferior extent to that of Sodom. Several terrific craters still frown upon the devasted position, and suggest to the beholder how instantaneously, by their simultaneous explosion, they must have accomplished the annihilation of the doomed city. It is a solemn, a grand, a thought-inspiring scene, and willingly would we linger here awhile, and indulge in profitable musings; but time presses, and we have still a wearying distance to travel.

As we descend the ravine, on our return, a large extent of land, spreading into the sea, lies before us. This peninsula was known in the old Hebrew times as "The Tongue," (see Joshua xv, 2, margin,) and it is very remarkable that by the Arabs it is still designated by the same name—El-Lisan. In shape, it is said by Lynch to resemble an outspread wing; but a better comparison would be with a huge human foot, the sole being parallel with the western coast, and the toes pointing northward. It is a bold, broad promontory, with a steep white ridge running like a spine down the center. Myriads of dead locusts strewed its sea margin when visited by the American expedition. It is doomed to utter barrenness. The scene indeed is so dreary, and the atmosphere so stifling and oppressive, that we feel no temptation to linger in its neighborhood; and, accordingly, climbing the reviving uplands of Moab, we hasten onward toward the termination of our rambles.

III.

In the excursion round the shores of the sea, thus completed, we have bestowed scarcely any notice on the waters themselves. This has been reserved for the present division of this paper; which is designed to describe, with great brevity, a few of the aspects and phenomena that arrest the attention of the circumnavigator of the bosom of the lake. With the view of keeping up the idea of a personal trip, we will suppose (if the anachronism can be pardoned) that just as we have reached

the green banks of the Jordan, in the month of April, the boats of the American expedition are gayly sweeping by on their enterprise of science; in which, through the frank courtesy of the commander, we are permitted to embark, so as to share with them in the privileges and the privations of the voyage. In narrating some of the sights we may see, and the experiences we may meet with, we shall not scruple to draw freely upon the journal of our leader, Lieut. Lynch. Of course, only such incidents of the voyage can be noted as will directly serve to illustrate the peculiarities of the region. The course pursued will be found indicated on the map, which also represents the varied depths of the soundings in different parts of the lake.

Deep is the anxiety that presses upon our minds as we draw near the point that will usher us upon that mysterious abyss of waters where several of our predecessors inhaled the miasm of death; nor are our feelings of dread at all likely to be assuaged by the reception awaiting us on our entrance. For as we emerge from the Jordan, which at its mouth is about one hundred and eighty yards wide, we are assailed by a violent wind, which gradually increases to a gale, lashing the usually quiescent surface of the lake into heavy, foam-crested billows. As we tremblingly labor on toward the eastern coast, the spray, evaporating as it falls, leaves incrustations of salt upon our clothes, our hands and faces; and while exciting a prickly sensation wherever it touches the skin, is especially painful to the eyes and lips, which it causes to smart excessively. While thus tempest-tossed, and expecting every moment to founder, we cannot repress the feeling that the divine Avenger is frowning upon our attempt to navigate a flood environed by the monuments of his dread displeasure. These apprehensions, however, are of short duration, for, as the wind suddenly abates its fury, the water, from its ponderous, leaden quality, speedily settles into a placid sheet, with the gentlest possible ripple, over which we at length are gliding tranquilly.

As the sun shines upon the sea, it justifies the comparison that has sometimes been made between it and molten lead. When about a mile from the western shore, we pass a solitary duck, swimming toward his cane-brake on the shore—thus refuting the old tradition that no animal or fowl can live upon these waters. By the time we have been several hours upon the briny sea, our arms, instruments, and everything metallic, have become bronzed by the saline atmosphere. Some stones, in the bottom of the boat, are so incrusted with salt as to look as if whitewashed. The outward surface of the boats, too, we observe, exposed to the friction of the brine, is as bright as burnished gold, though, after contact with the air for a short period, it is found rapidly to corrode. The hands of the boatmen engaged in taking the soundings are covered with a continual lather; while a book, which was accidentally dropped into the lake, can no how be dried.

When about midway between Engedi and the point of the peninsula, one of our seamen picks up a dead quail; and about the same spot, in one of the deep soundings, the line, singularly enough, brings up a blade of grass from the briny abyss, faded indeed in color, but of as firm a texture as any plucked on the margin of any mountain stream. That it is the product of the bottom of the salt lake is incredible: it must have been washed down from one of the tributaries in connection with a heavier substance. While referring to the soundings, we may observe that the bottom consists in different parts of various materials —the line sometimes bringing up blue, yellow, or brown mud; sometimes crystals; while at other times it descends upon a hard stratum of gravel. Hitherto, no indication has been discovered of any submarine ruins which would imply that either of the cities of the Pentapolis has been engulfed beneath the flood.

As we approach the southern extremity of the sea we perceive large pieces of a black and shining substance floating on the surface of the waters. Rowing toward one of them, we find that it consists of bitumen or asphaltum, similar to what is so often picked up on the shores. This natural product of the region seems to be most plentiful at the shallow southern end, and, according to all local traditions, flows from concealed fountains in the submerged plain. It is supposed that, issuing from its springs, it spreads and accumulates like a coat of lava over the adjacent sea-bed, from which position it is from time to time detached and brought to the surface by the earthquakes that still visit those volcanic precincts. Stories are told by the

Arabs of islands of bitumen occasionally appearing in a sudden and inexplicable manner, and which they are accustomed to dispose of to advantage.*

These remarkable facts seem to point to the conclusion, that in that shallow portion of the sea south of the tongue, or peninsula, we have the site of the Vale of Siddim, which from the most ancient times was full of slime-pits, or wells of asphaltum. And thus, too, in the bitumen, the sulphur, and the Mountain of Salt, we find collected in this region all the combustibles that needed only to be ignited to produce the most tremendous conflagration and catrastrophe.

But to return to the incidents of the voyage. Many attempts are made, as we glide along, to ascertain the existence of aquatic life in the waters beneath us; but in none of our endeavors have we been successful. Although birds, beasts, and insects are met with upon the shores, there appears to be no living thing within the sea itself. Sometimes, it is true, a dead fish is found, which leads to animated discussions on the subject; yet the result of a careful and intelligent examination invariably is, that the object of so much scientific curiosity has been borne into the sea by some of its tributary streams, where it is speedily poisoned and expires. And to place the matter beyond further doubt, our commander, subjecting a portion of the water to a powerful microscope, is unable to detect any animalcula or vestige of animal matter whatever.

The proverbial density and unusual specific gravity of these waters, as might be expected, have been subjected to numerous tests by some of our companions. So early as the time of Vespasian experiments were tried by tying the hands of criminals behind their backs, and casting them into the lake, where they are said to have floated like corks upon the surface. Dr. Robinson bathed in the sea just under Engedi, and states that so buoyant did he find it, that although he could not swim before, here he could sit, stand, lie, or swim in the water without difficulty. The experiments made under the direction of Lieut. Lynch fully corroborate these representations. Among these are trials with a donkey and a horse, which swim without losing their balance. A muscular man, too, who has just fallen out of our boat, floats nearly breast high, without the least exertion. Two fresh eggs, too, which would certainly have gone to the bottom in the Mediterranean and Atlantic, here contrive to support themselves on the surface. As another proof of this extreme density, it is observable that our boats, with the same freightage, draw one inch less water here than in the Jordan.

As we enter the southern basin, where the bottom of the sea is visible to us as we glide along, and the surrounding mountains reflect upon us an intolerable glare, the feelings of drowsiness, which have long been creeping over us, become quite overpowering. A hot, blistering hurricane is rising from the south-east, which soon converts the air into a consuming furnace, beneath whose withering blasts the physical strength of the rowers rapidly sinks. The men pull mechanically with half-closed lids, and every one else, except the commander, has sunk into a state of stupor and temporary helplessness. With the view of seeking shelter from the sirocco blast in the shadow of some ravine, the toiling rowers strive to reach land, which they at length accomplish. But now a new difficulty awaits us; for, on attempting to gain the shadow of the rocks, it is found that the shore is heated to such an extent as to render it just like running over burning ashes—the perspiration streaming from us as we painfully urge our way. The ter-

* Dr. Robinson, in support of this statement, relates the following striking facts:—

"The Arabs believe that this bitumen only appears after earthquakes. The sheikhs of the Ta'amirah and the Jehâlin related that, after the earthquake of 1834, a large quantity of asphaltum was cast upon the shore near the south-west part of the sea, and of which the Jehâlin brought about sixty kuntars into market. My companion (Rev. E. Smith) also remembered that, in that year, a large amount had been purchased by the Frank merchants at Beirût. During the last year, also, after the earthquake of January 1st, 1837, a large mass of bitumen (one said like an island, another like a house) was discovered floating on the sea, and was driven aground on the west side, not far from the north of Usdum. The Jehâlin and the inhabitants of the Yûtta swam off to it, and cut it up with axes, so as to bring it to shore. The Ta'âmirah heard of it, and went to get a share. They found seventy men already upon and around it. It was carried off by camel-loads, partly up the pass of Engedi, and sold by the Arabs for four piastres the pound. The share of the T'âmirah brought them more than $500; while others sold to the amount of $2000 or $3000. Except in those two years, the aged sheikh had never known of bitumen appearing, nor heard of it from his fathers."

This account will corroborate the assertions of several ancient writers—Josephus, Diodorus Siculus, and Pliny—to the same effect. The latter describes the existence of islands of several acres in extent, from which the Egyptians, he adds, drew their store of resinous matter for the process of embalming.

rible sirocco at length subsides, but our expeditionists are evidently beginning to suffer seriously in their health. The figure of each is assuming a dropsical appearance; the lean are growing stout, and the stout almost corpulent; the pale-faced are becoming florid, and the florid ruddy; while the bodies of the men are covered with pustules and festering sores. These alarming symptoms of indisposition, coupled with the remembrance of the fatal character of the climate, induce the commander at once to propose a land excursion to Kerak, that, on the breezy highlands of Moab, their health may be reëstablished. As it forms no part of our present purpose, however, to visit that rocky region, and as our allotted time is well-nigh exhausted, we cordially thank the American expeditionists for their companionship, and take our leave of them.

IV.

It but remains for us now, in conclusion, to say a few words as to the probable origin of this extraordinary lake. Seating ourselves, accordingly, on the pinnacle of one of the loftiest western hills, from whence a large portion of the region is visible to us, bathed in the mellow light of the setting sun, we will pass hastily in review some of the hypotheses which have been entertained by the learned, as regards the primitive condition of this blasted and desolated region.

Some writers have expressed their belief that the lake has, from the earliest epoch, occupied the full extent of its present basin. Such a view, however, can be maintained by no one at all acquainted with the physical features of the surrounding country; for where, then, are we to look for the fertile "vale," or "plain," so often referred to in Scripture, and by whose luxuriant productiveness Lot was allured to the spot? It must be clear at once that such a position is quite untenable.

The next hypothesis—perhaps the most popular, and that enrols many great names among its advocates—is, that no great reservoir of water originally existed here at all; but that the Jordan pursued its beneficent way across this sunken plain, and onward, through the valley El-Arabah, to the Elanitic gulf of the Red Sea, into which it emptied itself. In favor of this theory is the remarkable fact related by Lieut. Lynch, namely, that, through the northern and more depressed portion of the bed of the sea, there may be distinctly traced an ancient channel or ravine, evidently a continuation of the bed of the Jordan, and which seems to correspond with a similar ravine at the southern extremity of the Dead Sea. The American writer also states, in confirmation of the same conjecture, that the lateral valleys examined by him have a *southward* inclination near their outlets. If this be so—though it is right to remark that his statement is directly in opposition to that of Dr. Robinson—the circumstance is not without an important bearing upon the question. For if the northern chasm of the lake had formed the primitive reservoir in which all the waters of the region were collected, we should certainly have expected to find a northern instead of a southern deflection, distinctly marking the outlets of all the wadys situated south of the peninsula.

The great and apparently fatal obstacle to the reception of this theory is the fact, that a few miles to the south of the sea there runs a transverse ridge of hills, which forms a watershed that divides the valley, causing the waters of the surrounding region to flow in part northward into the lake, and in part southward into the Elanitic gulf. This natural barrier, which was not long ago discovered, is deemed by many sufficient to explode the notion that the Jordan formerly traversed the Arabian valley. By others, however, it is regarded as by no means so conclusive; since, as it is argued, the tremendous disturbing agency that was adequate to submerge the plain of the Dead Sea to a depth of thirteen hundred feet, was surely equal to the upheaving of the ridge in question. Another fact hostile to this theory, moreover, is, that the Red Sea, according to Rusegger, lies more than thirteen hundred feet above the present level of Lake Asphaltites. As a kind of compensation for this adverse assertion, the conjecture is hazarded by some authorities, that when the ancient channel of the Jordan was interrupted by the volcanic convulsions that upheaved the watershed, an under-passage may have been riven in the strata of rocks below, through which a large portion of surplus water annually flows off into the Elanitic gulf. In favor of this view, we are told by Captain Moresby, who has lately explored the region, that at the head of the gulf he could find no bottom at a depth of

APPLES OF SODOM.

sixteen hundred feet; while not a few persons feel themselves necessitated to resort to some such speculation, in order to account for the disappearance of the enormous volume of water continually flowing into the Dead Sea, (six millions of tuns being daily discharged by the Jordan alone,) and which, in their opinion, cannot be satisfactorily accounted for by the process of evaporation.

The only other theory to which we can here advert is one which, perhaps, at the present time, commands the assent of the largest number of distinguished topographers and Biblical scholars. Finding no trace of any natural outlet for the confluent waters now pent within the basin of the Dead Sea, they are led to conclude that a lake of smaller dimensions than the present one existed in the plain of Sodom anterior to the catastrophe that destroyed the profligate cities. The southern boundary of this lake was probably formed by a line of coast drawn somewhere from the northern part of the peninsula to the western shore. All the level district south of this sea-boundary constituted, as is supposed, the "Vale of Siddim," bisected by the Jordan, which, after having emptied itself into the lake, emerged again, and resumed its fertilizing course through the plain to the very foot of the transverse hills, where its further progress was effectually barred. "Here, then," to use the words of the author of the 'People's Dictionary of the Bible,' "we have a luxuriant and prolific vale, covered with a population who lived on a volcanic soil. Such is the state of things which anteriorly science would lead us to expect. The Jordan would of necessity diffuse its waters abroad, as the Nile does in Egypt, and that the more because denied an exit in the direction of the Elanitic gulf. This diffusion of water would produce rank fertility, especially in the hot clime of the sunk valley. Rank fertility would afford a ready subsistence to human beings. Hence a dense population, and society quickly organized under what are termed 'kings,' (Gen. xiv, 2,) or petty independent chiefs. Yet, as in Herculaneum, were the inhabitants in constant peril. Ease brought forth luxury, luxury begot vice, and general turpitude awoke the wrath of Heaven, which, causing a volcano, punished those guilty men, and converted the fruitful vale into a barren and unsightly desert." According to this view, which seems to us highly rational, it is not at all likely that any of the overwhelmed cities were situated in the plain, thus exposed to periodical inundation, but were probably built on the rising ground on the borders of the well-cultivated valley—on the spots, in fact, where their vestiges have recently been met with by M. de Saulcy.

In bringing about the dire catastrophe that has made this entire region a perpetual desolation, the righteous Avenger of sin found all the elements of destruction here stored up and ready for the work of judgment. The surrounding hills bear ample witness to their decidedly volcanic character, showing that they were prepared at any moment to obey the mandate of their divine Maker, by opening their destructive batteries upon the objects of his holy indignation; while, as we have seen, the whole plain abounded with springs of slime or asphaltum, which had probably, in the lapse of years, largely accumulated, and spread extensively both beneath and above the soil, and which only needed the flashing fire from heaven to kindle it into one universal and tremendous conflagration, before whose appalling ravages everything living must perish. If, in addition to these agencies, we suppose the simultaneous visitation of an earthquake, we have all the phenomena which the most literal interpretation of the sacred records can demand. (See Gen. xix, 24, 25, 28.)

But our imaginary visit must now abruptly terminate. The sun has already sunk below the horizon, and the moon is beginning to shine across the ghastly flood on whose deadly beauty we have thus lingeringly gazed, as we turn into our tent for the last time, filled with sad and solemn thoughts, together with more ardent aspirations after the favor of that glorious Being who, if thus terrible as a foe, is not less faithful as a friend.

DANTE.

THE DIVINE COMEDY.

OF one who laid so broad and deep the foundations of elegant literature as DANTE (corrupted from *Durante* or *Durando*) ALGHIERI, it must be interesting to know something more than that he lived and died; for *he*, at least, did not vegetate but his existence like many plants of the human species. He was born at Florence in May, 1265. The earliest event of his existence taking important rank in his history was—love. *He* was at the end of his ninth year, *she* but at the commencement of hers, when, at a banquet given at the house of her father, Folco Portinari, Dante imbibed that adoration of his sainted Beatrice which afterward transfused her image in his burning verse with the ideal spirituality of all his soul deemed good or glorious. She died, it is true, after an interval of sixteen years; but death could not obliterate the love of Dante. Exposed to imminent danger as a young soldier of twenty-five, fighting in the foremost troop of cavalry at the memorable battle of Campuldino, the vision of Beatrice hovered near him. As a lay brother of the Minorites (Frati Minori) Dante worshiped a saint of his own canonization. Laying aside the habit, however, before having professed, Dante, after the death of Beatrice, married Gemma, a noble lady of the Donati family, the mother of his numerous children. Gemma, unfortunately, had a *temper*.

Unable to banish the ideal Beatrice from his mind, he busied himself enshrining her in the allegory of his *Divina Commedia*. Gemma, at this, became jealous, and instigated her kinsmen, the Donati, to have *him* exiled, and his possessions confiscated —rather a needless ceremony after the pillage to which they had been previously subjected. Such was the treatment which "Florence the beautiful," as she is still called by Mr. Baillie Cochrane, or, "Florence the most fair and renowned daughter of Rome," as she was long before apostrophized by Dante, had in store for the warrior and the poet. "Alas!" exclaimed Dante, "had it pleased the Dispenser of the universe that neither others had committed wrong against me, nor I suffered unjustly the punishment of exile and poverty, since it was the pleasure of the citizens of that most fair and renowned daughter of Rome (Florence) to cast me forth out of her sweet bosom, in which I had my birth and nourishment, and in which, with her goodwill, I desire with all my heart to rest this wearied spirit of mine, and to terminate the time allotted to me on earth. Wandering over every part to which this our language extends, I have gone about like a mendicant, showing, against my will, the wounds with which fortune has smitten me." It would appear, from one of Dante's epistles, that the option of returning to Florence was extended to the banished bard in 1316; but it was under the ignominious conditions of paying a fine and acknowledging his political delinquency. The glory which his compositions had gained him, in some measure reconciled him to exile, and he spurned indignantly the proffered terms. One day, however, he promised himself prophetically to return—

> "———And standing up
> At his baptismal font, to claim the wreath
> Due to the poet's temples."

At Ravenna, Dante, by a sort of sympathetic retribution, found refuge and protection with Guido Novello da Polenta, a kinsman of Francesca da Rimini, whose touching story he has expended all his pathos in relating. It was in a paroxysm of grief at the rancorous spirit manifested by the Venetians toward this prince, himself a poet, as well as a munificent patron of learning, that Dante, the most glorious and generous of the Florentines, breathed his last, A. D. 1321.

Dante's portrait, by the great Giotto, has been preserved in the Chapel of the Podesta, at Florence. He was a man of middle stature, grave deportment, lengthened visage, large eyes, aquiline nose, dark complexion, large and prominent cheek

bones, black curling hair and beard, the under lip projecting beyond the upper. He was plain in his attire, temperate in his diet, absent and abstracted, but apt at repartee and given to sarcasm. At the table of Can Grande, when asked why the company were amused by the tricks of a buffoon, while they failed in deriving pleasure from such talents as his own, "All creatures," replied Dante, "delight in their own resemblance."

In the callousness of cotemporary criticism, Landino regarded Dante as a close imitator of Virgil. "Have we not among ourselves," says he, "Dante, a man replete with the highest and most varied learning, an author of the most solid parts? He, in his journey through the universal world, from lowest Tartarus to the heavenly kingdom, feigns him (Virgil) to have been his guide. In this work, wherein the writer seeks the *summum bonum* of man, 't is wonderful with what ingenuity he has adopted the Æneid as his sole model, so entirely, that even on occasions when he seems to relinquish the model for a while, if we examine more closely, we shall find that no such departure has taken place." The world now rebuts this cold-blooded estimate of the intense and fiery master of Italian song. A spirit like Dante's was not formed for imitation His accordance with Virgil in the sources to which they mutually looked for inspiration, his amplification, in the descent into *Hades*, of an idea of which Virgil had supplied the germ, should no more implicate Dante as a servile imitator of Virgil, than similar traces of relationship between the two great epic poets of antiquity would be held to stamp Virgil as the imitator of Homer. Yet nothing will admit of wider and broader distinctions than the Virgilian and Homeric schools of poetry. The founders of both are great and original. The test of the independent reputation of Virgil is the fame which posterity has accorded him—a fame that would have long since been submerged beneath that of his master, had he simply been Homer's disciple. The latter is ardent and impetuous, the former polished, placid, and modest. The contrast between Virgil and Dante is equally striking. With Dante, as with Shakspeare, and almost every illustrious author, research has reveled in the bewildering multitude of sources it has delighted in suggesting for their invention. But with Dante there is little appearance, and less certainty, of his having condescended to be a borrower, amidst the grandeur, the magnificence, and perfect development of design that distinguish his conceptions.

Dante's great poem embraces a description of the heavens, of men—their deserts and punishments, their happiness, their misery, and intermediate position, expressed through the medium of spirits conversing upon topics diversified by the peculiarities of countries, ages, and circumstances, in a rapid and magical succession. It has been traced at one time to the *Vision of Alberico*, a work of the twelfth century, in barbarous Latin prose. At another time, to an ancient romance called *Guerrino di Durazzo il Meschino;* while the English critic, Warton, determined to adduce the real clew to the Italian poet's merits, refers it now to *Le Voye ou le Songe d' Enfer*, a poem of 1180, by Raoul de Hondane; and again to that favorite apologue, the *Somnium Scipionis* of Cicero, which, in the words of Chaucer, treats

> "——— of heaven and hell,
> And yearth, and souls that dwell therein."

The *Divine Comedy*, better explained, according to the genius of our language, by Cary's title, derived from its three parts—"A Vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise,"—is held to have imparted tone and coloring to the poetry of modern Europe, to have animated the poetic genius of Milton, and inspired the pencil of Michael Angelo. Chaucer owes to the old Italian bard many spirited touches; Spenser largely profited by Dante's labors; Roger Bacon, Abulfeda, Thomas Aquinas, Buonaventura, Giotto the painter, Albertus Magnus, William of Decam, Michael Scot, Marco Polo, Cimabue, Petrarch, and Bocaccio, his cotemporaries, drank largely at the fountain of his spirit. Imbued with the quick and keen perceptions of a sensitive, lofty, and cultivated mind, Dante's great poem has been well described as a chronicle of learning and of discovery for the times in which he lived. He called it simply *The Comedy*, from the circumstance of its style being of the middle kind, and its story (if story it possess) ending happily. Modern readers will scarcely realize in it their notions of comedy.

The opening of the first canto exhibits the writer, who, having lost his way in a

gloomy forest, and being hindered by certain wild beasts from ascending a mountain, is met by Virgil. The Mantuan bard promises to show the Florentine the punishments of hell, and afterward of purgatory, intimating that he shall then be conducted by his love, Beatrice, into Paradise. The poem opens as follows:—

"In the midway of this our mortal life
I found me in a gloomy wood astray,
Gone from the path direct; and e'en to tell
It were no easy task. How savage wild
That forest—how robust and rough its growth—
Which to remember only my dismay
Renews, in bitterness not far from death.
Yet, to discourse of what there good befell,
All else will I relate discover'd there:
How first I enter'd it, I scarce can say,
Such sleepy dullness in that instant weigh'd
My senses down, when the true path I left;
But when a mountain's foot I reach'd, where closed
The valley that had pierced my heart with dread,
I look'd aloft, and saw his shoulders broad
Already vested with that planet's beam
Who leads all wanderers safe through every way.
Then was a little respite to the fear
That in my heart's recesses deep had lain
All of that night so pitifully past;
And as a man with difficult short breath,
Forespent with toiling, 'scaped from sea to shore,
Turns to the perilous wide waste, and stands
At gaze; even so my spirit, that yet fail'd,
Struggling with terror, turn'd to view the straits
That none have pass'd and lived."

The inscription on the gate of hell, celebrated for its familiar closing line,—

"Ogni speranza lasciati voi chi entrati,"—

is this:—

"Through me you pass into the city of woe:
Through me you pass into eternal pain:
Through me among the people lost for aye.
Justice the founder of my fabric moved.
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.
Before me things create were none, save things
Eternal; and eternal I endure:
All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

"Such characters in color dim I mark'd
Over a portal's lofty arch inscribed."

This brief and beautiful description of the vesper hour is from the *Purgatoria*. Dante seems to have taken a view seaward of the curfew scene, which Gray, in his famed English elegy, restricted to the land:—

"Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart,
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,
And pilgrim newly on his road with love,
Thrills if he hear the vesper bell from far,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day."

Another snatch of Dante's poetry paints in beautiful contrast the sisters Leah and Rachel—the personages of the exquisite allegory rendered in stone by Michael Angelo, in his two celebrated figures on the monument of Julius II., in the Church of San Pietro in Vinculo. Leah and Rachel are here finely suggestive of Dante's allegorical system, which had in it nothing mundane; for, by Leah, he means not animated being so much as an abstract embodiment of active life; while by Rachel, he simply implies the contemplative state of being in contrast to the other:—

"About the hour,
As I believe, when Venus from the east
First lighten'd on the mountain, she whose orb
Seems always glowing with the fire of love,
A lady young and beautiful, I dream'd,
Was passing o'er a lee, and, as she came,
Methought I saw her ever and anon
Bending to cull the flowers, and thus she sang:
'Know ye, whoever of my name would ask,
That I am Leah! for my brow to weave
A garland those fair hands unwearied ply
To please me at the crystal mirror here
I deck me. But my sister Rachel, she
Before her glass abides the livelong day,
Her radiant eyes beholding, charm'd no less
Than I with this delightful task. Her joy
In contemplation as in labor mine.'"

Of all the poets of the middle ages, it may be said that they were eminently Christian—monkish, no doubt—but Christian after the manner of their age. The wars and chivalry of their era were religious. The infidel was abhorred, alike in the person of the abject Jew, who had spurned the truth, whose evidence shone bright around him, and in that of the ruthless Pagan, who had never known its ray. The common philosophic infidel or skeptic, however, was unknown. Deeply would his sentiments have been execrated, if obtruded on the age of Dante, who has been termed "the seer and inspired priest of nature, the enlightened poet of Catholic faith and knowledge." No, it was reserved for a latter era to descend to such refinements of iniquity; for Volney and Gibbon to poison with oriental malice the founts of history; for Voltaire to sap the foundations of philosophy; and for others to sully the spotless inspirations of poetry itself with their sarcastic skepticism. How dull and dwarf-like are their most gorgeously blown bubbles beside the grand, severe, stupendous allegories of Dante and descriptions of Milton!

[For the National Magazine.]

OLD CHRISTOPHER.

BY ALICE CARY.

POOR old Christopher! On a briery-hill, sloping toward the setting sun and into a dismal wood, far from human habitations, and where only once or twice in the year the traveler turns from the clayey road, winding near, to look curiously and sadly over the broken fence, he is lying, fast asleep.

The precise spot where his grave was made, not one of his children could tell, probably—for he was abandoned by even his own sons and daughters long years before all the friend he had, death, took him to himself.

But though his grave is forgotten of men, the angels know where it is; and the last trumpet will have a call for him.

Of all the pictures of childish memory, none is more vivid than his as I used to see him—oftenest when I went to school; for he was crazy, and much given to wandering habits. I was afraid of him; for many curious stories were afloat of his having been seen, of moonlight nights, fighting with demons, or in pleasant converse with angels. I had never seen him so engaged, to be sure; but often and often I had seen him talk with himself, and, to my childish apprehension, his cocked hat and red hunting-shirt were strong suppositions in favor of his supernatural endowments. He wore buckles on his shoes, too, and sometimes the sword, with which, in his younger years, he had done good service for his country. He was quite harmless, so far as his intercourse with mortals went; but still he was shunned by the children as one who had power to do great harm, if he chose. The school where I went was a mile and a half from my father's house, and in a dreary piece of woods through which I had to go was where it seemed to me I oftenest met old Christopher. The road was very crooked through these woods, winding over and around steep clayey hills; so that, try as I would, I could not see on entering whether I would meet him or not. It was a dismal sort of place, and I don't wonder now that I was afraid to pass it alone. There was a grave-yard at the entrance as I went from home, a spot near which children are apt to tread timidly, and the trees which grew thick on either hand, met, and frequently interlocked their dark boughs overhead. On one side the ground lay low and flat, moist throughout, and with here and there a great shallow pool of black sluggish water; opposite ran a deep hollow, through which a creek, wide and muddy, dragged itself along.

Never a crow called to its mate in this lonesome part of my daily journey, but that it startled me; every mark along the dust I construed into the trail of a snake, and every tree, taller than the rest, I singled as a mark for the lightning. About midway of this forest-road, a narrow path was seen trodden among the leaves, and winding among logs and around patches of underbrush, till it was lost in the thick wood through which no glimmer of light from the clearing beyond could be discerned. This path was my special terror, for it was worn by the feet of old Christopher, and led to his dismal hut, which himself had built in the middle of that dreary wood. He cultivated a small garden, and it was his habit to carry the products about the neighborhood for sale during the summer and fall, so that we were often in the high road together. He walked slowly, feeling his way, as it were, with a rough thorny cane, and bearing a basket of his own rude workmanship on one arm, filled with fruits or vegetables, and far streaming down over his red garment fell his white beard and hair, neither of which had been shorn for many years. I used to speak to him when we met, at first from fear, for I fancied that civility might ward off the imprecations which it was rumored he sometimes called down on the heads of those who offended him. I suspect, however, it was only rudeness that brought upon itself his anathemas; for he uniformly showed his pleasure in my little attempts at politeness—always by a sweet smile—sometimes by offering me an apple or a tomato, or whatever his basket held.

With very light and very fleet steps I walked after having passed him; nor did it lessen my trembling to see, as I often did on looking back, that he was standing still in the dusty weeds of the road-side, gazing intently after me. As I grew older, my courage or my curiosity, or both, grew too; and I would stop sometimes, especially if a team were in sight, and exchange a few words with the crazy man.

Whether or not he was a prophet, he enjoyed about the country the reputation of one; and so soon as I dared say anything to him, I inquired whether or not it would rain that day. Turning his clear, deep-blue eyes upon me, he replied, "A prophet has no honor in his own country; nevertheless I will tell you." And having leaned thoughtfully on his staff for a few minutes, he told me there would be rain about the fifth hour of the evening; and lifting up his eyes he continued: "Woe unto you, if you be a daughter of the faithless!"

I told him I believed; and though I perhaps exaggerated somewhat my credulity, I certainly felt a vague impression that to his strange deep eyes the future was more open than to most mortal men. Not a cloud was visible in the sky, but at noon they began to gather; and when at night I walked under the leafy arch of the gloomy road, I heard the rain pattering above me, and my faith was confirmed. Ever after that I designated the old man as father Christopher, a title which gave him the greatest satisfaction.

My schoolmates warned me in vain against tampering with the devil—the imputed necromancy had a charm for me; and in course of time a strange joy mingled with the tremor I felt, when I saw in the distance the red mantle of father Christopher fluttering in the winds; and perhaps I was the more willing to listen, from the fact that he often promised to bestow his prophetic powers upon me when he died. Sometimes if I met him as I was returning from school, and so at leisure, I would sit down on some log by the road-side, and listen till the stars came out to his curious talk, half mad and half inspired. Sometimes he saw funerals in the clouds, and more than once I remember that his predictions of death in the neighborhood were verified as he foretold—marriages also, and other occurrences of less importance. It was his delight, however, to wander in thought beyond the limits of this world, and bring back the lights and shadows that he met. The songs of the angels, the chariot of the Lord, the trumpet of Gabriel, death, and the death after death, were the themes of his highest eloquence. Many and many a time he told me that he had the day, or the night past, seen his angel wife, Mary—that he had been with her in Paradise; or that she had come to his bedside in the night time, and given him a flower, or mingled on his pillow her golden locks with his white ones. She was beautiful when she lived in the world, he said, and now that she was an angel, he could not tell that she was more lovely than when long ago she sat by his fireside with their baby on her knees. Often he talked wildly—madly almost—of other things, making fearful combinations of light and darkness, love and hate; but when he talked of Mary, it was with the tenderness and pathos of a bereaved lover, and with consistency that impressed me very deeply. Her hair had the same golden brightness always—her hand the same lily beauty, and her eyes the unfathomable splendor of the blue midnight—her voice was always low and loving; and often he said to me, that no serpent ever crossed his garden for forty days after his beautiful Mary had been to his cabin. One time he took from his bosom a flower, which, he said, she had given him the last midnight, calling him softly out of sleep, and putting her arms about his neck as she did so; but if the flower were the gift of any Mary, it must have been years and years away; for it was withered almost to blackness.

I was grown quite to womanhood without having ever been to his house; though we were grown to be friends, and many times he had asked me to visit him. Gladly would I have done so, but was not permitted to go alone; and if I suggested any inclination to any of my friends, they were quick to say I was scarcely less crazy than old Christopher himself—and so they would tell me of the great black dog that was chained at his cabin door, to devour alive any one who dared go near it; and of the sword that shone against the wall, and with which it was supposed he had some time done a murder, about which he had gone crazy; and of the poison herbs that hung in bunches along his ceiling; and of other mysterious furnishings of his house: at all of which I only laughed, and was accused of a disposition to tamper with things forbidden.

If I made inquiries about his history, I learned only the common and obvious facts: he was old crazy Christopher—supposed to have lost his reason in consequence of too much thought about the future; but nobody really knew or inquired—they regarded him as one of the belong-

ings of the neighborhood, that could provide for its needs—giving him no more sympathy than they gave the worn-out horse turned loose to die. His own children sold from beneath his feet the ground his own hands had earned; for he had come, a widowed man, with three little children to our neighborhood a great while before I could remember—cleared the land, built him a home, planted an orchard, and digged a well; and while he was doing all this, the children he brought grew to maturity, and the once clear intellect of the father went blind, and knew them not; and they—O to the shame of humanity be it written!—forsook him; and to a strange hard man sold him, with the ground he had earned by the sweat of his brow.

It was not regarded as any very wicked transaction that I remember of; and with certain pieces of silver in their hands, the sons and the daughter of the mentally blind and doubly pitiable father took honorable leave of the neighborhood, to buy broader lands and build new roofs over their own heads, leaving the gray hairs of their father to bide the peltings of the storms. And so they did, for he refused to sleep beneath the roof of the oppressor, as he called the new proprietor of his estate; and building a small house of logs in the midst of the woods, retired, and lived thenceforward alone. That he was unconscious of the grievous wrong done him I was never satisfied, and sometimes questioned him as to the extent of his lands, the variety of his fruits, and the like; and the propriety and correctness of his replies persuaded me that, however bewildered, neither memory nor the light of reason was altogther lost.

It was a keen, clear, pitiless winter day, that made the beast shiver and man seek the fire; at the close of which I found myself with a walk of two miles and a half before me—for I had been visiting for a day at my grandfather's house. I might shorten the distance for half a mile, I was told, by crossing the fields and woods; and as any shortening of the distance was desirable under the circumstances, I resolved to follow the directions which my friends had very carefully given for my guidance. I must follow the lane till I came to the woods, where I would find a path, in which I must keep till within sight of a designated barn—then I must cross a meadow toward a certain tree, at which place I would find a run, that for another indefinite distance would be my guide; but at a certain turn where a sycamore-tree had fallen, I must leave it, and strike into the woods, and by keeping a north-westerly course I would soon find myself in the main road—home nearly in sight—and besides the shorter journey, the woods, it was argued, would be a protection to me, as the wind must be a good deal broken by the trees. I shaped out the way very clearly, I thought, in my mind, and with a brisk step and the most perfect assurance in my ability to find my way, set forward. The sun was near the setting—the last rays glittering on the steep frosty gable of my grandfather's house as I looked back where the lane terminated in the woods, and before I emerged from their shadows, all was shadow. Such bitter and biting cold I never saw—the clear sky was like a dome of ice, and the meadow grass cracked beneath my feet as I went, so stiff was it frozen—and every track made by man or beast was crusted with a shell that cracked and rattled together in a mass as I passed along. The black, bare branches of the trees stood still—there was no voice of bird or fall of water, but all was as if everything had been frozen, or was freezing into silence.

I don't know how it was, but I failed to see the barn of which I had been told, and thinking I must have gone far enough in one direction, for the intense cold made every step painful, I resolved to be guided by my own apprehensions, and strike at once into the woods. The sun had already been down some time; there was no moon; and the stars that seemed shrunken by the cold, made only here and there a shiver of light through the darkness. Over fallen logs and around them I went, across ponds of ice, and along flat leafy distances, down into deep hollows and over steep hills, looking and looking to discern the light through the woods. In vain—it grew darker and darker till all was dark. I could not see any light, nor hear any sound when I stopped to listen—which I did time and again. At length my feet began to feel like clumsy pieces of ice, and sitting on a log I felt of them with my hands; but they too were numb, and I could not tell which was frozen, or whether one or both. I was now seriously alarmed; but gathering up all my energy tried to retrace my steps. I soon

learned, however, that I could find no landmarks, and though within a short distance of home, was completely lost, benighted, and probably freezing. I walked one way and another for an hour, perhaps, very fast and with no object except the necessity of motion; for though it was possible, it was no longer probable that I should find my way out of the woods that night. Suddenly, I heard a voice, apparently in angry menace; but little cared I whether angry or not—any sound like humanity was welcome. I listened close, afraid that I had deceived myself, or was losing my senses: but no, it was in verity a human voice, and proceeding toward it I soon became aware that it was the imprecations and denunciations of father Christopher, and I understood that he was fighting with the fiends which he supposed to be about him.

More and more distinctly I could hear his beating of the ground and his curses, and fearful noise I confess it was; but demons just then had less terrors for me than the darkness and the cold, and fast as I might I hurried in the direction of his voice. At length I was very near, and stopping, for I was afraid of the weapon which I felt he was wielding with all his might, though I could not see it. I called—"Father Christopher!" "Make as sweet a voice as you may," he cried, "you shall not deceive me, vile imp of the pit—I will stab you through and through;" and as he spoke he made a desperate rush, hewing the darkness as he came. Screening myself behind a tree, I waited till his overwrath had somewhat abated, and then told him my name—reminding him of the times he had prophesied for me, and assuring him that I was lost in the woods, and would die unless he would take me to his house, and allow me to warm by his fire.

He presently knew me, and begged me to forgive him for what he had said, assuring me that he was not to blame, for that it was the demons who persuaded him that I was of their number; and taking my hand he led me carefully and softly as though I had been his own child. I confess that I trembled a little at first, and especially when he led me around something, assuring me that in that spot he had slain a dragon, and that I must, if possible, avoid treading in the blood. The darkness, he said, would not permit him to see how many bad spirits he had slain, but from their howling and crying he believed it could not have been less than ten thousand. I confirmed him in the belief, for it seemed pleasant to him; and moreover, I feared he might be tempted to renew the fight. I told him I had trodden over great numbers, and that he was no less a soldier than a prophet. I had, in truth, great reverence for him, and in some sort I loved him; for the wrongs he suffered from his children and the world first kindled my pity, then grew to interest, and interest to faith and trust. And who is so blind in mind and heart that they are unconscious of trust reposed in them—of love entertained for them? These are the media through which even idiocy sees more clearly; the wild beast is tamed by love, and the madman made at least peaceable.

He no sooner felt that I was not only not afraid of him, but that I besought his protection—that I had confidence in him—than his broken and ruined manhood seemed to be built up into strength and beauty. He fenced the winds from me as he best could, as we went along, and with the utmost tenderness assured me that I should have every care and attention his house afforded, and that I need not fear being frozen, for that it was quite impossible I should be more than severely chilled. I could now and then see the gleam of his white beard, or the shining of his sword blade as we walked, frozen sticks and leaves crushing beneath our feet, and the still cold smiting our faces like sharp blades of steel.

At last a little light shone through the darkness—nearer and nearer we came, and presently were at the door of father Christopher's house. I forgot the black dog I had heard of, and the poison herbs, all but that I had found shelter and fire, and went in with the old man more gladly than I had ever entered house till then.

He hastened to stir open the great bed of coals that lay in the fire-place, and having thrown on some hickory boughs, a warm red light filled all the little room in a few minutes.

The ample hearth was laid with stones, and beside the fireplace was a rude chair in which Christopher made haste to seat me—the floor was of planks, a bed stood in one corner of the room—a table under the small square window, (the only one

in the house,) upon which stood a jug of water and a basket of apples. On a shelf at the head of the bed lay a Bible and a miniature case—the wall had many a chink through which the wind came, reminding us of the intense cold without. I need not linger over the aching and tingling in my fingers—over the strange sensations that possessed me on finding myself alone at midnight in the hut of a crazy man, shut out by woods and darkness from help, if danger there were. My suffering from the cold prevented fear, at first, and as I became sensible of new peril I suppressed its manifestation, and presently felt all the confidence I at first affected.

"They call me crazy," said Christopher, speaking at last, "and you must be afraid to stay with me in this lonesome place," and he took my hand as he spoke and looked close in my eyes as though he would see down through them to my soul. I said, "No, you are a prophet, and why should I fear you—have you not foretold storms and deaths, and done me many favors without once harming me?" He smiled at my words, and as he stooped his face toward me I smoothed away the gray hair which fell over his eyes, and when he lifted himself up I saw that they were dim with tears. "No," he said, laying his withered and trembling hand on my head, "I am a prophet, and a wronged and injured old man, but not crazy—no, no, not crazy." The light of a clear intelligence seemed shining in his face as he spoke, and I felt that he was, indeed, a wronged and injured old man, and to this day I believe that for the time the clouds passed from his intellect. While he sat sad and thoughtful at the fire, I took from the shelf the miniature, rather to divert the attention of my friend from the troubled mood in which he seemed to be settling than from any idle curiosity. It was the picture of a young and beautiful woman. Who could it be, I mused as I gazed upon it—

> "Could any Beatrice see
> A lover in that anchorite?"

and I turned from the picture to the miserable old-man in whose eyes the light of a clear memory seemed shining sorrowfully out. He took the miniature from my hand, and having kissed it reverently, placed it in his bosom, and with his eyes fixed in the fire and quite forgetful of me, seemingly, he said:—"She loved me once—I am sure she did—we were so happy in our beautiful home. I remember one summer night when her head lay on my arm and the rose-leaves blew in at the window and fell over her head and face—there was a bird singing near, and we had no light but the moonshine—let me see, we were not many months married then—well—would to God I had no darker memory—if she were dead—but she did not die—only the death which is worse than death—could she leave her baby in the cradle, and steal away in the dark with a human devil? No, no, it could not have been—and yet in my veins there is no traitor blood—it must have been from her the children drew their serpent natures—have they not stung me, each one, and after coiled themselves separately away—O, vile mother, and vile children, curses on you all! If I should wrong her—O what a wrong it were—she may have been spirited away—I have searched the world and could never find her grave. We were walking in the garden when the tempter appeared—we had been happy till then, but from that day it seemed as if there was a great gulf between us. When I came home next she was not waiting for me at the window, and though she smiled faintly when I spoke to her, it was as if her heart were otherwhere. One moonlight summer night I came with a quick anxious step, for something boded me evil; I knew not, felt not what it was, but a voice seemed to say to me, Haste, O haste. When I came within sight of the house I almost ran—there was no light at the window as there had always been till then. I opened the door with a trembling hand, for I heard no voice singing, and no footstep in the house—the moonlight streamed over bed and cradle, and the three children slept alone. With the burning lamp I searched the house, feeling at every step how useless was the search. I called aloud through all the house and in the garden—no voice replied—from that night my home was desolate, and more than that my heart was desolate. Once again I saw her like a golden shadow in the dark—what matters it when and where—I never sought to see her again, but with my children crossed the mountains, and with all the strength that was left in me tried to make a new

home. Sometimes there came a little light to me when my children played under the trees I had planted—but the serpent's egg hatches a serpent—they grew to maturity and sold me with my oxen and my land—well!"

I knew not then, and know not now, how much of this soliloquy was to be attributed to a wandering imagination; it impressed me like a fragment of truth; perhaps it was so, perhaps not. At daylight I made my way home; Christopher attending me till my path struck into the main road; gentle and loving he was so long as he stayed with me, but when we had been a few minutes divided and I turned to look for him, I heard his voice sounding angrily through the woods; he was fighting with the demons again.

Many years after this occurrence he continued to live his lonesome and isolated life, and was at length, after a colder night than the one I passed in his house, found dead by the fireless hearth: when or how he had gone no one knew; but when they dressed him for the grave, they found, lying close on his bosom, the picture of a fair-faced woman.

Whether or not she were his Mary I cannot tell; or if indeed it were not all a dream—if it were so, God grant the dream may have been only a prophecy, and that he knows now its bright fulfilment. For is not he our Father "who setteth an end to darkness and who searcheth out all perfection?"

[For the National Magazine.]

LOVEST THOU ME?

BY LUTHER W. PECK.

"Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord: thou knowest that I love thee." John xxi, 15.

Jesus in prayer conversed with God,
While on the lonely mountain-side;
And anxious crowds pursuing trod,
To spread his healing power wide;
Then Peter follow'd near his Lord,
And oft his deeds of mercy told;
In temple, or in mount adored,
Jesus beholds his followers bold.
Σίμων Ἰωνᾶ, φιλεῖς με;
The answer, then, will surely be,
Σὺ οἶδας ὅτι φιλῶ σε.

When on the wild Gennesaret,
The laboring ship was tempest-toss'd;
And with the dashing surges wet,
The trembling band gave all for lost;
When rose along the blast a cry,
That seem'd to check the mighty wave:
"Fear not," said Jesus, "it is I;"
Then Peter, sinking, cried, "O save!"
Σίμων Ἰωνᾶ, φιλεῖς με;
He answers from the billowy sea,
Σὺ οἶδας ὅτι φιλῶ σε.

Where tower'd proud Jerusalem,
From fragrant, grape-hung Olivet,
Advanced the Prince, whose diadem
Was not with fading diamonds set;
But round his mild, unearthly brow
Heaven's dread imperial splendor hung;
Along his path were seen to bow
The hosts, from whom hosannas rung:
Σίμων Ἰωνᾶ, φιλεῖς με;
Jesus! though all forsake, and flee,
Σὺ οἶδας ὅτι φιλῶ σε.

The heavens are changed—the clouded sun
Grows pale before his Maker's frown;
Redemption's closing rite begun—
Angels to earth are thronging down;
Within a tyrant's judgment-hall,
The calm, unsinning Jesus stands;
Ah! terrors now all hearts appall,
And Christ is mock'd by hellish bands:
Σίμων Ἰωνᾶ, φιλεῖς με;
He answers, weeping bitterly,
Σὺ οἶδας ὅτι φιλῶ σε.

The rugged steep of Calvary,
The rending rocks, the rising dead,
Attest that Jesus loveth thee,
As in his holy word is said;
The awe-struck guard, the bursting tomb,
The angels watching at the door,
The day of death, the day of doom,
Tell Jesus loveth evermore.
Σίμων Ἰωνᾶ, φιλεῖς με;
In heaven the rapturous song shall be,
Σὺ οἶδας ὅτι φιλῶ σε.

The friends of Jesus saw him stand,
All radiant, on the sunlit shore;
The nail's torn mark was in his hand,
Deep battle scars the conqueror bore;
The Lord of life, from heaven he came,
And stood by calm Gennesaret;
Though risen, he is still the same,
And his disciples loveth yet:
Σίμων Ἰωνᾶ, φιλεῖς με;
Forever more the answer be,
Σὺ οἶδας ὅτι φιλῶ σε.

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* The Greek lines may be rendered as follows:—

"Son of Jonas, lovest thou me?
Thou knowest that I love thee."

THE VASTNESS OF DIVINE LOVE.—We stand upon the sea-shore, and survey with admiring delight the wide-extended ocean, whose distant waters lose themselves in the blue horizon. But what is this great abyss of waters compared to that ocean of Almighty love, which is without a bottom and a shore?—*Brooks.*

HISTORICAL WOMEN.

ISABELLA OF CASTILE.

IN her own court, the conduct of Isabella merited the warmest praise. A "nursery of virtue and generous ambition," here she watched over the education of those among the daughters of the nobility who were committed to her care, portioning them generously in marriage; while her own example led them to regard with indifference the luxuries of life; to be temperate, unostentatious, careless of extravagant dress or equipage, unless state occasions warranted a magnificence, which none more fully or easily than herself could assume. Early the victim of adversity, she had been thrown when very young into all the profligate levity of a corrupt court; but the lessons she had imbibed from her mother shielded the princess from harm,—and the queen retained the remembrance of their benefit, and strove to render it universal. But with these Isabella had also received strong religious impressions, closely verging upon bigotry, and, unfortunately, far less happy in their result. Her own natural temperament was in all other matters strangely self-reliant, but in spiritual concerns completely subservient to the dicta of her religious advisers. When Talavera (afterward Archbishop of Granada, but then a simple monk) attended her upon the first occasion after being appointed her confessor, she observed that he remained seated while she bent before him for confession; and, whether to test his sentiments, or from actual annoyance at a proceeding doubtless unexpected, she reminded him "that it was customary for the priest also to kneel." "This," he replied, "is the tribunal of God; I am here as his representative; it is only fitting that I should sit, and that your majesty should kneel before me." Upon which the queen questioned him no further, but humbly went through her confession as he ordained it, so pleased with what she considered an evidence of his righteous independence, that she exclaimed at its close, "This is just the confessor I desired." Many years before the present epoch, a Dominican monk, named Torquemada, her then religious adviser, had either deluded or terrified her into a promise, that "she would devote her reign, if ever she became queen, to the extirpation of heresy, and the aggrandizement of the Catholic faith." The fulfilment of this fatal promise was now pressed upon her; but it is only due to her otherwise almost unblemished name, to state that the form in which it was proposed—the establishment of that fiendish tribunal, the masterpiece alike of ignorance, bigotry, and tyranny—the Inquisition—was so repellant to her gentle and magnanimous nature, that she refused to sanction it until months, even years, had elapsed. During these she had endured the importunities of the whole body of the clergy, those of her nearest personal friends, and perhaps still stronger arguments on the part of her selfish husband, whose policy, even more than the bigotry of which he has generally been accused, urged him to "fasten its odious yoke" upon both their dominions. Had she been capable of foreseeing the horrors this sanction entailed, we may suppose that she would rather have cut off her own right hand, than have permitted it to subscribe the petition which obtained the papal coöperation, and launched, even within the next year, thousands of miserable Jews, under the pretext of religious zeal, into eternity.

But we readily pass to events which, however melancholy in their detail, are yet less harrowing than those connected with the revelations of this horrible institution. The curtain is rising upon the conquest of Granada—the stage is covered with Arab warriors clad in their characteristic costume—they mix with Christian cavaliers in the knightly tourney; while down from the balconies, hung with rich silks and cloth of gold, glance the dark-eyed Moorish maidens. Anon, the scene changes its character: it is no longer a gentle feat of arms—it is a mortal combat—cimeters flash, lances and javelins are hurled along in rapid *mêlée*, ordnance peals, and fire and smoke obscure the palace court and the mountain fortress; while through every scene of blood-red carnage or victorious triumph, glides the form of Ferdinand of Spain, and, woe to say, too often that of the nobler and gentler Isabella!

The city of Granada, so justly vaunted by its adoring people, lay completely in the center of the Moorish territories, sheltered by the Sierra Nevada, a chain of snowy mountains, delicious breezes from whose icy tops tempered the most sultry

heat of the summer sun, and wafted salubrity and luxury through the vast halls of the beautiful city. The two lofty hills upon which Granada stood, divided by a valley, concealing within its bosom a swift-flowing river, were crowned respectively by the fortress of the Alcazaba, and the renowned palace (also a fortress) of the Alhambra. This immense building, planned and executed in the extreme of barbarous magnificence, was said by tradition to have been the work of a king, who, versed in the mysteries of alchemy and magic, had thus supplied the unlimited funds requisite to complete his undertaking. The vine clambered, hanging its dark treasures in rich profusion over the walls; the orange, citron, pomegranate, and mulberry, luxuriated within its gardens; and delicious fountains tossed their spray high into the air, or fell musically from carved images grouping the gilded and painted courts, whose airy porticoes and turrets seemed the creation of a fairy hand. The city was surrounded by high walls, fortified by numerous towers, and beyond these stretched the fertile vega or plain, intersected by streams, and studded with groves, "rejoiced by the perpetual song" of the nightingale.

It appears to have been understood in the marriage treaty of Isabella, that her husband was to lead her forces against the possessors of this enviable territory. It was deemed by all, and mostly by the queen, derogatory from the Castilian dignity, that its power should be resisted by the inhabitants of so narrow a tract lying between themselves and the sea; religious feeling, too, was here also Isabella's excuse, and she entered enthusiastically into the war, which was to the last degree popular with her subjects. The Moors gaining notice of the warlike intentions of their warlike neighbors, resolved to strike the first blow. Their king, Aben Hassen, assailed the fortress of Zahara, hitherto considered almost impregnable, in the middle of the night, took the garrison prisoners, or put them to the sword, —an outrage which was speedily and terribly avenged by an attack upon Alhama, a town filled with incredible riches, within a short distance of the capital, belonging to the Moors. This ancient and stately city was reduced to ashes by the Christians: its wealth formed booty for the soldiers, and the melancholy romance translated by Lord Byron, with its lament, "*Ay de mi, Alhama*"—"Woe is me, Alhama!"—composed by one of the Moors shortly after the catastrophe, testifies the deep grief and dejection elicited by its fall. But Alhama had nearly been retaken, and Isabella herself found it necessary to fan into flames, by her own enthusiasm, the spirits of the Castilians, terrified by the vicinity of the Moorish king. Upon taking possession of the city, she not only furnished the churches with plate and other requisites of her faith, but herself worked a covering of elaborate embroidery to decorate the principal altar. After this period Isabella invariably accompanied Ferdinand in his campaigns: she was said to be the "soul of this war," and appears to have regarded it in a wholly conscientious point of view. Animating and encouraging the wavering or dispirited, she was everywhere active and vigilant, and so wrought upon the "grandees," when fatigued and all but retiring, that, "mortified at being outdone in zeal for the holy war by a woman, they eagerly collected their forces, and returned across the borders to renew hostilities."

The earliest idea of providing camp hospitals emanated from the pity and tenderness of Isabella; frequently visiting the sick in person, and carrying with her liberal supplies of money and clothes, she furnished them with medicine and attendants at her own charge, and the tents appropriated to the wounded were known as the "queen's hospitals." She was repaid by the most romantic and chivalrous attachment.

Our limits will not permit us to do more than glance at the various sieges and surrenders which resulted in the complete destruction of the Moors, and the capture of their cherished metropolis. Velez, Malaga, and Baza, successively succumbed, until the cross was raised above the towers of the Alhambra. At Malaga an attempt was made to assassinate the sovereigns; and the queen is considered by her historian to have been inspired from above in averting the threatened catastrophe. A Moor named Agerbi undertook the crime, and being brought to the tent of the king professed to have secrets of importance to communicate. Ferdinand was taking a *siesta*, and the queen refused to awaken him, desiring that the

Moor should be conducted for the present into the adjoining tent, where were seated, conversing together, the Marchioness de Moya, Isabella's early friend, and Don Alvaro, the son of the Duke of Braganza. The assassin deeming he was in the presence of Ferdinand and Isabella, drew a dagger from the folds of his *albornoz*, and darting on the Portuguese, wounded him on the head; then turning upon the marchioness, he aimed a blow at her, which was fortunately rendered abortive by some heavy gold ornaments she wore; and the guards, warned of the danger by her screams, rushed in, and dispatched the intended murderer. Shortly afterward, when the city capitulated, Ferdinand and Isabella entered it in state, and a multitude of Christian captives, heavily manacled and wasted with confinement, were set at liberty, while their Moorish detainers were, in their place, condemned to the horrors of slavery. It is only fair to state that Isabella remonstrated strongly against the summary method of punishment employed for their unfortunate patriotism; but a stain rests upon her memory for not using her authority for its total prevention.

In the year 1487, shortly after the king and queen, together with their children, had paid a visit to Arragon, to insure the proper succession of their only son, Prince John, the royal army marched to reconnoiter Baza; but it was not until the December of 1489 that Isabella, who had arrived at the request, not only of her husband, but of the whole body of the troops, accompanied by a glittering train of cavaliers and ladies, took possession of the conquered fortress; and Almeria, with its Moorish sovereign, El Zagal, soon followed the example of submission. Throughout the long period of these successive sieges Isabella had displayed the usual energy, suffering fatigues, furnishing funds raised by personal sacrifice, and ever restoring enthusiasm by the quick sympathies of her woman's heart, while she directed the movements of her forces with all the comprehensive intelligence of the other sex. "The chivalrous heart of the Spaniard," says Mr. Prescott, "did homage to her as to his tutelar saint; and she held a control over her people such as no man could have acquired in any age, —and probably no woman, in an age and country less romantic."

In the April following, the young Isabella, Infanta of Spain, was betrothed by her parents to Alonzo, heir of Portugal; the ceremony took place at Seville, and the tourneys held in its honor were succeeded by others in sight of the besieged, when within a few weeks Isabella —often to be seen at the head of her troops, habited in complete armor, like her prototype, Zenobia, of old—encamped beneath the battlements of Granada. A narrow escape of her life occurred during this campaign. She was lodged in a superb pavilion belonging to the Marquis of Cadiz, and, owing to the carelessness of an attendant, a lamp placed near the hangings set not only them but those of the adjoining tents in flames. The queen and her children escaped with difficulty; she sprung hastily from her bed, her first thought being for her husband. Ferdinand had armed, and put himself at the head of his troops, apprehending a sally; none however was attempted, and no other mishap resulted beyond the loss of much valuable property in the conflagration. The accident suggested to Isabella the idea of building a regular city to guard her soldiers from similar disasters, and provide them with good winter quarters. This extraordinary task was performed with wondrous celerity; like the magic palace of Aladdin, the town of Santa Fé arose in the sight of the besieged. Though originally intended to be named after herself, the idea was overruled by the pious queen's gratitude to that Providence which had sustained her arms throughout the war. It is the only city in Spain, writes a Castilian author, "that has never been contaminated by the Moslem heresy." The performance of this work by the Spaniards threw the devoted Moors into utter despair; for in it they perceived the determination of their opponents never to relinquish the rigorous blockade they had instituted until Granada had fallen. The surrender of the city was further precipitated by the fears entertained for the safety of Abdallah, the Moorish monarch, who had entered into unpopular conditions with the conquerors. The last scene of a war, which had endured nearly the same period as the famous one of Troy, was now to be enacted, and everything that could heighten its effect was carefully arranged by the Castilians. The court had assumed mourning for the

accidental death of Alonzo, their young infanta's bridegroom; but it was hastily thrown off, and festive apparel substituted. Ferdinand and Isabella, attended by a gorgeous retinue, took up their station at Armilla, and waited with impatience until the large silver cross, the "great standard of this crusade," should be elevated on the Torre de la Vella, or watch-tower. One prolonged shout greeted its appearance; it was closely followed by the pennon of St. James, and the royal banner of Castile,—and at these "signals of possession," the sovereigns, followed by the whole assembled host, fell on their knees, "giving God glory" for their triumph.

Not far from the Hill of Martyrs they were met by the royal Moor Abdallah, (or Boabdil,) who would have prostrated himself at her feet, but was prevented by the courtesy of his conquerors. Here the unfortunate monarch received back, from the hands of the queen, his son, hitherto detained as a hostage; and delivering in return the keys of the Alhambra to Ferdinand, with "an air of mingled melancholy and resignation," they were handed on to Isabella, and then to her son, Prince John. After so doing, he moved forward with a dejected air to rejoin his family; but upon reaching the elevated ground commanding a last view of his beloved Granada, the heart of the poor king, overwhelmed by emotion, found relief in a torrent of weeping; and it was only when his high-spirited mother, Ayxa la Horra, reminded him "that it was useless to lament as a woman what he had failed to defend like a man," that he had courage to leave the spot, called to this day, in commemoration of this sad farewell, *El ultimo sospiro del Moro*—"The last sigh of the Moor." The gate through which he issued from Granada was, at his request, walled up, that no other might pass through it. Abdallah pined to the end of his days, in hopeless misery, for his departed kingdom, and ultimately threw away a life he no longer cared to preserve in the support of an African kinsman in Morocco.

It was in the midst of all the joy and triumph attending the downfall of the crescent, that Isabella found time to attend to projects which, scarcely proficient enough in science to comprehend fully, she yet was led by "the spirit of intelligence and energy" to patronize with the whole fervor of her generous nature. "A man obscure and but little known, followed at this time the court." Stigmatized alternately as a "dreaming speculator,"—"an indigent and threadbare applicant in the royal ante-chamber,"—"a nameless stranger,"—poverty, neglect, reproach, ridicule, and disappointment, had alike failed to shake his perseverance, or lead him to concessions he deemed unworthy the importance of his undertaking. And he was right; for this man was no other than Christopher Columbus. We would we had space to note with rapid pen the history of one indeed a hero, through all its scenes of vicissitude and distress, when, after being regarded so long with coldness, the earnest rhetoric of Isabella's early and fast friend, Beatrice de Moya, kindled her warm participation in those researches which were afterward to reflect upon her so much fame, and she exclaimed enthusiastically, "I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." But the discoveries of Columbus so far only enter into the history of Isabella, as they are descriptive of the maternal interest she took in the welfare and freedom of the Indians, and of the extreme regard which, despite of all the fluctuations of opinion, all the ingratitude of others, she felt toward one who returned it so fully, that having "borne firmly the stern conflicts of the world, yet, on beholding the queen's emotion, he could no longer suppress his own." When received by her in the Alhambra after a temporary misunderstanding, he was unable to utter a word for the violence of his tears and sobbings; and so intense was the affliction with which he learned that she was, to use his own words, "received into glory, and beyond the cares of this rough and weary world," that its impression never was obliterated up to the last moments of a life prolonged but a short space beyond that of his royal mistress. His was a character which, "whether we contemplate it in its public or private relations, in all its features wears the same noble aspect. It was in perfect harmony with the grandeur of his plans."

We have already lingered too long over the records of this large-hearted princess. Isabella has had so many chroniclers that it is no easy matter to reject the numer-

ous anecdotes and details of her existence, and pages might easily swell into chapters, yet contain nothing irrelevant to her history. Touch we briefly, therefore, a few remaining incidents, which, for the most part, are descriptive only of the grief and disappointment no woman ever less deserved to experience. Devoted to her children, she was most unfortunate in their destinies: all gave early indication of talent, and she had educated them entirely upon a system of her own, proved, by its results, to have been worthy the commendation it received from cotemporary writers.

The early death of her adored Isabella, the first and fairest of her house; of her only son, the promising Prince John; and the settled insanity of Joanna, (who had married the Archduke Philip of Austria, and was mother of Charles V.;) together with the widowhood of the English queen consort, Catherine of Arragon, the first of Henry the Eighth's six wives, who was the infanta, Catalina, youngest child of the queen;—these afflictions all accelerated the death of the tender and susceptible Isabella. Fever consumed her frame, her appetite failed her, and it was evident to all, although she tried to give audience as usual, and resisted with enduring fortitude the inroads of the disease, that "while the powers of her mind seemed to brighten, those of her body declined." Conscious of her approaching fate, while prayers were put up everywhere, pilgrimages and processions of daily and hourly occurrence for the recovery of the beloved queen, Isabella calmly employed herself in dictating a will, which proves how consistent were her schemes of benefit for her people, how devoted her affection for her consort, and their remaining offspring. In it she recommended to others "the same conjugal harmony which had ever subsisted between her and her husband," beseeching her children to show the latter all the respect and love "due to him beyond all other parents, for his eminent virtues;" but while expressing her sincere conviction that his past conduct afforded a sufficient guarantee for his faithful administrations, she "required, for her beloved Castile's security, the customary oath from him on entering the responsibilities of the office." She then provided for the personal revenues of Ferdinand, "beseeching the king, my lord, that he will accept all my jewels, or such as he shall select; so that, seeing them, he may be reminded of the singular love I always bore him while living, and that I am now waiting for him in a better world; by which remembrance he may be encouraged to live the more justly and holily in this." Finally, she ordered her remains to be transported to Granada, to the Franciscan monastery of Santa Isabella, in the Alhambra, and there deposited in a low and humble sepulcher, bearing nothing more than a simple inscription; "unless," she goes on to say, "the king, my lord, should prefer a sepulcher in some other place; then my will is, that my body be there transported and laid by his side, that the union we have enjoyed in this world, and through the mercy of God may hope again for our souls in heaven, may be represented by our bodies in the earth." Isabella's desire was fulfilled; the remains of Ferdinand rest beside hers in the cathedral church of Granada. But a magnificent mausoleum of white marble was raised above them by their grandson, Charles the Fifth.

It rarely happens to the historian to be able to chronicle goodness, and greatness, alike eminently conspicuous in the character of a single being. The one so generally detracts from the other, that greatness draws for its expansion upon principle; or goodness, in the fear of becoming intemperate, lapses into infirmity. Hence the combination of queenly energy with womanly mildness, which, when recognized, make our admiration grow into love, and merge even envy itself in the desire of extending the influence of the individual. It is the tendency also of success to engender self-opinion; and domestic amiability and tenderness are not seldom sacrificed to the hardening effects of public astuteness and policy. Yet the disposition of Isabella was so happily molded, that independence and resolution never generated into obduracy, nor did the cares of a state render her forgetful of the duties of a parent. The facile adaptation of God's arrangement physically was in her elaborated mentally:—a limb can be softened into a support, or strained into a resistance,—a cloud may shelter or chill; and that mind is of the finest organization, which is equally comprehensive as simple, and which, without extravagance or effort, can, like the trunk of the elephant, snap an oak, or pick up the smallest straw.

[For the National Magazine.]

LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY LURA A. BOIES.

THERE is music, there is sunshine,
Where the little children dwell—
In the cottage, in the mansion,
In the hut, or in the cell;
There is music in their voices,
There is sunshine in their love,
And a joy forever round them
Like a glory from above.

There 's a laughter-loving spirit
Glancing from the soft blue eyes;
Flashing through the pearly tear-drops,
Changing like the summer skies;
Lurking in each roguish dimple,
Nestling in each ringlet fair;
Over all the little child-face
Gleaming, glancing everywhere.

They will win our smiles and kisses
By a thousand pleasant ways;
By the sweet bewitching beauty
Of their sunny, upward gaze.
And we cannot help but love them
When their young lips meet our own,
And the magic of their presence
Round about our hearts is thrown.

Little children—yes, we love them
For their spirit's ceaseless flow,
For the joy that ever lingers
Where their bounding footsteps go;
'T is the sunshine of their presence
Makes the lowly cottage fair,
And the palace is a prison
If no little one is there.

When they ask us curious questions
In a sweet, confiding way,
We can only smile in wonder,
Hardly knowing what to say;
As they sit in breathless silence
Waiting for our kind replies,
What a world of mystic meaning
Dwells within the lifted eyes!

If perchance some passing shadow
Rests upon the little heart,
Then the pouting lips will quiver,
And the silent tear will start;
Yet 't is only for a moment—
Sunny smiles again will play,
At a tone or word of kindness
Spoken in a pleasant way.

Now we see them meekly kneeling
In the quiet hour of prayer,
Now we hear their ringing laughter
Floating on the summer air;
Breathing all the soul of music,
Soft it rises, clear it swells,
In its wild and thrilling gladness,
Sweeter than the chime of bells.

Hath this world of ours no angels?
Do our dimly-shaded eyes
Ne'er behold the seraph's glory
In its meek and lowly guise?

Can we see the little children
Ever beautiful and mild,
And again repeat the story
Nothing but a little child?

I have seen them watch the glory
Of the purple sunset sky,
All the soul's unutter'd feeling
Beaming from the speaking eye:
To my heart there came a rapture
Which the lifted face did bring,
And I thought within my spirit,
Childhood is a holy thing.

When the soul, all faint and weary,
Falters in the upward way,
And the clouds around us gather,
Shutting out each starry ray;
Then the merry voice of childhood
Seems a soft and soothing strain—
List we to its silv'ry cadence,
And our hearts grow glad again.

When they talk to us of heaven,
How we listen half in awe!
As if they some holy vision,
Some resplendent glory saw.
For we know that they are better,
They are holier than we,
And they seem to us as angels
Spotless in their purity.

Little children, are ye happy?
Are ye never, never sad?
Are your brows forever cloudless,
And your hearts forever glad?
Is there light and joy forever,
Where your merry footsteps fall—
In the orchard, in the garden,
In the yard, or in the hall!

Is there freedom in your laughter?
Is there music in your tones?
Is there sunlight in your child-hearts?
Tell me, O ye little ones!
Ah! we hear no whisper'd sorrow
Breathing of the heart's unrest—
Well we know that ye are happy,
Well we know that ye are blest.

O, I wonder not the Saviour,
He, the beautiful, the meek,
To the precious little children,
Tender, loving words did speak.
'T is a pleasant thing to teach them,
Unto Him to bend the knee,
Since He spake the words of blessing,
"Suffer them to come to me."

Yea, of such is heaven's kingdom;
And if we would enter there,
We must seek the sinless garment
Which the little child doth wear.
Father, bless the little children,
Bless them everywhere they dwell—
In the palace, in the mansion,
In the hut, or in the cell:
May the clouds of sin and sorrow
Never darken o'er their way,
And in heart may we be like them,
Pure and innocent as they.

[For the National Magazine.]

UNDER NERO.

BY J. F. WEISHAMPEL.

Lions of Numidian growth, the bull
Of Brittany; Araby's fiercest steeds,
And hideous-mouth'd hyenas, snuffing the air,
Impatient wait, while their black keepers pull
The arena gates aside—the antagonist breeds
Panting to conflict there!

The ruffian bears do hug their iron bars;
The tigers lash themselves in ominous rage;
And water-beasts, enormous in their might,
That east knew bounds scarce nearer than the stars,
Lean ponderously against their cage,
Boding the coming fight!

The brown colossi of the Indies tread,
Already loosed, athwart the solid floor;
And at their monstrous shape the lion's brow
Is knit offensively, and his big head
Rears at the effort of his sonorous roar,
Fierce and defiant now!

And they have placed among this chain'd herd,
The ostrich, and the antelope, that quakes
In piteous fear at foes so close compact,
And seeks for succor with the desert-bird,
Where lean some Christian slaves on spears and stakes,
Waiting to be attacked.

Bondmen of stalwart limb and sun-burnt hue,
Freedmen of gentler blood, but whose fell crime
Forbids their worship 'neath the Pantheon dome—
These in the Colosseum stand to view,
Calm and heroic—this gala day the time
When Cæsar rules in Rome.

Now come in trains of splendor, camp and court,
With luxury and wine in the hot veins
Of their young emperor, at whose quick nod
The servile multitude of this resort
Is prostrate, flatter'd as the glance he deigns—
Hailing him demi-god!

The circling stairs and galleries, now made dense
With struggling crowds, shake under the heavy feet
Of brutal men, glad at this sight of sin;
And while fair women, weak from shame intense,
Are led to slaughter, Cæsar from his seat
Bids the dread play begin!

Out from confinement by their keepers thrust
Leap the infuriated savages, with growls,
Portentous bellowings, and screams forlorn,
Pawing the sand till blinded by its dust—
Fiercest of all the lioness that howls
Gored by the unicorn!

Hunger'd and thirsty, strong with lust and hate,
See how the wild beasts wrestle, crush, and tug,
Each rival deeming there no foe too vast,
Eager to slay him in the mad debate,
Rioting bloodily on the wounds they 've dug—
Carousing at death's repast!

Solemn in woe, behold these other groups—
Men, women and children—looking up intent
Toward the sky, praying and chanting hymns—
Soon the chafed bull speeds there with crics, and stoops
With fierce design, unsated till he has rent
Brave faces and tender limbs!

Crushingly the elephant winds his trunk
Around an attacking lion, and a slave
Climbs to the huge beast's neck; while other men
Reel from the boar, and bear, and leopard, drunk
In this hell-carnival, their early grave—
A brute's pouch or this den.

Some tear the tiger's tongue from its low roots,
And slay the jackall, and the wolf, and lynx,
And crush the frightful serpent as he ties
Their wives in his embrace, and fatally shoots
The fangs from his sharp mouth; more than one drinks
A lion's blood ere he dies!

Frighted by rougher strength and broader bulks,
The weaker creatures, agile, leap aside,
Whom in a moment some mad tiger routs—
Then, beaten by another, cowardly he skulks
Elsewhere, to ravish some mother's pride—
While Cæsar, the idol, shouts!

Hush, fool! thou thrice doom'd idol of the hour!
Laughing amid thy murders!—Even now
Conspiracy is whetting its sharp tooth
To bite at thee and eat away thy power.
Rome weeps that worms plough'd not thy shrouded brow,
When thou wert but a youth!

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Slain are the captives now; and all the brutes
Are scatter'd, lapping blood and licking paws,
And panting, faint—and some distorted, dead:
Some waxing wrath at boisterous salutes
Among the populace; their manes and jaws
Dripping a gory red!

Now settle both sun and dust; and men drag out
The carcasses, which erst swineherds have bought,
While Rome's loud court goes back to royal halls,
And in the streets do prate the plebeian rout
Of this day's sport, when beasts with Christians fought
In the Colosseum's walls!

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

HOW well I remember it, and yet it is more than fifty years ago since they pulled down the quaint, old-fashioned grange in England in which I was born. The spacious kitchen, with its huge fireplace, like a blacksmith's furnace; the old oak staircase, with its massive balusters; the balcony over the front door, with rose branches twined all about it; the grass plot, with its hedge of intermingled box and holly-trees on each side; and the glorious old garden, with its gnarled and bent trunks, that bore loads of fruit despite their bad looks. Yes, I remember all, as if I had but seen them yesterday.

My father, too, with his thoughtful face and steady step; my mother's sunny smile and nimble foot; and my dark-eyed sister, with her merry laugh and full-lipped kiss: ay, I remember them all as they were full sixty years ago. It was a mournful day at Hawthorne-grange when my father died. I can almost fancy I hear now the piercing shriek my mother gave when they told her he had breathed his last; and I remember how she threw her arms round me and Lucy, and cried so bitterly, that the tears dropped, or rather ran, from her cheek upon mine.

I was sent soon after this to Dr. Oakham's. How his black gown and his wig struck me dumb with awe when my mother led me into his study all covered round with books! Who would think that this withered hand is so near akin to the chubby palm which I used to put slowly forward to receive the deserved stripes from the doctor's rod; for he never punished but when we *did* deserve it. * * *

Fifty years ago this very year, I went to Ashborough to take the coach for Cambridge. I was going to college; and my mother, after tugging for a long time, had at length succeeded in getting a pile of sandwiches into a coat pocket. She kissed me at the door, and then turned sharply round and left me. I believe she could not see me for tears. I met with a pale-looking student at Stamford, and behaved very deferentially to him, for I had a great reverence for hard-reading students then. I think differently now, for I believe those succeed best who avoid study when they ought to be in bed; and, be that as it may, excessive use of the brain is as really intemperance as excessive use of the stomach. I remember standing up on the coach to catch a distant view of King's-college chapel, and a tide of emotions rolled over me as I came full in view of the town. I cast a glimpse forward to a day when I should be pointed to as one of the distinguished sons of the college to which I was going; but it was a mirage; that day never arrived, and it never will arrive now.

However, I did get honorably through my college career, and took a high place at its close; but the expected happiness which I used to think I should obtain, if I reached a certain point in the class list, was still before me. That was a mirage too. It is strange to look back and see how I kept fancying, year after year, that I should be happy when I had compassed first one and then another object of my ambition. But I was chasing a rainbow; for when I attained the point whence my felicity was to commence, I always found that I had a little further to go before I reached the oasis. But I did reach it at last. I was steering in the wrong course, but I took the Bible for my chart after many disappointments, and then I found the desired haven.

But I am anticipating. I was elected second master of the school where I had myself been a scholar; and instead of shaking hands with Dr. Oakham's rod, I now shook hands with himself, and many a happy hour we spent together.

Why, my spectacles are getting quite dim. Now I know what it is that makes the red fire look so hazy. Ay, it is forty-four years since I and Mary were married. How her hand shook as I put on the ring, and mine too seemed to tremble, but perhaps it was her hand that shook mine. How I paced our garden too, and looked first toward heaven and then toward our ivy-porched door, to see the servant-maid as she came running out. I knew all was well before she came near enough to tell me that it was "a fine boy," and that "mistress" was "capital." I believe I was more frightened than Mary was, but then she was better than I am, and always had such a cheering trust in Providence. "Come what may," she used to say, "we know all is for the best." I knew this, but I did not seem to believe it so firmly as she did. Next came Edward and then Lucy; we named the first one George: we had but three.

My mother died soon after Lucy was

born. She died in my arms. I placed my ear near to her lips to catch her faint whisper. "God bless you!" were her parting words; and he has blessed me. I cannot help crying, and I should be ashamed of myself if I could, when I think of that death-bed scene.

Poor Edward, he went next; and a grievous sight it was to see him borne up the garden, with his brown curly hair hanging backward from his forehead, and the water dripping from it. We tried everything, but it was in vain. He was drowned. The stem was snapped while the flower was yet in bud. God required a sapling for his heavenly garden, and he took him—for I had hope in his death.

A heavier blow came next. Mary came home one autumn afternoon pale and trembling. Death had placed his icy hand upon her and she shook under it. And I shook at the thought of what was coming. It *was* a dreary time that. I crept silently about, and if anything fell and made a noise it seemed to shoot through me. Poor little Lucy, she looked so serious, and yet she scarcely knew why, for she was too young to have a full understanding of the cause of our grief. Sometimes she would forget and laugh, and then in a moment she would look grave and say: "I will laugh when mamma is better." The doctor looked more and more solemn every day, and at last he called me aside and told me what I had dreaded—that there was scarcely a hope of recovery. She died the next day; and though she could not speak, the look that she gave me as she gently glided away uttered volumes. It told of peace, love, faith within. It was the last glorious effulgence of the setting sun. I hope to see that smile again. Now that my tears are dried I will go on with my story. George went to Rugby, but I did not send him to college. He did not wish to go. He seemed bent upon being a missionary, and I gladly consented. Seventeen years ago I saw a white speck upon the horizon of the sea—it was the ship that was carrying him to his far distant home. I do not expect ever to see him in this world again. But I have his model often with me. His eldest boy is a frequent visitor at the old school-house, and I hope he will tread in his father's steps. He says he hopes so too.

Lucy, poor Lucy! it grieves me to see her, and yet she is very happy. It was a bad sprain, and her ankle is now immovably fixed; but let us be thankful that it was no worse. Her health is excellent, and she can walk a great deal faster than I can, and without the least pain. I could see her heart was full when Edward came to see her the first time after he had learned that she must walk lamely for ever. I watched them both, and I saw her cheek flush and her lip quiver as she said, "Edward, you have heard that I am slightly crippled for life, and I now consider you freed from your ties to me, if you wish to be so." How earnestly she gazed at his features, and how they crimsoned with animation, as he replied, "Lucy, banish such thoughts, for you wrong me by indulging in them." I heard no more, for I hastened out of the room; but as I closed the door a sound fell upon my ear, which, if it was not that of a kiss, was certainly the closest imitation of it that ever was made. A few months afterward they were married; and tell me where there is a happier pair than Edward and Lucy Vernon. I never saw one yet, and I am an old man. Little Lucy—for there is another Lucy now—comes and climbs upon my knees to stroke my silvery hair, and I could almost fancy that it is a miniature model of Mary. She must have been just such another as Lucy when she was a girl. How strange it is that faces are handed down in this way.

Why, how I have been talking aloud to myself, and just as if I had a listener. I have got quite a habit of doing so—it seems to bring the past more forcibly before me. How vividly some parts of my past life have flitted by! "Yes, and so you have had a listener, have you not?" said Edward, who had been sitting quietly in the room, with his book laid open on the table before him, earnestly attending to this monologue.

"Why, you went out of the room a short time ago. I never heard you return: I think my deafness increases."

"Why, really," he replied, "I thought you meant the story for me all the time."

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Thinking that the tale contained some touches of human nature, I penned it down at the time, and now that my father-in-law is dead—he died several years ago—I see no reason why I should not anonymously tell it to the reader. I hope also he sees none.

THE SABBATH QUESTION.

LEGISLATION FOR IT.

WE have already endeavored to show, that the essential purposes of the Sabbatic rest, whether as affecting our relation to God or our interests as members of civil society, are independent of the day appropriated for its commemoration; but that, while the Sabbath was instituted for the accomplishment of its chief and ultimate design, it has always realized a secondary and inferior purpose, to which the day specially set apart for its observance may be subordinate, in patriarchal times symbolizing the rest of the creation, and, under the Mosaic economy, the deliverance from Egypt. And it will be noticed that the literal observance of the same day is, from the very nature of things, unattainable; it was impossible for the Jew, scattered over the ancient world; and it is equally impossible for the Christian in his still wider dispersion. The day is but a comparative accident, the Sabbath is the abiding reality.

Reasoning only from analogy, we might have assumed it as possible that when that Divine Being, who finished the work of creation, and rested after his six days' labor, had accomplished, through the Messiah, a new and spiritual creation, the glory of the greater event would, in future, be made the theme of special commemoration. And to this, not very indistinctly, the expectations of prophecy referred. Thus we read in Isaiah: "For behold, [saith God,] I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind. But be ye glad, and rejoice forever in that which I create: for behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy." Isaiah lxv, 17, 18. Let it not be forgotten, that the observance of the seventh day was to the Jewish Church the abiding and joyful token of that creation, which now, in comparison with the spiritual creation, was to be remembered no more. And so again, in Psalm cxviii, the completion of the work of redemption is represented as the stone which the builders rejected having become the head of the corner. It is to be celebrated by "the voice of rejoicing and of salvation in the tabernacles of the righteous," and the time of celebration is to be "the day which the Lord hath made." When John, in the Revelation, speaks of being in the Spirit on the Lord's day, is not that also the day which the Lord had made?

We have occupied too much space to allow of a full discussion of those passages in the New Testament which refer, as we believe, to the observance of the first day of the week as the Christian Sabbath. Let us, however, state them briefly. On the very day of Christ's resurrection it is said,—"Then the same day, at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus, and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you," (John xx, 19;) sanctioning with his presence this first memorial of his resurrection. Then the second Christian Sabbath dawns; for "after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you." John xx, 26. It certainly appears that there is something more than coincidence in the fact, that the assembling of the disciples should have been postponed from one resurrection-day to another; and that Christ, on each day, should have manifested his presence to his Church. Once more: "When the day of Pentecost was fully come, [again, be it observed, the first day of the week,] the disciples were all, with one accord, in one place." Acts ii, 1. And then, as Christ had previously sanctioned their meeting on that day by his twofold appearance, and not to the disciples individually, but to the congregation of the faithful, the Holy Spirit is poured forth upon the Church.

But while Peter and the other disciples appear to have observed this day as their Sabbath, Paul, and the Christians who had been instructed by his ministry, equally acknowledged its authority; and it must be borne in mind that Paul professed to have received not only his commission, but the very truths he taught, independently of the other apostles, and directly from Christ himself; for as he declares, in his Epistle to the Galatians, the apostles at Jerusalem "added nothing to him." But it is said of Paul and his companion, (Acts xx, 6, 7,) "We came unto Troas in five days; where we abode seven days. And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, (ready to depart

on the morrow,) and continued his speech until midnight." Is it not clear to demonstration that Paul, wishing to meet the Church at Troas, waited there for seven days, until they met; that they did not meet until the first day of the week; and that, having fulfilled his purpose, Paul left them immediately after the Lord's day had closed?

Once more: when Paul is writing to the Corinthian Church, he says: "Now concerning the collection for the saints upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come." But why the first day of the week, if this were not specially the time when the Church assembled for its acts of religious service? Still later in the Scriptural record, and almost at the close of the first century, the Apostle John is in Patmos; and again, as on the day of Pentecost, the Spirit is poured forth on this favored disciple. "I was in the Spirit," he says, "on the Lord's day." We hardly wonder that "a layman," who is opposed to the observance of the Christian Sabbath, has deemed it needful to occupy an entire volume of three hundred pages in the vain attempt of explaining away these conclusive texts.

And on the authority of Origen, sanctioned as it is by the concurrence of Owen, of Dwight, and of Wardlaw, we may not unfairly assume that the argument in the fourth chapter of the Hebrews is not only confirmatory of these views, but decisive on the point. The apostle says, "for he spake in a certain place of the seventh day on this wise, And God did rest the seventh day from all his works." Ver. 4. "There remaineth, therefore, a rest [a Sabbatism] to the people of God. For he [that is, Jesus] that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from his." Ver. 9, 10. This passage virtually declares that if God, resting from his work, appointed a day of commemorative rest, Christ, having accomplished a far nobler work, and entered into his rest, has also appointed for his people a Sabbatism as glorious and complete.

But it is said that the apostles observed the Jewish Sabbath. All that the Scriptures intimate is, that they availed themselves of that day to come in contact with the people, just as the Apostle Paul is found constantly in the Jewish synagogue; for there is no trace whatever in Scripture of Christians, as such, convening for purposes of worship on the Jewish Sabbath. Convenience, as well as prepossession, would have been in favor of such meetings for Christian as well as Jewish worship on the seventh day, and not on the first, had there not been the intervention of authority in favor of the change sufficient to insure that the difficulty in the way of adopting it should be surmounted.

It is further said that the apostle, in his Epistle to the Colossians, declares—"Let no man, therefore, judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of a holy day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath." But certainly this is not inconsistent with the view we have adopted, for our argument admits that the Jewish Sabbath, which, with other ordinances of that economy, the Jewish converts were desirous of enforcing on the Gentiles as Jewish institutions, had been superseded. But independently of this, many commentators, on grounds which deserve serious consideration, have agreed in the opinion that the "Sabbaths" referred to in this text were Jewish feasts, and not the day of holy rest.

It is further alleged, and with a show of triumphant assurance, that when the Gentile converts at Antioch appealed to the apostles, who were assembled at Jerusalem, as to whether the Jewish ordinances were still binding, they were informed, under divine direction, that it was sufficient if they abstained "from pollutions of idols, and from fornication, and from things strangled, and from blood." Acts xv, 20. And it is contended that, as the Sabbath is not included in this enumeration, the text includes its virtual abrogation. But it must not be forgotten that the whole argument in favor of a subsisting Sabbath rests upon the fact of its being an institution independent of Judaism, and anterior to that economy, though for a time incorporated with it.

We are not desirous of laying undue stress on the testimony of the Christian Church, though undoubtedly it possesses much value; nor is it unimportant for the candid inquirer to satisfy himself whether tradition has any value in the determination of religious truth. The Roman Catholic assumes that our knowledge of Christianity is chiefly dependent on revelation, but is also derived from oral tra-

dition and the authoritative decrees of the Church. Amidst conflicting claims and doubtful evidence, it stands apart as God's appointed arbiter, not only a witness for divine truth, but the judge whose decision is dogmatic and irreversible. The Anglo-Catholic, on the other hand, feeling that the Church, as it is at present constituted, cannot be regarded as an infallible judge, looks back with vague unsatisfied longing to the Patristic Church for guidance and direction. But to all these claims, whether of Rome for its living power, or of Oxford for the irrefragable verity of the early Church, we boldly reply with Milton, "Let others chant while they will of prerogatives, we shall tell them of Scripture, of acts and statutes, still of Scripture, till the quick and piercing word enter to the dividing of their souls, and the mighty weakness of the gospel throw down the weak mightiness of man's reasoning."

Yet we conceive that there is an opposite extreme which implies that the Bible being in itself a sufficient guide, the opinions of the primitive Church are of no value whatever to the student of Holy Scripture. On the contrary, we believe that history, whether of facts or of opinions, may afford great assistance to the sincere inquirer, if he do not with slavish submission absolutely yield to its dictation. The New Testament, for instance, leaves some questions of ritual observance in comparative obscurity; and how they were expounded by the practice of the early Church cannot be a matter of indifference. Christ washes the disciples' feet, and couples it with an ambiguous command, and we abide by the evidence which Church history affords us, that this institution was not intended to be one of permanent obligation. It commands the communion of faithful men at the Lord's Supper, and equally from reason and the example of the universal Church, we conclude that female communicants are entitled to the same privilege. We read of the *agapæ*, or feasts of love, in the Epistle to the Corinthians; but we are satisfied from almost uniform testimony that this ordinance was not intended to be binding on the whole body of the faithful. We appeal therefore to such facts, not as concluding inquiry, but as a portion of that proof which the mind must diligently weigh, test by Scripture, and either accept or reject, as the balance of evidence requires. And in this spirit only let us refer to the testimony of the early Christians, with reference to the observance of the Lord's day.

It must not be forgotten that one of the most constant difficulties to which the early Church was subjected arose from a tendency in the Jewish converts not only to retain, but to enforce some of the rites and observances of their own law, unmindful of the dispensation of liberty into which they had entered. And this practice was met by the uncompromising resistance of Gentile believers. And hence, in the writings of the early fathers, the Jewish Sabbath, as one of these enforced observances, is continually discountenanced, while the maintenance of the Lord's day is strenuously encouraged. Barnabas, in the first century, says, in the name of Christ, "The Sabbaths which you now keep are not acceptable to me, but those which I have made when resting from all things. I shall begin the eighth day, that is, the beginning of the other world, for which cause we observe the eighth day with gladness, on which Jesus rose from the dead."

In the same century, the heathen Pliny writes to the Emperor Trajan, "That the Christians were wont to meet on a certain day, and sing hymns to Christ as God, and bind themselves with a sacrament to do not evil, and afterward partake of a common feast."

Ignatius, the Bishop of Antioch, in the same age, exhorts the Magnesians "no longer to sabbatize, but to keep the Lord's day;" and elsewhere he says, "That all who loved the Lord kept the Lord's day as the queen of days, a reviving, life-giving day, the best of all days." Justin Martyr, (the apologist for Christianity,) who lived during the first half of the second century, says, in his celebrated Apology, "We all meet together on Sunday, because it is the first day on which God, having changed darkness and the elements, created the world, and on this day Jesus Christ, our Saviour, arose from the dead;" and elsewhere, in the same Apology, he writes, "On the day called Sunday, all that live in the city or country meet together, and the writings of the apostles and prophets are read to them, after which the bishop or president of the assembly makes a discourse to the people, exhorting them to follow the good things we have heard; then we all rise and make common

prayer; after which distribution of the elements is made to all that are present, and they are sent to the absent by the hands of the deacons." While his cotemporary, Dionysius, Bishop of Corinth, writes in his Epistles, "To-day we observed the Lord's day."

Tertullian, who died in the year 220, the most eloquent of all the early apologists for Christianity, says, in answer to the objections of the heathen, that the Christians worshiped the sun, "Indeed, they make Sunday a day of joy, but for other reasons than to worship the sun:" and in his discourse against Marcion he adds, "The law of the Sabbath forbids all human works, but not divine; consequently it forbids all those works which are enjoined in the six days, namely, their own works, that is, human works, or works of their daily vocations."

Eusebius, who lived at the end of the third and the commencement of the fourth century, declares, "That the Logos, the Word in the New Testament, transferred the Sabbath of the Lord into this day, as the true image of divine rest, and the first day of light, when the Saviour, bursting the bars of death, completed a work more excellent than that of the six days of the creation. This day Christians throughout the world celebrate, in strict obedience to the spiritual law. The day is universally observed as strictly as the Jewish Sabbath, while all feasting, drunkenness, and recreation was rebuked as a profanation of the sacred day." In this age, the Emperor Constantine professed Christianity, and though his religious views were never very clear or decided, he did not overlook the Lord's day as the subject of legislation. And it is recorded by Eusebius, that he passed a law to except this day from juridical processes, and also promulgated an edict as to the army resting on that day.

In the year 348 the Council of Carthage decreed, "That if any forsook the solemn assembly of the Church on the Lord's day to go to the public shows, he should be excommunicated." In the year 364 the Council of Laodicea enjoined Christians to rest on the Lord's day; while the Council of Auxerre (A. D. 578) declared "that it was not lawful on the Lord's day to yoke oxen, or do any work of the like nature." And Augustine, in his sermons *De Tempore*, probably written at the close of the fourth century, for the celebrated Bishop of Hippo died in the year 430, (though attributed by some to Cæsarius Arelatensis,) says, "The apostles transferred the observance of the Sabbath to the Lord's day; and therefore, from the evening of the Sabbath to the evening of the Lord's day, men ought to abstain from all country work and secular business, and only attend divine service." As distinctly Athanasius declared, in the middle of the fourth century, "That the Lord changed the Sabbath into the Lord's day because of the resurrection;" and Chrysostom commended the people of Antioch for their zeal in attending the evening as well as the morning services on the Lord's day, and for their attendance on public prayer on the same day, and severely admonishes any who went to the theater or public games on the Sabbath. Not unfrequently, when the early martyrs were brought before their persecutors, they were asked one question—"Dost thou keep the Lord's day?" and upon their answer depended acquittal or condemnation. Surely if the Lord's day had been an idle and unmeaning institution, resting on no definite sanction, these Christian writers would not, in unbroken succession, have pleaded for it so earnestly; nor would the early confessors of the Church have adhered to it to the last, though it led them from the judgment-seat to prison or to death. Such is our argument on behalf of the Christian Sabbath; and we rejoice to feel that for all practical purposes it places us upon a firm and safe foundation.

Let the observance of the day be a matter of expediency, and it will shift and change like the shadow of a cloud. The rule of yesterday is not the rule of to-day, and the experience of one age is counteracted by the advancing knowledge of succeeding generations. We can gather no certain rule of conduct from expediency alone, until our generalizations are as wide as His who laid down the immutable principles of right. We feel that we do not know all which constitutes true expediency, and failing in one element, our error may be unlimited. Then can we rely on the authority of the Church; but of what Church? Does it speak by popes or councils? from Lambeth or the Vatican? or shall we look for any certain expositions of its dogmas in the Articles of the English Church, or in the Confession of the As-

sembly of Divines at Westminster; and if doubtful as to the voice of past ages, where are we to turn at the present day for assurance? Must we ask the Friend in his silent meeting; the Congregationalist in his separate churches; or the Episcopalian, who declares his convocation to be a political nullity? How, then, can this important question be resolved? for human legislation is only another name for secular expediency.

We appeal to our readers whether such grounds of belief are of any practical value when opposed to the constant selfishness of mankind. We want a distinct and irrefragable basis for belief, and we find it only in the assurance that the Sabbath depends upon divine authority, and rests on the obligation of an immutable law. And, believing in the obligation of the Sabbath, and that works of necessity or mercy are lawful on that day, as sanctioned by the precepts and examples of Christ, we have no difficulty in solving those practical questions which frequently arise as to its public or private observance.

We have pleaded in this argument for the Christian Sabbath under a full belief that it is a divine institution. Revealed in the dawn of creation; proclaimed in thunder on Sinai; reverenced by God's chosen people, and embodied in their moral and ceremonial law; exemplified and honored by Christ; observed by apostles and apostolic men, and incorporated with the solemn services of the whole Christian Church, until, after the lapse of six thousand years, this ray of divine light has reached us just as it fell upon Eden, and shall still beam on until it is lost in the fuller light of the Paradise of God.

But the religious authority of the Sabbath is one thing—legislative measures to uphold it are another. We contend that the Sabbath is an institution productive of great civil advantages, and that, as such, it ought to be protected by civil authority. A large majority of the people are desirous that the Sabbath should be observed as a day of religious rest; and therefore, as we believe, the passive observance of the day should be enforced. One thing is clear—the Sabbath cannot be simultaneously observed without the sanction of common authority, and this can only be secured by legal enactment.

If labor be generally permitted on the Sabbath, the day, as a public institution, is abolished. We do not invoke the government to legislate in this matter because the Christian Sabbath is to be kept; but as we should appeal to a Mohammedan or infidel government if the great body of its subjects were desirous of observing any festival or holiday.

We ask, indeed, that the civil government should maintain the Sabbath as an institution which confers invaluable civil benefits; but we demand it as a right, because in this way it protects the great majority of its subjects in the exercise of their conscientious convictions, while it does not compel any one to do what conscience forbids. If Sabbath labor be permitted, it necessarily involves a large number of persons who are unwillingly deprived of a great privilege, and have yet, if unaided, no power to resist the invasion of these rights. For if business be permitted on the Sabbath, a crowd of dependents are reluctantly drawn within its circle who have no power of escape, and the liberty of a few is secured by the slavery of the many.

Then, if business be permitted, it places the minority in a position of great civil advantage over the majority; for while, if all desist from secular engagements on the Sabbath, there is no real loss to any, but a gain, inasmuch as periodical rest is a real economy of time and labor; yet if only a few continue to conduct it, they derive an unfair advantage from the religious scruples of others. On this ground we should not object, if residing at Lisbon or Madrid, to the law which compelled us to close our shops on a saint's day, even if we felt inclined to keep them open. Such regulations do not affect the rights of conscience. They compel no one to be religious, or to worship God against the dictates of his conscience, but simply require that the minority shall forbear from doing what must be injurious to the majority and to the general rights of civil society.

In so far we do not think that there should be any hesitation in invoking the aid of the legislature, to protect those who are unable to protect themselves; to restrain others from falling insensibly into the habit of disregarding a day which, if observed, would be a great civil blessing both to themselves and to society at large; and to prevent the majority who conscien-

tionally observe the Sabbath from being wronged and burdened by a minority who are inclined to benefit themselves at the expense of the more religious members of the community.

In one other way we invoke the aid of the civil power, namely, when we require it to avoid most carefully any act of its own which interferes with the rest of the Sabbath; and we have a right to ask it. A government, as we believe, has no title to interfere in religious matters, for it exists for civil purposes only; but none of us imagine that any man in becoming a part of the government lays down his individual responsibility, and, in conjunction with other official persons, is entitled to do in the concrete what separately it would have been unlawful to attempt.

But we have not yet touched on the grand argument in favor of opening places of amusement on the Lord's day. "Look," it is said, "at the state of mere animalism and filth into which multitudes of our laboring classes are sunk. Go into their lanes, and courts, and alleys on a Sunday, and say if it would not be a happy thing for these people, if they could be tempted to go out with cleanliness and sobriety into the fresh air of the country, instead of lounging at home to feast, to be in dirt, and to be drunken." Now no one, we suppose, will pretend for a moment that it would not be a good thing for such people to be sober abroad instead of being drunken at home, and clean in the fields instead of being filthy in their lanes and alleys. There is no dispute about that matter. But have the gentlemen who appeal to us in these terms much reason to believe that their prepared sight-seeings for Sundays would really come with a regenerating power of this sort on these low and sensuous classes of the community? Can it need to be shown to them, that for one family which they would raise from filth to cleanliness, and from drunkenness to sobriety, by such means, there are scores—hundreds—which they would help to seduce by such expedients into habits of Sabbath-breaking, thereby into a life of godlessness, and thus by degrees into the class of the unprincipled, the idle, the drunken, and the filthy? The portions of the community in any degree elevated by such customs would be as nothing compared with those who would be in all respects deteriorated by them. Such attractions might be potent in disposing the decent among the middle and lower classes to neglect public worship—they would be powerless as means of raising the classes below them to something better.

It is our grave conviction that whatever shall tend to impair the religious element, as nurtured in the mind of our people by our Christian and Protestant teaching, must act as a blow struck at the root of our national manhood. The choice here lies between Sabbath observance substantially in the form familiar to us, or the sort of holidays which a pagan or popish superstition would thrust into its place. Atheism, secularism, natural religion, all these would be powerless in the event of any great religious change among us. The next stage would be a creature-worship, either after the manner of Rome, or after the manner of old heathenism. In either case our zealous liberals, Christian or not Christian, who account zeal about the sanctity of the Sabbath as a mistake and a cant, would find little in the fruit of their labor upon which to congratulate each other. Bigotry and intolerance are the natural allies of superstition, as the enemies of our earnest Protestantism would soon be made to feel, could the change toward which their labors tend be once realized.

The origin of preaching, as a religious institute, cannot be said to be older than the time of the return of the Jews from Babylon. No direct or definite instruction had been given to the Hebrew priesthood concerning religious teaching. Their services were almost wholly ritual, rarely embracing instruction of any kind. Indeed, it must have been in vain to have exacted an aptness to teach from men who came to their office for the most part simply as being born of a particular tribe or family. Even the prophets were teachers only upon occasions. They spoke as events and their special mission required, and not otherwise. If the teaching of the synagogue existed at all before the Captivity, it was not until after that event that the institute so named became national. Even then, it does not appear to have come into existence as the effect of law from the magistrate, or of exhortation from the priest. Every synagogue congregation was a voluntary district gathering of people for the purposes of religious worship and instruction. The time had

come in which the people were to feel the want of such religious help, and with the feeling of the want came the supply. The synagogue, when it once made its appearance, was soon found, not only in the principal cities and the lesser towns, but in almost every village and upland district where there were people enough to form a congregation on the Sabbath. These people chose from among themselves men who were to act as elders—some to rule, others to teach. These functionaries were, in our sense, laymen—certainly no regular provision was made for their maintenance. On them it devolved to see that the edifice was prepared to receive the congregation on the Sabbath, and to conduct the worship, which consisted of prayer and psalmody, with the reading of selections from Moses and the prophets, and generally some words of exposition or exhortation. We have no reason to suppose that the teaching in these services rose often above instruction of the most elementary kind. But this instruction came into action over the whole land, and over the whole land as constantly as the return of the Sabbath-day.*

What now was the effect of this custom? We see it in a change of national character the most memorable in history. Before the age of the synagogue, nothing is so conspicuous in the history of the Hebrews as the ease with which they are seduced, from time to time, into idolatry. However painful the consequences of the last declension might have been, the next temptation is almost sure to bring about a repetition of it. But after the synagogue worship becomes prevalent, the characteristic fact in the history of the Jew—that by which he is known and distinguished over the world—comes to be his deep, intense, unextinguishable hate of everything idolatrous. So that, while his proud neck, as that of a son of Abraham, might be brought to submit to the yoke of Cæsar, in things civil—let Cæsar attempt to bring the defilements of his heathen worship into connection with the worship of the Temple of Jerusalem, and every Jew is found prepared to become a martyr, if needs be, in resisting the abomination.

* A good argument, by the way, for our late position, in the article on "The Ministry for the Times."

Be it admitted, then, that the pulpit teachings of this country are not always—we may say, not often—of the most profound or the most felicitous description. Very common-place, very unimpressive, no doubt, they often are. But these teachings have been so diffused as to come upon the mind of the whole nation, and so constant as to have been returning with every first day of the week. Now, were it possible to strike out of the national mind all the religious intelligence which has been thus built up in it, and along with it all that rightness and manliness of thinking and feeling generally, which have been, by this means, both directly and indirectly nurtured there; and could we but look at the mind of the country as denuded of all that has been thus made to belong to it, we should then see, to an extent now but little credible, what it is that we owe to the pulpit. Since the dawn of the Reformation, the pulpit has been the great popular educator. Leave it to the despots of the world to beguile their slaves into submission by holidays and raree-shows. It has always been their policy so to do. But our sickly infidels, and not a few of our still more sickly Christians, seem to have no eyes to see the company they are in, when they talk of doing some great thing for our people by treating them as children! Woe the day when such things shall content them. The knell of all we value will not then be far distant.

It is almost with a blush for some Protestants that we insert a translation of the letter addressed by the Archbishop of Paris to his clergy, on this question, last Easter. It will suffice to show the feeling now growing up on this subject, even in France:—

"Reverend Sir,—This day we celebrate the solemnity of solemnities, and the grand mystery which originated the Lord's day; and we select it as the occasion for drawing the attention of yourself and congregation to the observance of a law, the violation of which has so fearfully afflicted our country.

"You are aware of the 'work' in favor of the Sabbath-rest, which some fervent Christians have for some time commenced in Paris. This important 'work' progresses. Its supporters daily increase, and pledge themselves neither to work nor to give work, nor to buy nor to sell on the Lord's day. There are symptoms of a happy change in the manners and the opinions of the public. The government sets the example, and favors the movement by putting a stop to all public works under their control. The old prejudices of irreligion have considerably

diminished. And if the liberty of Sunday be not sought for the purpose of sanctifying it, it is sought for the enjoyment of calm and relaxation. In fact, from one cause and the other, many districts visibly indicate that the Sabbath-day is beginning to be respected.

"It appeared to us, Reverend Sir, that the time has now arrived when we should assist this 'work in favor of Sabbath-rest,' which is of such paramount importance in a religious and social point of view. Our duty compels us to profit by every indication, however slight, in its favor; and that we should zealously and ardently try to cure, or at least to lessen and control, this frightful evil, which has desolated France for more than half a century.

"We have three powerful means at command —prayer, exhortation, and individual and local influence.

"Let us pray to God to free us from this scandal of so flagrant a violation of an essential principle of his law. Let us pray that he may enlighten men's minds to their true interests. Let us pray that the poor misguided people, who are so much maligned, but who are so dear to us, may understand that God has commanded that there should be a 'day of rest,' to preserve and uphold their dignity as men and Christians; to protect their souls and bodies against the evil effects of inordinate desires; from being sacrificed by their ignorance and their passions. Let us pray, and induce others to pray also.

"Let us pray to God to spare the people,—to bring them into the way of salvation, which is the fulfillment of his commandments. Let us add exhortation to prayer. The faithful themselves are unmindful of their Sabbath duties. They permit at times unnecessary work, and are not sufficiently scrupulous in ceasing to buy on the Sunday. We must raise a barrier against this torrent of the times, and not allow it to ingulf and destroy human souls.

"Can society exist without religion; religion without public worship; public worship without prayer? What must, in the end, become of men who never assemble to pray, to adore God, to hear the gospel, to learn their duties, and to be instructed regarding their very existence and after life? When they have broken every tie which connects them with God, how can they respect their ties and duties to their fellow-creatures?

"The duties of religious society become the foundation of the duties of civil society, and a nation without religion is eternally unsociable.

"Tell your flocks, that the name of Frenchman, of which they are so justly proud, in the eyes of foreign countries, of both civilized and barbarous nations, is tarnished with the gloss of irreligion given to it by the neglect of public worship, and more especially by the desecration of the Lord's day. In all countries, whether under republican, aristocratic, or monarchical forms of government, the Sabbath-rest is respected. The republicans of the United States of America do not think their liberty is in any way lessened or endangered by their respect for keeping the rest of the Sunday. Liberty is warmly cherished in England, and yet they respect the holy law to which we invite attention. The Catholic and Protestant monarchies which surround us also respect it. The countries of the East, to which we are conveying our armies, know and respect it. These Greeks, whom we are about to revisit; these Russians, whom we are going to fight; even the Turks whom we are going to support, are scrupulously exact in the observance of this law of keeping a day of rest. What was the greatest impediment to the consolidation of our conquest in Africa? It was the appearance of our religious indifference, the violation of the Sabbath day of rest, the absence of prayer, and of public worship; in a word, the examples set them by which we appeared to be a nation without a religion and without a God.

"The Church wishes well to the establishment of schools on behalf of the people, that their minds may be strengthened and enlightened. For this purpose it opens a great school on the Sunday, in which the moral, social, and spiritual duties are anxiously taught. How indispensable, then, becomes the Sunday-rest in this respect! Man must not be treated as a mere machine, a beast of burden. He needs weekly rest. Work, says the law of God, is a condition of thy being. During six days, till the land, and water it with the sweat of thy brow; make it feed and clothe thee. But the seventh day, rest thyself, hold up thy head, bear in mind thou art a man, and God has added an immortal soul to thy body. The food for this soul is not bread; it is truth and virtue. Leave for a while thy worldly cares, which engross and debase thee. Come and receive the food which I have provided for thy soul. Immortal being! this earth is not thy country, it is the land of thy probation and exile; life is not the end and object, it is the way: recollect thy glorious destiny; and however rough may be the trial, hope and faith will uphold thy courage, and keep thee from sinking. Make, Reverend Sir, the workpeople understand how falsely they calculate when they think of increasing their week's earnings by Sunday labor. Explain to them how the wages become reduced in proportion to the increase of labor. With regard to the tradespeople who may fear to lose by the cessation of Sunday trading, urge them to come to a general agreement to close their shops simultaneously, and with mutual confidence. Their trade will be the same, while they will recover the liberty of a day of rest. Though we may not obtain all we desire, we must not abandon the work in favor of the Sabbath.

"Keep also in your view the conduct of the customer; because without buyers there could be no sellers; also the conduct of contractors toward the workpeople. Bad examples lead to imitations. Beg these two classes not to buy nor to give work on the Sunday, and not to compel the workpeople to labor on the Sunday, save under the most urgent circumstances.

"To diminish these evils will be a great advantage, and we must neglect no means in our power to attain this end. We must add to prayer and exhortation the aid of some permanent organization. Let us form parochial committees. They must be in communication, and act in concert with the Central Committee already in existence. Let every member try to increase the supporters,—let the tracts of the

committee be freely distributed among the people, and every support be given to the monthly journal called 'The Observer of the Sunday.' We labor for the glory of God, the salvation of souls, and the preservation of society.

"You will read, Reverend Sir, this letter at high Mass on Easter Sunday. May the voice of the bishop, deriving strength from the solemnity of this great day, move with power and authority the hearts of the faithful as they crowd around the altars. May it appear to them as the echo of the voice of God, issuing this great commandment from the beginning of time, renewing it on Mount Sinai, and consecrating it on behalf of a Christian people, by the mystery of the resurrection!

"Accept, Reverend Sir, the renewed assurance of our affectionate devotion,

"+ MARIE DOMINIQUE AUGUSTE,
Archbishop of Paris."

Protestants and Catholics are largely united in this effort. Of course their *joint* object is simply to do what may be done toward bringing the people to respect the first day of the week as a day of rest. They use, then, separate means for the purpose of disposing those who resolve not to labor on the Sunday to account it a day for worship. Only then does the day rise to its true uses, but many are its pleasant influences considered only as a day of rest. The following picture is taken from another and a very different region, (*Evenings at Antioch*, by F. A. NEALE,) and with this we must for the present leave the subject:—

"Of all the seven days in the week Sunday is the one upon which to see Antioch to perfection: not that the sun shines brighter, or that the sky is less cloudless, or the scenery more magnificent, or the birds more full of song; and yet, on many occasions, I have even imagined that Sunday seemed to bring with it a peculiar mild atmosphere of its own. But because there was an absence of all the noise, and filth, and turmoil of every-day business life on the Sabbath, and the poorest and meanest of the natives came out of their week's accumulation of filth, and flitted about the streets, if not gayly dressed, at least clean; and then the greater majority of the shops were closed, and the streets had undergone a Saturday night process of sweeping and purification; and the flies that infested the bazaars, finding that they are likely to be on short commons, have emigrated to the fields; and the very curs in the streets, muddy and lanky as they usually are, have unwillingly come in for a large share of the water-carriers' last evening's sprinkling, and consequently look quite clean and respectable. Then again they, too, or at least the majority of them, are aware that there will be a sad deficit in the commissariat department to-day—not so many bones and odds and ends to be picked up from the fragments of the every-day dinners of the shopkeepers. Hence they hold a council among themselves, and betake themselves for a pic-nic to the further suburbs of the town, where, if they are in luck, a cow may chance to have died; and if not, they stretch themselves at full length in the glorious sunshine, and sleep; not improbably dreaming at intervals of a canine festival, such as a dead buffalo might afford. Consequently, from these combined causes, Antioch on a Sunday is the perfection of calm, serene, tranquil enjoyment and beauty."

THE DEMON-ORACLE OF CEYLON.

THE Singhalese inhabitants of Ceylon profess the Buddhist religion. As this, however, is too cold a faith to exercise much influence on any people, they have added to it a multitude of superstitions, the greater part of which has been borrowed from the natives of India. Of these, one of the most interesting is that of the demon-oracle, or *dehwahle*. The affair is not carried to such an extent as about Bombay, yet it exercises a constant sway over the people. The belief on which it is based is simply this—that demons, some good and some bad, generally the spirits of long-departed kings, enter temporarilly the bodies of men, and thence utter oracular responses. At each village, therefore, there is a demon-temple, or dehwahle. On Wednesday, the people assemble there; the prophet, called *kapoorahle*, puts on the dress and ornaments of the god he is about to invoke; dances wildly to the sound of stormy music, amid the burning of fragrant gums; gives oracular answers to the questions put to him; and at last falls into a deep swoon. There can be no doubt that the prophets themselves are sometimes enthusiasts rather than deceivers. A friend of mine saw such a one quake and grow pale, when asked to put on the dress in order that he might be sketched; in fact, he would only put on the various articles of costume successively, saying that if he wore all at once, the god would punish him for doing so at any time except during the regular ceremonial.

The following is an account of a visit paid to the dehwahle of a very small village; it is extracted from a private journal:—This being Wednesday, there was of course a meeting at the dehwahle. Looked in during the forenoon; the kapoorahle was standing inside, the door being open. His long disheveled hair hung down his back; the head had a constant jerking motion from side to side.

At short intervals, he uttered convulsive shrieks and sobs, or, looking upward, hissed out the sound, "Hush, hush!" in a very peculiar tone: this evidently was a call to the spirit. After a time, the bangles (bracelets) of the goddess were placed on his wrists; he then began to shake his hands violently, and to yell, and after a little while turned round. I observed that his face and arms were daubed here and there with turmeric, and that his eyeballs were turned upward, so that the pupils were invisible. His first query was:—

"Why has the raja [myself] come?

"To see you," replied the headman of the village.

"That is well." After that he—or, as the natives would say, the goddess through him—talked a good deal about the said raja. At last a man, carrying a sick child, stepped forward, and mentioned the disease under which it was laboring.

"I will cure it!" was uttered, and papa went off contented. Some other sick persons appeared, and received similar comfort.

The more important ceremony, however, was to come off in the evening; and as I had signified my intention to be present, the villagers arranged everything as comfortably as they could. Till ten or eleven o'clock there was drizzling rain; and soon after, the hurly-burly began. On reaching the spot, I found six or eight musicians with drums, tam-tams, and cymbals. They kept time admirably; and to the sound of their own sweet strains leaped about with the agility and grace of so many giant frogs. The kapoorahle was so long of bedizening himself, that the *kohrahle*, (petty chief,) in the most disrespectful way, ordered the goddess to appear forthwith; and all the tam-tams gave a ruff that would have awakened the Seven Sleepers. I bore it with heroic patience. In the meantime, we heard, inside the dehwahle, the tinkling of cymbals, and the sounds of other instruments, interrupted now and then by shrieks of maniacal laughter. At last the prophet appeared. On his arms were the inspiring bangles, and in each hand he carried a piece of colored cloth, folded up like a fan; with considerable ingenuity, he had made out of various colored cloths a sort of flounced gown, somewhat like the dress occasionally seen on Malabar women. The upper part of his body was uncovered, and his long hair unbound; the nether integuments consisted of long tight drawers. As he came out, the kohrahle, begging pardon, said that it was very unlucky to remain seated. I explained, that being of another religion, I could not in any way be affected; but he looked so distressed, that I stood up. However, the goddess settled the matter by saying that the raja might sit; and sit he did.

The tam-tams now recommenced, and the kapoorahle began dancing, after the native manner, moving in a circle, with sidelong strides advancing his hands, with an undulating snake-like motion of the arm. When a quicker tune was played, he suited himself to the measure, executing a figure not unlike the "one, two, three, and a hop" of dancing-school days. In the height of his antics, the goddess, to my surprise and amusement, called most importunately for beetle, the native substitute for tobacco; and as none was forthcoming, alluded to that creature comfort in terms of marked reprobation of the bystanders. At last a quid was stuffed into her prophet's mouth; and after he had been well rubbed down —good cause was there for that—the dancing went on with as great vigor as ever. Occasionally, the man would stop, and looking upward, utter the peculiar hissing sound previously mentioned; and I observed, that however violently the head might be shaken from side to side, it seemed to have no forward or backward motion at all. At one time, an amusing strife arose between the tam-tam beaters and the goddess. According to the figure, the former were to walk backward in a circle, while she constantly advanced toward them; now the musicians declared, that on no account could they turn their backs toward the raja. The goddess remonstrated; and the matter was at last settled by a smaller circle, at some little distance, being formed, and by the tam-tam beaters begging pardon each time they passed my chair of state. I sat it out for about two hours, in order to see the swoon at the conclusion, being determined to feel the man's pulse at the time; but learning that the prophet intended to exhibit his activity so long as I remained, I took pity on him, and went off to bed, soon after which the crowd dispersed.

I should have observed, that the kapoorahle's whole frame was occasionally convulsed with a curious quivering motion,

which it would be extremely difficult to imitate in cold blood. When a kapoorahle dies, it is the demon itself which selects the new prophet. The natives have considerable faith in the responses, although I have heard some of them say with a smile: "Sometimes things happen as was foretold." As to the dancing being involuntary, a good many are somewhat skeptical; yet, when disaster threatens their own families, one and all rush to the dehwahle. A long and painful discussion has being going on for some time in Ceylon, regarding the appointment of persons to manage the land belonging to these demon temples. Government insists upon having a more or less direct influence on these elections, and the opposing party maintains that a Christian government should not have anything to do with such matters.

ST. PATRICK—WHO WAS HE?

IT is a common, and a no less great error for its being a common one, to suppose that St. Patrick, or Succathus, as he was originally called, was the first who preached Christianity in Ireland. Indeed his own words in his confession or letter to the Irish—a work universally admitted to be genuine—imply the very contrary. "I went," says he, addressing the Irish, "everywhere on your account, even to the remotest parts of the island, where no one had baptized any before." Hence we may infer that in the more accessible parts of the country Christianity had been preached before the arrival of Patrick; and that "the apostle of Ireland," as he is called, only extended the gospel much more widely than it had been previously.* His name is associated with a thousand Christian monuments throughout all Ireland. His father was probably a Briton, named Calpurnius, a deacon, and the son of a priest or presbyter, Potitus; a plain proof that the doctrine of a celibate clergy was then unknown. His youth was spent in sore trials. Niall, King of Erin, in a ravaging invasion of Britain and Gaul, carried him away into slavery. "At the age of sixteen," writes Patrick himself, "I was made captive and brought into Ireland: I was then ignorant of God; but it was there the Lord opened my heart to a sense of my unbelief, and comforted me, as a father doth a child." And then he adds this forcible acknowledgment of the wonderful ways in which God's sovereign grace "chooses men in Christ," and, when they are in darkness, "brings them by Christ to everlasting salvation as vessels prepared for honor." "At first a clown, an exile, illiterate. O how true it is, that before the Lord humbled me I was even as a stone lying in the depth of the mire, and he who alone is able came, and in his mercy lifted me up, and not only lifted me up, but set me on the top of the wall!" After five years' slavery, in which he often endured the extremities of hunger, cold, and nakedness, tending sheep on the sides of a mountain in Antrim, (Sleivmid,) he escaped from captivity. And such was the blessed effect of sanctified affliction to his soul, that, so far from harboring resentment against those who had done him so much wrong, he desired to give back good for evil, and to impart that gospel to his oppressors which had been so blessed to himself. The fact of the opportunity afforded him, during his captivity, of studying the language, habits, and feelings of the Irish, naturally directed his thoughts to them. But his parents and friends affectionately besought him not to leave them again after all the grief they had suffered for him already. Distracted thus between earthly and heavenly impulses, he knew not what to do, until in a dream he saw a man from Ireland named Victoricius, handing a letter thus inscribed: "A voice from the Irish;" and at the same time he heard a voice of entreaty from the west: "We beseech thee, holy youth, come and walk still among us." This vision, the effect of the natural excitement of his mind on the missionary project he had so much at heart, in God's providence determined him to go. Accordingly, once more he entered the bay of Dundrum, A. D. 432, no longer a slave, but a preacher of the freedom of the gospel. And it is a remarkable fact that his greatest number of conversions (twelve thousand, according to Nennius, a writer in the ninth century) was in that same Connaught, in which at the present day so many thousands are casting off the chains of Romish superstition. One work of his, called "The

* Mention is made of an Irish missionary, Cathalgus, who went forth to other lands, preaching the gospel, about the end of the second century, and at last settled in Italy, at Tarentum.

Three Habitations," still extant, and acknowledged genuine by many Roman Catholic authorities, is positive evidence of his not having held the modern Romish doctrine of purgatory; for there are mentioned but three habitations of man—earth, heaven, hell, and none besides. After having been the honored instrument in God's hand of fixing firmly, if not first planting Christianity in Ireland, he came to a peaceful death at the age of seventy-eight, in March, A. D. 465, and was buried, as some say, in Glastonbury in England, or, as others think, in an obscure grave in the county Down. Ever since, the 17th of March has been kept sacred to his memory, as the day on which he passed to "the rest which remaineth for the people of God."

He was supposed to be a Scotchman, because he is called Scotus. But it is notorious to every well-informed antiquary, that Bede, and other ancient writers, apply the terms Scoti and Scotia to the Irish and Ireland alone. The learned Mosheim notices the fact, that in the eighth century the Irish were known by the name Scots; and yet he falls into the error of supposing Patrick to be a Scotchman. Another greater and more injurious error into which he falls, and which is most widely spread, is, that Patrick was sent to Ireland by Celestine, the pope of that day. This error has had a powerful influence on the Irish, whose character is so strongly marked by the principle of veneration, in making them cling to the religion of Rome, as though it were the same as Patrick preached, and as if he had received his mission to Ireland from the bishop of Rome. By this they are led to regard the Romish religion as invested, through the vista of antiquity, with all the romance of a picturesque and melancholy grandeur, feeling a mournful consolation in turning back from their own wretched condition to the supposed greatness of their forefathers. This is, as the poet Moore in his history happily expresses it, "that retrospective imagination in the Irish, which forever yearns after the past." Patrick, however, was not sent by the bishop of Rome. In his letter to the Irish, already alluded to, he says that the Lord Jesus Christ had sent him to them, and makes no mention of a commission from the pope. He never urges his doctrines on papal authority, but always on that of Holy Scripture alone. Moreover, a most conclusive fact is, he makes use of a quite different version of the Bible from that of Jerome, which was at that time the authorized one of Rome; and his canon of Scripture also is quite different from that of Jerome. And, though allusions to prayer, advocacy, and intercession abound in this interesting document, his language always is, "The Lord is our advocate, he prays for us; the Holy Spirit kindles a flame of love within me." There is no mention made of any other intercession but that of the Lord Jesus and his Holy Spirit. Besides this truly Scriptural confession of Patrick, there is also extant his letter to the Christian captives of the pirate Coroticus, and a few fragments; but in all alike there is decisive negative evidence against Patrick having received his commission from Rome. The venerable Bede makes no mention of Patrick having been so sent, which he must have done, as being a strong advocate of Rome's supremacy, had it been the case.

It is an interesting tradition, that the origin of the great respect in which the three-leaved shamrock is held as the national symbol, was the fact that Patrick, in preaching the doctrine of the Trinity to the ignorant people in Ireland, showed under the form of the three leaves joined together, forming one shamrock, how it is equally possible that there should be three persons in one Godhead.

I shall only mention one more of the extant records of this true servant of God, the genuine hymn of St. Patrick, preserved among the MSS. of Archbishop Usher, in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. As a sample of the beautiful tone of piety which breathes through it, take the following: "At Temor to-day may God's eye view me, God's wisdom instruct me, God's power preserve me!" "May Christ be with me, Christ before me, Christ after me, Christ in me. May Christ be in the heart of every person to whom I speak, Christ in the mouth of every one that speaks to me, Christ in every eye that may see me, Christ in every ear that may hear me!" The original is in Irish, but it closes in Latin, thus: "Domini est salus; Christi est salus; salus tua, Domine, sit semper nobiscum!" Every Christian heart will respond, Amen, Amen.

MY GROPINGS NINE MILES UNDER GROUND.

IN the month of September, accompanied by a young friend, the writer gratified a long-cherished desire by a visit to the celebrated Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, ninety miles south from Louisville. A tedious and fatiguing stage-coach journey of eighteen hours brought us to Bell's hotel, a comfortable road-side inn, where the coach deposits passengers for the cave. Mr. Bell, mine host, now descending the hill of life, is well known on the road, and is famed for not having seen the Mammoth Cave, although a thirty years' resident within seven miles of it. A gentleman and his wife from Lexington, Kentucky, were our sole and agreeable companions to the cave. After two hours' jolting in a buggy over a most uncomfortable road, through beautiful, rolling, oak-clad "barrens," we were housed in a good hotel erected for the accommodation of the cave visitors.

Having fortified ourselves with a good dinner as well as coarse woolen jackets and caps, we set out for our first day's excursion underground. Mat, our negro slave guide, with nothing slavish in learning, dress, or language, provided a lamp for each of us, and led us down a steep path into a deep dark ravine. At the bottom appears the Mammoth's Mouth, a wide orifice of very forbidding aspect, to which we descended by rude steps constructed of the loose rocks and earth. On entering, we were met by a flight of bats, numbers of which inhabit the outer parts of the cave.

The part immediately within the entrance is comparatively contracted, although about the size of a railway tunnel, and is known by the name of The Narrows. This expands into a more spacious section called the First Saltpetre Vats. Here was an extensive manufactory of saltpetre for gunpowder during the war of 1812–15. It was obtained by lixiviating the fine alluvial earth with which the floor of the cave is deeply covered. The wagon tracks and foot-prints of the oxen employed in the work are still distinctly visible. Lines of wooden pipes, by which the ley was conveyed to the evaporating pans, numerous wooden vats and other erections, show the great extent of the work carried on in this pandemonium—truly a fit place for the preparation of the death-dealing material. The roof of the vat-house is a lofty dome, called the Rotunda.

The most interesting parts of the cave have fanciful designations, derived from the names of various objects to which they have a rude resemblance, or from some incident in their history. Thus, having passed the first vats, we meet the Cliffs of Kentucky River, which, the Kentuckian informs us, this lamp-lit landscape really resembles. Next appear the Church and Pulpit, where there was at one time regular preaching, and where a sermon is still delivered at times when visitors are many. It is an irregular vault, sixty feet in height. We then pass through the Second Saltpetre Vats, where the cave is wide and lofty, cumbered with hills of stones and saline earth thrown up in the process of lixiviation, and enter the Gothic Gallery. Across this division runs a ledge of the limestone rock projecting from the wall, and from this Gallery, to which we ascend with some little difficulty, we have a peculiar view faintly revealed by the scattered lamps beneath us.

Leaving the main cave here, we turned to the right, into the Gothic Avenue, in which the rocks assume a rude resemblance to Gothic architecture. Here in a niche was found the mummy of a woman. As no known tribe of American Indians preserve their dead in this manner, she is believed to have belonged to an extinct race, perhaps to those who raised the numberless mysterious mounds which are scattered over the western states—a numerous people who have left no other history.

Rousing himself from the reverie into which the mummy story will probably throw him, the tourist soon reaches the Gothic Chapel, which is well entitled to its name from the massive ribbed pillars and arches formed by the junction of the stalactites from the roof, and the stalagmites from the floor. Descending into a deep cavity called the Lover's Leap, and scrambling through Elbow Crevice, we contemplate the beauties of the Star Chamber, of which some one has truly said that the roof seems to be split open, revealing the vault of the night—heaven spangled with stars. This most beautiful phenomenon is caused by the roof, fifty feet above us, being coated with a black

crust, studded with small crystals, which twinkle in the lamp-light.

The Deserted Chamber is memorable as the scene of a curious experiment in the treatment of consumption. The air of the cave being mild, and unaffected by the changes of the season, consumptive patients were to be cured by being buried alive. Houses, which are still standing, were built in the now deserted chamber, and the voluntary immigration to a species of classical Hades duly took place. Through their love of the light, they consented to "remain in darkness as those who had been long dead." Life is sweet, but the result was as might have been anticipated. They enjoyed indeed a mild and equable though damp climate; but then the gloom, the silence, with the wakeful sensitiveness these must have produced, and the constant society of their fellow consumptives, exerted a baneful effect. It was soon found that their situation was too unnatural for healthy influences, and the well-meant scheme was gradually abandoned, "the last man" having persevered for a year without benefit.

With a heavy sigh for the consumptives, or perhaps to test the soundness of our own lungs, we trudge on again in search of other wonders. Traversing the Winding Labyrinth, we are abruptly stopped by a wall of rock, in which we perceive an opening like a Gothic window. Within this window is Goran's Dome. Our guide ignites some oiled paper and throws it into the abyss. While thus illuminated, we lean over the window sill, and perceive this grand and beautiful cavity rising one hundred feet above, and sinking as far beneath us. Such places possess an indescribable attraction, and I could not resist the desire to descend to the bottom if at all practicable. Turning back a few steps, I followed Mat through narrow, rugged, and tortuous crevices, gradually descending to the top of a water-worn pass, only large enough to admit a man's body. This pass may be compared to a chimney stuck round internally with spikes of rock, mud being substituted for soot. It was some thirty feet in depth, and opens into the bottom of the Dome. Scrambling down bear-fashion, we soon reached the bottom, and Goran's majestic dome, illuminated by the lights of our party at the window in mid-distance, towered above us to the height of two hundred feet—a sharp cone, ribbed like a groined vault, and polished by that persevering architect, water. Picking up a few pebbles as memorials, we returned by the same rat-holes, thoroughly besmeared, but delighted.

Our first day's excursion terminated at the Bottomless Pit. This fearful place for a time set bounds to discovery in the cave, completely barring further progress. To look into it, and listen to the booming thunder that rose from an unknown depth when a stone was hurled into it, long deprived the most stout-hearted of their determination to explore. At length a subterranean Columbus crossed it at the second attempt, only escaping destruction by a hairbreadth. His ladder slipped, but a death grip of a projecting rock saved him, and he found himself on the further side. A gangway was soon after thrown across the narrow part of it. It is found to be about one hundred and sixty feet in depth. Several deeper passages have been found opening into it in different directions. Indeed the limestone formation in the vicinity of the Bottomless Pit, (to repeat that awful appellation, so suggestive of a more terrible reality,) and Goran's Dome, is quite honey-combed with caves, above, below, and around. One part of it is worn into the form of a very deep circular draw well, apparently as perfect as plummet and compass can make it. Here, however, as we have said, ended our first day's excursion, and, in miner language, we "went to grass" again.

We set out anew next morning to penetrate to the extremity of the cave and explore its various branches. Mat carried a can of oil; Albert, another slave of much intelligence, a basket of provisions; and our suite was completed by his wife Helena, a brown woman, cheerful, neat, and rather good looking. We proceed by the main cave, over the ground already described, till we reach the Giant's Coffin, a fallen rock lying near the wall. The coffin hid for thirty years, after the discovery of the cave, the entrance to the parts reserved for this day's excursion. Visitors passed and repassed close by, without dreaming that behind it lay a passage leading to avenues more extensive and remarkable than any yet discovered.

Turning sharp behind the Giant's Coffin we descend by a ladder through the steps

of lime into the Valley of Humility. Thence through the winding way, or Fat Man's Misery, a long serpentine water-worn passage, just wide enough for ordinary "humans," but in which one of the Falstaff species would be miserable indeed, and would, doubtless, wipe his brow, and heartily congratulate himself when he had wriggled himself through the pass into Great Relief. We next reach in succession River Hall; Bacon Chamber, its roof strangely worn into resemblance of scores of bacon hams hanging from it; the Dead Sea, a horrid gulf with a black pool at the bottom, that one shudders to look at; the River Styx, which is heard rushing along in a chasm below us to join Lake Lethe. We cross the river by a natural bridge, which leads us to the shores of the lake, a pond of limpid water, never once ruffled by a breeze. We are paddled over it in a flat-bottomed boat, and land upon a smooth, sandy beach, at the entrance of the Great Walk. This is a lofty and wide corridor, three hundred yards long, through which the river flows when its waters are high; but we *now* walk without obstruction over its sandy bed. Apparently it has been altogether excavated by running water, of which every part of its shelves and cavities bears the impress. It leads to Echo River. Upon its quiet and pellucid waters we embark. The lamps are ranged in the bow of the boat, and Mat seats himself with his paddle in the stern. Silently she glides through an arch so low that we must crouch in passing, but which immediately expands again into a wide irregular pass. So transparent is the water, that although sometimes twenty feet in depth, we can distinctly survey its bed, its every stone and crag, even to the bottom. While sitting in breathless admiration, the guide, by a blow upon the boat from his paddle, awakes the slumbering echo. It rolls around us, reverberates along the vaults, and dies away in the gloom, like a peal of music uttered in thunder, sinking by soft cadence into primeval silence. Then the paddle is timed to a negro melody, with an abrupt pause at the close of each verse. Hark! The echo expires with such a perfect resemblance to a bass note from a strong piano, that we may exclaim, surely there is some other instrument than rock and water here. A voice hails us from the darkness ahead. "It was only an echo." "No; it was certainly a voice." Reaching the termination of our voyage, where the river disappears through a low conduit, we find that the voice was from a solitary fisherman who had been pursuing his sport since early morning: for the waters of the cave are tenanted by two species of fish as peculiar as their habitation—fish without eyes—divine skill, economical in all its workings, having denied them organs which would here have been useless.

Setting forward again with increasing curiosity, we proceed for a mile and a half through a wide avenue called Silliman's, which has in general the appearance of a dry river channel. Here lie what are termed, after the nomenclature of classic mythology, the Infernal Regions, traversed by a shelving slippery path, where a single false step would plunge us into a dark chasm which is close alongside. Escaped from this place of evil name, the wild and rugged Pass of El Gau soon receives us. It may be two miles long and thirty to sixty feet in height, but so narrow that our lamps can scarcely light the eye to the roof—a most strange dry river channel, wholly water-worn, with galleries of projecting ledges on either side, and at various heights. The limestone at the partings of the strata is worn into all kinds of fantastic shapes and cavities, wide low caverns and sharp shelves, their serrated outlines and deep shadows giving the pass an air of gloomy grandeur, which we frequently linger to contemplate.

The pass of El Gau, and seemingly also our pilgrimage, terminates at Hebe's Spring of sulphureous water. But no—look up. A long ladder leads to an ugly black hole which opens its jaws in the roof. Through it lies the way to Cleveland's Cabinet, another spacious avenue two miles long. Its walls and roof are almost wholly incrusted with white gypsum, in every variety of form. The *chefs d'œuvres* of the cabinet are Mary's Bower and Charlotte's Grotto, where the gypsum on the roof has effloresced into the most beautiful variety of vines, leaves, and flowers, of formal likeness the most striking, but all of spotless white. The roof of Charlotte's Grotto might be compared to a parterre of flowers—bleached, petrified, and inverted—the beauteous work of a subtile artist. The whole avenue is quite dry, but cumbered with fallen rocks, which

make walking slow and difficult. But while "forward" is the word, the weakest feels no weakness here.

The Rocky Mountains are a hill of huge fallen rocks, which we climb on hands and feet, and from the summit look down into Dismal Hollow, a chaos vast, where our lamps' feeble rays are lost in gloom. Let us descend and scatter with our lights around its verge. We have surely penetrated to the regal hall of "chaos and ancient night." Well might its vague sublimity lead the imagination of tourists astray, who have variously estimated its area at from two to eight acres; but enough remains when I say that one acre seems to be nearer the truth. There are heights and hollows, with "rocks upon rocks in dire confusion hurled." The dismal ruin is spanned by a vault of Titanic masonry, terribly grand; its rudely regular dome, curving upward till lost in darkness, which, above and around us, throws its mantle of mystery over the somber grandeur of the scene.

There are several avenues leading from Dismal Hollow. Following one of them a little way we come in sight of Sarina's Arbor in a nook beneath us, and a very wet and incommodious bower she seems to have chosen, tenantable only by a mermaid. The descent being precipitous and difficult, our Lexington friend sat himself down at the top and resolved to rest content with what he had seen, while his more spirited lady determined to persevere. Our way lay along a slanting slippery rock, with a black chasm at its verge. But our cheerful and attentive guide, throwing himself back against the wall beyond, and bridging the cleft with his limbs, offered his not handsome but useful pedestals as stepping stones across the treacherous surface. By them we passed in safety and reached the arbor, which well rewarded our curiosity. It is draped with wavy sheets of brown stalactites, appearing at a hasty glance like very thick leather tapering downward to sharp edges, and when struck, sounding like metallic plates in every note of the gamut. The water, ancient decorator, still trickles from the drapery, and, received into a basin, forms Medora's Spring. Let us have a draught of its limpid water, for we have now attained the "benmost bore" of the Mammoth Cave, *nine miles* from daylight.

Our stomachs now began to remonstrate against the want of attention; so recrossing Dismal Hollow, and taking our parting look of it from the Rocky Mountains, we select a convenient flag for our dining table, and Albert displays the contents of his basket, fowls, ham, and bread; good fare for a party of human moles. Bethinking myself to write a letter from this novel bivouac to a dear friend "far, far away" in the world of sun and moonlight, a stone is stuck into a fissure and my lamp hung upon it; the sole of The Lady's Slipper forms an elegant writing desk, and a blunt pencil bluntly records my feelings. But now slaves and freemen have dined, and the lady has nine miles between her and rest, with abated novelty to sustain her homeward steps.

We examined some minor avenues of the cave as we returned, but left miles unvisited. The guides very properly preserve the mineral curiosities of the bowers and arbors from the hands of selfish tourists; but abundance of beautiful specimens may be picked up in other nooks and crevices in Cleveland's Cabinet, where we spent some time in collecting them. Not the least beautiful forms which the gypsum assumes are those of long crystalline needles, and straight silk-like fibres. Large white spiders, plump and jovial, the aldermen of the race, inhabit the dry fissures, and are the only indigenous occupants we saw besides the fish and bats. There are, however, we were told, some rats occasionally met with.

The estimated length of the cave, nine miles, is as near the truth as the guides can judge by the time taken to traverse it. In that distance it is believed that we *cross* our own track more than once, but at various heights and depths, as we go from end to end, turning and twisting about, rising and descending through the most unexpected openings, and with the strangest tortuosities. Probably among the thousands of unexamined nooks and holes other discoveries will be made, as some have been made lately. The proprietor forbids a survey and plan of the cave to be made—which would be very interesting—but it is the opinion of the guides that the whole lies beneath a surface embraced in a circle three miles in diameter.

Several points of minor interest solicit our notice as we repass them, of which we may now find time to note the following; leaving many halls, avenues, and

so forth, still unmentioned: — Diamond Grotto, where alabaster varies her freaks by gemming the roofs with diamonds. Mamre Ceiling and Snow-ball Room, which she has ceiled with hailstones and snow-balls of exquisite purity. Martha's Vineyard, named from the stalactites in the form of huge clusters of grapes with which it is hung. The Hanging Rocks, which have caved in from above, and remain suspended by their angles, a stony avalanche in threatening confusion. The Great Western Steamship, a rock-shelf jutting from an angle of Silliman's Avenue. Purgatory, a difficult byway to which the guides resort when Echo River rises too high to be freely navigated. Sidesaddle Pit, sixty feet in depth, as plumb as any miner could excavate it, and water-worn to the smoothness of polished ashler. The Arched Way, a long, low, and narrow passage, regularly arched as if by compass. Floating Clouds, seemingly another startling view of the sky. Napoleon's Dome, which runs up into a cone to the height of forty feet, crusted over with white crystalline gypsum. The Register Room, the roof of which is the visitor's book, and has its mammoth pages full of their names, written in candle smoke. A natural arm-chair of stalagmite. Post-oak Pillar, a column of the natural order, we will call it, supporting the roof. The First Echo, a spot where a stamp of the foot on the floor sounds beneath us like a stroke on a huge bass drum, showing that we are upon the roof of a lower vault, and possibly raising unpleasant doubts as to the safety of our floor. This phenomenon is frequently observed.

Proceeding ahead of our party, and keeping beyond eye and ear shot of them, as we wander on in silence, the darkness receding from and following the small circle of our lamp, we realize the sensations of loneliness and awe that can only be felt in such a place. But this is an amusement that must be cautiously indulged; a wrong turn may separate us from the guide, or our reveries may be rudely disturbed by a step into one of the numerous clefts and chasms that lie in the way. Following our party at a short distance is the best way to view the cave, as we have thus the benefit of all the lights before us, and form a better idea of its heights, widths, and rugged grandeur, than those in front can have.

Let me seat myself on this stone, extinguish my lamp, and allow my companions to pass on. How unique the scene as they appear and disappear among the knolls, rocks, and hollows, their lights chasing for a moment the shadows, now there, now yonder, streaming upward and athwart with fitful gleam. The darkness advances — our distance lengthens — and now the merry laugh no longer reaches us; their voices sink to echoed murmurs, the last footfall has died upon the ear, the last gleam has vanished from yon far-off crag, not even a drop of water reminds us of motion. Hush! let breath and pulse be still. Darkness that may be felt. Silence as of non-existence. Self-consciousness the most intense. Was ever isolation so complete? Life so distant and yet so near. We listen for the "still small voice" of the Eternal, and seem to hear a "whisper" of his presence. Happy they who in such a moment feel that they are reconciled to him, and that he is their father and their friend.

Ye who bow to the powerful attraction of the unknown in matter or spirit, how you would have triumphed to be the first that stood upon the brink of the Bottomless Pit, and, bending, gazed with eager longing into the gloom beyond—resting not till you had passed the gulf, undaunted by its black terrors — hastening onward into the world of old night to lift the vail from scenes unrevealed to any eye but their Creator's — scarcely heeding the wants of nature till you had gazed upon each glassy lake, drunk from each pellucid spring, sailed upon each silent river, listened with wondering delight to its musical echoes, peered into each black chasm, traversed each dusky avenue and murky hall, rejoiced over those flowers of stone, stood awe-struck beneath the vault of Dismal Hollow, penetrated to the utmost bourn of this wondrous subterrene, and sighed that there was not such another to explore.

But it is time to welcome back the light. We strike, therefore, our lucifer match and overtake our companions, who have waited for us at a turn where the seeming exit is by a wide and inviting avenue, but the real one by an insignificant cleft which might have been blundered past unnoticed. We have been altogether no less than eleven hours underground, and our excursion draws to a close. Day again

appears before us at the extremity of the dark vista, in its mild radiance, more beautiful and grateful than ever. "Hail, holy light, offspring of heaven, first-born!" The fanning breeze again salutes us, the fresh verdue, the waving boughs, the music of the woods, their flowers and fragrance. Ah, poor consumptives, ye made a sad change!

THE MOST POPULAR PLANT IN THE WORLD.

SOME of our readers may not be prepared for the fact, that tobacco, though not food either for man or beast, is the most extensively used of all vegetable productions, and, next to salt, the most generally consumed of all productions whatever—animal, vegetable, or mineral—on the face of the globe. In one form or other, but most commonly in that of fume or smoke, it is partaken of "by saint, by savage, and by sage:" there is no climate, from the equator to the pole, in which it is not used; there is no nation that has declined adopting it. Europeans—except in the extreme East—are allowed to be the most moderate consumers, in consequence of its being with them generally an article of import and of heavy taxation; while their form of civilisation agrees to refuse the luxury to the gentler sex. The official returns prove that the consumption is on an average 16.86 ounces, or considerably more than a pound weight, to every man, woman, and child throughout the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Moreover, this consumption is greatly on the increase. Between the years 1821 and 1831 the increase was at the rate of about one ounce per head; during the next ten years, it was somewhat less than an ounce; but from 1841 to 1851 it was three ounces; making an increase of nearly forty-four per cent. in proportion to the population within the last thirty years. In Denmark, exclusive of the duchies, the average consumption in 1851 was nearly seventy ounces per head. But this is nothing to what is used in warm countries, where tobacco is grown with facility, and free from taxation. Mr. Crawford, to whom we are indebted for most of these facts,* had occasion to remark its prevalence in Further India during his missions in 1821 and 1826. He says: "The practice of smoking obtains universally among the Burmans of all ranks, of both sexes, and of almost all ages; for I have seen children scarcely three years old who seemed quite familiar with it." And again: "Among the Siamese the use of tobacco has become universal; they chew it in moderate quantities, but smoke it perpetually. A Siamese is seldom to be seen without a cigar in his mouth, or stuck behind his ear ready for use." Mr. Crawford adds: "As a matter of curiosity, I shall attempt to estimate the total annual production of tobacco—a plant, the consumption of which three hundred and sixty years ago was confined to the scanty population of the continent of America, and which was unquestionably unknown in every age to the people of the Old World. If the population of the earth be taken at one thousand millions, and the consumption reckoned as equal to that of the kingdom of Denmark, or seventy ounces a head, the produce of the whole world will amount to near two millions of tons (1,953,125) a year. Seventy ounces a head, of course, far exceeds the average consumption of Europe, in most of the countries of which tobacco, as before stated, is heavily taxed. It is certain, however, on the other hand, that it falls far short of the consumption of Asia, containing the majority of mankind, where women and children smoke as well as men, and where the article is moreover untaxed." The value of the quantity thus reckoned, at twopence a pound, amounts to above £36,000,000 sterling. One cause, no doubt, of the rapid diffusion of this luxury is found in the wide geographical bounds within which it can be raised. It is grown without difficulty from the equator to the 50th degree of latitude, the finest qualities preferring the region between the 15th and the 35th.

It is now generally admitted, that all the species—about forty in number—are natives of America, and that it was utterly unknown to the Old World before the time of Columbus, who found it in use among the inhabitants of Cuba and St. Domingo, as Cortes did among the Mexicans. Either of these individuals may have introduced it into Spain; but there is no record of the exact time when it first became known there. In 1560,

* Paper on the History and Consumption of Tobacco, in the *Journal of the Statistical Society*, England, for March, 1853.

Jean Nicot, an agent of the king of France, procured some seeds at Lisbon, transmitted them to his own country, and obtained the honor of giving the plant the generic name, *Nicotiana*, by which it is known to science. It is believed that its first introduction to England was by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1586—that is, not till nearly a century after the discovery of the New World. It was received with the highest enthusiasm; and the practice of smoking increased and prevailed so rapidly, that in the short period of thirty years from its first introduction, Englishmen had, it would seem, become the greatest smokers in Christendom. So we gather from the celebrated *Counterblast*, written by no less a personage than King James, and published among his other works in 1616.

The royal expostulation, as it would seem, prevailed little against the fascinations of tobacco-smoke: the consumption in England continued to increase; the very colony which the king himself countenanced in Virginia became the chief source of supply; nay, the noxious herb was raised in England with some success, in spite of the direct prohibitions of this monarch and his successor, Charles I. It needed the strong arm of Cromwell wholly and effectually to suppress the cultivation, since which it has been entirely an object of foreign commerce—a source of considerable revenue to the government, from the heavy duty, and the great staple of contraband trade for the same reason.

Those who, in our days, are viewing with alarm the progress it is making in public favor, have felt obliged to adopt a different strain, addressing themselves to our reason by the scientific demonstration of its noxious tendencies. Professor Johnston, for instance, in his *Chemistry of Common Life*, has furnished an analysis of its constituent parts. These, he says, are three in number—a volatile oil, a volatile alkali, and an empyreumatic oil. The volatile oil has the smell of tobacco, and a bitter taste, producing on the mouth and throat a sensation similar to that which arises from the smoke. Applied to the nostrils, it provokes sneezing; and taken inwardly, gives rise to giddiness and sickness. The volatile alkali has, besides the smell, an acrid, burning, and long persistent tobacco taste, and is narcotic; and as a poison, scarcely inferior to prussic acid, a single drop being sufficient to kill a dog. So irritating is the vapor of this substance, that it is difficult to breathe in a room where one drop of it has been evaporated. Well: as a hundred poundweights of dry tobacco yield about seven pounds of nicotin, it follows that in smoking a hundred grains, or about a quarter of an ounce of tobacco, there may be imbibed two grains or more of this nicotin, one of the most subtile of all known poisons. The empyreumatic oil has similarly acrid, narcotic, and poisonous qualities. One drop of it applied to the tongue of a cat brought on convulsions, and death followed in two minutes. The Hottentots are said to destroy snakes in this way: they put a drop of this oil on the tongue of the reptile, and it dies as instantaneously as if struck by the electric fluid.

Mr. Johnston proceeds to show, that the cigar, especially if smoked to the end, discharges into the mouth everything that is produced by the combustion; that the more rapidly the leaf burns and the smoke is inhaled, the greater is the quantity of poisonous matter imbibed; and that, finally, when the saliva is retained, the nervous system of the smoker receives the fullest effect of all the three narcotic ingredients of the smoke. It is thus accounted for that the short cutty has come into favor among inveterate smokers; any other pipe would be tame and tasteless after a strong cigar.

The chewer of tobacco, it is shown, escapes the action of the poisonous oil which is produced in the combustion of the leaf; and the drug of the snuffer is still milder than that of the chewer. A large proportion of the nicotin escapes, or is decomposed, in the fermentation to which the tobacco is twice exposed in making snuff, and the drying or roasting carries off an additional portion, and also some of the natural volatile oil; so that even the rapees, which are generally made from the strongest leaf, containing five or six per cent. of nicotin, retain only two per cent. when the manufacture is complete.

Professor Lizars, of Edinburgh, has followed up these scientific expositions by some practical observations. He proves, by indisputable facts, some of which have come under his own notice, that excessive smoking produces the most direful consequences, both locally and constitutionally: locally, by occasioning cancerous ulcera-

tions about the mouth; and constitutionally, by inducing, among other effects, dyspepsia, diarrhœa, disease of the liver, congestion of the brain, loss of memory, amaurosis, generally confined to one eye, apoplexy, palsy, and even mania.

"When a youth commences his apprenticeship to smoking tobacco," says Mr. Lizars, "he suffers often the most inconceivably miserable sickness and vomiting—almost as bad as sea-sickness. It generally produces these effects so rapidly, that their production must entirely depend on nervous influence, as giddiness is almost immediately induced. The antidote or cure for this miserable condition is drinking strong coffee or brandy and water, and retiring to a bed or sofa. If he perseveres, he has just to suffer onward, until his nervous system becomes habituated to the noxious weed, and too often to the bottle at the same time. It is truly melancholy to witness the great number of the young who smoke now-a-days; and it is painful to contemplate how many promising youths must be stunted in their growth, and enfeebled in their minds, before they arrive at manhood."

Two cases only we shall notice: one of the local, the other of the constitutional effects of smoking. The former was the case of a captain in the Indian navy, who, from smoking cheroots, had contracted an ulceration of the mucous membrane of the left cheek, extending backward to the tonsil and pharynx of the same side, having all the characteristic appearances of cancer. Such was his condition when he applied to our author; but the disease resisted every mode of treatment, and he died the victim of the cheroots.

The other is the case of a man—an American, it would seem—who, according to his own statement, began chewing tobacco at seventeen years of age, swallowing the juice to avoid the injury he apprehended might accrue to his lungs from constant spitting. He afterward suffered much from gnawing at the stomach, a capricious appetite, nausea, vomiting of his meals, emaciation, nervous irritability, and palpitation of the heart. After seven years thus passed, he became the subject of *angina pectoris*. "One day after dinner," he said, relating his case to Dr. Corson of New-York, "I was suddenly seized with intense pain in the chest, gasping for breath, and a sensation as if a crowbar were pressed tightly from the right breast to the left, till it came and twisted in a knot round the heart, which now stopped deathly still for a minute, and then leaped like a dozen frogs. After two hours of deathlike suffering, the attack ceased; and I found that ever after my heart *missed every fourth beat!* My physician said that I had organic disease of the heart, must die suddenly, and need only take a little brandy for the painful paroxysms; and I soon found it the only thing that gave them any relief. For the next twenty-seven years I continued to suffer milder attacks like the above, lasting from one to several minutes, sometimes as often as two or three times a day or night; and to be sickly-looking, thin, and pale as a ghost."

All this time the man had not thought of attributing his sufferings to the use of tobacco; but one day he took it into his head to revolt against being a slave to one *vile habit alone*, and after thirty-three years' use, he renounced it at once and forever. "Words," he said, "could not describe my suffering and desire for a time. I was reminded of the Indian who, next to all the rum in the world, wanted all the tobacco. But my firm will conquered. In a month my paroxysms nearly ceased, and soon after left entirely. I was directly a new man, and grew stout and hale as you see. With the exception of a little asthmatic breathing, in close rooms and the like, for nearly twenty years' since I have enjoyed excellent health."

On examination, Dr. Corson found the heart of this individual apparently healthy in size and structure, only irregular, intermitting still at every fourth pulsation. He is now, or was a few months ago, still living, a highly intelligent man, sixty-five years of age, stout, ruddy, and managing a large business.

Facts like these are worthy the grave consideration of those who use the noxious herb, if no better plea can be urged in its defense than that it passes an idle hour, and supplies the care-worn and depressed spirit with a gentle and soothing species of intoxication.

NEITHER fears nor favors can tempt the holily resolute: they can trample upon dangers and honor with a careless foot.—*Bishop Hall.*

CHEMICAL POWER OF THE SUNBEAM.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

IF we carefully examine the history of scientific discovery, it will be apparent that the progress of knowledge is regulated by a constant law. The time appears to be fixed when any new truth shall be born unto man. These laws are far beyond the reach of human intellect; but we are permitted to see that the Eternal One, who regulated the tides of the material ocean, has, in his infinite wisdom, fixed the extent of oscillation—the height and the depth of each mental wave—and commanded the great spiritual tidewave of knowledge to advance in obedience to an undeviating law.

From the earliest periods of history—since man clothed himself in dyed garments—it must have been observed that some colors were darkened, while others were bleached, by the sun's rays. To the philosophy of this, his mental eye was obscured—the fact was constantly occurring, (and a thousand facts are still forever presenting themselves to us, unnoticed or uncared for,) and man did not perceive the important bearing of the phenomenon.

Eventually, the alchemists, possessed with the idea that gold differed from silver in nothing but that it contained more of the sun's sulphur, were induced to present various compounds of silver to the sunshine, with the hope of obtaining this "*interpenetration of the sulphureous principle of light*," which was to change the baser silver to the royal gold. Thus they discovered a remarkable change which takes place in the sunshine on one of the salts of silver.

Eventually an Englishman, Mr. Thomas Wedgwood—the son of him who so greatly improved our porcelain manufacture—conceived it quite possible, since different-colored media were not equally transparent to the radiant chemical power, to copy the paintings on the windows of our old churches by covering white paper or leather with the nitrate or the chloride of silver. He succeeded in his experiments, and, with the assistance of Sir Humphrey Davy, extended his plan so far as to secure copies of images by the solar microscope, thus becoming the discoverer of the beautiful art of PHOTOGRAPHY. The pictures produced by Mr. Wedgwood wanted permanence. They could only be preserved in the dark. Viewed by daylight they soon became uniformly black. A few years after this a French gentleman, M. Niepce, was induced to take up the inquiry, and he made the remarkable discovery, that the solar rays altered the character of all kinds of resinous substances. He therefore spread upon plates of glass and metal a thin coating of some varnish, and placing it in the camera-obscura, allowed the beautiful images of Baptista Porta's instrument to fall upon the plate.

These images, being the result of radiations from external objects, have relatively the amount of luminous and chemical power determined by the colors of their surfaces, and the quantity of illumination to which they are exposed. It was found, after exposure in this way, that some portions of the resinous surface were more soluble than others. The plates were consequently placed in some solvent, and thus was gradually developed "the clouded imagery" of the picture impressed upon the plate. The pictures thus produced are called by their discoverer HELIOGRAPHS. Niepce became acquainted with Daguerre, the dioramic painter. They were both engaged in the same line of inquiry, and it was agreed that they should continue their investigations together. It is not quite easy to trace the progress made by Niepce and Daguerre, as it was not until after the death of Niepce that Daguerre announced the discovery of the process which bears his name.

During this period Mr. Henry Fox Talbot was quietly working in the same direction, and he so far improved upon the process of Wedgwood, as to give permanence to the sun-drawn pictures. Since the publication of these processes, photography has made rapid advances.

A few of the more important processes must now be described. It is difficult, within the limits allowed, to make a selection from, or to enter into the details of, the various methods by which photographs can be obtained; the most satisfactory course will be to state those general principles by which the resulting photographic phenomena may be best understood.

If silver is dissolved in nitric acid we obtain a salt—nitrate of silver. When

this salt is dissolved in perfectly pure distilled water, it may be exposed to sunshine for any period without undergoing change; but add thereto the smallest portion of organic matter, and it is quickly decomposed, the silver being precipitated as a black powder. In paper we have the required organic principle, and if we wash a sheet with the solution of nitrate of silver, and expose it with any body superposed—say a fern-leaf—all the parts which are exposed will blacken, those screened will remain white, and thus there will be produced what is called a *negative* image. Chloride of silver, obtained by washing the paper, first with a weak solution of common salt and then with nitrate of silver, is a far more sensitive photographic agent, and is now commonly employed.

The Calotype process of Mr. Fox Talbot consists in washing paper, first with *iodide of potassium*, and then with nitrate of silver, by which process is obtained an *iodide of silver*. The paper should contain nothing but this iodide; therefore all soluble salts are removed by soaking in water. This pale primrose-color paper, which is not sensitive to light, is washed with a peculiar organic salt called gallic acid; and, to increase the instability of the preparation, a little nitrate of silver is added to it, producing what the inventor calls a *gallo-nitrate of silver*. Here we have a preparation already quick with chemical energy; this is applied to the iodized paper, and the chemical power of the sun, as radiated from external objects, instantly produces a change—that change bearing an exact relation to the intensity of the rays falling upon each portion of the light-created picture.

Presently a picture becomes visible, and it is increased in intensity by washing it, in the dark, with a fresh portion of the gallic acid solution. The picture thus obtained is fixed by washing it with a salt, which dissolves the iodide or the chloride of silver, which has not undergone change—the *hyposulphite of soda*—and subsequently soaking in clean water.

The Daguerreotype consists in producing an iodide of silver upon the surface of a polished silver-plate, and receiving the camera image upon this prepared surface. In both of these processes a decomposition of the iodide of silver results; but in Daguerre's process, the image is developed by exposing the plate on which it has been impressed to the vapor of mercury.

Mercury combines with metallic silver, but not with the iodide; thus it is deposited over every portion of the plate on which the solar radiations have acted—the thickness of the deposit bearing a strict relation to the intensity of chemical effect produced. This picture is also fixed by the use of the hyposulphite of soda; as, indeed, are nearly all varieties of photographic pictures.

By modifications, which cannot be here detailed, these processes have been greatly increased in sensibility; the result which formerly required twenty minutes being now obtained in as many seconds.

A process more sensitive than either of those named has extended photography in a most remarkable manner—this is the Collodion process. Collodion is gun-cotton dissolved in ether; to this is added some iodide of potassium dissolved in spirits of wine. This iodized collodion is poured over a sheet of glass—the ether evaporating leaves a beautiful film on the surface, which, upon the glass being dipped into a solution of nitrate of silver, becomes exquisitely sensitive. This prepared tablet being placed in the camera receives an image almost instantaneously, which is brought out in full vigor by pouring over it a solution of the proto-sulphate of iron or of pyro-gallic acid.

The exquisite perfection of the collodion pictures, dependent upon the rapidity with which the images are impressed, is mainly due to the peculiar conditions of this singular preparation. By a preparation in many respects analogous to the collodion, a degree of sensibility far exceeding anything which the most sanguine photographist dreamed of in his ardent moments has been obtained. A plate prepared with albumen, iodide of iron, and alcohol, and acetic acid, was placed in a dark room of the Royal Institution in a camera obscura; opposite to it, at the proper focal distance, was a wheel, which was made to revolve many hundred times in a second, and this wheel carried a printed bill upon its face. This rapidly-revolving placard was illuminated for a moment by a flash from a Leyden jar. When the prepared plate was examined by means of a developing agent, it was found, that notwithstanding the rapidity with which the image moved over the lens and the transient nature of

the light, a picture of the printed bill was clearly formed, with the letters perfect. This was an experiment of Mr. Fox Talbot's, and is perhaps the most remarkable of the many examples of natural magic with which photography has brought us acquainted.

It has long been a problem, the solution of which has been anxiously looked for, whether we might hope to obtain pictures in all the beauty of natural color. This has not yet been quite successfully accomplished; but the approaches toward it are so favorable that we may hope, in a few years, to find our photographic pictures colored by the agent which now draws them.

That the delicate and fading images of the camera obscura should be permanently secured upon plates of metal and glass, and on paper, was, at one time, beyond the dreams of science. We rejoice in the reality, and nature herself paints for us the portrait of a friend, or those scenes which are endeared to us by the tenderest and most refined associations.

We have now the means of obtaining the most truthful representations of the Pyramids and the tombs of Egypt. The Assyrian Excavation Society have realizations from the pencil of the sunbeam of all that remains of the great monarchies of the East. The traveler in Central America has secured, with his camera, pictures of the wonderful works of the Aztecs and the cotemporary races, of whom we know so little, but whose works remain to speak of a savage grandeur and an advanced state of art, rivaling that which we find in the palace of Sardanapalus and the temples of the early Pharaohs. The ethnologist rejoices in his collection of portraits from all parts of the world; in his quiet home he is enabled, by the aid of photography, to study the physiognomies of all the races on the face of the earth.

The natural philosopher uses the same art to register for him the variations of atmospheric pressure and of the earth's temperature; more than this, the alterations in the magnetic intensity of this terrestrial globe are now faithfully registered by photography. The microscopist makes the light draw for him the details of organization, which it would be impossible for the human hand to trace. The astronomer places a sensitive tablet in his telescope; and not only does the sun draw his own image, but the milder moon traces out for him her mountains and her valleys, her beetling precipices, like old sea-coasts, and her dreadful volcanic craters, large and deep enough to swallow up all England.

What, then, may we not expect from photography, with the advance of science?

A few years since it was thought that two or three salts of silver and of gold were the only bodies which underwent any remarkable change when exposed to the action of the solar rays.

It is now proved that it is not possible to expose any body, whatsoever may be its character, to the action of sunshine without its undergoing a chemical or a mechanical change. For example, take a plate of glass, of metal, of stone, or a surface of leather, or resin,—in fact, any organic or inorganic body,—and placing a perforated screen above it, expose it for a a short time to solar influence; then treating the plate as we do the Daguerreotype, —exposing it to the vapor of mercury,— we shall find a picture of the superposed screen most faithfully made out on the surface; proving thus that it is impossible to expose any substance to sunshine without its undergoing a change; and that constant sunshine would be destructive to the permanence of matter, as now constituted. It has, however, been found that Nature has a beautiful provision for restoring the deranged conditions. During darkness, by the action of some peculiar molecular forces, all bodies possess the power of restoring themselves to the state in which they were previously to the *destructive* action of the sunshine; and as night and repose are required to restore to the animal and vegetable economy the vital forces which have become exhausted by the labors of the day, and the excitements which depend upon light, so are night and darkness required to insure the permanence of the inorganic masses of the earth's surface.

Can there be a more beautiful provision than this? The laws by which the Eternal Creator works are indeed wonderful and grand; the study of creation's mysteries induces a refinement of the mind, and a holy tranquillity of spirit. No one can arise from reading a page of Nature's mighty volume without feeling himself to be

"A wiser and a better man."

SIR LOG AND HIS COUSIN.

I WAS sitting by my fireside, one evening in November, dreaming in the twilight; but whether they were sleeping or waking dreams in which I indulged, I shall leave it to those who may read my story to decide, without myself offering any opinion on the subject. A capital fire shone on the hearth, and lit up the walls of the antique library in which I sat, flickering among the carved work of the dark oak ceiling and wainscoting, and occasionally lighting up the lofty ancient mantelpiece, which was decorated with the heraldic devices of the former owners of the hall — men who had ages since moldered in the tomb. The wide, old-fashioned grate contained an abundant supply of fuel, part of it being filled with good Newcastle coal, throwing out plenty of fine rich fatty matter, from which issued at intervals, as from petty volcanoes, jets of gaseous smoke and flame; while in the arms of this mass of fire lay a huge oaken log, inwreathed in its own brilliant flames, emitting from time to time showers of sparks, and as it were sportively darting long tongues of serpent-like blue and amber flame through every possible vent, now withdrawing them for a moment, and then pouring forth a fresh volume with renewed vigor and splendor.

As I sat, enjoying the warmth, and dreamily watching these evolutions, I began to trace a sort of understanding between the wood and the coal, as if they were getting into a chat, and by degrees to make out, or fancy that I made out, what they said to each other. How I came to understand the conversation, I cannot exactly explain; but it is no more wonderful that I should do so, than that the vizier in the eastern tale should be able to inform the sultan of the consultations which were taking place among the birds. It may be supposed, if the reader likes, that there is some affinity between me and a log of wood; and really I cannot say but that it may be so—all that I can do is, like a faithful chronicler, to narrate my tale, and leave others to draw their own deductions from it. I will therefore tell what passed that evening, not at my *fireside*, but in the very heart and depths of my *fire*.

"Well, my boy, how are you to-day?" crackled out the wood; "methinks, as we are brought into such close fellowship, we may as well make acquaintance; and as there is no master of the ceremonies at hand, and I, as I take it, am the elder, I will just introduce myself to you as a branch of the Oak family—one of a very ancient and distinguished tribe — only some twelve or fourteen generations removed from the first of that noble family who flourished in the days of Adam and Eve, and of unbroken and untarnished descent—a true scion of an ancient stock. And now, my young friend, allow me to crave your name and history?" added Sir Log, in a patronizing manner.

A low murmuring sound, followed by a considerable ebullition of smoke and flame, burst from the offended coal. "*Boy*, indeed! *young* friend!" and something very like "Upstart mushroom!" fell on my ear, though luckily it did not strike on the auricular cavities of the wood.

"I beg your pardon, sir," responded Sir Log, with some warmth, "I meant no offense; but really, as the senior, and with *my* pedigree, I thought ——. Perhaps you are not aware that I am some four or five hundred years old?"

"*Senior! pedigree!*" broke in the fiery old gentleman; "four or five hundred years old! why, I am more likely four or five hundred *thousand* years old; and as to pedigree, I am Lord Carbonius, one of old King Coul's family, as it were part and parcel of himself."

"O, indeed!" replied Sir Log, reverentially. "I have been used to the society of kings and great men, and know how to reverence them. I grew near a royal residence myself, and often have the kings and queens of England stood and sat under my spreading branches. Some of the greatest men of their day have given me their confidence, and held consultations under my shadow; and royal armies have been mustered, ay, and broken up and defeated, in my sight."

"And *I* grew and flourished ages on ages before that pigmy called man—whether king or boor, prince or peasant—was created, or had a name in the earth! Ages before his race was formed, I lived in majestic grandeur, and formed part of a stately pine, such as earth now knows not either in kind or size. Around me grew interminable forests of trees as splendid as myself, chiefly palms and pines; while club-mosses, horse-tails,

and other plants of quite different tribes from those which now decorate the earth, and of a size which would have pretty well choked up your kinds, surrounded me."

"But, if this is so, where have you been ever since, my lord?" asked Sir Log.

"Down, down in the depths of the earth, at rest," replied Carbonius. "How long I have lain there I know not; but this I know, that there I should have been to this hour but for the being you call *man*, who seems to have power to wrench all her long-hidden secrets from nature, and to apply all her long-hoarded treasures to his own special use and emolument. He, by his skill and wisdom, conquered all the defenses which have so long shielded me and my other mineralized friends from disturbance, overcame the many dangers and difficulties which arose from the deadly gases and devouring subterranean waters which guarded our dismal prison-houses, and brought us up once more to the light of day."

"And here we lie now, both together," responded Sir Log; "you of an ante-mundane, and I of a post-diluvian formation, fast dwindling away into dust and ashes; and so will end my pedigree and yours—my five hundred years, and your five hundred thousand."

"Not so," replied the old dignitary; "that is a youthful mistake on your part. I thought myself, when in that grand combustion of the elements which ended my then state of existence—when, with many thousands of my congeners, I vanished from the face of the earth, and was inclosed by the masses of matter which overwhelmed us—that there was surely an end of *me*. Who would have thought that, after unknown ages, (for none can number them; not the wisest among men, with all his learning, can answer the simple question, 'When and how was the coal formation deposited?')—who, I say, would have thought of *my* ever again becoming an inhabitant of the upper regions? of *my* going through a new stage of existence and of usefulness? of *my* being so important to man, that, without my help, many of his most noble works could not go forward? nay, more, of my becoming one of the brightest ornaments of his saloons, 'the cynosure of neighboring eyes,' the center of attraction to all who enter my presence?"

"Very true, my lord, very true," obsequiously murmured Sir Log; "but I think you might say *we*. We are surely more attractive when combined, than either of us apart!"

"Well, well," quoth old Carbonius, "I have no objection—let it be *we* if you like; indeed, there is some little connection between us, though we are of different families. But there are other branches of the Carbon family beside myself who make no small noise in the world, both as useful and ornamental articles. There are my cousins *Jet*, a worthy family, though a little of the melancholy complexion; but the Diamonds! O, they are the most illustrious by far of our tribe; and they are sterling, sound-hearted creatures, too, and most intrinsically valuable, never ashamed to recognize an old friend; and never do they look more bright and attractive than when their brilliant countenances reflect a glance of recognition from *me*, comparatively humble as is the position in life which I now occupy!"

"You speak like an oracle, my lord," said Sir Log, who had become wonderfully respectful since he found "Old Ebony," as he had irreverently called his companion, was so highly connected; "but it seems to me that both you and I are fast falling to ashes, and in that state we are not likely to have 'greatness thrust upon us.'"

"Young again!" growled out old Carbon, rather snappishly; "why, my good friend, you are quite boyish. I maintain that there is not a particle of either you or me that falls from this grate that will not in some way or other turn to use. We must 'bide our time.' We have now had our day of brightness and honor, and next will come a time of apparent degradation; but do not be discouraged; it is all needful to prepare us for our future exaltation; even the fire which is now eating out our vitals is aiding in the work. We shall be cast out on the face of the earth; then by degrees will come a change—we shall be decomposed, as it is called; that is, all our component parts will be dissolved, separated, and each applied to its own special use in chemically altering the nature of the earth with which we are mixed, fitting it for the growth of vegetables, which will absorb, and feed on our different alkaline salts, &c.,—by this means we shall impart to them their va-

rious flavors and qualities; these vegetables in their turn will nourish man and beast, and thus we shall again have our day of honor; after which we shall return back to the lower stages of our existence, again hereafter to ascend; and so goes on the round of wondrous changes, every particle of created matter having its mission, and fullfilling it in its appointed course."

"But stay a minute, great philosopher," wheezed the now almost exhausted Wood; "as you talk, puff, puff, goes your breath up the chimney, and now and then, when you are especially emphatic, a portion of it escapes into the room, and deposits sundry black particles on the furniture and walls; you do not mean to say that those blacks and that smoke will ever turn to use."

"Every particle of it, every particle!" shouted old Carbonius, vehemently. "Did you never see heaps of soot placed on the fields, even within sight of the royal domain in which you say you grew? Well, this soot, like the ashes, is decomposed, and in the same manner supplies nourishment to the vegetable, and through it to the animal creation. Those particles of our life-breath which are not deposited in the chimney, float away into the air, or unite themselves with it; and they, too, have their mission. It is a wonderful thought, but follow it out, and you will find what I say to be true: that not one particle of matter has ever existed which has not had, and continues to have, some part to play in the cosmogony of this wide world; not one which does not avail for some purpose or other; nor one which has ever faded into nothing, or ceased, in some form or other, to exist. Infinite, wonderful are the changes which take place in their modes of existence: that which at one time forms an integral part of a solid body, at another becomes an invisible, ethereal fluid—one of the subtile essences which circulate in air, water, or some other portion of the material world; while that which was a mere floating gas becomes in its turn absorbed into a human or other living body, and for a time forms a part of its vital existence; but nothing utterly perishes, nothing ever *has* perished."

"One question more, my lord," said Sir Log. "Tell me who contrived this wonderful mechanism—who carries it on from day to day? I used to think that *man* could do everything; and, to hear some of them talk, one would suppose that they thought so themselves; but as you say that you existed ages before man was formed, he can have had no hand in making *you*, or preparing you for your present uses."

"Man is very wise," replied old Carbonius. "He can rend her secrets from nature, and bend the stubborn materials which lie around him to his will. He can solve the deep problems of science, and speak of things long hidden; but ask him that question, and see what shifts he will be put to in giving you an answer. He will talk to you of 'the laws of nature,' of 'chemical and electrical agencies'—of anything or everything——but, alas! how seldom is he found ready to speak of the God of nature; to say, simply and boldly, 'Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory,' and 'there is no end of thy greatness!'"

"I am glad," sighed forth Sir Log, as, with a dying sparkle, his last embers fell on the hearth, "*very* glad that some day *we* shall be great again!"

[For the National Magazine.]

RAIN-DROPS.

Sweet visitants of earth,
From dark cloud chambers falling,
Again the glad earth calling
To music and to mirth.

Like brightly-sparkling gems,
Ye fall on leaves in motion;
And cling in true devotion
As pearls to diadems.

Or fall to earth unseen,
And sink to hidden fountains,
Then gaily from the mountains
Dance down to valleys green.

Where is the path ye go,
Up to your cloud pavilions,
Above the kindred millions,
That gem the seas below?

I saw ye yesternight
Upon the sunbeams dancing,
That down the west were glancing
In shafts of silver light.

But ye are wrecks to-day,
And fall in countless numbers,
To soothe my day-dream slumbers,
While showers soft anthems play.

D. Williams.

THE ELEMENTS, AND THEIR TRANSFORMATIONS.

IN 1812, Michael Faraday, then a bookseller's apprentice, attended the lectures of Sir Humphrey Davy in the Royal Institution. Inspired with scientific ardor and enthusiasm, and eager to escape from the trammels of trade, the future *savan* took the bold and simple step of writing to Sir Humphrey. We need not detail his future career; suffice it to observe, that next year he became Davy's assistant at the institution, and subsequently his successor; having, by a series of splendid and beautiful chemical and electrical discoveries, taken a first place among the celebrities of science. He is now no less noted for the lucidity and grace of his expositions than for his deep pryings into natural mysteries. In the course of his duties, Professor Faraday delivered, during the spring and summer of 1852, a course of six lectures, &c., on the non-metallic elements, to the members of the institution. These have been published; and while commending them to our readers as one of the most delightful and instructive chemical hand-books in our language, we would direct attention to a marvelous chemical phenomenon which is now attracting the attention of philosophers.

However eager for notoriety, no dandy has yet astonished us by appearing clothed in a dress that can change from sober drab to brilliant green. The chemical elements, nevertheless, have something of this magical property; for recent discoveries prove that in nature the same substance may be distinguished by distinctly opposite qualities, and may appear in the most diverse forms. This phenomenon has been called "allotropism;" or, as far as the Greek words may literally be rendered, "another state." We have been accustomed to think of the elements as resembling certain gentlemen clothed in unchangeable black; now, however, we may find them, according to circumstances, in all the colors of the rainbow.

If an observer, provided with slips of bibulous paper which has been dipped in a solution of iodide of potassium and starch, ascend a hill near the sea, while the wind is landward, he will find that the papers suddenly change their tint, becoming blue. This indicates a new chemical agent in the atmosphere, called ozone by its discoverer, Professor Shönbein of Bâle, to whom we owe also gun-cotton. If the breeze be from the land, and has traveled great tracts of country, the experiment will probably fail, as ozone does not then show itself. This new substance has also been found identical with the peculiar odor called the electric smell, given off by an electrical machine in action. But strange as are some of its manifestations, Professor Shönbein shows it to be no new element at all; and to be, in fact, only oxygen, the chief of the elements, under a masked aspect. Chemists have found our terraqueous globe made up of sixty-three so-called simple elements; of these, thirteen are most widely distributed, and of the latter again, one—oxygen—composes about two-thirds of our globe. It is present as a gas in our atmosphere; we drink it liquid as water, and carry it about with us as part of our nerves, our muscles, and our clothing; it feeds our blast-furnaces and quenches our fires, while vast stores of it are locked up in the solid rock. In the varied properties of it and its neighbor elements, we see how, though seemingly most unmanageable and discordant, they are made to watch like ministering angels around us, each performing tranquilly its destined function, moving through all the various phases of decomposition, decay, and death; then springing into new life and assuming fresh forms. Allotropism brings out this in a most striking manner. The experiments by which we distinguish simple oxygen give with ozonized oxygen very different results. Ozone has a peculiar smell; oxygen none. Pour a blue solution, a solution of sulphate of indigo, into ozonized oxygen, and it is quickly bleached; in ordinary oxygen it remains unaltered. In ozonized oxygen, the effluvium of tainted meat is instantly destroyed; and sheets of silver foil, which remain unchanged in the ordinary gas, soon crumble into dust—the oxide of silver. Our knowledge of this mysterious substance has been too short to enable us to assign it its true place in the grand economy of nature. Doubtless it accomplishes most important purposes. And though the speculations as to its connection with health and disease, and as to its relations with certain great epidemics, both in the human family and the vegetable kingdom, are at present very wide and imperfect, busy *savans* are in this field

anxiously toiling for more positive information.

Many other bodies, besides oxygen, exhibit this change of properties in different phases of condition. Common sulphur, when placed in a Florence flask and heated to a certain point, fuses, and the liquid produced by the fusion is a thin pellucid body; applying more heat, it loses its transparency, and becomes thick and blackens; at which juncture the Florence flask may be inverted without the liquid coming out. Heated still further, a vapor is given forth, and the sulphur again becomes liquefied. Poured in this state into cold water, the liquid is no longer yellow and brittle, but has become a substance like India rubber or gutta percha, on which seals and impressions may be and are taken. In this condition it remains for days, and even longer. Professor Shröetter, of Berlin, lately astonished his friends by his temerity in wrapping some sticks of phosphorus in paper, and walking about with them in his pocket. Ordinary phosphorus we keep in water, for fear of spontaneous combustion; this, however, was allotropic phosphorus. This discovery has been of the utmost importance in connection with the arts, particularly as regards lucifer-match making, for the vapors of common phosphorus have a most prejudicial effect on persons subjected to their influence. They occasion a disease which corrodes, ulcerates, and destroys the bones, even sometimes producing death. Now, by the employment of allotropic phosphorus, this may be prevented; while at the same time it serves all practical purposes equally well with the ordinary description. Allotropism is thus no mere scientific nicety, but a trustful guardian of that which is of all earthly things most precious. Our next illustration of this transformation of the elements is a pleasing as well as pretty one. Let a sheet of paper, on which has been printed a St. Andrew's cross with the red iodide of mercury, be heated, and the redness will be immediately changed into yellow. Another experiment, and perhaps the most conclusive, was performed by Professor Faraday; but this, we fear, few of our readers will be inclined from its expense to make. A diamond held by a little platinum clamp, and ignited to whiteness in the oxy-hydrogen flame, was plunged while incandescent into a jar of oxygen. It was speedily dissipated into gas, which, by means of the limewater test, was proved to be carbonic acid. It is even so; the glistening gem which monarchs strive after, and the black diamond which the miner disembowels far down below the surface, are but modifications of one and the same substance; yet how widely diverse in their practical bearings on humanity! In the deep laboratories of nature, during long ages, by unknown and mysterious processes, the wood of primeval forests has been successfully changed into coal, anthracite, plumbago, and the diamond. It would seem, too, that by excess of heat, we may bring back the gem to one of the antecedent stages of its formation. Thus Professor Faraday had on the lecture-table diamonds which had been exposed under peculiar conditions to an intense heat, and with the singular result of converting them into coke. The gems seemed to have lost their crystalline aspect, and to have opened out, forming a cauliflower-like excrescence, and assuming the aspect of coke.

Most interesting is it to mark how, after ages of speculation, the human mind reverts back in the train of old thoughts and ideas. It is a long time since men seriously professed to produce the nobler from the baser metals; but now it would seem as if this wild dreaming was not all a dream. It is surely interesting to know, that men like Faraday think that "the philosopher, once led into this train of speculation, ends involuntarily by asking himself the questions — in what does chemical identity consist? in what will these wonderful developments of allotropism end? whether the so-called chemical elements may not be, after all, mere allotropic conditions of fewer universal essences? whether, to renew the speculations of the alchemists, the metals may be only so many mutations of each other, by the power of science mutually convertible? There was a time when this fundamental doctrine of the alchemists was opposed to known analogies; *it is now no longer opposed to them, but only some stages beyond their present development.*"

In an age of so much sciolism and pretence, very instructive is it to see the deep religious spirit manifested by our profoundest inquirers into nature's mysteries. Our high-priests of science seem now most willing to proclaim the glory and the

majesty of that King whose tender mercy is over all his works. Again and again, in these lectures, are we reminded of the author and preserver of this wondrous universe; indeed, we are told that a main design of these prelections was "to deduce further evidence of the beneficence, power, majesty, and wisdom of the eternal Disposer of all."

CAN INSECTS TALK?

THIS may indeed seem a strange question to those who would limit the meaning of the word to the capability of expressing ideas by means of articulate sounds; nevertheless, a little reflection will convince any one who is conversant with the habits of these creatures, that, though they may have no tongues, they can express themselves in some way or other "with most miraculous organ." Various experiments might be quoted in proof of this; let us, however, select one or two which seem to leave no room for dispute about the matter. Any one who finds himself in the vicinity of an ants' nest, may soon be convinced that these industrious little laborers are by no means destitute of the power of communicating information to each other relative to the affairs of their commonwealth. Let him, for example, place a heap of food in the neighborhood of the ant-hill, and watch the proceedings of its inmates. A short time will probably elapse before the discovery of the treasure; but at length some wanderer, in his morning's ramble, has the good fortune to stumble upon it. What does he do? He does not, like an isolated individual, incapable of asking for assistance, begin at once the task of removing the heap, but, on the contrary, off he scampers with the glad intelligence, and running his head against that of every ant he meets, manages, in some mysterious way, not only to intimate the fact of the discovery, but also to give information relative to the locality where the provisions may be found, for speedily it will be seen, that troops of porters summoned at the call of the first finder, hasten to the spot, and all is activity and bustle, until the store is safely warehoused in the ant-hill. Another still more striking instance of the possession of a capability of spreading intelligence, and that of a somewhat abstruse character, is furnished by experiments that have been made by Huber and others upon bees. Every one is aware that the queen-bee is an object of the greatest solicitude to all the workers of the hive; and yet among so many thousands, all busily employed in different and distant parts of the colony, it would appear impossible for them to ascertain, at least before the lapse of a considerable time, whether she was absent from among them or not. In order to see whether bees had any power of conveying news of this kind, the queen-bee has been stealthily and quietly abstracted from the hive; but here, as elsewhere, ill news was found to fly apace. For some half-hour or so, the loss seemed not to have been ascertained; but the progressively increasing buzz of agitation gradually announced the growing alarm, until shortly the whole hive was in an uproar, and all its busy occupants were seen pouring forth their legions in search of their lost monarch, or eager to avenge with their stings the insult offered to their sovereign. On restoring the captured queen to her subjects with equal secrecy, the tumult speedily subsided, and the ordinary business of the community was resumed, as before the occurrence.

[For the National Magazine.]

SOLACE IN GOD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TAUNER.

When cares vex thee—woes perplex thee—
Wrestle, soul, till thou art free!
In God's bosom nestle thee,
Who for his own child elects thee,
Heals thy frame by wounding—makes thee
Great and strong through agony!
When cares vex thee—woes perplex thee—
Wrestle, soul, till thou art free!

Clouds o'er heaven in blackness sweeping,
Are but curtains of the light.
Onward, then, with steady sight!
Time's dark waves, now madly leaping,
Will soon be sleeping—soon be sleeping—
Sorrow lasteth but a night.
Clouds o'er heaven in blackness sweeping,
Are but curtains of the light!

True Safety.—Would we be safe from evil, and quiet from the fear of it, let religion always rule us, and the word of God be our counselor. That is the way to dwell safely in this world, and to be quiet from the fear of evil in the other world. If we make religion our business, God will make it our blessedness.

The National Magazine.

JULY, 1855.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER TO BISHOP SIMPSON.

STATE OF OPINION IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH RESPECTING ITS ECONOMY—REFORMS DEMANDED—WHAT ARE THEY?—THE PRESIDING ELDERSHIP—ITS CAPACITY—TERM OF MINISTERIAL APPOINTMENTS—OBJECTIONS TO AN INDEFINITE TERM—ADVANTAGE OF THE ITINERANCY TO MEN OF TALENTS—HOW SHOULD THE CHURCH TREAT THE DEMAND FOR "REFORMS?"—PROSCRIPTION: ITS BAD EFFECT ON THE MORALE OF THE CHURCH—REAL BASIS OF THE SYSTEM—LONGER TERM OF APPOINTMENT—LAY REPRESENTATION—THE ONLY TRUE BASIS OF IT.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—In a former letter I alluded to the discussions, in this vicinity, respecting the Methodist polity, and showed that the supposition which gave rise to the debate, viz., that Methodism is declining in our large cities, is fallacious. The discussion has lately been transferred from this false ground to more general, and therefore more reasonable ones, and I wish, in the present letter, to review the subject in its general aspects, giving you the results of the observations made upon it in my late travels through the Church.

I can throw my remarks together best, perhaps, in answers to three questions:—*What is the state of opinion generally in the Church on the subject? What are the specific points of reform most demanded? How can we best treat the demand?*

What is the general state of opinion in the Church on the subject? The Church is generally at peace respecting it. That is unquestionable. Throughout the West, except, perhaps, in the principal cities of the North-west, there can be found little or no disposition to sanction any important changes in our economy. The most *militant* plans of Methodism are seen to be as necessary there still, as they were in the Eastern States in the earlier history of the denomination; and one of the causes of the love of Western men for Methodism is its thorough militant characteristics—the heroism of its self-sacrifice, the rigor and energy of its regimen, whether among preachers or laymen. In the great cities along the lakes, there are, however, everywhere to be found leading laymen, who earnestly hope for economical changes in the Church. I have found much frankness among them in the expression of this sentiment. In the larger communities east of the lakes and of the Ohio the sentiment is much more rife. I do not hesitate to say that, whether for good or for evil, it prevails among a very considerable majority of the most intelligent and responsible of our laymen in the Atlantic, and also the interior cis-Alleghany cities. In Baltimore there is very little said on the subject—the disasters of a quarter of a century ago are still remembered. In Philadelphia, indications about the time of the last General Conference will be recalled by you. These indications, however, it should be said, drove a large proportion of our leading laymen—some of the very best men in the Church—into closer sympathy than ever with the peculiarities of our system, and it is quite clear that no revolutionary or schismatic measures of "reform" can be effected there, however general may be the disposition of the Philadelphia laymen for some modifications of our economy. I give it as my opinion that such a disposition is, with this qualification, more extensive in Philadelphia than the Church generally supposes. The issue of the late movement there may have led to a wrong inference elsewhere.

In New-York, Brooklyn, and the neighboring Churches, the "reform" sentiment is still more common. Special causes have given it force within a couple of years. I have been surprised at its prevalence among our most responsible laymen. They are loyal to Methodism—they love especially its theology—it would not be easy for any man, however influential, to disturb the tranquillity of the Churches by open measures of insubordination; but I think I do not mistake in saying that there is among them a very general feeling that *some* changes ought to be made in our ecclesiastical scheme—what they should be seems not clearly defined in most minds—some propose one thing, some another; but the vague idea seems to be, that as Methodism has now attained such dominant importance in the larger communities, with such large material interests and financial responsibilities, the individual Churches—the laymen in other words—should have more to do with its general management. I make here no comment on these opinions—that will be appropriate hereafter—I wish now only to get at a clear statement of the actual state of opinion, in order to make the more relevant comments in the right place.

These "reformatory" opinions have had, as I have heretofore intimated, a remarkable manifestation among our brethren of the ministry in this section, at their Monday morning Preachers' Meeting. It is not too much, perhaps, to say that a majority—a majority by far—of the most commanding minds in our ministerial corps hereabouts have avowed them. The avowal has been so peremptory, that I suppose it would hardly be considered indiscreet for me to name some of them as a proof of the importance which now really attaches to the controversy; I shall not run that risk, however; it must suffice to say that the Monday morning debates at the Mission Rooms, for some months, have revealed a state of opinion among an important class of our ministry, respecting the economy of the Church, such as would take the Church, as it has taken your correspondent, wholly by surprise. Other meetings, likewise, for consultation with laymen, have been held; but as I have not personally participated in the discussions, either at the Preachers' Meeting or elsewhere, and have been able to be but once or twice present at the former, I am not able to speak of their results.

In respect to the large and substantial section of the denomination, which lies within the New-England States—the most advanced, in all material interests, such as churches, literary institutions, and finances, of our whole eccle-

siastical domain—I may venture to speak with some confidence. From long observation in New-England, I am convinced that no section of the Church is more loyal or more promising. I think that the general sentiment of New-England on the present subject is about this, viz. :—that, as we claim no divine authority for most of our economy, its *practical utility* must be its chief argument; that this argument is still a valid one;—that no important change, such as might risk its working energy, should be attempted; that there are changes, not involving this risk, which can be made, and that it is exceedingly desirable that the authorities of the Church should consider these changes with more courage—more confidence in the system and in the people. There are few leading laymen, I think, in New-England, who do not feel some sympathy with the sentiment in favor of some modification of our system, which I have attributed to other sections of the Church, and yet I can hardly recall one among them who would give countenance to any violent agitations on the subject. Such, then, in a very general view, is the actual state of opinion in the Methodist community respecting the Methodist economy. Summarily it seems to be the general feeling that a period of transition has come, or is near at hand, in the denser portions of our work, and that partial changes, not risking the fundamental energy of the system, not to be effected, too, by ecclesiastical demagoguism, but by the gradual and healthful developments of public opinion, must sooner or later intervene.

I am aware that such general estimates of a public sentiment cannot take into account individual and local qualifications, and may therefore be open to strong dissent from certain quarters; but I believe that brethren who have had a large opportunity, as I think I have had myself, of ascertaining the actual state of the Church will hesitate not to pronounce this view about correct.

When we consider the relation of Methodism to the moral interests of the country—that it not only numerically leads the van of the Protestantism of the nation, but, as we think, has a special responsibility for the vitality and power of religion through the land—no Methodist, no Christian whatever, can contemplate its prospects, in this or any other respect, without prayerful solicitude that no perilous event may overtake its hitherto triumphant march. The impressions I have received, in my travels over its territory, have not been discouraging. I have come to about the following inferences from these impressions :—

First. That the sentiment of loyalty to our cause is unabated, and that the alienations from our membership are comparatively fewer than they used to be when our social position was less elevated among the sects of the country.

Second. That the "reforms" discussed among us, are proposed from a loyal conviction that they would eventually promote, rather than revolutionize, the essential peculiarities of our system.

Third. That the people would, almost *en masse*, vote down any changes which should manifestly endanger the essential attributes of the system—choosing rather to endure local inconveniences from it than to impair its denominational efficiency.

Fourth. That no general outbreaks or agitations are probable, if even possible, hereafter among us, in matters of ecclesiastical economy, provided that nothing more questionable than our present system presents, is incorporated into it, (a danger which is hardly possible, as all our tendencies have been for years, and, in the nature of things, must hereafter be otherwise,) and provided, especially, they are not produced by heedless attempts on the part of the organs of the Church to fight down the frank but loyal expression of opinion on such matters.

Fifth. That the greatest evil we need fear from these "reformatory" sentiments and discussions, is the feeling of precariousness which they may produce respecting the future of the Church—the great interests now growing up within it—its colleges and academies, its expensive chapels and parsonages. A better sense of the settlement of our economy would produce more settled confidence and larger resources.

Sixth. That our safety is chiefly with the authorities of the Church—the frankness and confidence with which they shall treat its public opinion. Most of the changes suggested are such as a wholesome progressive legislation need not be afraid of; they can either be adopted, or the reasons against their adoption be so explained as to meet the loyal sentiments of the people.

Our chief danger is from our fears. We make difficulties dangers by exaggerating their importance. The outcry about perils ahead, confounds the self-possession of good men, and drives them upon the rocks. Let us not croak, whatever else we do; the Lord is with the Church, and there is good sense and piety with the people. If a steady hand is kept on the helm, the winds will only help the ship along her destined way.

I come now to state, more particularly, some of the changes which are demanded, preparatory to an answer to the question how the demand should be treated?

The peculiarity of our system most in question, just now, I think, is the *Presiding Eldership*, and it is beset with peculiar difficulties. The uniformity, if not the unity, of the Church seems to be in the way of any important change respecting this office. Throughout the West it is unquestionably still indispensable. It is indispensable, I doubt not, in at least three-fourths of our territory. Yet where it is not apparently so necessary, it is often heedlessly assailed as if the economy of the Church were a matter of mere local discretion—as if, in fact, the *general consequences*, which legislators consider the highest test of wise institutions, and some moralists the highest criterion of ethical right, had nothing to do with the question. Few things look worse for our loyalty to our common cause, than the indisposition to suffer local inconveniences, (and they are usually but *financial* ones,) rather than risk the general good. The practical question should be, whether the general necessity for this office could not be harmonized with local modifications of it—but of this more in the right place. Meanwhile, as a masterly agency of the Church,

let us speak worthily of it, and maintain its integrity and moral power. I hesitate not to say that there is no other function of our system, not even yours, sir, which has an equal capacity for usefulness. The Presiding Elder, traversing his district, urging forward the great interests of its Churches—discussing them in his sermons—calling out recruits for the ministry—directing the studies and molding the character of his young men—projecting new churches—adjusting local troubles—representing in his person the unity, and promoting the *esprit de corps* of the cause, and stimulating it by a commanding official influence—what officer have we who has an equally effective power? This is the *office*—but where is the *officer?* "There's the rub." No man in his senses can deny the potential capacity of the office, but its very capacity exposes it to unfortunate criticism by the incapability of its incumbent. Our wretched policy, in the appointment of Presiding Elders, has nearly despoiled the office of its importance in some of the Atlantic States—and the appointing power, whether in the Episcopacy or the cabinet, may hold itself responsible for much of the "radicalism" which prevails among us respecting it. We are redeeming ourselves of late years, I hope, in this respect. Perhaps, too, there is an apology, in part, for the evil; the fact is, our cause has grown so fast that it is almost impossible to meet some of its necessities. We have much talent; no American denomination, I soberly believe, has more; but we have not yet enough to work our system at its maximum power, or anything near it. The great cry of the Church is for master minds. The pulpits of the cities, our literature, and our educational institutions—so comparatively recent—make the demand ring incessantly in the ears of the Episcopal cabinet. Our prosperity is, in fine, our embarrassment. Let us thank God that the evil is so fortunate a one, and meanwhile press forward loyally and bravely through our difficulties. A large-hearted man, not to say large-minded, should blush to be heard croaking under such circumstances.

One of two things seems to be inevitable, respecting the Presiding Eldership in the Atlantic States—either the appointment to it of our most commanding talents, or a very thorough modification of it. On the latter point I shall venture to say something below.

Next to this question, there is a disposition among many in these regions, and, I think, throughout the Atlantic Conferences, to *extend the term of the ministerial appointments.* The question is very vague yet, but it excites no little interest, especially among an important class of ministerial brethren. Some propose a period of three years—others, four; I think the largest party would take off all restriction—leaving the appointment to the Episcopacy, and, of course, the concurrence of the people. The most emphatic criticisms upon our economy, that I have ever heard within the Church, have been upon this subject. There are superior men among us, and not a few, who consider the change a "*sine qua non;*" they doubt the further success of Methodism, in the denser communities at least, without it. It will not do to ascribe the zeal of these men on the subject to personal motives—that would be unbrotherly, to say the least—but more egregious logical blunders could hardly be made, than I have heard in the arguments for this revolution (for such it would be) in our economy. I speak now, of course, of the demand for an *indefinite* term of appointment. The mere addition of one or two years is a very different question; it involves nothing not already involved and conceded in our present term of *two* years, instead of *one;* and when we come to consider the question of how far the Church can meet these "reformatory" demands, it will be seen that your correspondent has no alarming bigotry on the subject. The doctrine of an indefinite appointment, however, he hesitates not to pronounce a downright practical heresy, striking at the very constitution of Methodism; and one of its ugliest features is, that its extreme impolicy will be liable to render suspicious every other and more admissible "reform" with which it is associated. The design of this section of my letter is not so much to argue these questions, as to make explanatory references to them, preparatory to the more practical question that remains. Without, then, attempting to grapple with the discussion here, allow me merely to enumerate some of the objections to this extreme change.

First. It would take off one of the most important checks upon the appointing power. The present restriction, it is well known, was made purposely to qualify that power. The ministerial appointments were originally indefinite—being discretionary entirely with the bishop; but they were attended with unmanageable difficulties. They included not only two years or one year, but often, even in large cities, but six months. Few things contributed more to the settlement of the Churches than the introduction of the present restriction. It was found necessary as a relief to both the bishops and the Churches.

Second. It would inevitably "congregationalize" our system. Can any thoughtful man doubt it? And can any man persist in this demand among us, unless it be from the conviction that the time has come when we *ought* to be congregationalized? With the latter assumption we must meet him on general grounds; we must prove to him, as we most certainly can, that the new regions of the country, needing the Itinerancy, are now larger than they ever were in our history; that in all the settled portions of the nation, not excepting the large cities, like Boston, New-York, &c., every condition which called for the peculiarities of our economy half a century ago, exists *now*, only with fourfold more urgency; that in our large communities Methodism (as proved in my late letter) has worked better than any congregational system; that in the denser population of England, with the restriction of three years on its appointments, and a universal itinerancy, (the old circuit system being kept up even in the cities,) it has outworked all congregational or localized systems except that of the national Church, and in a certain sense even that.* Against congre-

* It should be remarked that the disastrous troubles in the Wesleyan body have not once involved the question referred to; both parties have the good sense to hold fast to the Itinerancy.

gationalism, as sustained by our Congregational brethren, I have nothing to say—it has its place in the great providential system of religious provisions for the salvation of the country, and its Churches are distinguished for zeal, beneficence, and success; but Methodism has also its place, and our sister Churches hold us responsible for it; we cannot be congregationalists.

That the proposed change will congregationalize us, I will not delay to argue. It would be superfluous to do so. The only motive for the change would be that the preacher might retain longer the appointment, the people retain longer the preacher. The concession once made, every day would make it less and less possible to disturb the relation, unless where mutual discords intervened to demand a change; the discontents—the mutual quarrels of Churches and pastors—must then become the rule of our itinerant changes, not that mighty motive, of the best distribution of the best energies of the Church, which has hitherto regulated our policy and made it everywhere to triumph. This would do well enough for Congregationalism, but not for a militant system like ours, around which we have all joined hands with the voluntary pledge of sacrificing the smaller advantage for the greater.

Third. By localizing the higher talents of the Church, in given places, it would prevent that distribution of our energies which we now secure. Methodism does not ignore the claims of genius or of talent for befitting posts; that would be as absurd as to attempt to neutralize a natural law—it proposes only to *regulate* the natural tendency of talent in this respect. And in doing this, it offers special facilities to talent; a young man of genius in most other Churches, after graduating at the theological school, must find the *vacant* place, wherever it may be—perhaps in the obscure mountain village; while self-respectable and well-fed mediocrity often retains, by mere right of long preoccupation, the great city positions. He may be hid in his obscurity, year in and year out, until his chance comes. Mere accident is almost his only hope of getting recognized, and at last called into a more prominent place—the accident of an occasional journey beyond his parish, of a visit to the city, &c. A young Methodist preacher of talents cannot, on the other hand, escape general recognition, did he even wish to; he is whirled about by the Itinerancy in such manner that he cannot but be quickly seen by the general Church, and his chief danger is that he shall be prematurely promoted to responsibilities which may break him down for life. Congregationalize us now, and what follows? Why, on the one hand, that the men of talent, in important places, are kept there, instead of being transferred to other posts which they might soon make as important; and on the other, that men of no special claims, who through any cause (and there are causes various enough) get into strong positions, will be very likely to hold them to the exclusion of better, but less fortunate men; and we shall soon have, like other denominations, a host of unsettled, disappointed men, hanging about the connection, with talents and domestic necessities justifying important appointments, but with no suitable opportunity for them.

But not only this. If it were the case that talent could easily find its legitimate place in such a state of things, and were concentrated in the important stations, your feeble posts would suffer in a manner which is not possible now, with your incessant redistribution of men.* I doubt not that under any congregational arrangement, Methodism would fall away one-fifth in five years. Your poorer Churches would fail—your poorer preachers would retire. And is this a consideration to be disregarded by devout and generous men, who have been providentially placed under our effective system?

Fourth. The proposed arrangement would open the flood-gates of unceasing discord between the appointing power and the Churches. The only hope of peace would be the succumbency of the former.

Fifth. The great and noblest economical principle of Methodism—that of seeking the general, instead of local advantage—would be sacrificed.

Such is but a glance at the argument against this most preposterous design.

The most important remaining project of "reform" is *Lay Representation*. Some propose it on grounds of expediency, as a source of energy to the system. Others claim it on grounds of abstract, of "mutual rights." I shall refer to the question at length directly. The Church is familiar with its outlines from old controversies.

One of my questions remains yet to be answered—*How are we to treat these demands?*

First. Let me say, and with all possible emphasis, that the time has passed (and forever passed, I hope) in which we *should treat the men who propose such changes with proscription*. I do not say that we have ever done so in any *judicial* manner; but I think there has been a somewhat general disposition among us to tacitly proscribe them as disloyal and dangerous. It has done us much moral harm, I doubt not. It has made our ostensible men, who are fitted to lead us through desirable experiments, over-cautious; and thereby given to inferior and dangerous leaders the control of public opinion, in times of agitation. Look at the anti-slavery movement among us, if you want proof of the fact. Nearly all our northern men—the leading men, and the mass of the conferences—stand to-day where the first leaders of Methodist abolitionism stood. Yet the latter, under the Rev. Mr. Scott and his associates, were left to rush on impetuously into ultraism and schism, and to drag large portions of the Church after them. It may certainly be said, that if the commanding minds of the Church had taken, in those disastrous days, the stand which they now take, on slavery, and its relative questions, incalculable mischief would have been averted from us. I know that this intimation will not be very acceptable to

* Dr. Wayland said in his anniversary sermon at Rochester, that there are now *four thousand* Churches in the Baptist denomination destitute of pastors—a number equal to nearly two-thirds of the whole Methodist ministry. The statement implies that there must be, also, a very large number of pastors destitute of Churches.

some estimable brethren; I nevertheless utter it, respectfully but unhesitatingly. The prevalent over-cautiousness among us must be characterized as timidity, because it is unnecessary. It is not only unnecessary, but very impolitic. It is not the best way to meet public difficulties. It is not what the people have a right to expect of those to whom it confides its fate. My own sympathy, my ultraism, if you please, in favor of the specialities of Methodism, is, I believe, not denied. Yet I must insist that we are too fastidious in our judgment and treatment of brethren who suggest changes. We are still too much disposed to characterize them as "Radicals," a term which, however good in its etymology, is a synonym of proscription in our ecclesiastical vocabulary. Let us have done with this. It is out of season. It harms us not only by intimidating the prudent men who should be our leaders, but by giving to imprudent and dangerous would-be leaders the energy that comes of a sense of persecution or desperation. Let it be conceded among us that good men—our best men—may loyally conceive that changes are desirable in our system—that their very loyalty may lead them to propose such changes, and demonstrate itself in the interest, yet prudence and magnanimity with which they may be advocated. How much better this, than for such men to be compelled always to feel that they are thrown, by the severity of a limited and vague public opinion, into a posture of antagonism to the Church? "But this has always been conceded," it will be said. Yes, it has, hypothetically, but not practically.

Second. Let us place the vindication of our ecclesiastical system on its true basis—*on utilitarian grounds alone*—for it has none other, and needs none other; and let me say further, it can stand on none other. This is a genuine sentiment of Wesleyanism. Excepting the admitted doctrine of the divine authorization of the Christian ministry, John Wesley, after reading Lord King, threw to the winds—whether rightly or wrongly—most pretensions to divine authority in matters of ecclesiastical economy; and this, whatever others may think of it, was in the estimation of the Methodists one of the noblest demonstrations of his practical good sense and progressive intellect. Southey justly says that he devised nothing in his scheme, *a priori;* he adopted whatever God sent in his providence. He was turned out of the churches, and thence came *out-door preaching*. Maxwell exhorted in his absence, and spoke well, and did good, and thence came the *Lay Ministry*—the greatest fact in the Church since the Reformation. Local religious interest, in places apart, required him and his laborers to travel to and fro, and thence came the *Itinerancy*. Little gatherings at Bristol to procure funds for the church debt, were found profitable for religious conversation, and thence arose the *Class Meeting*. The untrained character of his ministerial recruits rendered it necessary that he should assemble them together at times for counsel and redistribution, and thence came the *Annual Conference*. The withdrawal of the English clergy of this country during our Revolution, deprived the people of the sacraments in the middle and western states; Wesley provided for the exigency by the ordination of Coke; and thence came the *Methodist Episcopacy*. A few men were ordained by the new bishops to traverse sections of the Church for the purpose of administering the omitted sacraments; they were found useful in other administrative matters, and thence came the *Presiding Eldership*. In fine, the whole organic system of Methodism arose thus from adventitious, or rather providential circumstances; and this is the secret of its practical effectiveness, notwithstanding its undeniable and almost untraceable complexity. And this is the only way that a good constitution for either Church or State can arise. There never was a practicable one constructed *a priori;* and hence the failure of the constitutions of the late European revolutionists. Our own federal constitution is no exception to the remark, for it was but a reconstruction and generalization of the colonial constitutions under which the people had been educated.

What then is the summary doctrine of a genuine Methodist, regarding Church politics? It is this, viz.:—That the ecclesiastical system which *works best*—which best accomplishes the mission of religion, the spread of holiness over the world—is the best one, and therefore the right one. There is but one qualification that a genuine Methodist Churchman will want to attach to this postulate, and that is the proviso that the system enforces no duty or disability on clergy or laity, which a good man cannot admit without wronging his conscience.

Now precisely here does Methodism theoretically stand; and here only, I repeat, can it stand one hour under the scrutiny of sensible men; and here, to such men, it stands altogether triumphant. We have erred egregiously in our attempts to defend it on abstract political grounds—to find in it justificatory analogies with systems of civil polity. I plead guilty to no little vexation at hearing good Methodists belabor their opponents with proofs that the system is *republican!* It is *not* republican. But is it aristocratic then? No. Is it monarchical? No. What is it then? Why, it is *Methodistical*. And there is no evasion whatever in this reply. Are our corporate companies democratic, aristocratic, monarchic? Do we require that every combination for a given practical purpose should be studiously modeled after the type of your political scheme? We have a military and naval regime, and it requires the patriotic citizen to obey unto death at the cannon's mouth; but does the citizen, who voluntarily enters the army or navy, cease to be a citizen and a republican? No, he is under the broad constitution of the State, and under that protection he can safely put himself to any special privation or responsibility for any special end that utilitarian reasons may justify, and conscience not deny. What follies should we perpetrate if the demand for a *republican* type of government were made in all our voluntary and business combinations—banks, manufacturing companies, army, navy, &c.?

Let us away, I repeat, with such blundering logic; we injure our cause by it, for by it we concede to our assailants the very vantage ground from which they attack us. We must

not allow them to enter on that ground. Our system ignores entirely the very proposition they would put in debate. When, therefore, a man rises up within or without our pale, demanding a change in our system, we have but one summary argument for him, and it is in the old Socratic form—*Will the change make the system work better?* If it will, then it is from God, and "let God be true, but every man a liar;" if it will not, away with it. We are under this system for a given practical end; we stop not for any fine theorizing about political forms; we have secured our rights and those of our children, under the guardianship of the State; in this religious movement, called Methodism, we have placed ourselves under a quite *militant regime*, to be sure, but we have done so because there is evidently yet some hard fighting to be done in the moral world, and because evidently this system is doing it better than others; and because, further, its sacrifices are reciprocal between preachers and people, and offend not the conscience; and because, finally, we submit to them voluntarily, and can withdraw from them when we don't like them.

Thus viewed, the concessions of a Methodist to his Church economy are not slavery, but *heroism;* and every Methodist should so assert them.

I have dwelt the longer on this generalized view of the subject, because I think it is comprehensive of almost every point in debate about our system, and will, therefore, save me the delay of more particularized reasonings.

First. It throws down almost every barrier, founded on "divine rights," or traditional authority, against useful changes.

Second. It vindicates our honor as men and citizens, for submission to an ecclesiastical system which we approve, notwithstanding we may admit many of the objections of our opponents.

Third. It implies the right, and even the duty of loyal Methodists to seek such changes of their economy as may be recommended by utilitarian reasons—but none other.

Fourth. It justifies the Church against reproach for declining to risk the efficacy of its system by changes demanded merely on theoretical grounds—grounds of "abstract rights," or "mutual rights;" or by any other logic than that of a sheer utilitarianism.

Fifth. It requires the Church to stand in a favorable attitude for improvements—leaning forward ever—backward never. She is not shackled by unalterable precedents. Her now stupendous interests and responsibilities should never be risked by whimsical experiments, but the highest wisdom of her policy—the only stability of her power—will be, under God, the good sense with which her leading minds shall comprehend the public opinion of her people, and the wants of the times, and meet them by changes so continuous that they shall never have occasion to become convulsive or revolutionary.

I will venture, my dear sir, still farther in these concessions; for I believe that it is by wise forbearance, by the settlement of a wise policy respecting changes in our system, that we are to secure it against those ever-recurring troubles which have agitated it from the days of O'Kelly down to our own.* I will admit, then—

Third. That we should hold it as a subject *open to discussion*. This is an inevitable result from the fundamental view of our economy just stated. Nothing but practical expediency can be a good argument in favor of such changes, and nothing but the same argument can be relevant against them; any such utilitarian expediency must be a matter of progressive development in the history of the denomination; it must, therefore, be revealed by the changing circumstances of the Church, and these circumstances can be ascertained and appreciated only by observation and discussion. A large liberty of discussion is then, I repeat, a necessity of our cause; in no other denomination should it be more freely accorded. The whole genius of our system presupposes it. Its healthfulness depends upon it.

And I have no vague meaning when I thus, from my loyalty to our common cause, demand *open discussion* of these subjects for it. I mean that its *official organs* should be open for such discussions. The inquiry, how can its practical system be made more and still more effective, is one of their most legitimate topics, and one that would subserve greatly the welfare of the Church. It would keep up a lively interest for it among the people. It would bring out the vindication of it, and make, therefore, more secure what is really important in the system, while it would lead to a more ready rectification of what is defective or obsolete. It would keep the popular mind more fully acquainted with and therefore better contented with its peculiarities—a matter rendered necessary by its unquestionable complexity. It would preserve the loyalty of many good but dissatisfied men, who, seeing the system habitually open to scrutiny and discussion, would feel assured that what they deem exceptionable in it, must sooner or later be made right, or shown to be so already. It would take away the provocation for separate movements and separate papers, and keep such discussions under the control of the Church. But would it not lead to unhealthy agitations? No. And let me say that such a question deserves something different from a respectful negative. It is an obsolete question in our age. It is against all the conditions of healthful inquiry and progress that characterize the civilization of our times. We have editors, and they certainly have powers enough. They alone ought to be held responsible for any excesses to which they may allow such discussions to go. I believe that most of the evils which beset such controversies come of the peculiar provocations which a timid and proscriptive treatment of them produces. Any man who should write an able article through our papers, on the means of rendering our missionary schemes more effective, could hardly fail to deepen the interest felt for that cause, however impracticable his suggestions. No such writer would be deemed

* There have been at least five secessions, more or less strong, from the Methodist Episcopal Church, within eighty years, averaging one to every sixteen years. All, except one of them, were accompanied with agitations respecting our Church polity.

disloyal; quite otherwise: "he is actively interested in the good cause," would every one say. Why then, in the name of all logic, should we treat differently the discussion of our ecclesiastical system; a system confessedly founded in expediency, and therefore subject to the influences of time and place? Personally I am the more solicitous that we should right ourselves in this respect, because I consider our fears a species of cowardice, and believe that they do us harm among valuable men within our pale, and the religious public without our pale. We need not these fears; our system, so literally magnificent in its results, may challenge any tests—especially while we vindicate it on the genuine Wealeyan ground of practical utility, stated above.

Our New-England brethren remember an experimental proof of the view here given. There was a time when their atmosphere was rife with agitation, and scarcely an altar was there among them that did not tremble with the shock. The anti-slavery excitement was transferred to the arena of Church politics. Our fundamental economy was in question, and the question was exasperated beyond any precedent in our history, by the fact that it was complicated with slavery—a great problem that touched the humanity and conscience of the people. The Churches were tried as by fire in that memorable day. How did they treat the subject in their organ, *Zion's Herald*, the paper that Dr. Dixon's book says has done more than any other in the country for the development and demonstration of Methodism? Did they fear and evade the discussion? Not at all; they affirmed that their system could stand any scrutiny. They opened a department on the fourth page of their paper for discussions *pro* and *con* respecting it; and prescribed but two conditions for these discussions: the first was, that no *personal vituperation* should be used—the editor having power to expunge it, became responsible for it. The second was, that nothing should be admitted which was not in a *spirit of loyalty to the common cause*—designed not to injure it, but, by supposed amendments, to help it. Exterior enemies, they remarked, had their own organs; they accorded them the right of assailing the Church to their hearts' content, but the Church's own columns were sacred to its own use; any genuine Methodist had, however, the right of free speech within them, subject to these two conditions. What was the result? The truth came out, as it always will in fair debate. The agitation subsided; the people were confirmed in their Methodistic fidelity, and are more so now than any other section of the country; as there was no unreasonable restraint on discussion, the strongest usual provocation to it was gone; the disputants fell off one after another to attend to better things; by and by an occasional shot was faintly heard—and then came unbroken calm.

This was the legitimate result of the policy pursued.

Let us then cease to fear in this respect. The Church is safe, so far as these questions are concerned, if our editors only lead us wisely. Allow me most respectfully to say, that I think the discussion of *practical Methodism* a want in our papers generally. The people will love it, and stand firmly by it, if they comprehend it; but it is a complicated machinery—wheels within wheels—thence comes its effectiveness, but thence also comes the liability of misapprehensions respecting it. Our official organs have the best power to maintain for it a popular sympathy by giving it popular expositions.

I am aware, dear sir, that there are some rather delicate implications in the preceding remarks. There are good men in the Church who will not readily admit that there is any such tacit disability among us, in the discussion of these questions. There are others, of different mettle, who would like, perhaps, to resent the implication. Both must accord me the privilege of differing from them. If they believe that the writer respecting the improvement of our Church economy fares no worse than he who, as above supposed, writes in the same manner about our missionary plans, I have only to assure them that I should heartily rejoice to share their comfortable views of the case, but have failed so to observe the tone of opinion among us.

I consider the above topic a fundamental one in the discussion, and therefore worthy of this distinct and special notice. I have long despaired of the settlement of the main questions involved, unless some of these incidental ones could be first cleared up.

Thus far, we have considered some of the proposed "reforms" of our Church economy, and the manner in which the demand for them should be treated. I have been the more anxious that a clear and prudent word should be uttered on the subject, because I think that, though the disposition for such changes is gradually and surely extending in the Church, it is so tranquil and considerate that now is precisely the time for such an utterance—that such an utterance, especially if it could come from higher authority than in the present instance, would tend much to avert the agitations which may yet proceed from these "reform" questions, should the guides of public opinion among us treat them imprudently. I am tempted, therefore, to venture in this letter a little further, and, having shown the general treatment which these questions should receive at the hands of the Church, dismiss the subject with some more specific references to the points of "reform" in question—gathering up and reporting the best sense of the Church respecting them, as far as my late travels have made it known to me. I wish the task I have attempted had been undertaken by any one more authoritative than myself; but as it has not, my brethren generally will forbear with me. I shall constrain them at least to admit that my remarks are candid, and in the spirit of a genuine loyalty to our common cause.

I need say but little respecting the question of *prolonging the time of our ministerial appointments*, as I have discussed it at some length. An indefinite term (the favorite plan, I think, of many in this section) is, as I have shown, altogether inadmissible. Allow me to say even that the proposition is a blunder, and in that sense unfortunate for the advocates of "reform," as it tends to excite among the conservative friends of the Church apprehensions at any more reasonable change. Nor should the ad-

vocates of a four years' term be too persistent; if their proposal were even a salutary one, still it asks too much for the present state of opinion among us. Methodism has worked so well, and is, unquestionably, still working so well, that there is an almost tremulous fear of changes among us. It is impolitic to challenge this feeling exorbitantly. The addition of one year to our present term is all that can be expected till at least that addition itself has been thoroughly tested, and found to be successful. While there is no urgent demand for even this change, I think our city Churches generally wish it, and a large and important class of preachers advocate it, and look for it as the next modification in Methodism. Meanwhile there are good brethren in the conferences who resist the suggestion with quite superfluous proofs of their anti-radicalism. I have known at least one excellent man who lost his election to the General Conference, because he was considered an "innovator" in this one respect; and were not your humble servant as resolute against receiving any such honor as his brethren can be against giving it to him, it might be well for him to guard a little his pen here. But he ventures to say that he sees nothing very appalling in the proposal—nothing at all so formidable and scarecrowish as would be any magisterial protestations made against it in the name of "old-fashioned Methodism." It happens not to be a "radical" point in Methodism. The period of appointment has already been subject to change. Wesley thought he could not well preach longer than a year or two to the same congregation. Wesleyan Methodism, however, wisely thought otherwise, and adopted three years: the arrangement works well; it could not work as well with a two years' appointment, as every man who has seen its working must be convinced. Wesleyan Methodism keeps up, however, the circuit system, even in London and Liverpool; we erred sadly when we gave that up. If we could restore it with a three years' appointment, I should "thank God and take courage" for our cause.

The period of appointment was quite an indefinite matter in American Methodism originally; practically, however, it varied from six months to one year; leading preachers were sometimes removed at the end of half a year from Baltimore to Philadelphia, from Philadelphia to New-York, from Newport to Boston, from Boston to Lynn.

The present definite law on the subject was, as I have said, an *innovation* rendered necessary by the continued uncertainties which beset both the administration of the bishops, and the calculations of preachers and Churches.

The change to two years is a justificatory precedent for any other similar change which the circumstances of the Church may render necessary.

We all admit that one year or six months would be absurd in our present appointments, owing to the changed circumstances of the Church; and I think that few reflecting men will tremble at the possible consequences of the addition of another year to the present term. Its indirect effects upon our Itinerancy cannot be important; the "Itinerancy" is maintained more thoroughly in England with three years than in this country with two. Our only policy about this question should be, I think, that when it becomes manifest that the public mind among us generally desires it, we should grant it without fear. But enough on this point.

The most important of these proposed reforms is what is called *Lay Representation*. And here comes into play especially the great summary principle of Methodist Church polity discussed above, viz.: that expediency, *utilitarianism*, is the basis of the whole structure. Lay representation then is an unfortunate phrase: it presupposes a *theory of rights* as applicable to the system; it would require the system to take an abstract, a philosophical form, instead of its present purely practical and militant one. This its whole history ignores, as we have shown: it does not deny that there are such abstract rights—"mutual rights," as they were called in the controversy of 1825—far otherwise; *but it claims the right to waive an abstract right*. It denies such rights no more than the republic denies that a citizen when he joins the army or navy possesses inherent rights. He puts himself under the military or naval regime voluntarily, except in extreme cases; and even then he puts himself there indirectly, for he adopts the law by which the government *compels* his services, even if he had nothing to do with originating it, as in the case of all citizens born after the adoption of the constitution or the law. So with the Methodist: his Church, when he enters it, shows him, on the whole face of its organization, that it is thoroughly *militant* in its economy, and is so because it finds that militant system the most successful. All Churches are militant; but this professes to be so in a special sense, and in respect to the very matters in question. The ministry tell this to the people; the people tell it back to the ministry. Its self-denials are common to both, save that the ministry, with more responsibilities of power, have also more real grievances from the system.

We are a thoroughly militant Church, let it be repeated, and let us boast of the fact. We acknowledge no "divine right" in Church organizations, but practical expediency. We compromise our abstract rights for the common good, as the patriotic citizen does, in the wars of his country. We profess not to be democratic, or aristocratic, or monarchic, but Methodistic—and we mean by that phrase, that in these economic matters practical utility is the "divine right" with us—that upon this we concentrate all our energies; for this sacrifice anything and everything except what conscience itself interdicts.

Hence, then, follows this important conclusion, viz.: that no change in our polity can be demanded, on the ground of abstract rights, except we upset the whole virtual compact, and transfer it from its present utilitarian basis to one purely philosophical—one that would have to be contrived *a priori*, and introduced by a revolution. And then, one party claiming its rights on ethical grounds alone, another can of course do the same; the layman claiming his abstract rights, the clergyman can do so too. What in the end becomes of your Itinerancy—of everything now at once onerous and effective

in Methodism? Is it not manifest that nearly everything now distinctive of it must "go by the board?"

I have dwelt on this summary view of Methodist Churchmanship in a former part of this letter, but it cannot be too clearly and emphatically presented. I insist upon it as the solution, and the only solution of the peculiarities—the problems—of the system.

But this does not invalidate the claim for what is called "lay representation" (let me rather call it lay coöperation) in the higher counsels of the Church; it only puts it upon another basis, the basis upon which the whole system rests—*practical expediency*. Will the system work better with such coöperation than without it? That's the question. And let me exhort all lay brethren, who favor the demand, never to allow it to be complicated with abstract theories. Here has been the mistake of our former controversies on the subject; abstract "rights" were demanded, and the phrase "mutual rights" adopted as the device of the insurrectionary banner; as well might a patriotic soldier pause in the midst of battle and refuse to advance, till he could be accorded his abstract right of electing his commander and legislating the "orders of the day." What a waste of breath had we in the controversies of 1825 by this preposterous blunder?

I think the demand for the introduction of laymen into the conferences (whether Annual or General) is now usually made as a matter of expediency, and on this ground it will receive more consideration and respect than on any other possible to the controversy: for on this ground alone will it be practicable. Claimed on any theory of rights, it could only be met by a readjustment of our entire economy, in such manner that the whole question of relative rights shall be met. This, as we have said, could be done only by a revolution, and a remodeling of the system; it is, therefore, perfectly hopeless. But claimed on considerations of expediency alone, the change *can be graduated to the actual necessity or propriety of the case*. It can be begun as a cautious experiment, and in a small degree, whereas on any theory of abstract rights the whole extent of the right claimed must be granted, and granted at once; for if you admit an equitable claim at all, you admit an unequitable, that is, an unrighteous deficiency on the part of the Church, so far as she comes at all short of the whole claim.

With this view, what can be done regarding this particular question of "lay representation?"

It strikes me that the plan adopted by several annual conferences within a few years is a safe and satisfactory beginning, and in accordance with the above doctrine of Methodist Churchmanship.

It is no "representation" founded upon a numerical ratio, as any abstract theory would require; but the appointment of one or more laymen from each Presiding Elder's district, by the District Stewards, meeting to attend the annual conference, and assist, in committee, the financial business of the conference. This plan has been sufficiently experimented to demonstrate not only its safety but its utility. It began in one or two conferences at the South, and has been adopted, I suppose, by this time, in nearly all of them. Every conference which adopted it, advanced immediately, and some of them surprisingly, in their finances. Alabama was one of the first. The lay delegates took an active part in not only the committee business, but the anniversary celebrations, and gave them new interest and importance. The Southern Church is, I think, universally convinced that it took a great step forward when it received this suggestion. The Alabama Conference now reports $20,000 for missions, and settles with its conference claimants at ninety-two per cent.—extraordinary facts in the history of Southern Methodism.

So well has this experiment worked that the last General Conference of the Church, South, took action in its favor, and thus gave the highest constitutional indorsement to it. That fact forms, itself, an epoch in the annals of Methodism.

This arrangement has been introduced into several of our Western Conferences. I was present at the Pittsburgh session, where it was, I think, unanimously adopted; and a remark of the chairman of the committee, Dr. Clark, of the *Pittsburgh Advocate*, viz., that it would be the safe beginning of further modifications, which time and the experiment might suggest, was approvingly received.

This is the way to meet the demand. And beginning in this way, we shall see how much further and when to advance. "Do the duty nearest to you," says some one, "and all others will come in their time and place." I believe that most of our laymen who wish "lay representation" would be satisfied with it as an experimental initiation of the whole question. Even with the present organization of our conferences it would not be difficult to manage this change. There is but one class of business pertaining to an annual conference in which our laymen could not well assist us, viz., its *judicial* proceedings. I include in this class not only regular "trials," but the usual *examination of character*. On the maxim that a man should be tried by his peers, these proceedings should be limited to the ministry. Besides these, we have only *executive* business, in almost every item of which laymen could do as well, if not better than ourselves.* After an hour or so, per day, spent in its judicial proceedings, the conference could resolve itself into a committee of the whole, for its other business, and thus admit the laymen to a full participation (even as far as voting) in most of its transactions for each day. A similar course has been adopted in some Southern conferences — the conferences meeting, in committee of the whole, in the afternoon.

Here then is not only a *practicable*, but an unquestionably *useful* plan, which, as an experimental one, would be safe, and at the same time satisfactory, nay, I am certain, highly

* Of course I do not include the Appointments in "Conference business," for they belong solely to the Episcopal cabinet, and could be made and published independently of the session, and are in fact only announced before it, on its termination—usually after the minutes are finally read and signed, if not after the formal adjournment. As to legislative powers, the Annual Conference has none whatever, properly.

gratifying to many of our best laymen throughout the country. If it should be found to work well, no one doubts that it would lead to still more satisfactory changes.

I am extending this letter, my dear sir, too far; but let me summarily say that this arrangement would have the following advantages among many others:—

First. It would powerfully promote the success of our conference finances, and other business, by giving us the business talents of our ablest laymen.

Second. It would help the great interests of our work, in the interim of the sessions, for these laymen would carry to their respective districts a better knowledge of and a profounder interest in our affairs. They would stimulate them everywhere. We have a great deal of lay zeal now. Give this opportunity to our laymen, and you will see what will come of it—see it to the joy of the whole Church.

Third. It will meet the growing desire for lay coöperation in the higher responsibilities of the Church, even should it not be all that is asked for at once. It would thus quiet dissatisfactions, prevent alienations, and especially would it forestall those outbreaks for hypothetical innovations, which occasionally occur under our present economy, and which assimilate so readily with all other public disturbances among us.

Fourth. It would save us much reproach. Our system is now undeniably a very anomalous one. The most striking feature on the very face of it, is the organic isolation of the clergy in the midst of the people, as the official conductors of the system. This fact does not look well; it is folly for us to affect to say that it does. Our congregations, now filled with as capable laymen as can be found among American citizens, cannot contemplate the fact with indifference—much less can the public at large. It is only the historical origin of the fact that vindicates it. Thus considered, it is no disparagement to us. Our ministry came here a corps by themselves; they formed classes and then societies, mostly of untutored people, (and the fact was much to their evangelical honor, Matt. xi, 5;) they passed along over circuits of hundreds of miles, affiliating these small untrained societies. It was a necessity that they should discipline and govern them. They assembled among themselves periodically to report their success, re-distribute their labors, and revise their disciplinary methods; thus they grew into a consolidated and isolated body of ecclesiastics—necessarily and without ambitious design. The history of the fact, I say, excuses it. But now that our thoroughly organized Churches dot every village and city; now that we report hundreds of thousands of talented laymen—men who rule in the business and municipalities of the country, and are equally competent to do so in the affairs of the Church—should this peculiar state of things be continued, if there is any modification of it possible? I will not reason with any man who says it should. The reason why it has been maintained thus far has, I am grateful to say, been a common one to both preachers and people—a fear lest by altering our economy we should impair its energy. So long as there is reason to fear this result, let us not touch it; let people and preachers unitedly forbid any interference with it. But the above modification is found not only *a priori*, but experimentally feasible. It seems to me to be unexceptionable—even its possible results as a precedent, I think, can only be good, if there is any truth in the most primary maxims of the political and business prudence of the age; and happy shall we all be if, in addition to the other advantages enumerated, it shall tend to suppress the misapprehensions and impeachments which our brethren of other denominations utter so incessantly against us.

I trust, my dear sir, that I shall not be misconstrued. I have uttered in another form and with the indorsement of the Church, decided objections to the theoretical doctrine of "lay representation," chiefly because of its impracticability. I have done so in this article; but I argue now for another thing, and one that I hail with inexpressible interest as a providential development in our history. I treat of an experiment which has already been initiated under high sanction, and I do so from as warm and loyal a heart as beats for Methodism in this land—one that owes its hopes of salvation to it, and therefore looks with filial solicitude to its future.

Another topic remains—the *Presiding Eldership*. I have little room for it, and I confess that I refer to it with reluctance; after what I have said above on the subject, you will believe that I regard it with much more than its usual estimation among our people. It would be a mighty arm of power, if rightly used. Let me throw my necessarily brief remarks upon it into a few propositions.

First. If we would keep it intact, we must man it with our best talents. But how shall we spare them? The Lord raise us up men!

Second. To make it elective would, I believe, help it. I confess I belong to the old school of "election," in this respect. The "reform" movement of 1825 alone defeated this improvement. Bishop Hedding was elected to the Episcopate as the representative of the change in contrast with Bishop Soule, who represented the opposite opinion. Bangs, Emory, and, in fine, the Northern delegations generally were for it; but the agitation of the "reformers" coming on, drove them to other matters, and it has since been a neglected question.

Third. The question, could we have a local Presiding Elder, having charge of a station, with a suitable number of Churches under his presidency, to be visited mostly on week days? is worthy of consideration. At least, could not this arrangement be left to the option of the Annual Conferences? They now have, virtually, by their Episcopal cabinet, the determination of how many Districts or Presiding Elders they will have. Why could they not also determine whether the Presiding Elder shall have a local appointment or not; or on what District he shall travel, and on what not? This "legislative" power, if such it should be called, would be analogous only to what the Annual Conferences already exercise in many cases.

Three-fourths of our work, as I have said, need the office as it is; but if any Conference

does not need a traveling Presiding Elder, could he not be stationed? The District chairmanship of the Wesleyan Methodists is an example of what I mean. All along our northern line, in the British Provinces, it works well; the itinerancy suffers no harm from it. Could it not work as well a few miles further southward? It would supply at least two hundred more men to our pulpits. Let me add, that the experiment has actually been introduced by one of your Episcopal colaborers. He thus arranged the Liberia Conference appointments, and, I doubt not, exercised his usual good sense in doing so. After all, may we not find that our alarms about this "vexed question" are mostly imaginary, and that a little more courage in its practical solution will overcome its seeming difficulties?

I have thus, with what clearness and force I can command, reviewed these important questions. I have studiously avoided hypothetical opinions. I have recommended nothing but what has already been indorsed, though not sufficiently experimented. I believe that Methodism is on the safe route in those continual changes (much more extensive than usually supposed) which it has adopted. This, under the blessing of God, is the only safe policy for it. A former distinguished senator, the elder Bayard, who was familiar with the Church, from intermarriage with a Methodist family, predicted that Methodism would spread over the continent and become the religion of the masses, but only to break to pieces at last with a proportionate ruin. He judged from a view of its original ministerial powers, and the supposition that men having power would not consent to new limitations on it. But he judged amiss. We have been incessantly conceding, and we shall always do so when expediency demands it. Let us only keep two things—the favor of God, and the favor of our devoted people—and the mighty mission begun by our fathers can never be defeated.

While I have taken only loyal, and what may be called, I trust, Methodistic views of these questions, I know I may be liable to misapprehension and even hostility from some of my brethren. Let me say, however, in conclusion, that I proposed no controversy, and shall have none. I have stated my honest convictions, and here drop these questions to proceed to others. I am conscious that they will commend themselves to many, though not to all frank and thoughtful men. I acknowledge the right of any one to discuss them; but I must be excused from replying. Besides my indisposition to do so, I shall, by the time this article can appear, be temporarily absent from the country—a fact that must be my excuse for any apparent disregard of opposing opinions, and at the same time my claim upon the courtesy of any opponent, so far as personal reflections are concerned.

In my next I shall treat of a topic of more general interest, if not of more importance.

I am, &c., A. STEVENS.

Editorial Notes and Gleanings.

IN our last *Letter to Bishop Simpson* we dealt largely in statistics. It must be understood that all our figures and the deductions from them were given on the authority of the report of Dr. Bangs, referred to in the letter.

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We give in our present number the remainder of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," with the illustrations of the "London Etching Club." The original plates, by this club, were, as we stated last month, destroyed after a limited edition; these cuts are exquisite copies of them. The poem itself will never grow old; we should be glad to re-insert it every year, if we could as often present it with as new and as good illustrations.

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BIBLICAL PAPERS.—We complete in this number the article on the Dead Sea and its Explorers. In our next will be commenced a learned and interesting paper on Nineveh and its Story, as shown by Layard, Rowlinson, and other discoverers. It is designed that these papers shall comprise the best results of the latest discoveries, in illustration of Biblical criticism.

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WEST ENDS.—Most persons think that the reason why the west-end of London or New-York is more fashionable than the east, is nothing more than the topographical figuration of the capital. But the Academy of Sciences at Paris has pronounced this opinion to be a delusion, as we learn from an article in the London *Athenæum*. In the first place, it appears that it is not only at London, but at Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Turin, St. Petersburgh, and almost every other capital in Europe—at Liege, Caen, Montpelier, Toulouse, and several other large towns—wherever, in fact, there are not great local obstacles—the tendency of the wealthier inhabitants to group themselves to the west is almost as strongly marked as in the "great metropolis." In the second place, at Pompeii and other ancient towns the same thing may be noticed; and in the third place, where the local figuration of the town necessitates an increase in a different direction, the moment the obstacle ceases, houses spread toward the west. This last fact may, it is stated, be particularly observed at Rome, and, to a certain extent, at Edinburgh. When, then, all cities and towns have their best districts in the west, it is pretty clear that the cause of it must be some general law entirely distinct from local situation. What is that law? "It arises from the atmospheric pressure," answers the Academy of Sciences. "When," it continues, "the barometric column rises, smoke and pernicious emanations rapidly evaporate in space. In the

contrary case we see that smoke and pernicious vapors remain in apartments and on the surface of the soil. Now, every one knows that of all winds, that which causes the greatest ascension of the barometric column is that of the east, and that which lowers it most is the west. When the latter blows, it has the inconvenience of carrying with it to the eastern parts of a town all the deleterious gases which it meets in its passage over the western parts. It results from that that the inhabitants of the eastern part of a town have to support not only their own smoke and miasma, but those of the western part of the town, brought to them by the west winds. When, on the contrary, the east wind blows, it purifies the air by causing to ascend the pernicious emanations which it cannot drive to the west. Consequently, the inhabitants of the west receive pure air from whatever part of the horizon it may arrive; and it may be added that, as the west winds are those which most frequently prevail, they are the first to receive the air pure and as it arrives from the country." After thus explaining why the western parts are the best, the Academy makes these recommendations: 1. That persons who have the liberty of choice, and especially those of delicate health, should reside in the western parts of towns; 2. That all establishments from which emanate pernicious vapors and gases should be placed to the east; 3. That in building a house in a town, and even in the country, the kitchens and other dependencies from which pernicious emanations may arise should be placed to the east. The members of the Academy who have announced the preceding discovery, and made the preceding recommendations are Messrs. Pelouze, Pouillet, Boussingault, and Elie de Beaumont—all of them of European reputation as *savants*.

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An important project is on foot in England, for "Exploring and Evangelizing Central Africa by means of Native Agents," and it is rapidly gaining a solid basis of strength, says one of our transatlantic journals. The object seems to be, to dispute the possession of Interior Africa with the followers of Mohammed. "No obstacle," says the prospectus, "exists among any of the Arab tribes, or the Twareg, 'the lords of the Sahara,' to induce them to oppose or impede the circulation of the Bible, since every Moslem has the highest respect and veneration for Torat, Elanbeyae walangeel Saidna Asia, 'the law, the prophets, and the testament of our Lord Jesus.' We can also mention the name of a Mohammedan prince and that of a cadi, residing in an oasis of the desert, who have actually already done much toward so desirable an object. Mr. Richardson, previous to his departure for Central Africa, in 1849, drew up a paper in which he says:—

"'While endeavoring to excite the Christian Churches to dispute Central Africa with the Mohammedans, I would not assert that Africa has not benefitted by the introduction of Mohammedanism. I would not be guilty of such injustice, even to the followers of the false prophet of Mecca. The Mohammedans have introduced deism in contradistinction to fetishism, and the worship of many gods. They have abolished human sacrifices. They have limited and regulated polygamy, and so protected the rights of widows and children. They have introduced principles of abstinence and moderation in living by the Ramadhan. They have also introduced reading and writing with the Arabic language, besides many other things which have raised the Africans from mere brute existence to social and political confederacies. But they have failed in teaching the knowledge of the true God, as revealed in the Christian Scriptures.'"

The committee add:—

"Ignatius Pallme, a Bohemian, who traveled in Kordofan in the years 1837 and 1838, strongly urges European societies to direct their attention to Central Africa. 'If they delay much longer,' he says, 'it will be too late; for when the negroes have once adopted the Koran, no power on earth can induce them to change their opinions. I have heard,' Pallme continues, 'that there are but few provinces in the interior of Africa where Mohammedanism has not already begun to gain a footing.'"

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Woman and her Position.—The authoress, Mrs. Jameson, has recently published in England a *brochure*, entitled *Sisters of Charity, Catholic and Protestant, Abroad and at Home*. It is a lecture which she has delivered in several private circles, on the question "Whether there be any hope or possibility of organizing into some wise and recognized system, the talent and energy, the piety and tenderness of our women, for the good of the whole community." She takes the largest views of the subject without, however, the extravagances which have been broached upon it in this country. Her arguments are drawn chiefly from statistics and matters of fact. She says:—

"In the last census of 1851 there appears an excess of the female over the male population of Great Britain of more than half a million, the proportion being one hundred and four women to every one hundred men. How shall we employ this superfluity of the 'feminine element' in society—how turn it to good and useful purposes, instead of allowing it to run to waste? Take of these five hundred thousand superfluous women only the one-hundredth part, say five thousand women who are willing to work for good, to join the communion of labor, under a directing power, if only they knew how—if only they could *learn* how—best to do their work, and if employment were open to them—what a phalanx it would be if properly organized? Everywhere I find the opinion of thoughtful and intelligent men corroborative of my own observations and conclusions. In spite of the adverse feeling of '*that other public*, to which we the sensible reflecting public are not in the least degree related,'—in spite of routine and prejudice,—the feeling of those who in the long run will lead opinion, is for us. They say: 'In all our national institutions we want the help of women. In our hospitals, prisons, lunatic asylums, workhouses, reformatory schools, elementary schools,—everywhere we want efficient women, and none are to be found prepared or educated for our purpose.' The men whom I have heard speak this, seem to regard this infusion of a superior class of working women into our public institutions as a new want, a new expedient. They do not seem to feel or recognize the profound truth, that the want now so generally felt and acknowledged arises out of a great unacknowledged law of the Creator—a law old as creation itself—which makes the moral health of the community to depend on the coöperation of women in all work that concerns the well-being of man. For as I have said before, it is not in one or two relations, but in all the possible relations of life, in which men and women are concerned, that they must work together for mutual improvement, and the general good."

We give one passage more, which is as appropriate to our own country as to Great Britain:—

"We require in our country the recognition—the public recognition—by law as well as by opinion, of the woman's privilege to share in the communion of labor at her own free choice, and the foundation of institutions which shall train her to do her work well. I am anxious that you should not misunderstand me

at the outset with regard to this '*woman question*,' as it has been called. I have no intention to discuss either the rights or the wrongs of women. I think that on this question our relations across the Atlantic have gone a mile beyond the winning-post, and brought discredit and ridicule on that just cause which, here in England, prejudice, custom, ignorance have in a manner crushed and smothered up. It is in this country, beyond all Christian countries, that what has been called, quaintly but expressively, the 'feminine element of society,' considered as a power applicable in many ways to the amelioration of many social evils, has been not only neglected, but absolutely ignored by those who govern us. The woman cries out for the occasion and the means to do well her appointed and permitted work, to perform worthily her share in the natural communion of labor. Because it is denied to her she perishes, 'and no man layeth it to heart.'"

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SLAVERY—A NEW IDEA.—It would not be contrary to the history of Divine Providence if the great problem of American slavery should, after all, receive a solution which has never been anticipated by agitators on either side of the question. Our new access to China by way of California, and the new changes taking place in that ancient empire, may yet afford us a peaceable relief to the perplexities of the controversy. A writer in the *National Intelligencer* has advocated the introduction of Chinese laborers at the South, to supply the place of the negro, whose labor, it is said, is unproductive to the planter. The subject has for some time engaged the attention of individuals in the Southern States, and also in Cuba and England. A project was started, says the *Boston Journal*, some time since, for the introduction of six thousand coolies into Cuba, and English capitalists were to furnish them; but the demand for transports by the British government rendered it difficult to obtain suitable ships for the enterprise. Lately, however, the project has been revived, and a vessel fitted at New-York for China to return to Panama with a load of Chinese laborers, from whence they will be transported to the Atlantic side by the Panama railroad and thence to Cuba.

The writer in the *Intelligencer* is an advocate for slave labor, and recognizes servitude as a blessing conferred by Heaven upon the inferior races of men. But in regard to the present condition of slavery at the South he makes admissions in accordance with the views of other Southern gentlemen, which from time to time have been expressed, and which conclusively show, that slavery begins to yield to the pressure of public sentiment. He says:—

"But African slavery has become more and more unproductive, and has gradually been running out in every section of Northern and Southern America. An agitation, most unjustifiable, it is true, yet not the less effective for evil, has been prevailing for years at home and abroad, which is making the system of African slave labor more and more unpleasant and unproductive in our Southern States.

"It may be that, in the orderings of that Providence which is so much more benign and gentle and beneficent than man to his fellows, a gradual introduction of Asiatic laborers is to take the place of the Africans in our sunny South. Their habits, and the climate and productions of their country, specially fit the Chinese to be hardy and efficient tillers of the soil for Southern planters, and active and intelligent porters for New-Orleans and Charleston merchants."

In conclusion, the writer asks, whether any other New-York shipping merchant has thought of bringing a cargo of coolies to other markets than Cuba?

Once in a while we hear something like primitive Christian sentiments from Catholic prelates; lately the Archbishop of Lyons, Cardinal de Bonold, has rebuked the common vices of the French in an uncompromising manner. In his Pastoral Letter for Lent he declared the cholera was sent as a punishment for the eagerness with which the ladies of Paris run after pleasure, "joining in a certain lascivious dance called polka, suffering every man but their own husbands to clasp them in the waltz, which latter dance may be considered the last sigh of expiring virtue." His Eminence then goes on to say that "the only way to induce the Almighty to sheathe the sword of vengeance, which he has drawn from the scabbard to punish our sins, would be to abstain from all balls, reunions, theaters, and promenades. Then his wrath may be appeased. Let us, therefore, seek no other remedy than this against the epidemic diseases which at this moment are destroying, without mercy, men, plants and animals."

The Pastoral Letter of the cardinal would not have had much effect had not Count Montalembert and Father Ravignan taken up the subject against the Archbishop of Paris, who loudly condemned the sentiments of his colleague, asserting that display at balls, theaters, and promenades kept up the industry of France, and gave labor to the poorer classes.

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WIGS—THE PURITANS.—An American correspondent of the London *Notes and Queries*, represents that our Puritan fathers entertained a very devout abhorrence of periwigs. The fashion of wearing wigs, from its first introduction, was strenuously opposed, especially in Massachusetts; and there were not wanting those who looked upon it as "a sin of the first magnitude." The following notes from the diary of Judge Sewall (Chief Justice of Massachusetts) prove with how jealous eyes the progress of innovation was watched:—

"1685, September 15. Three admitted to the Church; two wore periwigs."

"1696. [Rev.] Mr. Sims told me of the assaults he had made on periwigs; seemed to be in good sober sadness."

"1697. Mr. Noyes of Salem wrote a treatise on periwigs, &c."

"1704, January. Walley appears in his wig, having cut off his own hair."

"1708, August 20. Mr. Cheever died. The welfare of the province was much upon his heart. He abominated periwigs."

The Society of Friends, at their monthly meeting in Hampton, Mass., December 21, 1721, voted that "ye wearing of extravagant superflues wigges is *altogether contrary to truth*."

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WHAT IS POETRY?—Professor Scherb remarked in a late lecture in the New-York University Chapel, that, many years ago, when a boy, he asked the German poet, Goethe, What is poetry, and how can one become a poet? And he laid his hand upon the boy's heart and told him that poetry was not the exclusive possession of a few strong individuals; it was not a handicraft's knack; it belonged to all men and women who earnestly and with all their heart and soul yearned for it. It was the pure ether; the kernel of life; yea, life itself. And what

was the kernel of life? He repeated from Plato the story of Glaucus, the young and beautiful fisherman whom the sea nymphs carried down to their crystal home to live with them, and how after he had lived there for many years, his body became incrusted with shells and pebbles, so that he was not the same Glaucus that he was before; and Plato went on to say that it was just so with the soul of man, when it fell from its home in heaven down upon this exiled earth. So it was. And faith alone assured us that beneath all these shells and pebbles, these marks and conventional disguises, there was yet a kernel of life. To that, poetry spoke; from that, poetry spoke. In every human soul there was a yearning for something higher than the enjoyments of mankind; a yearning for endless bliss, for infinite happiness. Poetry was the manifestation of the higher life in the human spirit, revealing itself through the medium of the imagination. They were all one and the same; the good, the true, and the beautiful.

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MARIOLATRY. — The new step forward in heathenism, taken by Rome in the doctrine of the immaculate conception, is having its heathenish results. The following (the italics its own) is an extract from an editorial in the *Pittsburgh Catholic*:—

"The beloved Son, the Man-God, had to pass himself through 'the valley of the shadow of death;' so had his dearest, his chosen saints; and *her* example of dying was also needed for us. But her death, if death it can be called, (for it was only a passing away, *a languishing into life*,) was the easiest, quietest, smoothest passage of any saint whatever; and it is called by the Latin fathers *dormitio*, or the *sleep of the virgin*, and by the Greeks *koimesis*, repose or passage. 'Death,' says Liguori, 'being the punishment of sin, it would seem that the divine mother, all holy and exempt from every strain, should not be subject to death, nor suffer the same misfortune as the children of Adam, who are infected by the poison of sin. *But God, wishing Mary in all things to be like to Jesus, required that as the Son had died, the mother should also die;* and because he wished to give to the just an example of the blessed death prepared for them, he decreed that the virgin should die, but by a sweet and happy death."

The *Catholic Herald* gives its readers the following translation of a Prayer, which has been extensively circulated in France, for the conversion of "heretics." It informs us that "the Bishop of Mende especially recommends it, and attaches to the devout recital of it by the faithful of his diocese an indulgence of forty days."

"I know, O Immaculate Virgin, that thou lovest thy children, and that thou art pleased to yield to their desires. Full of a sweet and tender confidence, I dare to beg a favor of thee, O benign mother. Thou wishest to be importuned; thou lovest to see thy children press around thee. Then, O holy virgin, by that triumph which our devotion has applauded with fervent joy; by that last title, the most glorious that remained for us to claim for thee; by that redoubling of love for our mother, of veneration for our queen, grant to those who have the misfortune not to love thee, to all those who do not pray to thee, O Mary, the grace to know thee, and to embrace the doctrine of thy divine Son. Yes, I conjure thee, O best of mothers, to make them know that thou art the dispensatrix of the treasures of Jesus. Soften his wrath by thy prayers. Thou canst do everything: the compassionate heart of Jesus can refuse thee nothing. Ah, merciful mother, immaculate virgin! deign to look upon our wandering brethren; touch their hearts in order that they may participate in the immense joy which we experience, and that for them, as for us, it may be a foretaste of the ineffable delights of a blessed eternity. Amen."

The first of these extracts will answer those "heretics" who ask how the virgin could die without sin—the cause of death. The second upsets the pretension of intelligent Catholics, heretofore so commonly asserted, viz.: that they only venerate not worship the saints and images. Mary is here certainly made a deity.

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A Dr. Davy has recently published a work in England, in which he advocates "fish diet" as the very pabulum of human vigor. "There is," he says, "much nourishment in fish, little less than in butcher's meat, weight for weight; and in effect it may be more nourishing, considering how, from its softer fiber, fish is more easily digested. Moreover, there is, I find in fish, in sea-fish, a substance which does not exist in the flesh of land animals, namely, iodine; a substance which may have a beneficial effect on the health, and tend to prevent the production of scrofulous and tubercular disease, the latter in the form of pulmonary consumption, one of the most cruel and fatal with which civilized society, and the highly-educated and refined, are afflicted. Comparative trials prove that in the majority of fish the proportion of solid matter, that is, the matter which remains after perfect desiccation, or the expulsion of the aqueous part, is little inferior to that of the several kinds of meat, game or poultry. And if we give our attention to classes of people—classed as to quality of food they principally subsist on—we find that the ichthyophagous class are especially strong, healthy, and prolific. In no class than that of fishers do we see larger families, handsomer women, or more robust and active men, or a greater exemption from the maladies just alluded to." Owing to the absence of iodine in fresh-water fish and its presence in sea-fish, there can be no doubt but that the latter are more nutritious. It is the iodine in cod-liver oil which renders the oil so efficacious in arresting the progress of consumption.

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The survivor of the Brothers Cheeryble of Dickens, Daniel Grant, Esq., of Manchester, died lately.

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A LITERARY SCREW.—An English paper says that Sharon Turner, author of the History of the Anglo-Saxons, who received three hundred pounds a year from government, as a literary pension, wrote the third volume of his Sacred History of the World upon paper which did not cost him a farthing. The copy consisted of torn and angular fragments of letters and notes, of covers of periodicals, gray, drab, or green, written in thick round hand, over a small print; of shreds of curling paper, unctuous with pomatum of bear's grease, and of white wrappers, in which his proofs were sent from the printers. The paper, sometimes as thin as a bank note, was written on both sides, and was so sodden with ink, plastered on with a pen worn to a stump, that hours were frequently wasted in discovering on which side of it certain sentences were written. Men condemned to work on it saw their dinner vanished in illimitable perspective, and first-rate hands groaned over it a whole day for tenpence. One poor fellow assured the writer of that paper

that he could not earn enough upon it to pay his rent, and that he had seven mouths to fill besides his own. In the hope of mending matters in some degree, slips of stout white paper were sent frequently with the proofs; but the good gentleman could not afford to use them, and they never came back as copy. What an inveterate miser this old scribbler must have been, notwithstanding his pension and his copyrights!

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The very rare and interesting spectacle of solemnly "crowning" a poet has been witnessed in Madrid the present year. The Spanish poet, Quintana, was taken in procession to the palace of the senate, where he found the queen, the king, the members of the royal family, the ministers, the members of the Royal Academy of History, and a vast number of personages of distinction, assembled to receive him. After the delivery of a speech setting forth the history of his life and works, and the singing of a hymn in his honor, a crown of gold, representing leaves of laurel, was handed to the Queen by the Duke de la Victoria, President of the Council of Ministers; and Her Majesty, amid shouts of applause, placed it on the poet's head, saying, as she did so, that she felt pride and pleasure, in her capacity of the Queen and Spaniard, in honoring a man who had distinguished himself by his genius and patriotism. An ode, written by a lady, and exalting the poet to the skies, was then recited. He was afterward entertained at a banquet, and was then conducted home in a grand procession—the crown of gold being borne in a triumphal car before him.

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Insanity and Idiocy.—The Legislature of Massachusetts appointed a commission to report on the condition of the insane and idiotic in the State. They have produced a very interesting document, the outlines of which are given in the Boston *Journal*:—"There were in the State of Massachusetts, in the autumn of 1854, 2,632 lunatics, and 1,087 idiots—making a total of 3,719 of those persons who need the care and protection of their friends for their support, restoration, and custody. Of the lunatics, 1,522 were paupers, and 1,110 were supported by their own property or by their friends. Of the idiots, 670 were supported by their friends, and 417 by the public treasury. The lunatics comprised 2,007 natives, and 625 foreigners; and there were among the idiots, 1,043 natives, and but 44 foreigners. Of the independent lunatics, 387 are in hospitals, 7 in prisons, and 716 at home. Of the pauper lunatics, 954 are in hospitals or places of custody, and 568 at home. The commissioners state that idiocy and lunacy predominate among the poorer classes of society, where there is less vital force, a lower tone of life, more ill-health, and more weakness, than in the higher classes. In Massachusetts, the pauper class furnishes, in ratio of its numbers, sixty-four times as many cases of insanity as the independent class. About eighty-six per cent. of the pauper lunatics are incurable, and of the independent class seventy per cent. are returned as beyond hope of restoration. Among the lunatics there is a larger proportion of foreigners than of natives. In 1854 the native insane were as 1 to 445 of the whole native population, and the foreign insane were as 1 to 368 of the whole number of aliens. The State treasury supports eighty-seven per cent. of all the foreign lunatics in Massachusetts, and fifty-seven per cent. of the native lunatics. Without doubt, much insanity is occasioned by intemperance. The printed reports of the hospital in Worcester show that seventy-two per cent. of the cases are produced by religious excitement; seventy of those caused by ill health, fifteen of those occasioned by epilepsy, and only eleven per cent. of those occasioned by the lowest sensuality are cured. The State pays annually more than $146,000 for the support of insane paupers.

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A depository for Bibles and other religious books, in various languages, has been opened in the Frank quarter of Constantinople, as a branch of the similar establishment existing in Stamboul. A committee has been appointed to make the necessary arrangements, and a room has been engaged in the main street of Pera, near the British Consulate. In connection with the book-store, it is proposed to provide accommodation for reading a few of the principal English and American newspapers, one or two of the French and Italian journals, and some of the religious and secular periodicals published in Great Britain, America, and on the Continent. Although pecuniary help is expected from one or more of the religious societies at home, whose publications will be offered for sale in this new depository, yet the founding and support of the whole institution must chiefly depend upon local resources.

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The latest, and apparently the fairest, estimate of the population of the world, makes it eleven hundred and fifty millions; viz.: Pagans, 676,000,000; Christians, 320,000,000; Mohammedans, 140,000,000, and Jews, 14,000,000. Of Christians, the Church of Rome numbers 170,000,000, the Greek and Eastern Churches, 60,000,000, and Protestants, 90,000,000.

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Food for Reflection.—The total number of commitments to the City Prison of New-York during the last year was 30,691; of whom 6,966 were natives, and 23,725 foreigners. The whole number of criminals convicted in the United States was 26,547: native, 12,856; foreign, (about one-fifth of the population,) 13,691.

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Mr. M'Gee, editor of the *American Celt*, (Romanist,) was this spring on a visit to Ireland, and delivered in Cork a lecture on "Society in America," in which he advised such of his countrymen as could live at home, to stay at home. In the course of his remarks he stated that in the United States "the Church (Roman) loses sixty per cent. of the children of Roman Catholic parents."

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The *Boston Transcript* gives the following as the *newspaper issues* of the three great Atlantic cities:—Boston, 113 papers, circulation 54,000,000; New-York, 104 papers, circulation 78,000,000; Philadelphia, 51 papers, circulation 48,000,000. It is observable, if these

figures are correct, that with more than twice the number of papers in Boston, their circulation is not so very much greater than that of the Philadelphia press. "This," says the Boston *Register*, "may be owing to the fact that we have a larger variety of *isms* with their 'organs,' and also a larger number of literary weeklies. The disparity between Boston and New-York as to the ratio of the journals to the copies sent out is also note-worthy."

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It is singular that the *name of God* should be spelt with four letters in almost every known language. It is in Latin, Deus; French, Dieu; Greek, Zeus; German, Gott; Scandinavian, Odin; Swedish, Codd; Hebrew, Adon; Syrian, Adad; Persian, Syra; Tartarian, Idga; Spanish, Dias; East India, Esgi, or Zenl; Turkish, Addi; Egyptian, Aumn, or Zeut; Japanese, Zain; Peruvian, Lian; Wallachian, Zene; Etrurian, Chur; Tyrrhenian, Eher; Irish, Dieh; Croatian, Doga; Margarian, Oese; Arabian, Allah; Dalmatian, Rogt.

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A curious sect of *religionists* have arisen in England, called the *Disciples*. They believe that Christ will appear in 1864; that the Russians will triumph over the Turks, and the Jews over the Russians; the latter event to happen in just ten years' time, when the Jews will become a nation in the Holy Land. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and the rest of the righteous Jews of old, with a few elect among Christians, will arise from the dead and live in Palestine; but the heathen and the wicked Jews and Christians will sleep eternally.

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Ecclesiological.—We learn from *The Churchman* that at a meeting of the Ecclesiological Society in this city, held at St. Paul's Chapel, the Rev. Mr. Hopkins read a report on the Cathedral system, proposing certain changes in the social and educational arrangements of the Protestant Episcopalian clergy. We copy from *The Churchman*:—

"Every bishop should have his see, which should be the chief city in the diocese over which he presided. Here, of course, was the cathedral, and the proper place for the meetings of conventions, &c. The bishop and clergy (of the cathedral) should live together, eating at the same table, and living a common life. By this means a house would be provided for the country clergy who should visit the bishop, and a closer bond of union and intercourse established between the bishop and his clergy. It might be objected that the clergy generally being married men, this arrangement would not work; but this need not be a very great obstacle; if the clergy must marry, their wives could act as housekeepers. The Eastern Church required that the bishops should be widowers or unmarried men. The Scripture says that it is not good for man to be alone, and bishops are no exception to the rule. They, too, need a help-*meet* for them; and what better help-meet can they have than a band of young unmarried, self-denying priests and deacons? There should also be schools; a theological training school attached to the cathedral; a boys' school, to furnish choristers, (boys' voices only being proper for Church music,) and to prepare them for the ministry; and a girls' school, to make good clergymen's wives. Then we should have a cathedral like that of St. Basil in the East, with bishops and priests living together in holy harmony. It would also be a real center for the organized and missionary labors of the diocese, and a modified form of itinerancy might be adopted, which would relieve the country clergy, and give the Church health and life. If it should be objected that the dioceses are too large—and they are—let them be broken up. The way has been opened by county convocations, and the Church is gradually growing up to the cathedral system of the primitive Church. No diocese should be more than forty miles long. There need be no revolution of any kind, no alteration of canons, nothing is wanted but action."

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There has been no little discussion in the Protestant Episcopal Church for a year or two on "reforms." Most of the proposed changes look to the combination of more of the ancient usages with more of the modern practical enterprises. The introduction of a sort of lay-preaching, like the Methodist "local ministry," has been urged, and also a sort of "itinerancy." It is a striking fact, that while Methodism is imprudently abandoning (in some quarters at least) these usages, other denominations are attempting to adopt them. The only itinerancy now in this city is that of old Trinity—the richest parish in the city. Its three or four preachers minister from church to church every Sabbath.

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Brigham Young.—It is said that two large and beautiful houses have been built adjoining that which he occupies now in Salt Lake city, to accommodate his increasing family. He now rejoices in between fifty and sixty wives, and from forty to fifty children. Elder Kimball, one of the Mormon apostles, has between sixty and seventy consorts.

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Lenardo Da Vinci, the famous Florentine painter, expired in the arms of Francis the First. His last descendant, a traveling glazier, the present year died in the neighborhood of Roane, from the effects of a fall from the roof of a hot-house he was repairing.

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The Boston *Transcript* has collated quite a curiosity of literature, founded on certain coincidences noticeable in contemplating the names and lives of the first seven Presidents of the United States:—Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, J. Q. Adams, Jackson. First. Four of the seven were from the same State, (Virginia.) Second. Two others bearing the same name (Adams) were from the same State. Third. The remaining one of the seven, (Jackson,) being particularly tenacious of his opinions and ways, came very properly from Tennessee. Fourth. All of them, except one, were sixty-six years of age on retiring from office. Fifth. All these last-mentioned served two terms. Sixth. The one who served one term only, had he served two terms, would also have been sixty-six years of age on retiring. Seventh. Three of the seven died on the fourth day of July, and two of them on the same day and year. Eighth. One only of the seven had a son, and that son was one of the seven Presidents. Ninth. Two of them were of the sub-committee of three that drafted the Declaration of Independence, and these two were they that died on the same day and year, and on the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and just a half century from the day of the Declaration. Tenth. The names of three of the seven end in *son*, yet neither of these transmitted his name to a *son*. Eleventh. One difference as respects the elder Adams and the younger, (not worth noting on any other occasion,) was that the latter sported a *Q* in

his name; but the elder the *cue* on his back, as an appendage to his head-dress. Twelfth. In respect to the names of all, it may be said, in conclusion, that the initials of two of the seven were the same—and of two others that they were the same—and the initials of still two others were the same. The remaining one who stands alone in this particular—stands alone also in the admiration and love of his countrymen and of the civilized world—WASHINGTON.

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Several of the minor sects of this country are preparing to consolidate themselves by a thorough union—a happy idea in more than one respect. At a late conference of "Wesleyans" the following resolutions, looking to the combination of at least three sects, were passed:—

Resolved, That the subject of union is one of deep interest to every follower of Christ. And we would hereby express our satisfaction at the evidence furnished recently in the columns of the *Wesleyan* that there is a growing spirit in favor of union with other religious bodies of like principles of reform and articles of faith.

Resolved, That, as far as may be practicable in harmony with the fundamental principles of Christianity, we shall favor a union with the United Brethren, the Evangelical Association, and other bodies of similar character, either by way of co-operation in carrying forward the work of God, or by becoming directly identified as one united people throughout this nation.

Resolved, That we hereby recommend to the next General Conference of the Wesleyan Connection that there be appointed a standing committee on *Christian Union*, with power to confer with similar committees from other Reformatory Churches, and conjointly therewith to call a General Convention for the discussion of a plan of union, to be submitted for final adoption to the General Conference next ensuing.

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The Boston *Christian Register*, (Unitarian,) says it has no fears for the stability of any of the doctrines essential to Unitarian Christianity, but expects that some of those doctrines will meet with large modification; among others, that Christ will be regarded as a higher being than Unitarians have generally hitherto viewed him to be, and that an efficacy will be attributed to his work of atonement beyond what has been usually assigned to it.

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PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL AND METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—The Protestant *Churchman* gives the following contrast:—

"According to the last census, the number of Methodist Churches in the United States is 13,888; the value of Church property, $14,836,148; and the amount of accommodations, 4,854,101: the number of Episcopal Churches, 1,461; the value of the Church property, $11,284,210; and Church accommodations, 644,528. Thus it appears that while the Methodists have nearly twelve thousand more Church buildings, their property exceeds only by three and a half millions. Deducting say two millions for Episcopal Church property not represented in buildings, the average cost of our churches is nearly $7,000 a piece, and that of the Methodist edifices a little over $1,000 each. While ours cost seven times more, they have nine times as many, and seat seven times the number."

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It is known to those who have read Josephus, that that author, narratiug the destruction of the cities of the plain, says that he himself saw the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was changed, and adds that "it remains at this day." It is now believed, however, that the foundation for the assertion of Josephus, as well as the popular belief on the subject, lies in that remarkable geological formation which is found at the southwestern extremity of, and adjacent to the Dead Sea—the Salt Mountain of Uzdom, or "Khashm Usdom," the knowledge of the existence of which, in modern times, dates only from the early part of the present century. In our article on the "Dead Sea and its Explorers," we give an account and a picture of this "Mountain of Usdum."

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GRIMM, the distinguished German philologist, says:—"The English language possesses a veritable power of expression, such as perhaps never stood at the command of any other language of men. o o o Its highly spiritual genius and wonderfully happy development and condition have been the result of a surprisingly intimate union of the two noblest languages in modern Europe, the Teutonic and the Romanic. It is well known in what relation these two stand to one another in the English tongue; the former supplying in far larger proportion the material groundwork, the latter the spiritual conceptions. In truth, the English language, which by no mere accident has produced and upborne the greatest and most predominant poet of modern times, as distinguished from the ancient classical poetry, (I can, of course, only mean Shakspeare,) may with all right be called a world language, and like the English people appears destined hereafter to prevail with a sway more extensive even than its present over all the portions of the globe. For in wealth, good sense, and closeness of structure, no other of the languages at this day spoken deserves to be compared with it—not even our German, which is torn, even as we are torn, and must first shake off many defects before it can enter boldly into competition with the English.

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A writer in the *Evangelist*, dating from London, says that the Irvingites are beyond question one of the most remarkable and interesting sects which have made their appearance in Church history since the Reformation. They believe their Church to be nothing less than the restoration of the true apostolic Church, with all the supernatural powers and offices. They have twelve apostles for the various parts of the world, a corresponding number of prophets, evangelists, angels, elders and deacons. London is their head-quarters, where they have seven Churches, and a most magnificent cathedral, built at enormous expense. There is one church of this order in the United States, at Potsdam, N. Y.

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Bishop Meade of Virginia speaks of the immense disproportion between the number of male and female professors of religion in the Episcopal Churches, it being often double, treble and quadruple in the case of females over the males. He says he has administered the rite of confirmation to *thirty* persons, only *one* of whom was a male, and has often done it to a smaller number, when there was not one male. The bishop expresses the fear that the disproportion between the professors in the two sexes is but a just representation of the difference in religious character.

Book Notices.

We have repeatedly spoken of the almost continual reproduction of the old sterling theological works, by *Carter & Brothers*, of this city. We doubt, indeed, whether any other publishing-house in the country is doing more for the "diffusion of religious knowledge," than these publishers. Their editions, too, are excellent; many of them in old-fashioned octavoes, stout and brave, like their redoubtable Puritan authors, the "Greathearts" of their day. The last work of the kind which we have received from them is *The Select Works* of good Thomas Watson. He was a famous divine of the times of the Commonwealth, and was ejected for Nonconformity. The present volume (a substantial octavo of nearly eight hundred pages) comprises First: his famous "Body of Divinity," in a series of lectures on the "Smaller Catechism;" Second, Select Sermons; Third, Treatises—five in number. The type is liberal, and in double columns. The old divines of the Puritan times were the richest thinkers in the history of our theological literature, albeit they were the most outrageous sermonizers, so far as the technicalities of homiletics are concerned, in the history of the pulpit. The present volume is a mine of gold—notwithstanding the rigors of Puritanic thought which the reader meets on almost every page.

Carlton & Phillips, New-York, have published for the author, a "queer" book, entitled *The Patent Hat*. We hardly know how to describe it—it is such a compound of good and bad things. It contains an abundance of doggerel, no small amount of drollery, and a still greater amount of good sense and pertinent hits. It begins with an unceremonious anatomization of clerical characters; then makes a slashing onslaught on the prevailing faults of the Church membership; then sweeps, as with a besom, down the centuries of ecclesiastical history, from the apostles to the seventeenth century, and "winds up" with a deal of plain talk to "professors" and preachers about charity and good works. It is the product of some *sui generis* mind, and will be chiefly interesting to readers of that character. The cuts are well done, and not a little humorous.

A very valuable little work, entitled *Christianity, viewed in some of its Leading Aspects, by Rev. A. L. R. Foot*, has been republished from the English edition, by *Swormstedt & Poe, Cincinnati*. Though small, it is pregnant with good thought—a "suggestive book." It treats of Christianity as "A Life," "A Work," "A Reward," "A Culture," "A Discipline," and "A Fellowship." It was issued some time ago by another American house, and noticed by us at the time.

We have lives of pastors, missionaries, and almost all other classes of public laborers, except "Teachers." It has struck us, as a noticeable fact, that a sphere so abundant in opportunities for instructive examples, and the development of personal character, has yielded so few "Memoirs." *Gould & Lincoln, Boston*, have recently given to the public one good example from it, entitled *The Teacher's Last Lesson*. It is a Memoir of Martha Whiting, late of the Charlestown, (Mass.) Female Seminary, by Catherine N. Badger, an associate teacher. If not remarkably entertaining for its narrative of incidents, it is, nevertheless, rich in two important respects—its example of genuine Christian experience, and its lessons in the duties and habits of an instructor.

Rev. J. C. Ryle's *Rich and Poor*, and other *Tracts for the Times*, have been published by the *Carters*, in their best style. Ryle is one of the most interesting of the present religious writers of England. His productions are succulent, rich in thought and piety. They are exceedingly suggestive, enabling the reader to think beyond what the author expresses. Besides "Rich and Poor," this volume contains "Peace, be Still!" "Do you Pray?" "Have you the Spirit?" "Christ is All;" "A Word to the Churches," and "What is the Church?" We are indebted to the same house for a reprint from the third English edition of Mrs. Mackay's "Family at Heatherdale." It is a tale illustrative of Christian principles in their application to common life. The illustrations are very fine; the type too close. *Emily Vernon*, a capital story in illustration of filial piety, by Mrs. Drummond, is got out in beautiful style—as grateful to the eye as the narrative of the author is to the heart. Messrs. Carters have also sent us the "*Young Communicant's Catechism*," published by Rev. John Wilson, at Dundee, Scotland, more than one hundred years ago. It is brief, making a 32mo. pamphlet of less than fifty-five pages; but it is thorough, and to the point.

Peterson, of Philadelphia, is publishing a cheap but good edition of Dickens's works, in a series of numbers, at 50 cents each, making but $6 for the whole twelve volumes. The volume containing the "New Stories" is embellished by a fine portrait of the author.

Preces Paulinæ; or, the Devotions of the Apostle Paul, is the title of a new reprint by *Carter & Brothers*. It treats first of the "Historic Notices," and second, "The Epistolary Records" of the Apostle's prayers. The first consists of examples of his prayers in the temple, in prison, &c.; the second of the characteristics and subjects of his prayers, their catholicity, thankfulness, fullness, &c. Thus the writer ingrafts a variety of rich topics upon his leading subject, and he treats of them in a style of much richness and force.

Professor Vail, of Concord, N. H., has given to the public a brief but very interesting *Memoir of Rev. Z. Caldwell*, first principal of Maine Wesleyan Seminary. Mr. Caldwell has been dead nearly thirty years; but such was the special excellence of his character, such the peculiarity of his example as a young, aspiring and developing mind, that this record of his brief and uneventful career will be prized be-

yond the circle of his remaining friends. He was a class-mate of Professor Stowe, President Pierce, and other noted men, at Bowdoin College, and was the room-mate of Mr. Pierce. *Magee, Boston.*

Grace Kennedy, the authoress of "Anna Ross," "Father Clement," &c., is a favorite of juvenile readers, wherever the English language is spoken. *Messrs. Carter* have issued her *Philip Colville, a Covenanter's Story*—a work of deep interest. It is not, however, in the usual good style of the publishers. They have so accustomed us to a clear, liberal type, that we are disposed to grumble at straining our eyes over this close solid print.

The American Baptist Publication Society has given us another addition to our "missionary literature," entitled *Memoir of Mrs. Lucy T. Lord, of the Chinese Baptist Mission.* It contains a beautiful portrait of Mrs. Lord. The sketch of her personal history, down to the time of her foreign voyage, is rich in illustrations of Christian character; and the narration of her missionary career, extending through more than half the volume, is replete with information respecting the Chinese.

Stray Arrows is the title of a collection of fragmentary articles, from the pen of Rev. T. L. Cuyler, of New-York. A large portion of the volume was published some years ago, in a work now out of print; among the additions in the present edition are some of the most interesting articles, such as the "Two Hours with Dr. Duff," "The Flowers of Culloden," &c. The contents of the book are very miscellaneous, and its style vigorous and spirited. *Carter & Brothers, New-York.*

Literary Record.

Carlton & Phillips are about to issue in a volume the articles on "The Preaching required by the Times," which were given in this Magazine last year. The volume will also contain a series of articles on "Methodist Preaching," from the same pen, which were published in the Methodist Quarterly Review in 1852. Portions of these articles were extensively copied in periodicals of both this country and England. The demand for them has been such that the publishers have been induced to give them a more substantial form. They have been thoroughly revised, modified, and enlarged; and though not professedly a system of "homiletics," they treat of the art of preaching with considerable detail, and are especially minute in rules for *extemporaneous* speaking. The title of the work is "Lessons on the Preaching required by the Times, and the Best Methods of obtaining it, with Reminiscences and Illustrations of Methodist Preaching, including Rules for Extemporaneous Speaking, and Characteristic Sketches of Olin, Fisk, Bascom, Cookman, Summerfield, and other noted extemporaneous Preachers." It is understood that Dr. Bond, of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, will introduce the work by a preliminary essay.

It is now believed that twenty volumes will hardly contain all the MSS. of the *Emperor Bonaparte*, collected by Louis Napoleon. Many letters, &c., written by the emperor, are in a text hardly legible—it is only with the greatest difficulty that the exact words are made out.

To give some idea of the diversity of idioms prevailing among the peoples which form the Russian Empire, it may suffice to state that the Bible Society has had to furnish them with Bibles in the following languages:—Slavic, Russian, Hebrew, Ancient Greek, Modern Greek, German, French, Polish, Finnish, a variety of the dialect of Dorpat, a variety of the dialect of Revel, Lithuanian, Georgian, Armenian, Samoyede, Carelian, Ichermessian, Mordovain, Ossetmian, Moldavian, Bulgarian, Zyrenian, Persian, Calmuc, Bouziat-Mongol, Turco-Tartar, Tartar of the dialect of Orenbourg and Tartar-Hebrew. At present, translations of the gospel are being made into the languages of the Votaks, Vagouliches, and Kirghians. According to a Russian work, there are 937 Asiatic languages and dialects, 587 European, 22 African, and 1264 American.

It is well known that since the discoveries of Champollion there has been a great difficulty in respect to the name of the Egyptian conqueror of Central Asia, whom Herodotus and all the Greek historians call *Sesoosis* or *Sesostris*, while the Egyptian monuments designate him as Ramsès *Meiamoun*. The text of Tacitus bears out the reading of the monuments. In the royal list of Manetho, too, the name is that of Ramsès, and not that of Sesostris. In his twelfth dynasty there is the name Sesostasen, also a conqueror, but he cannot be the true Sesostris. In a communication to the French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres of October 20, the Viscount of Rougé proposes a settlement of the difficulty on the ground of decipherings from the papyri of the British Museum, from which it appears that *Se* or *Seson* was a popular abbreviation of Ramsès: it sometimes appears, too, as *Sesion*, which would give the form Sesoois of Diodorus.

The *French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences* offered a prize of ten thousand francs for the best "Manual of Moral and Political Economy, for the Use of the Laboring Classes." Cousin, Dunoyer, Count Portalis, L. Faucher, Minnet, and the Duke de Broglie, were the judges. Thirty-four essays were sent in; but the prize was not adjudged to any one, and it is continued for the next year. One "memoire" was esteemed the best, but not sufficiently matured. The author begins it by a narrative of scenes in a village, with all the circumstances and incidents of ordinary life, and from this

starting point deduces the rules and maxims of moral and political economy. A prize of three thousand francs is to be decreed in 1856 for the best work on "Pauperism in France, and its Remedy;" one for a history of the "Arabic Philosophy in Spain;" one for an essay on the "Relations of Ethics and Political Economy;" one for "History of Marriage Contracts;"—in 1857, one for "History of International Maritime Law."

The Cardinal Secretary of State at Rome is about to publish, in two large volumes, all the Pontifical acts of *Pope Pius the Ninth*, from the beginning of his reign to the close of the year 1854.

A large number of *Greek and Latin MSS.* has been found in the Ottoman Empire by a company of gentlemen, who have been deputed by the French government to make literary researches wherever opportunity was afforded by the passage of the armies. The precise number of Oriental MSS. in all the libraries of Constantinople has been ascertained, and the whereabouts of a valuable treatise on Ancient Egypt, by one Ald-al-Lathif, who lived in the middle ages, has been discovered.

Samuel Rogers, the poet, is greatly improved in health, and is now enabled to take carriage airings daily. The venerable poet enters on his ninety-third year the present month.

At a late sale of *Autographs* in London were several valuable and interesting literary relics. Among them were letters of Lord Bacon, £15; Sir Isaac Newton, £4; Washington, £5; Sir Christopher Wren, £3; Nelson, £4; Chatham, £13 10*s.*; Garrick, £4 4*s.*; Boswell, £3; Robert Burns, £4 15*s.*; Addison, £2 8*s.*; and two of Oliver Goldsmith, £15 12*s.* One cannot help wishing that poor Goldsmith could have sometimes commanded, during life, half the money which his posthumous autographs now bring. Yet probably what could be thus easily got, would have even more readily gone.

A *St. Petersburgh* letter-writer relates as a remarkable fact, that since the commencement of the existing war, all the French and English journals, which in former times were forbidden to be circulated unless first examined by the censors, have been allowed to lie freely upon the tables in the *cafes* of the city. Nicholas, a short time previous to his death, ordered the free admission of all foreign journals without distinction, and Alexander continues the order, believing, probably, that the harsh words and sneers of the English and French journalists will have the effect of increasing the anger and hatred which the Russians entertain against the people of those nations.

Dr. Sprenger has published at Calcutta, India, under the auspices of the government of India, a Catalogue of MSS., Arabic, Persian, and Hindostanée, which he has examined in the "Libraries of the King of Oudh." It is surprising how abundant this almost unknown oriental literary *material* is. Dr. Sprenger remained eighteen months at Lucknow, and during that time examined about ten thousand volumes. His Catalogue, to judge from the volume now published, which runs to six hundred and forty-five pages, and contains notices of seven hundred and thirty-two manuscripts, will probably extend to seven or eight volumes. Of course, it would be premature even to hazard a conjecture of the worth of what is to follow; but we may, at least, predict that it will equal or exceed in interest what has now been given us, as all the prose works are yet in reserve, and all the Arabic writings, whether in prose or verse. The present volume is divided into three chapters, in the first of which "Tazkirahs," or Biographical Memoirs of Poets, are noticed; in the second, Persian; and in the third, Hindustani Poets. There are lists here given of more than three thousand poets, the majority of whose names are altogether unknown in Europe, except to Baron Hammer-Purgstall and Mr. Bland. Among the works thus brought to light are some which cannot fail to prove of value; as, for example, the "Díwán" of Ghazzáli, a poet of Akbar's reign, whose talents, we are told, were of the highest order, and whose writings throw much light on the philosophy of that age. There is also the "Tazkirah," of Iláhí, which furnishes the biography of about four hundred Persian poets of the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries, and which till now was entirely unknown. Some compositions, too, would seem to be of interest, as diverging, if we may judge by their titles, from the hackneyed and monotonous path of the Eastern Muse. Such we can imagine to be the Thug story by Khushdil, called "The Soldier's Child."

The *American Messenger*, the monthly paper of the American Tract Society, circulates two hundred and four thousand in English and twenty-five thousand in German. Of the *Child's Paper*, published by the same Society, there is a monthly issue of over three hundred thousand.

Among new works announced in England, as lately or about to be issued, we observe the concluding volumes of the Duke of Buckingham's "Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George III.," and three new books of Arctic travels—"The Last of the Arctic Voyages," a narrative of the expedition of the *Assistance* and *Resolute*, by Captain Sir Edward Belcher; "Narrative of the Discovery of the North-West Passage," by the *Investigator*, Captain M'Clure, edited by Commander Osborn; and "Memoirs of Lieutenant Bellot, with his Journal of a Voyage in the Polar Seas," of which the editor is not named. A new work by Captain Chamier is announced, entitled, "My Travels; or, an Unsentimental Journey through France, Switzerland, and Italy;" and one by Leigh Hunt, of which the title is not yet given. "A Memoir of the Rev. Sidney Smith," by his daughter, Lady Holland; a "Campaign in the Crimea, including an Account of the Battles of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann;" and the tale of "Moredun," about which so much controversy has arisen as to whether it is from the pen, or not, of Sir Walter Scott.

Messrs. Johnstone and Hunter, of Edinburgh, have completed an edition of the works of the great English theologian, *John Owen, D. D.*, in twenty-one volumes. The same publishers issue a prospectus of a similar edition of the works

of John Howe, second only to Owen as a divine, and his superior in eloquence and accomplishments as a writer. A biographical memoir of Howe will be supplied by Henry Rogers, the Essayist. From the cheap rate at which these valuable works are offered to subscribers a very large sale is expected, and it is gratifying to find that there is so great a demand, in these times of superficial theology, for the massive works of the old Puritan divines. The chief sale of Owen's works has been in Scotland, where perhaps, alone, the publication could have been attempted with reasonable hope of success; but the works of Howe may find large circulation in England also, where his writings are better known than those of Owen, and some of them have been frequently reprinted. Both ought to be welcome in this country.

The *Imperial Library of Paris* is stated to have received five hundred donations of books, manuscripts, medals, antiquities, &c., in the course of the past year. Among them were several Russian and Armenian books and manuscripts of considerable value; some old Greek medals; a number of the coins put into circulation by the Crusaders; and several stones containing inscriptions and mosaics from the ruins of Carthage. The library also exchanged surplus copies of books for other works, with the British Museum, the Royal Asiatic Society, the Smithsonian Institute, the Academies of Munich, Stuttgardt, Christiana, &c.

Among the recent publications in Paris, we notice a new volume of the works of Arago—"A History of Washington, and of the Foundation of the Republic of the United States," by M. De Witt, son-in-law of M. Guizot, and preceded by the "Etude" on Washington, of that eminent statesman; and a series of "Etudes" on Menander and the Greek comedy and society, by M. Guillaume Guizot, the statesman's son—a work which some time ago carried off a prize given by the French Academy, and to which we may hereafter refer. We may also mention the second and last volume of the "History of the Commercial Reform in England," by M. Richelot, of the Ministry of Commerce; two additional volumes of the unpublished letters of the Princess Palatine, mother of the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, by M. Brunet; another volume of the new edition of Henry Heine's works.

Arts and Sciences.

The *New-York Evening Post* says the success of explorers for *gold* in California and Australia has led to a minute examination of the geological formations in other countries, with a view of discovering auriferous veins, and in one instance at least, in Germany, these examinations have resulted successfully. A letter from Professor Zell, an eminent botanist of Carlsruhe, states that Professor Frederick Walchner, bergrath of Baden, has found a rich gold mine a few miles from Heidelberg, in the mountainous country which, in that region, overlooks the plains bordering the Rhine.

The largest and finest *diamond* which has as yet been found in Brazil has recently been imported into Paris, and has received the name of the "Star of the South." In its rough state it weighs 807.02 grains, or 254½ carats. When cut it will be reduced to about 127 carats, and will therefore exceed the Koh-i-noor in size. Independently of its magnitude, it possesses much scientific interest from the regularity of its crystalline forms, and the indications it affords of the mode in which the diamond occurs. The gem has been examined by a committee of the French Academy of Sciences, who have reported on the best mode of cutting it. This is now being performed; after which it will be shown at the *Exposition*, but it will then have lost its scientific interest.

The British Museum has just received a fresh importation from *Nineveh*, filling one hundred and fifty-nine cases. It comprises a miscellaneous collection of small slabs, seals, pottery, and other objects, bearing more upon the domestic life of the ancient inhabitants of Mesopotamia than the pieces hitherto received. This is what is wanted. "We possess," says the *Athenæum*, "already as many of the large historical slabs as we know what to do with. We have acquired a tolerably clear idea of the king and the warrior: what we now want is to see the Ninevite in his home."

Very great attention is beginning to be paid to the science of *meteorology* on the Continent of Europe. In France arrangements have been made for taking observations in different parts of the country, and transmitting them without delay to Paris; in some cases the electric telegraph is to be employed. In Belgium, Holland, and Germany, meteorological stations have been established, and persons have been charged to record all that may occur worthy of notice. Within the last few weeks, too, a meteorological observatory has been established at Madrid, and a great many stations have been formed in different parts of the provinces of Spain.

German papers state that Dr. Kreil, formerly director of the observatory at Prague, has invented an ingenious instrument to measure the force, duration and direction of *earthquakes*. It consists of a pendulum so contrived that, while it can move in any direction, it cannot return. A perpendicular cylinder is attached, which, by means of clockwork, turns on its vertical axis in twenty-four hours. A pole, with a thin elastic arm, is fixed near the pendulum; this arm points toward the cylinder, and presses on it gently a pencil, by which means an unbroken line is formed on the surface of the cylinder as long as the pendulum is

at rest; but if it is put in motion by an earthquake, the pencil makes broken marks, which show the strength, direction, and period of the earthquake.

The *Last Supper*, by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Monastery of St. Dominico in Milan, is being restored to all its original beauty. So far back as 1821 Barezzi tried his novel plan on a very small portion, and with great success. In 1852 he made a request to the Imperial and Royal Academy to be permitted to engage on this work. Three or four trials were made, which were examined by the Academy, by a commission from Vienna, and another from Florence. The result was that full permission was given, and for eight months he has now been engaged on this work. What his secret is, is not known; he uses no brush, nor is there any retouching, but the change is miraculous. The surface is smoothed down as though it were of marble, and the blistered or broken excrescences are firmly attached to the wall—by means of chemical agents, too, the colors have been revived in great beauty. The figure of the Saviour is nearly completed, as indeed is nearly one half of the picture. In the middle lunette above are discovered the arms of Ludovico il Moro and Beatrice d'Este, his wife. Four several strata of lime and color having been removed, paintings, it is said, of a surpassing beauty have been discovered, and so highly finished as to give the appearance of having been executed on ivory.

The French Académie have portioned their Lalande prize among the six discoverers of the last installment of small planets. English observers come in for a share.

An Extraordinary Metal.—The attention of the Paris Academy of Sciences was, some months since, directed to a discovery made by M. Sainte-Claire Deville, Professor of Chemistry at the Superior Normal School, in conjunction with M. Wohler, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Gottingen, of the metal called *aluminium*. The Emperor, on hearing of it, ordered that every encouragement should be given to utilize the discovery, and some manufactured specimens of this metal will appear at the Exhibition. In a report made to the Emperor by the Minister of Public Instruction, proposing that the two above-named savans shall be promoted to the rank of officers in the Legion of Honor as a reward for their scientific skill, we find the following:—"When this extraordinary metal, light as glass, white and shining as silver, almost as unchangeable as gold, malleable and ductile in the same degree as these precious metals, strong as iron, and which is capable of being worked into any form by casting, by the hammer, and by the file; when this metal, which is found in abundance in the commonest clay, shall have taken its place in the domestic economy and the arts, no astonishment will be felt at the encouragement which your majesty has given, in order to render its extraction easy and less costly. Once more it will be admitted, that everything is connected in science, and that the same wonderful discovery of the decomposition of bodies by the pile, which procured for Davy the grand prize founded by Napoleon I., has led to this not less wonderful discovery of the conversion of potters' clay into a metal which may rival gold and silver in its unchangeableness, and iron by its abundance on the very surface of the ground." The report is followed by a decree making the appointments proposed.

Astronomers are to be on the alert during the present year, to decide, if possible, an important question that has lately arisen with respect to *Saturn*—namely, the collapsing of its rings. Compared with drawings made two hundred years ago, a considerable difference is now perceived, as though the rings were gradually falling in upon the body of the planet; and if such be the fact, these remarkable objects will some day disappear. This, it must be admitted, is an interesting inquiry—one worthy of the science of the present day; and as the planet for the present year will be particularly well situated for observation, an attempt is to be made to verify the change. Huyghens made his observations with a tubeless telescope, and the Royal Society of England being in possession of his glasses, contemplate the erection of an edifice, with the necessary apparatus, at Kew, for applying those glasses in a series of observations on the planet and its rings, as the same favorable circumstances will not again occur for fifteen years. In any case, the results will be valuable.

The notion started by a French astronomer, that the *temperature of the earth* varies according to the meridian of the sun which is turned toward us, has been inquired into by the astronomer-royal of England, and found to be a mistake. Another notion, thrown out by an eminent German astronomer, remains under discussion. He concludes, from long study, that the center of gravity of the moon is sixty miles on one side of the center; the effect of which would be that the side visible to us may be regarded as a vast mountain sixty miles high, while the other side—that which we do not see—may have all the water and all the atmosphere. Hence our satellite may not be so devoid of these two elements as is commonly believed; but to determine the question will involve investigations of the profoundest character.

Home-made Guano.—S. B. Halliday, of Providence, R. I., has a process by which he can convert the fish which swarm our coasts every season into an article like guano, at less than half the cost of the Peruvian article, and Professor Hare, of Philadelphia, thinks it equally valuable. Mr. Halliday says:—

"I am able to say very confidently that this product can be afforded at $35 per tun, and pay the manufacturers more than 50 per cent. The oil (according to Drs. Jackson and Hare) being almost valueless for fertilizing purposes, it is first taken from the fish, and they are then converted into guano. The first cost of the fish is about $2 per tun, and containing nearly three per cent. of oil, the oil will pay for the fish and nearly for the labor in manufacturing. By my own experiments I thoroughly demonstrated the rendering of fish into a guano. I then consulted Dr. Hare, of Philadelphia, who, I ascertained, had experimented extensively and successfully. I obtained from him his processes, and have received considerable instruction from him on the subject. I have also consulted Dr. Jackson more recently. These gentlemen, and all with whom I have consulted, agree as to the great value of this fertilizer."

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GEORGE G. COOKMAN.

COOKMAN disappeared from our midst by a terrible disaster, in the prime of his manhood, and at a period in his ministerial career when the star of his fame seemed about to culminate and attract the gaze, not only of the Church, but of the nation. We are not aware that any portrait of him has before been given to the public; it is not fitting that such a man should be left in his watery grave without some such published representation, however humble.

He was born in 1800, at Hull, England, and came of a good old Wesleyan stock. His father, a man of wealth and of high respectability, was a Methodist local preacher, and his early domestic education tended to form the son for the work of his life. While yet very young he gave evidence of his peculiar capabilities for

public speaking, on the platform of Sunday-school and juvenile missionary anniversaries. Some of these efforts of his childhood are said to have excited extraordinary interest.*

In his eighteenth year the death of a young friend left a profound religious impression upon his mind, which resulted in his conversion. When about twenty-one years old he visited this country, on business for his father, and while at Schenectady, N. Y., received the impression that it was his duty to devote his life to the Christian ministry. He began there, we believe, his labors as a local preacher. In 1821 he returned to Hull, and entered into business with his father, exercising his talents meanwhile zealously in the Wesleyan local ministry. He continued in his father's firm during four years, but with a restless spirit; his ardent heart panted for entire devotion to Christian labors. So profound was his conviction of duty in this respect that it visibly affected him; and his father, prizing him with an Englishman's regard, as his eldest son, and the representative of his family, but perceiving that he "*must go*," gave him up, and bade him depart with God's blessing. Having witnessed the heroic labors and triumphs of the Methodist preachers on this continent, he resolved to join them, and forthwith took passage for Philadelphia. After laboring a few months in that city as a local preacher, he was received into the Philadelphia Conference in 1826. He continued in the itinerant ranks, without intermission, the remainder of his life, laboring with indomitable energy, and constantly increasing ability and success, in various parts of Pennsylvania, New-Jersey, Maryland, and the District of Columbia.

Mr. Cookman was slight, but sinewy in person, and capable of great endurance. His arms were long, and gave a striking peculiarity to his gestures. His eye was keen and brilliant, his craniological development good, but not remarkable, and his lean features were galvanic with an energy which, Englishman though he was, never allowed any obese accumulations to form beneath them. He had too much soul to admit of excessive fatness. Frown not, ye Falstaff captains in the armies of Israel!—excessive fatness, we say; for we do not object to a substantial, vigorous rotundity—we have pleaded for it heretofore. Corpulency aggrandizes the body, but libels the soul; a gross, visible, self-obtruded libel is it amid the activities of this age, except when hereditary; albeit reverend dullness and dozy dignity often wrap themselves in its soft integuments. Good nature goes with it sometimes; yes, and so it does with stupidity in general. Pity on the good man who carries about with him this body of death—and yet how many such, like certain prelatical characters in Dante's purgatory, wander wearily about bearing intolerable burdens, and seeming to say with every heaving breath, "We can bear no more!" "Would he were fatter," said Cæsar of Cassius; but Cæsar himself was lean, and he feared the leanness of Cassius, because it had meaning in it—"he thinks too much." Cookman's agile movements scouted with defiance the morbid monster, and kept it ever in distant abeyance. Every nerve and muscle of his lithe frame seemed instinct with the excitement of his subject; even the foot often had its energetic gesture, and he took no little perambulatory range when the limits of the desk or platform allowed it. The latter was his favorite place; never did popular orator revel more in the licensed liberties of the platform. All his powers were brought out there, and lavished upon the occasion with absolute prodigality,—strong argumentation, dazzling imagery, satire, pathos, wit,—holding his hearers in a spell of close, clear thought, shaking them with resistless strokes of humor, melting them instanter into tears, or, by some energetic or heroic thought, throwing the whole assembly into tumultuous agitation, and provoking from it irrepressible responses. If at such times his manner tended to boisterousness, it seemed compatible with the scene: it is not the zephyr, but the mighty rushing wind that shakes and bends the forest.

There was in his voice a strenuous, silvery distinctness, and even music, which enhanced much the effect of his more powerful passages. In a large house, or

* An engraved likeness of him has, we believe, been in existence; but only locally among his personal friends. Our own is as good a one as could be obtained at this date. It is from a painting by Buchle, of Baltimore, now in possession of David Creamer, Esq., of that city, by whose politeness we have been permitted to engrave it.

at a camp-meeting, where he was usually the hero of the field, he could send its pealing notes, with thrilling effect, to the remotest hearer. The hall of representatives at Washington never echoed more eloquent tones or more eloquent thoughts than when he occupied its rostrum during his chaplaincy to Congress. He was peculiarly successful in these congressional ministrations. Notwithstanding the vast variety of character and prejudice concentrated at the national metropolis, during the legislative sessions, he was a universal favorite. All men about him felt that whether in the humble Methodist pulpit, or amid the magnificence of the national capital, he was *himself;* and men will generally, if not always, wave their personal prejudices in the presence of talent which stands forth before them in its simple genuineness, while few things can more effectually defeat real ability than attempts to exaggerate it by dissembling artifices. The trickery is not only morally ugly by its disingenuousness; but the popular sagacity, much keener than is commonly supposed, quickly perceives it, and takes an egotistical but honest pride in defying it. Mr. Cookman's sermons before congress were thoroughly prepared; they were often truly great, but directly to the purpose, and stamped throughout with the honest, earnest individuality of the man. There was much of special adaptation in them. He was always apt in seizing on casual events for the illustration or enforcement of his subjects; but his congressional discourses were peculiarly distinguished by the success with which he availed himself of the exciting incidents of the place and season. These discourses had also a deep moral effect as well as oratorical interest. Several of his distinguished hearers, both in congress and the executive department of the government, were awakened to a personal interest in religion by his powerful appeals.

He had good sense, and a good amount of it; but his imagination was his dominant faculty. It furnished him incessantly with brilliant illustrations. Besides the minute beauties with which it interspersed his ordinary discourses, it sometimes led him into allegories which might have entertained the dreams of old John Bunyan. The martial Bible Society address at New-Brunswick, in 1828, to which we have referred; the mission ship, in his famous Baltimore Conference speech of 1829; the widow and her daughters, in his American Sunday-School Union speech of 1831; and the personification of Liberalism, (the prodigal son of the "Spy Bigotry,") in his New-York Sunday-school address of 1832, are examples. It can hardly be doubted that had he devoted himself to the production of some work in this rare and difficult department of literature, he might have become a worthy disciple of the glorious old dreamer of Bedford jail. This allegorizing mood, however, befits the poet better than the orator.

In his private life Mr. Cookman had many attractions. His piety was deep, and he was always ready for any good word or work; but his religion never interfered with his enjoyment of life. He relished good fellowship, enlivening conversation, and the entertainment of books. He adhered through life, we believe, to the primitive Methodist costume; it was not the most graceful for his lank person, but under this Quaker-like external primness he carried a large and generous heart—a heart which seemed ever juvenile in the freshness of its sentiments and the ardor of its aspirations.

On the 11th of March, 1841, he embarked in the ill-fated steamer President, and was never heard of more.

The following is the martial part of Cookman's famous Bible Society speech:

"What, then, is the amount of the argument? We say, let each sect and party maintain its own distinctive position, and pursue its own plans of operation, in its own way, to the very uttermost. Let us agree to differ. We are none of us infallible. It is possible we may all be a little wrong, for it is as natural for man to err as to breathe. But how are we to set each other right? By the silent, quiescent neutrality of a nominal union? Nay, sir, in such a motionless reservoir the waters of life would stagnate. Let them rather run and encounter the winds of opposition and the rocks of controversy, and they will clear, and purify, and sparkle. Truth never did nor ever will lose any of its power by open and liberal discussion, even on religious points. Give it open field and fair play, and it shall overthrow the empire of infidelity, and conquer this world of sin.

"Let, then, the Bible be the rallying point of Protestant Christians. Let them dispute for truth, not victory; let the God of peace preside in every controversy; yet let all be conducted in the unity of the spirit and in the bond of peace. Let each go to his post of duty, and without interfering or quarreling with his neighbor, do his uttermost under his own particular standard; let there be no strife, for we are all brethren, and the world is large enough for us all.

"The union, then, which I would propose would be a union in spirit, rather than a union in doctrine; let each party of Protestant Christians make its own distinctive effort in its own way, rather than in a promiscuous union of the general mass. For, sir, depend upon it, David will not fight in Saul's armor, and we can no more make men act precisely alike than we can force them to think precisely alike. Will you allow me, sir, another illustration in confirmation of these views of Christian union? When we look abroad upon the signs of the times, I think we shall see the religious as well as the political world on the eve of convulsion and conflict. Thank God, the Christian world have heard the trumpet of alarm: they are mustering for the battle, and by one simultaneous effort they are coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty; and never, since the days of the apostles, was there so general a movement as at the present crisis. The energy of divine truth is powerfully operative through the varied enginery of Bible, missionary, tract, and Sabbath school societies. There is a shaking among the kingdoms, and the world feels the earthquake shock. Nor, sir, are the powers of darkness asleep—they have taken the alarm.

"I believe, sir, we are on the eve of a general engagement. Now, sir, borrowing the allusion, will you permit me to marshal the Christian army on those principles of union I have endeavored to sustain? Let, then, our Bible societies, with their auxiliaries, be a line of forts established along the enemy's frontier as bulwarks of defense. Let them be military magazines, well stored with spiritual weapons and gospel ammunition, general rallying-points for the whole army, and strongholds from whence our missionary riflemen may sally forth on the enemy. Let our Sabbath schools be military academies, in which cadets may be trained for the battles of the Lord. Let the tract societies be as so many shot-houses for the manufacture of that small but useful material.

"Having thus, sir, disposed of the outworks, let us endeavor to arrange the army. Suppose, sir, for example, we begin with the Methodists; and as they are said to be tolerable pioneers and excellent foragers in new countries, and active withal, I propose that we mount them on horseback, and employ them as cavalry, especially on the frontiers. And as our Presbyterian brethren love an open field, and act in concert, and move in solid bodies, let them constitute our infantry; let them occupy the centre in solid columns, and fight according to Napoleon's tactics, in military squares, ever presenting a firm front to the enemy. Our Baptist brethren we will station along the rivers and lakes, which, we doubt not, they will gallantly defend, and win many laurels in the lake warfare. Our brethren of the Protestant Episcopal Church shall man the garrisons, inspect the magazines, and direct the batteries. But, sir, we want artillery men. Whom shall we employ? The light field-pieces and the heavy ordnance must be served. I propose, sir, that we commit this very important department to our brethren of the Dutch Reformed Church; and, sir, may they acquit themselves with a valor worthy their ancestors, when the proud flag of De Witt swept the sea, and the thunder of Van Tromp shook the ocean. And now, sir, the army is arranged. We have one great Captain, the Lord Jesus Christ, whose orders we are all bound to obey. Our standard is the cross, and onward is the watchword. Let us give no quarter; we fight for death or victory.

"At the same time let us preserve our original order. United in spirit and design, let us be distinct in movement. Let not the cavalry, infantry, and artillery men mingle in one indiscriminate mass. Let each keep his proper position, adopt his peculiar uniform, act under his local colors, and fight in his own peculiar manner. Thus we shall act with consistency and vigor, without discomposing each other, or disordering the ranks.

"Let a strict religious discipline prevail throughout the camp, for we must not suffer that shameful reproach that we recommend to others what we practice

not ourselves. Accordingly, let us, like the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell, read our Bible and pray twice a day in each of the tents.

"And now, sir, let us to the field of action. May the God of battles give the victory, and the trembling gates of hell shake to their center!

"Sir, it was at the close of one of the most sanguinary conflicts of modern times that a celebrated military chieftain, from his point of observation, saw with deepest anxiety the shattered remains of his noble army ready to sink under the protracted fatigue of a three days' fight. At this eventful crisis he summons around him his council of officers. 'Gentlemen,' says he, 'these brave fellows can hold out no longer.' Pulling out his watch, 'Gentlemen, it now wants fifteen minutes of six o'clock. If the Prussians do not arrive before six, I must sound a retreat. Gentlemen, to your positions.' He stood—he looked at his watch—he looked to the field—he looked upward to heaven, and implored help from the great Arbiter of battles. It was an awful moment. Minute succeeded to minute. His hard-earned laurels, the honor of his country, the destinies of Europe, hung trembling in the balance. At length the cry bursts on his listening ear, 'The Prussians are coming!' He starts from his knees; he flings away his watch; he cries, 'All's well—the day is ours.' Sir, let us keep the field, maintain our position, do our duty, and all will be well—the day shall be ours. Before I sit down I have a duty to perform to that portion of the army here assembled. I have to forewarn them that there is lurking in different sections of our camp a dangerous and malignant spy. I will endeavor to describe this diabolical spy as well as I can. He is remarkably old, having grown gray in iniquity. He is toothless and crooked, and altogether of a very unsavory countenance. His name, sir, is BIGOTRY. He seldom travels in daytime, but in the evening shades he steals forth from his haunts of retirement, and creeps into the tents of the soldiers; and with a tongue as smooth and deceptious as the serpent who deceived our first mother, he endeavors 'to sow arrows, firebrands, and death' in the camp. His policy is to persuade the soldiers in garrison to despise those in open field; and again, those in open field to despise those in garrison; to incite the cavalry against the infantry, and the infantry against the cavalry. And in so doing he makes no scruple to employ misrepresentation, slander, and falsehood—for, like his father, he is a liar from the beginning. Now, sir, I trust the army will be on the alert in detecting this old scoundrel, and making a public example of him. I hope if the Methodist cavalry catch him on the frontiers they will ride him down, and put him to the sword without delay; I trust the Presbyterian infantry will receive him on the point of the bayonet; and should the Baptists find him skulking along the banks of the rivers, I trust they will fairly drown him; and should he dare to approach any of our garrisons, I hope the Episcopalians will open upon him a double-flanked battery; and the Dutch Reformed greet him with a whole round of artillery. Let him die the death of a spy, without military honors; and after he has been gibbeted for a convenient season, let his body be given to the Quakers, and let them bury him deep and in silence. May God grant his miserable ghost may never revisit this world of trouble!

"And as allusion has been made to the Society of Friends, permit me, in conclusion, to relate an anecdote, connected with a highly-respectable member of that body of professing Christians, which illustrates all that I have endeavored to maintain.

"A gentleman employed in raising funds toward the erection of a new Episcopal church, waited upon a member of the Society of Friends, of known philanthropy and liberality. Having stated his object and presented his subscription paper, the Friend, after a pause, very gravely said, 'Friend, thee knows we cannot consistently with the sentiments of Friends help to build thy steeple houses.' The gentleman politely expressed his regret, and was about to withdraw, when the Quaker recalled him by saying, 'Friend, let me see thy paper again—doth it not state that there is an old steeple house to be pulled down?' The gentleman answered in the affirmative. 'Ah!' says our Friend, 'then I have it: here, I give thee twenty pounds; but observe—you carefully mark, I give this not to build the new steeple house up—no, no; but to pull the old steeple house down.'"

In his New-York Sunday-School Union address he reassails the *spy Bigotry* in the person of his son *Liberalism*.

"But, sir, before I close my observations, truth and candor compel me to state, that in the way of the accomplishment of this glorious consummation there exists a formidable impediment. I refer, sir, to the prevalence of that latitudinarian spirit now operating in the Protestant Churches; a spirit which too frequently compromises the integrity of Christian principle, and, consequently, neutralizes the decisive force of Christian action.

"Permit me, sir, to illustrate my meaning. It was announced some years ago that *old Bigotry* was dead and fairly buried. I am sorry to be under the necessity of informing this audience that it has been discovered of late that he left behind him an only child—a prodigal son, who is arrived at man's estate. This son is known by the name of *Liberalism*. Young Liberalism is the very antipodes of his old father. He is handsome, polite, insinuating—and, although somewhat superficial, possesses that polish and tact which impose on general observers. He speaks all languages, subscribes to all creeds, holds a levee with all sects and parties, is friendly with everybody, but stands identified with nobody. He professes to abhor religious controversy, and disposes of all doctrinal questions by a motion of indefinite postponement. He can swallow the wafer with the Papist, receive the cup with the Protestant, and thrust the Westminster Confession and the Methodist Discipline into the same pocket. You can never find Liberalism at home, or, rather, 'he is never at home but when from home.' He sails all waters under all colors; he exhibits the papers of all nations, but he hails to no port, he charters to no country—and, therefore, we strongly suspect that he is, in reality, a *pirate*.

"In a word, sir, to speak without a figure, we are fully of the judgment that this spurious liberalism is a grand obstacle in the way of the conversion of the world. Truth, sir, is unique, and, to be efficient, must stand forth in all its prominent peculiarities. If you soften down her features, you destroy her beauty and paralyze her usefulness. We believe that, in the present constitution of the Church, the arrangement of sects and parties is, upon the whole, for the best. It checks the growth of heresy, excites a spirited competition, and prevents the aggrandizement of ecclesiastical domination. There was a time when we thought otherwise, particularly in its application to our Sabbath schools; when we supposed it to be unwise to introduce doctrinal peculiarities into the minds of children, and that a liberalizing system would be for the better. But, sir, we see our error and confess it. We *dare* not mitigate the matter; we *must* teach the *whole truth*. The infidel spirit of the times demands that we hold fast *the form* of sound words. Our children require this at our hands."

His Mission Ship speech was not so happy a conception; but by his peculiar delivery had a thrilling effect on audiences in Baltimore and New-York. We give an extract:—

"We were saying, sir, that the age in which we live was distinguished by unprecedented improvements. One astonishing discovery has followed upon another, proving how amazingly the vast powers of nature may be made subservient to the purposes of art; and among these stands preëminent the steamboat, the bright production of the creative genius of the immortal Fulton. It is the eighth wonder of the world.

"While, sir, I as an individual render up my meed of admiration, permit me to say, that there is a vessel now afloat which, though less celebrated on the pillar of this world's fame, has been productive of more real benefit to the best interests of mankind.

"She was built at the Foundry, city of London, under the direction of Messrs. John and Charles Wesley. She is constructed on precisely the same model, and built of the same materials, as the *old ship* which was launched in the city of Jerusalem by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, immediately after his resurrection, and afterward sailed and navigated by the fishermen of Galilee. She is, sir, to all intents and purposes, a *missionary vessel*, calculated for spiritual discovery and Christian colonization. She carries letters of marque, a chosen crew of missionary adventurers, and steers by the bright and morning star of Bethlehem. It is true, indeed, for the first few years her voyagings were confined to the British seas. She alternately visited the islands of Ireland, Scotland, Man, Guernsey, Alderney, and Jersey; in all which, under the blessing of God, flourishing colonies were es-

tablished. But, sir, the God of heaven never intended her for a mere coaster; she was destined to circumnavigate the globe. Accordingly, sir, at this juncture, the great Head of the Church raised up a body of men of high missionary feeling—spirits of lofty enterprise, hearts of universal charity. Need I name an Asbury, a Boardman, a Pilmoor, a Whatcoat, and last, not least, a Coke? These men, adventurous as Columbus, and greedy of souls as ever Spaniards were of gold, launched the missionary vessel into the great and boundless deep of the Atlantic; and, favored by propitious gales and an approving God, reached the shores of this new and far-famed world. Here, sir, they boldly planted the standard of Methodism. Here they found the fields white already to the harvest, nor had they long to complain that the laborers were few. God gave the word, and great was the increase of able and effective men in this western vineyard of the Lord. The word of the Lord was like fire among dry stubble—it cleared the woods—it ran along the banks of our vast rivers—it was irresistible—it crossed the northern lakes—it penetrated the southern swamps—it defied the frosts of Canada—it scaled the summits of Alleghany—and now, sir, let the pious observer behold the great family of Methodism, from New-Orleans in the south to Labrador on the north, sitting beneath their own vine and fig-tree—and truly may he exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!'

"But, sir, we are digressing. We must return to the missionary ship, and, if you please, embark for Europe. Mr. Wesley, finding that the Lord was opening up missionary ground in distant lands, and being himself detained at home, by the weight of his societies, appointed Dr. Thomas Coke admiral of the ship, with a commission for foreign service. And truly we may say the office was made for the man, and the man for the office. He was a Welchman by birth, and a cosmopolite in feeling. I saw the admiral when I was a boy, and hope never to forget him. He was, like Zaccheus, a man of small stature; but, sir, there was a great soul in a little body. O who can forget the honest enthusiasm which glowed in his animated countenance, or the kindling glance of his benevolent eye? He was the apostle—he was the martyr of Methodist missions. For them he was willing to suffer the loss of all things. In this spiritual adventure he risked his life, his purse, his reputation, his all. He stopped at no difficulty, and though on some occasions his vessel (as it respects money matters) was in the shallows, yet she never struck the ground. In the prosecution of duty he feared no danger. His favorite motto was, 'I am immortal till my work is done.' Appointed by the father of Methodism to this missionary command, he entered upon his office with humble boldness and generous enthusiasm. He hoisted the broad flag of *free grace* at his mast-head, and, spreading his white canvas to the winds of heaven, steered for America. And although tremendous storms drove his vessel out of her intended course down to the West India Islands, yet here we have to acknowledge the finger of God bringing real good out of seeming evil. For from that apparent accident sprung one of the most extensive, productive, and benevolent of modern missions, which has eventuated in the salvation of thousands of the African race. It would be endless to follow the admiral through all the cruising activity of his missionary life. Suffice it to say that he lived as he died, and died as he lived—a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost. The ocean was his sepulcher, but he being dead yet speaketh. Yet when he died the enemies of missions began to triumph. 'We shall hear no more of Methodist missions,' said they. 'No doubt the enthusiastic old man and his mad schemes have failed together.' But, sir, these self-made prophets proved themselves false prophets, for when our Elijah ascended to glory there were many Elishas to catch the descending mantle of his charity. The admiral was dead; but, sir, the good missionary ship floated her triumphant course over the main, and waved her joyous banner to the nations. She doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and landed a band of spiritual warriors on the East India shores. Thence standing for New South Wales and the Sandwich Islands, she stretched across to Madagascar, touching at South and Western Africa, in all which places she established Christian colonies. Nay, sir, she has sailed under the batteries of Copenhagen up the stormy Baltic, and established a Methodist mission in the very fastnesses of Sweden. She has passed under the guns of Gibraltar, landing her missionary warriors

on that impregnable fortress; and, finally, she has traversed those seas, and planted colonies on the very ground once trod by the feet of the holy apostles.

"But, sir, you are ready to think we are sailing out of all longitude and latitude. We shall, therefore, with your permission, bring our missionary vessel home to port, with one observation, namely, Is she to remain in port? Is she to be laid up as a dismantled hulk—a melancholy memorial of what our fathers were able to begin, and we are unwilling to finish?

"Methinks I hear some cautious calculator hint, 'Charity begins at home.' Granted, my brother; but remember, charity must not remain at home. When the pressing wants of home are tolerably supplied, let her go forth, like Noah's dove, on an errand of mercy to the four quarters of the globe. Such is the spirit of the missionary commission, and such was the practice of the missionary apostles. We are ready to admit that these United States have presented and do present a vast and comprehensive field for the incessant labors of our active itinerancy. We are ready to admit that the Indian tribes make a loud and pressing appeal for renewed and increasing exertion, and may God prosper that noble mission! but, sir, we are not ready to admit that this missionary effort bears any adequate proportion to the resources and responsibility of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Granting, as we do, that much has been accomplished at home with very small means, is that any reason why *something* might not be accomplished *abroad* with greater? What, sir, surrounded as we are by the spirit-stirring activity of the age, are we to sit still at home and let other men take our missionary crown? Forever perish the thought! Sir, I this night propose that we forthwith put the missionary vessel to sea under the care of American pilots; and, sir, let her first voyage be eastward.

"There is on the western coast of Africa an American, and, I thank God, we may add, a *Christian colony*, which, under the blessing of Heaven, promises to be a focus for the evangelization and civilization of that benighted continent. The freemen of Liberia are standing on those shores, and uttering the Macedonian cry, 'Come over and help us.' That colony is precious to the heart of the philanthropist—it stands the altar of a national atonement, and an imperishable monument of a nation's benevolence. And, sir, while the moral feeling of this republic is promoting its temporal interests, while the north is giving up and the south keeping not back, shall the Methodists of these United States be backward in answering the will of those gifted and qualified men who are crying, 'Here am I; send me?' Sir, nothing is wanting but the means, and I am persuaded the means will not be wanting. And, sir, are the South American republics to be forgotten? Do these present no claim upon our benevolence? Among the millions of this extensive continent is there no field for missionary labor? If these United States have given them the bright model of a civil constitution, shall they withhold the brighter boon of religious liberty and Christian knowledge? It is high time something should be done. Let our missionary vessel stretch along the coasts of South America. Let her touch at Havana, at Rio Janeiro, at Buenos Ayres, and leave her missionaries at all these places; let her double Cape Horn, and coast along the shores of the Pacific. Yea, sir, let her never drop her anchor until she complete the circumnavigation of this transatlantic world.

"But, sir, before we hoist our sails we are arrested by a very abrupt consideration—*the means*. Who shall pay the freight of the vessel? We have the men, but, sir, we want the money; for it is demonstrably certain that if the world is to be evangelized, it must be by *means*, not by miracles. And, sir, if we succeed in getting our missionary vessel under way, it will not be by fair speeches, or loud professions, but by fulfilling to the letter the laconic peroration of Dean Swift's celebrated sermon—we must, in one word, '*down with our dust.*'"

With such tact and humor, and illustrative aptitude, did he manage these anniversary occasions: but the reader, who never heard him, can hardly imagine the effectiveness of his manner—the strenuous tone of his ringing voice, the martial fire and energy of his gestures, the mixture of seriousness and semi-drollery (heightened by his Quaker costume and slight, straight figure, and long apelike arms ever in motion) with which he dramatized the whole scene before his wondering audience.

A PICTURE, BY KEATS.

Young Calidore is paddling o'er the lake;
His healthful spirit eager and awake
To feel the beauty of a silent eve,
Which seem'd full loth this happy world to leave,
The light dwelt o'er the scene so lingeringly.
He bares his forehead to the cool blue sky,
And smiles at the far clearness all around,
Until his heart is well nigh overwound,
And turns for calmness to the pleasant green
Of easy slopes, and shadowy trees that lean
So elegantly o'er the waters' brim
And show their blossoms trim.
Scarce can his clear and nimble eyesight follow
The freaks and dartings of the black-wing'd swallow,
Delighting much to see it half at rest,
Dip so refreshingly its wings and breast
'Gainst the smooth surface, and to mark anon
The widening circles into nothing gone.

And now the sharp keel of his little boat
Comes up with ripple, and with easy float,
And glides into a bed of water-lilies:
Broad-leaved are they, and their white canopies
Are upward turn'd to catch the heavens' dew.
Near to a little island's point they grew;
Whence Calidore might have the goodliest view
Of this sweet spot of earth. The bowery shore
Went off in gentle windings to the hoar
And light blue mountains: but no breathing man
With a warm heart, and eye prepared to scan
Nature's clear beauty, could pass lightly by
Objects that look'd out so invitingly
On either side. These gentle Calidore
Greeted, as he had known them long before.

The sidelong view of swelling leafiness,
Which the glad setting sun in gold doth dress,
Whence, ever and anon, the joy outsprings,
And scales upon the beauty of its wings.

The lonely turret, shatter'd, and outworn,
Stands venerably proud—too proud to mourn
Its long-lost grandeur: fir-trees grow around,
Ay, dropping their hard fruit upon the ground.
The little chapel, with the cross above,
Upholding wreaths of ivy; the white dove,
That on the windows spreads his feathers light,
And seems from purple clouds to wing its flight.

Green-tufted islands casting their soft shades
Across the lake; sequester'd leafy glades,
That through the dimness of their twilight show
Large dock-leaves, spiral fox-gloves, or the glow
Of the wild cat's-eyes, or the silvery stems
Of delicate birch-trees, or long grass which hems
A little brook. The youth had long been viewing
These pleasant things, and heaven was bedewing
The mountain flowers, when his glad senses caught
A trumpet's silver voice. Ah! it was fraught
With many joys for him: the warder's ken
Had found white coursers prancing in the glen:
Friends very dear to him he soon will see;
So pushes off his boat most eagerly.
And soon upon the lake he skims along,
Deaf to the nightingale's first under-song;
Nor minds he the white swans that dream so sweetly:
His spirit flies before him so completely.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE LOST.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

Sweet violets on a grassy mound
Beside a river pure and bright,
Perfume the airs that breathe around
At morning, noon, and night.

Awaken'd by the genial rays
Of spring-time, from the sod they burst,
And smiling, met our tearful gaze,
Of all the wild-wood flowers the first.

So they, for whom our tears are shed,
Have pass'd to purer joys above:
O, say not they are lost, are dead—
Theirs is a home of light and love.

ORPHANAGE.

THE above engraving, representing orphanage, is a copy of a group, in marble, which attracted no little attention at the last exhibition of the Royal Academy of London. The artist is M. G. Physick. The group needs no explanatory comment—it speaks for itself—its every attribute is expressive.

ACADIA.

THE SCENE OF LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE.

IN traveling through Nova Scotia, the tourist is struck with the numerous memorials of the early French inhabitants. Ancient orchards, which had been planted by those industrious and peaceful settlers, are seen along the roadsides. Rows of tall Lombardy poplars, also, remind us of France; and in the alluvial plains of Cornwallis and Annapolis, our attention is called to long green mounds, or dikes, which had been constructed by the old French proprietors. Wherever, indeed, there is any old work of art, it is French, unless it happen to be a decayed blockhouse or fort, which had been erected for the purpose of oppressing that ill-treated people. One hears so much of the virtues of the Pilgrim Fathers, that it would almost seem as if there were nothing to be admired in any other class of American settlers; and yet in the original French occupants of Nova Scotia would have been found an example of great integrity, with a kindliness of manner and a depth of piety seldom equaled; while the sufferings to which this people were subjected must ever command the utmost sympathy and regret.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that Nova Scotia, under the name of Acadia, was the earliest French possession in America. There, a few adventurous families from the north of France had built their dwellings about sixteen years before the Puritans landed in Massachusetts. In process of time they had cleared the forest, multiplied in numbers, and in all respects approved themselves a thriving and peaceable community.

Through a long succession of years, nothing appears to have disturbed them in their solitary and hard-earned possessions. As French subjects, and professors of the Roman Catholic religion, they may have been to some extent obnoxious to the nearest English settlements, the inhabitants of which, from strong hereditary reasons, had a fierce abhorrence of "Popery;" but with these the Acadians had too little intercourse to be much influenced by the feelings or opinions they might entertain respecting them. Nor were they, for a long time, much disturbed by the contest in which the French and English governments became engaged for the acquisition of further territory, and

the consequent limitation of the power of each nation. This contest, however, was frequently interrupted by treaties and arrangements respecting boundaries, some of which had reference to the occupation of Acadia; and at length, by a stipulation made at the Peace of Utrecht, the province was finally ceded to Great Britain.

The change of sovereignty does not appear at first to have effected any material alteration in the condition of the people. It was intended to secure their obedience by intermixing them with English colonists; but the presence of a feeble garrison at Annapolis, and the emigration of hardly half-a-dozen English families, were for many years nearly all that marked the supremacy of England. The old inhabitants remained on the soil which they had subdued, scarcely conscious that they had changed their rulers. They took, indeed, an oath of fidelity and submission to the English king; but in return they were promised indulgence in "the true exercise of their religion, and exemption from bearing arms against the French or Indians." On account of this, they became known under the name of the "French neutrals." For nearly forty years from the Peace of Utrecht, they were left undisturbed in the possession of their prosperous seclusion. "No tax-gatherer counted their folds; no magistrate dwelt in their hamlets. The parish priest made their records, and regulated their successions. Their little disputes were settled among themselves, with scarcely an instance of an appeal to English authority at Annapolis. The pas-

VILLAGE OF ACADIA.

tures were covered with their herds and flocks; and dikes, raised by extraordinary efforts of social industry, shut out the rivers and the tide from the alluvial marshes of exuberant fertility. The meadows thus reclaimed were covered by richest grasses, or fields of wheat, that yielded fifty and thirtyfold at the harvest. Their houses were built in clusters, neatly contructed and comfortably furnished; and around them all kinds of domestic fowls abounded. With the spinning-wheel and the loom their women made, of flax from their own fields, of fleeces from their own flocks, coarse but sufficient clothing. The few foreign luxuries that were coveted could be obtained from Annapolis or Louisburg in return for furs, or wheat, or cattle. Thus were the Acadians happy in their neutrality, and in the abundance which they drew from their native land. They formed, as it were, one great family. Their morals were of unaffected purity. Love was sanctified and calmed by the universal custom of early marriages. The neighbors of the community would assist the new couple to raise their cottage, while the wilderness offered land. Their numbers increased, and the colony, which had begun only as the trading station of a company with the monopoly of the fur trade, counted perhaps sixteen or seventeen thousand inhabitants."*

* Bancroft's History of the American Revolution.

Longfellow thus celebrates their rural life:—

"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretch'd to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
o o o o o o o o
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatch'd were the roofs, with dormer windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the door-way.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white cap, and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens."

At length, England vigorously undertook to colonize the country, and from that time the independence of these simple people began to be seriously affected. In March, 1749, proposals were made to disbanded officers, soldiers, and marines, to accept and occupy the vacant lands; and before the end of June, more than fourteen hundred persons, under the auspices of the British Parliament, were conducted by Colonel Edward Cornwallis into the harbor of Chebucto. "There, on a cold and sterile soil, covered to the water's edge with one continued forest of spruce and pine, whose thick underwood and gloomy shade hid rocks and the rudest wilds, with no clear spot to be seen or heard of," rose the present town of Halifax. Before winter, three hundred houses were covered in. At a place now called Lower Horton, a blockhouse was also raised, and fortified by a trench and a palisade; while, on the present site of Windsor, a fort was soon erected, to protect the communications with the town. These positions, with Annapolis on the Bay of Fundy, secured the peninsula to the English, a part of which had now again become matter of dispute between the French and British governments.

To make sure of the submission of the French inhabitants, it was suddenly proclaimed to their deputies convened at Halifax, that English commissioners would repair to their villages, and require them to take the oath of allegiance unconditionally. This placed them in a perilous predicament. They could not pledge themselves to join in war against the land of their origin and love; and so, in a letter signed by a thousand of their men, they pleaded rather for leave to sell their lands and effects, and abandon the peninsula for other homes, which France, as they supposed, would generously provide. But Cornwallis would offer them no choice, save between unconditional allegiance and the total confiscation of their property. "It is for me," said he, "to command and to be obeyed;" and as he had the power to enforce his unjust exactions, the poor Acadians were subjected to the most merciless severities. Their papers and records, the titles to their estates and inheritances, were taken from them. In cases where their property was demanded for the public service, they were informed that "they were not to be bargained with for payment." An order to this effect, says Mr. Bancroft, may still be read in the council records at Halifax. They were told that they must comply, without making any terms, and that "immediately," or "the next courier would bring an order for military execution upon the delinquents." And when on some occasions they delayed in providing firewood for their oppressors, it was told them from the government, that if they did not do it in proper time, the soldiers should "absolutely take their houses for fuel." Under pretence of fearing that they might rise in behalf of France, escape to Canada, or convey provisions to the French garrisons, they were ordered to surrender their boats and firearms; which, accordingly, they did, leaving themselves defenseless, and without the means of flight. Not long afterward, orders were given to the English officers to punish the Acadians at discretion, should they in any case behave amiss; if the troops were annoyed, vengeance was to be inflicted on the nearest, whether the guilty one or not, after the rate of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

These, and similar severities, were in course of perpetration for nearly seven years. Meanwhile the French, who dis-

puted the right of the English to a portion of the country which they claimed, took military occupation of the isthmus that formed the natural boundary between Acadia and the province of New France. Hence, however, their forces were ejected with little difficulty in 1755, and thenceforward the Acadians seemed to be left without the possibility of redress. In their extremity, they cowered before their masters, hoping forbearance; not unwilling to take an oath of fealty to England, yet in their single-mindedness and sincerity, still refusing to pledge themselves to bear arms against the land from which they sprung. The English were masters of the sea, were undisputed lords of the country, and could have exercised clemency without the slightest apprehension. But the men in power showed no disposition for acts of generosity or conciliation. Indignant at the obstinate consistency of the people, they sought only to reduce them to a humiliating dependence, and in the plenitude of their tyranny resorted to a project which the judgment of humanity must denounce as treacherous and dastardly. It was planned in secret, and no warning was given of their purpose till it was ready for being put into execution.

It was, in fact, determined, "after the ancient device of Oriental despotism," to carry away the French inhabitants of Acadia into captivity to other parts of the British dominions. In August, 1754, Lawrence, the lieutenant-governor of the province, had written to Lord Halifax in England: "They have laid aside all thought of taking the oaths of allegiance voluntarily. . . . . They possess the best and largest tract of land in the province; if they refuse the oaths, it would be much better that they were away." The Lords of Trade, in reply, vailed their wishes under the form of decorous suggestions. "By the treaty of Utrecht," said they, referring to the French Acadians, "their becoming subjects of Great Britain is made an express condition of their continuance after the expiration of a year; they cannot become subjects but by taking the oaths required of subjects; and therefore it may be a question, whether their refusal to take such oaths will not operate to invalidate their titles to their lands. Consult the chief-justice of Nova Scotia upon that point; his opinion may serve as a foundation for future measures."

In the day of their affliction, France remembered the descendants of her sons, and asked that they might have time to remove from the peninsula with their effects, leaving their lands and homesteads to their conquerors; but in his answer, the British minister claimed them as useful subjects, and refused them the liberty of transmigration.

Some of the inhabitants pleaded with the British officers for the restitution of their boats and guns, promising fidelity if they could but retain their liberties; and declaring that not the want of arms, but their consciences, should engage them never to revolt. "The memorial," said Lawrence in council, "is highly arrogant, insidious, and insulting." Nevertheless, the memorialists, at his summons, came submissively to Halifax. "You want your canoes for carrying provisions to the enemy," said he, deridingly, though he knew no enemy was left in their vicinity. "Guns are no part of your goods," he continued, "as by the laws of England all Roman Catholics are restrained from having arms, and are subject to penalties if arms are found in their houses. It is not the language of British subjects to talk of terms with the crown, or capitulate about their fidelity and allegiance. What excuse can you make for your presumption in treating this government with such indignity, as to expound to them the nature of fidelity? Manifest your obedience by immediately taking the oaths of allegiance in the common form before the council."

To this demand the deputies replied, that they would do as the generality of the inhabitants should determine. The next day, however, foreseeing the sorrows that awaited them, they offered to swear allegiance unconditionally; but they were told, that by a clause in a certain British statute, persons who have once refused the oaths cannot be afterward permitted to take them, but are to be considered as Popish recusants; and as such they were immediately imprisoned. The chief-justice, on whose opinion hung the fate of so many innocent families, insisted that they were to be looked upon as confirmed "rebels," who had now collectively, and without exception, become "recusants." Besides, as they were still eight thousand or more in numbers, and the English did not exceed three thousand, they stood in the way of "the progress of the settle-

ment;" "by their noncompliance with the conditions of the treaty of Utrecht, they forfeited their possessions to the crown;" and after the departure "of the fleet and troops, the province would not be in a condition to drive them out." "Such a juncture as the present might never occur;" so he advised that the French inhabitants should not be permitted to take the oaths, but that the whole of them should be removed from the province. After mature consideration it was resolved in council to act on this suggestion; and in order to prevent the ejected people from attempting to return and molest the settlers that might be set down on their lands, it was determined that it would be most proper to distribute them among the several colonies on the continent.

To secure the success of the scheme, an ungenerous artifice was adopted. By a general proclamation, on one and the same day, they were peremptorily ordered —"both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age"—to assemble in specified localities on the 5th day of September (1755). Not knowing for what purpose, they innocently obeyed. For example, at Grand Pré, four hundred and eighteen unarmed men came together. They were marched into the church, and the doors were closed, when Winslow, the American commander, rose up, and thus addressed them: "You are convened together to manifest to you his majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his province. Your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds and live-stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the crown, and you yourselves are to be removed from this his province. I am, through his majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in." And he thereupon declared them the king's prisoners. What a sound of mocking irony there must have rung through that expression, "his majesty's goodness!" The pitiful privilege which that goodness granted might as well have been withheld, since in effect it did not render them any the less destitute. Their wives and families were also the king's prisoners—numbering with themselves nineteen hundred and twenty-three persons. The doom which had been some time preparing for them took them completely by surprise. They had left home, as they supposed, but for the morning, and now they were never to return.

Longfellow has described the scene almost literally:—

"So pass'd the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Throng'd ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the head-stones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Enter'd the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echo'd the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling to casement,—
Echo'd a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
'You are convened this day,' he said, 'by his majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answer'd his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds,
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his majesty's pleasure!'
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rush'd to the door-way.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer."

THE CHURCH.

But a still more bitter day was coming. It was fixed that on the 10th of September a part of the exiles should be embarked. "They were drawn up six deep," writes Mr. Bancroft, "and the young men, one hundred and sixty-one in number, were ordered to march first on board the vessel. They could leave their farms and cottages, the shady rocks on which they had reclined, their herds and their garners; but nature yearned within them, and they would not be separated from their parents. Yet of what avail was the frenzied despair of the unarmed youth? They had not one weapon; the bayonet drove them to obey; and they marched slowly and heavily from the chapel to the shore, between women and children, who, kneeling, prayed for blessings on their heads, they themselves weeping, and praying, and singing hymns. The seniors went next: the wives and children must wait till other transport vessels arrive."

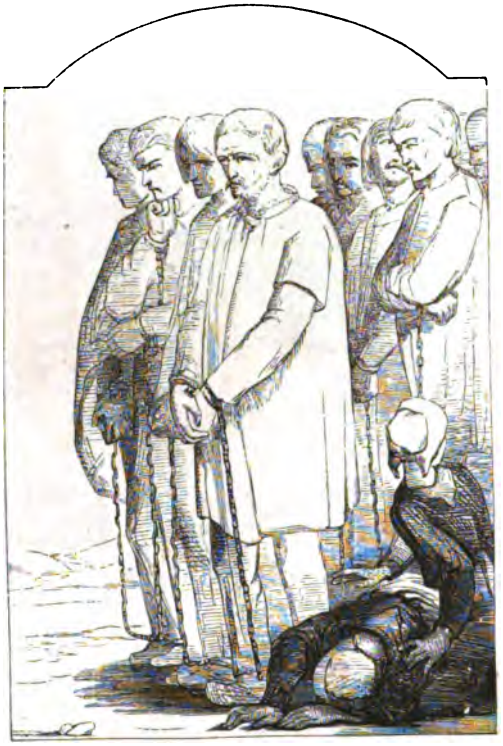
The spectacle is thus described in Evangeline :—

"Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children throng'd. On a sudden the church-doors
Open'd, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Follow'd the long-imprison'd, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and way-worn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,
Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions :—
'Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength, and submission, and patience!'
Then the old men, as they march'd, and the women that stood by the way-side
Join'd in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

"Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—
Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession approach'd her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then fill'd her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasp'd she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whisper'd,—
'Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another,
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!'
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seem'd with the weight of the weary heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh she clasp'd his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort avail'd not.
Thus to the Gasperau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

"There disorder prevail'd, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepen'd and darken'd around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Cover'd with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.
Further back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gipsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamp'd for the night the houseless Acadian farmers."



ACADIANS IN CHAINS.

"The embarkation of the inhabitants goes on but slowly," wrote Monckton from Fort Cumberland, near which he had burned three hamlets; "the most part of the wives of the men we have prisoners are gone off with their children, in hopes I would not send off their husbands without them." Their hope was vain. Near Annapolis, one hundred heads of families fled to the woods, and a party was detached on the hunt to bring them in. "Our soldiers hate them," wrote an officer on this occasion; "and if they can but find a pretext to kill them, they will." Did a prisoner seek to escape?—he was shot by the sentinel. Yet some fled to Quebec; more than three thousand had withdrawn to Miramichi and the region south of the Ristigouche; some found rest on the banks of the St. John's and its branches; some found a lair in their native forests; some were charitably sheltered from the English in the wigwams of the savages. But seven thousand of these banished people were driven on board ships, and scattered among the English colonies, from New-Hampshire to Georgia alone; one thousand and twenty to South Carolina alone. They were cast ashore without resources; hating the poor-house as a shelter for their offspring, and abhorring the thought of selling themselves as laborers. Households, too, were separated; the colonial newspapers contained advertisements of members of families seeking their companions, of sons anxious to reach and relieve their parents, of mothers mourning for their children."

Poor wanderers! how they sighed for the pleasant villages whence they had been so cruelly driven out, and where they had so long dwelt so peacefully! But the hand that had expelled them was sternly raised to hinder them from returning. Their villages, from Annapolis to the isthmus, were laid waste. Their old homes were heaps of ruins. In one district as many as two hundred and fifty of their houses,

THE SEA-SHORE.

and more than as many barns, were entirely consumed. Their confiscated live-stock, consisting of great numbers of horses, sheep, hogs, and horned cattle, were seized as spoils, and disposed of by the unscrupulous officials. "A beautiful and fertile tract of country was reduced to a solitude. There was left round the ashes of the cottages of the Acadians but the faithful watch-dog, vainly seeking the hands that fed him. Thickets of forest-trees choked their orchards; the ocean broke over their neglected dikes, and desolated their meadows." The whole land was cast back into the wilderness, and, had the dispersed inhabitants gone back to it, they would have hardly recognized a spot within its boundaries.

The exiles could not rest in their captivity; but relentless misfortune pursued them, by whatever way they sought after deliverance. Those sent to Georgia, drawn by a love for the spot where they were born, escaped to sea in boats, and went coasting on from harbor to harbor till they reached New England; but just as they would have set sail for their native fields, they were stopped by orders from Nova Scotia. Those who dwelt on the St. John's were once more driven out from their new homes. When Canada surrendered, the fifteen hundred who remained south of the Ristigouche were pursued by the scourges of unrelenting hatred. Those who dwelt in Pennsylvania presented an humble petition to the Earl of Loudoun, then the British commander-in-chief in America; and in return, his lordship, offended that the prayer was made in French, seized their five principal men, who in their own land had been persons of dignity and substance, and shipped them to England, with the request that they might be consigned to service as common sailors on board of ships-of-war, and thus be kept from ever again becoming troublesome. No doubt existed of the king's approbation of these proceedings. "The Lords of Trade, more merciless than the savages and than the wilderness in winter, wished very much that every one of the Acadians should be driven out; and when it seemed that the work was done, congratulated the king that the zealous endeavors of Lawrence had been crowned with an entire success." Wherever they turned, or whatever they did, these despoiled and outcast people encountered nothing but calamity. In their abject desolation, it even seemed to them that their cause was rejected by the universe. "We have been true," said they, "to our re-

ligion, and true to ourselves, yet nature appears to consider us only as the objects of public vengeance." Their hard fate might well impress them with even that disheartening conviction; yet it was not nature's doing, but "man's inhumanity to man," which in so many other instances "has made countless thousands mourn." Theirs, truly, is as sad a story as it can readily fall to one's lot to read; and, as such, it cannot fail to excite interest and sympathy in all who can feel compassion for the desolate and oppressed.

By these deeds of violence, the French were extirpated from Acadia. Only a few in obscure nooks escaped; and the descendants of these till the present day retain the language, the manners, and the religion of their forefathers—a curiosity in the present social system of Nova Scotia. Such is the historical basis of Longfellow's sweet poem of Evangeline, and one of the most affecting pages in American annals.

WATT AND THE STEAM-ENGINE.

THE name of WATT is inseparably associated with the application of steam to the highest and most practical ends. Though his parents were in a position to give him a comparatively liberal education, his delicate constitution interposed a serious obstacle to his progress. His attendance at school was very irregular, and sometimes he was absent for several successive months. But what he lost in the class, he more than made up in the chamber. His mind was intensely active, and his habits of inquisitiveness opened to him the stores of knowledge; nor could he turn away from any subject of inquiry till he had completely mastered it. He needed only to be prompted, and to him everything became the beginning of a new and devoted study. Mathematics and mechanics were his favorite pursuits; nor was his father backward in providing him with the necessary means for the prosecution of those little experiments in which in early life he was engaged. Such was his application to study, that he speedily made himself acquainted with every branch and department of science.

It would be both interesting and instructive to sketch the life of this illustrious man from the time that he was engaged to a mathematical and nautical instrument maker in London down to the period when he withdrew from business into the dignified ease and retirement of private life, that, in the circle of those whom he loved, he might enjoy that social intercourse in which he so truly delighted. To the last he preserved not only the full command of his extraordinary intellect, but all the alacrity of spirit and the social gayety which had illuminated his happiest days. It has been said, that he had in his character the utmost abhorrence for all sorts of forwardness, parade, and pretension; that there was nothing of effort or impatience, any more than of pride or levity, in his demeanor; and that in the manners of no man could there have been a finer expression of reposing strength and of mild self-possession. We can easily conceive, therefore, with what emotions Sir Walter Scott looked upon "the man whose genius discovered the means of multiplying our national resources to a degree, perhaps, even beyond his own stupendous powers of calculation and combination; bringing the treasures of the abyss to the summit of the earth—giving to the feeble arm of man the momentum of an Afrite—commanding manufactures to arise—affording means of dispensing with that time and tide which wait for no man—and of sailing without that wind which defied the commands and threats of Xerxes himself. This potent commander of the elements—this abridger of time and space—this magician, whose cloudy machinery has produced a change in the world, the effects of which, extraordinary as they are, are perhaps only beginning to be felt—was not only the most profound man of science, the most successful combiner of powers and calculator of numbers, as adapted to practical purposes—was not only one of the most generally well-informed, but he was also one of the kindest of human beings." In his eighty-first year, the alert, kind, benevolent old man—surrounded by a little band of northern literati—"had his attention at every one's question, his information at every one's command. His talents and fancy overflowed on every subject. One gentleman was a deep philologist; he talked with him on the origin of the alphabet, as if he had been coëval with Cadmus; another a celebrated critic—you would have said that the old man had studied political economy and belles-lettres all his

WATT'S MONUMENT, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

life. Of science it is unnecessary to speak; it was his own distinguished walk." From his wide and varied attainments he was fitted to move in any circle; and there was no circle in which he was not received as one of the higher types of our humanity. Literary honors and distinctions were conferred upon him in profusion. Shortly before his death, he was elected a member of the National Institute of France; and in quitting the world, he left behind him a reputation as unlimited as the domain of science or the empire of civilization.

But it is not so much with the character of the man that we have to do, as with his inventions; nor so much with the details of those inventions, as with their application and practical working. His discoveries may be full of interest, as the mere fruits of genius; but when we think of their influence on civilization, and science, and social happiness, we have a theme which challenges the highest efforts of eloquence, and which no force of eloquence can fully express.

There is scarcely a boy that occupies a form in one of our common public schools that is not familiar with the steam-engine; but how few have reflected on the magnitude and the effects of its motive power? The expansive force of steam, in raising water or any other liquid body, by pressure, above its natural height, was known even before the Christian era. And though in France some few efforts were made to use steam for mechanical purposes; though about the middle of the seventeenth century the Marquis of Worcester constructed his semi-omnipotent engine, by which one volume of water rarefied by fire could drive up forty volumes of water; though thirty years afterward Savary exhibited to the Royal Society his model of an en-

gine for draining mines, and raising water to unusual heights; though Papin, the French engineer, improved upon Savary, by making the steam act through the cylinder and the piston; and though the ideas of both these men gave birth, in the mind of Newcomen, to a machine in which there was a distinct vessel for the generation of the steam, and which was intended to raise water from greater depths, it was not till the steam-engine came into the hands of Watt, that it took on that mighty and all but perfect form which resulted from his manifold improvements.

It is well known that water is converted into steam by the action of heat; and that a cubic inch of water, weighing rather more than two hundred and fifty grains, may be turned into an equal weight of steam; while, in the act of transformation, it absorbs so much heat as to increase more than seventeen hundred times in bulk. In other words, a cubic inch of water may, at the boiling point, be converted into a cubic foot of steam, and it is this difference of bulk which gives us the true idea of the power of the steam-engine. And yet this expansion of the liquid body would be of little service, unless there were corresponding means of effecting a subsequent reduction of the steam. This reaction is produced by cold, which robs the steam of so much of its latent heat as to render it incapable of maintaining the vaporous form, and so reduces it again to water. But the steam once formed is, in Watt's engine, carried along a pipe into the cylinder, and passes through a valve so contrived as to regulate the quantity of steam admitted, according to the amount of power required. The cylinder is inclosed on all sides, having an internal piston, wholly shielded from the external air. The downward pressure of the air is lost, but, in lieu of it, steam is admitted above the piston as well as below. The cylinder is preserved constantly warm, and the condensation of the steam is effected in a separate cylinder, kept in a cistern of cold water. Supposing that steam admitted above the piston presses it down, a valve is then opened, by which the steam is conducted to the condenser and instantly cooled, whereby a vacuum is formed above the piston. Meanwhile steam is being admitted below the piston, and as the latter has now a vacuum above it, it is forced upward by the pressure from beneath. The communication between the condenser and the upper part of the cylinder is then cut off, and another opened with the lower part, whereby another series of changes occur, the steam driving the piston upward and downward alternately. To the piston is attached a metallic rod, which shares the reciprocating motion given to the piston, and hence any machinery attached to the remote end of the piston-rod is thus moved to and fro through an equal space with great rapidity.

But let us turn to the motive power of this machine. In the arts it takes the lead of all other inventions. And if we think of the economy in time, and labor, and cost which it insures, its merits are literally unspeakable. It is ascertained that the steam power at present employed in England is equal to the labor of eight millions of men, or one million six hundred horse power. And if it be true that a horse requires eight times the quantity of soil for producing food that a human being does, it follows that the food required for one million six hundred thousand horses would be equal to the food necessary for twelve millions eight hundred thousand men.

The draining machine of Newcomen. which was sent to Watt in 1763 for some repairs, he found to be a clumsy, noisy, inefficient apparatus; and in twenty years he had made and patented all those improvements which rendered his engine fit for those various and wondrous applications to which it is now devoted. But for these improvements, Britain could never have produced those manufactures which challenge the competition of the world, and find a market on the most distant shores. If human labor, or even horse-power, were employed instead of machinery, the manufactures could not be produced at so cheap a rate; or if the mechanism were less perfect, the article would be inferior in quality and in texture. "The rapid growth and prodigious magnitude of the cotton manufacture of Great Britain are beyond all question the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of industry. When she undertook the cotton manufacture, she had comparatively few facilities for its prosecution, and had to struggle with the greatest difficulties." But discovery and mechanical genius came to her relief. And though little more than half a century has elapsed since

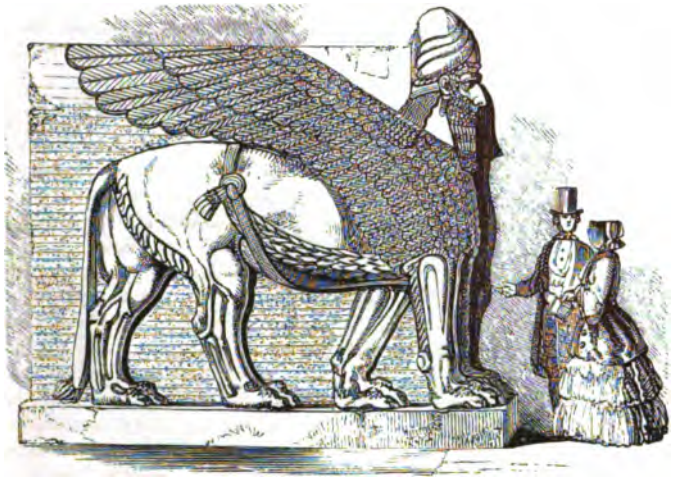
the British cotton manufacture was in its infancy, it now forms the principal business carried on in that country.

As might have been expected, Newcomen's engines, which were used in all the mining districts, were soon supplanted by those of Watt; and, to say nothing of the efficient operation of the one in contrast with the other, such was the saving effected in time and labor, that the proprietors of the single mine of Chasewater, in the county of Cornwall, offered to pay $12,500 per annum to Watt and his partner for the use of each engine. This was equal to one-third of the value of the coal saved by the new apparatus; from which it would appear that hitherto no less a sum than $37,500 had been expended yearly in waste fuel.

It was now the object of Watt to render his machine applicable to general purposes. He not only succeeded in making the engine move in a straight line instead of a curve; not only procured a double action by the alternate admission and condensation of steam above and below the cylinder, and so gave a twofold power for the same size of cylinder; but he conceived that one-third of the steam might be shut off from the boiler before the stroke of the piston, whether upward or downward, was completed; since the expansive force of the two-thirds which were admitted would be sufficient to perfect the rise or fall of the piston. Though Watt did not carry out this idea, it has since been effected; and, marvelous to say, there are machines in Cornwall, England, which are worked on this principle of expansion, and by which a bushel of coals is made to perform the labor of twenty men working for ten successive hours, which is equivalent to performing a man's daily work at the cost of a single cent. If Watt left this improvement to be carried out by others, his genius provided an apparatus, which he named the governor, by which to regulate the quantity of steam admitted from the boiler to the cylinder; and it is this regulator, and a skillful employment of fly-wheels, which constitute the true secret of the astonishing perfection of the manufactures of our epoch. It is this which confers on the steam-engine a working movement which is wholly free from irregularity, and by which it can weave the most delicate fabrics as well as communicate a rapid movement to the ponderous stone of a flour-mill. It may be true that in its applications to mills and factories, steam is more expensive than water-power; but this is more than compensated by the ease and steadiness with which it is worked, as well as by its being independent of situation or season, of time or place.

There is no evidence that the idea of a rail ever entered the mind of Watt, in connection with his locomotive engine. That it might be employed on the common highway was as far as his thoughts reached. But what are now the achievements of railway transit! Now we can cross the Atlantic, and force our passage to the most distant shores of the globe by steam. Nor can steam navigation be said to have yet reached its perfection. Its future development may throw its present triumphs into the shade, and be pregnant with results which no human reason can calculate or determine. At the beginning of the present century it was the labor of two men to throw off about two thousand sheets a day from the printing press; and now, by the application of steam, we can insure more than double the number in a single hour.

But space fails us to enumerate and describe the various applications of this wondrous motive power. What M. Arago predicted in his address on the claims and merits of Watt, to the members of the Royal Academy of Sciences in France, has all been fulfilled. In the short period of a few weeks he has penetrated as far into the bowels of the earth as before his time would have required a hundred years of painful labor; he has there opened up spacious mines, and in a few minutes cleared them of immense volumes of water; has brought up to light those boundless stores of mineral wealth which till then lay concealed in the virgin earth; has twisted those immense folds of gigantic cable by which the ship of the line embraces in safety her anchor in the midst of the tumultuous waves; has with this power united a delicacy which weaves the microscopic filaments of the delicate muslins and aërial lace; has brought swamps into culture, and rescued fertile countries from the most deadly miasm; has converted villages into towns, covered the country with elegant mansions; and advanced towns to large, beautiful, and wealthy cities.



THE WINGED LION.

THE STORY OF ANCIENT NINEVEH.

NINEVEH, to a great extent, was long hidden from the world. The inquisitive, the learned, the enterprising, sought for a true history of it in vain. No one had a clear sight of Nineveh—no one saw exactly what it had been in its meridian glory—until, through the researches of Botta, Layard, and others, an opening was made in the gathered darkness of ages, and the Assyrian city was palpably disclosed before the eyes of the astonished world. Here, in these unparalleled explorations, come out to view fragments of its architecture and sculptures; there, are revealed glimpses of its social, political, warlike, and even domestic life; while yonder, the very records of its history are being unrolled, and we are actually beginning to read portions of its annals.

It is our purpose in this paper to tell, in brief, the story of Nineveh, so far as we know it; of course a very imperfect story at present, but a deeply interesting one.

We shall begin by looking at our subject as it presented itself to the minds of scholars before the recent discoveries were made. As Herodotus, in his great historical work, makes but few allusions to Assyria, and none which throw light upon its early history, but little assistance has been afforded by him. If he ever wrote a book expressly on Assyrian affairs—of which he expresses an intention in such portion of his writings as we possess—that book has perished. The main authorities, then, for what was until of late known on the subject before us, were Berosus and Ctesias. The former was a Babylonian, living at Athens in the time of Alexander the Great; and being a priest of Belus, he possessed a large amount of Chaldean lore. He wrote a history of the Chaldees, of which, unfortunately, we have only a few fragments; in these, however, are found some scanty notices relating to the condition of the Assyrian power and people. The second ancient author was Ctesias, perhaps a cotemporary of Herodotus, who flourished in the fourth century before Christ. He is called, by Strabo, the historian of Assyria and Persia. He wrote a large work, of which the first six books were devoted to the former subject. The work in its entireness no longer exists, but, happily, an abridgment of it is preserved, so far as Persia is concerned, in the works of Photius. Of the part referring to Assyrian matters, there is no abridgment in Photius, but very large use of it is made by Diodorus Siculus, who may be regarded, in his account of Assyria, as giving the substance of his predecessor's labors. "Of later writers," says Dr. Layard, "who have touched upon Assyrian history, Diodorus Siculus, a mere compiler, is the principal. Eusebius, and the Armenian historians, such as Moses of Chorene,

have preserved a few valuable details and hints; they also obtained their information from elsewhere, but in some instances from original sources not altogether devoid of authenticity. Many other authors could be cited who, in their works, have casually alluded to events in Assyrian history, or have introduced brief notices concerning the Assyrian empire; but any particular account of them, or any analysis of the information they afford, would only weary the reader. It is remarkable that none of the authors alluded to, do more than mention by name any of the Assyrian

SELF-IMMOLATION OF SARDANAPALUS.

kings, with the exception of Ninus, Semiramis, and Sardanapalus, whom traditions have made celebrated, and whose deeds, like those of all prominent characters in an epoch before sober history commenced, have been invested with superhuman features, or have been mixed up with fables."

A great change has now come over our knowledge of Nineveh and Assyria, through the wonderful discoveries of recent explorers, and revelations of the mighty and teeming past are still in the course of progress. The inscriptions upon which Colonel Rawlinson, Dr. Hincks and

others, are laboriously employed, are of surprising value. They are, in fact, historical records full of particular and minute information. The sculptures and paintings, too, are of the greatest importance in reference to Assyrian history, because they afford abundant pictorial illustrations of the whole life of this wonderful people, from the sovereign down to the slave.

It is not our intention, in this elementary sketch, either to lead our readers into the bewildering mazes of chronological controversy, or to pass over in silence the wonderful stories derived from Ctesias. We believe that there is a real historical element blended with the mass of fables; and in the case of Nineveh, possibly, some day, such new light may be obtained from the discoveries going on as may give the critical historian the power of separating what is authentic from what is spurious. In the mean time, the best course to be pursued, perhaps, is to set down ancient tradition as we find it; giving, along with it, the distinct caution that it must not be altogether received as genuine history.

Ctesias was a Greek physician; and being taken prisoner in the rebellion of the younger Cyrus against his brother, was kept in captivity at the Persian court for seventeen years, where he enjoyed the favor of Artaxerxes Mnemon, in consequence of the surgical skill he had displayed in healing a dangerous wound which that monarch had received. It was in Persia that he collected the information respecting the Assyrians which has been handed down to us from him, and therefore it has this historical value at least, that it shows the notions of Assyria and of its early state entertained by the people who established their own power upon its ruins. Moreover, it indicates the ideas on the subject which possessed the minds of some of the Greeks.

I.

Here, then, followeth the story of Ctesias, concerning Nineveh and its kings:—

Once on a time, in very distant ages, there was a king called Ninus, who ruled over the Assyrians, and was a man of great power, courage, and ambition. He was at the same time very wise and prudent, and carefully trained up the young men in his dominion to the use of arms, and to the practice of all warlike exercises. Finding the Arabians to be a powerful people, he cultivated their friendship, and entered into alliance with Ariæus their prince. Uniting their forces together, these two warriors marched into Babylonia; but at that time the great city of Babylon was not built, though there were many towns in existence with numerous inhabitants. These, however, not being well fortified, easily fell a prey to Ninus and Ariæus, and the two invaders conquered the country, and exacted tribute of the people; they also led away captive the king and his family, and afterward put them to death. Next they went to war with Armenia, whose king, Barzanes, they forced to wait upon them with costly gifts, and allowed him to remain on his throne only upon condition of being the vassal of Ninus. Media was then subdued; and, according to an almost invariable rule, the thirst of conquest increasing the more it was gratified, the insatiable monarch set his heart upon being master of the whole of Asia. Very many, accordingly, were his successful campaigns, extending from the Tigris to the Hellespont, and from the Nile to the Caspian Sea. The Bactrians were the only people who successfully resisted this mighty hero; and they were indebted for their temporary safety to the formidable nature of their mountain fastnesses.

Ninus, having sent away the king of Arabia, began to build for himself, on the banks of the *Euphrates*, (so Ctesias says by an odd mistake, instead of the *Tigris*,) a great city with high walls and very lofty towers; the former one hundred feet, the latter two hundred feet in height, and altogether fifteen hundred in number. The city measured seventy-four miles in circumference; and so broad were the fortifications, that it is said, three chariots could drive along them abreast. The builder called the city Nineveh, after his own name; and after its completion he returned to war with the troublesome Bactrians, whom, in spite of their mountain strongholds, he was determined to subjugate.

Now, in connection with this enterprise, there occurred a remarkable event. Among the officers of Ninus, engaged in it, was one who had married a woman of extraordinary beauty and wisdom, called Semiramis. Her birth, it was alleged,

was more than mortal, for she was supposed to have sprung from a goddess, and to have been miraculously nourished in her infancy by a flock of doves. She had come to Nineveh, where she had smitten the heart of Menon; and now that his services were required against the Bactrians, he had brought his charming and heroic wife along with him to the camp. There had been wondrous preparations made for reducing the capital of Bactria. Soldiers and chariots without end had been brought before it, but still the place held out against the invaders. Semiramis watched what was going on in the Assyrian army, and also detected certain points in the Bactrian fortifications which the soldiers had negligently left defenseless; and being a very brave and intrepid woman, she induced certain of the Assyrian troops to follow her up the sides of the rock on which the city stood, by which piece of strategy she managed to take possession of the citadel. When this became known to King Ninus, he, of course, was curious to see so marvelous a woman, and she was accordingly introduced into his presence. As might have been anticipated, the monarch fell in love with this brave beauty; poor Menon hung himself in despair; and the monarch speedily married the widow. It was thus that Semiramis became queen of Nineveh. Ninus died soon after his marriage with her, and left her the occupant of his throne. Semiramis was as ambitious as her royal husband; and, as he had built a very great city, she determined, in order not to be outdone, to build another; and hence, under her direction, rose the mighty Babylon. Many other magnificent works she likewise accomplished, and among the rest a road called Semiramis's way. She spent much time in visiting her dominions, and even traveled into Egypt, where she was told by the oracle in the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, that she would vanish from among men, and be honored and worshiped by some of the Asiatics, whenever her son Ninyas—whom she had borne to Ninus—should plot against her life.

We learn from Armenian history, that the present town of Wan, in Armenia, which is built upon the plateau of a large precipitous rock on the borders of a beautiful lake, occupies the site of an ancient city, embracing a royal palace of great magnificence, founded by Semiramis, and, after her, originally named Schamiramjerd. Here, in the delicious gardens which she had planted in the fertile plain contiguous to the city, and which she had watered with a thousand rills, she often sought refuge from the intolerable sultriness of a Mesopotamian summer, returning again, on the approach of winter, to her palace at Nineveh.

Ambitious of rivaling her husband's conquests, as she had been of emulating his architectural achievements, she led a great army into India, after having made vast preparations in the way of soldiers, stores, warlike engines, and bridges, wherewith to cross the rivers; but one thing she had not, which she knew was abundantly possessed in the country whose martial power she was about to encounter, and that was, a supply of elephants. So, in lieu of the real animals, she set to work and had sham ones made. Three hundred thousand great black oxen were killed, and the skins being joined, were put over camels, and so stuffed as to look as big and burly as elephants. All this was cunningly done within an inclosure, so that nobody should see it who would be likely to divulge the imposition to the Indian king. Stabrobates, for such was his name, prepared to receive the terrible heroine; he added to the number of his elephants, and at the same time sent messengers to reproach her for her conduct, and to declare that if she fell into his hands, he would certainly crucify her. But she persevered, nothing daunted by his threats, and fought the Indians in a bloody battle on the banks of the Indus, where she completely vanquished them and took a multitude of prisoners. The king feigned a retreat, and she followed. Drawn to the other side of the river with the mock elephants, the smell of the hides frightened the Indian horses, so that at first the queen seemed likely to establish her victory; but the battle took a turn; the Assyrians were thrown into confusion, the ox-hide covered camels became worse than useless, and the king and the queen encountered each other on the field, and fought hand-to-hand, until the latter was compelled to flee, wounded in the shoulder. She escaped alive to Bactria, where her son employed a eunuch to attempt her assassination. Jupiter Ammon's oracle was now fulfilled, and the queen, it is stated, rose into a goddess. She made

her exit from the world in the form of a dove, and became afterward an object of worship to her people.

This wonderful woman was succeeded by Ninyas, who turned out to be as slothful as his father and mother had been active and enterprising. He locked himself up in his palace, and spent his life in licentious pleasures, only securing his safety by a cunning plan of changing his officers and his army, who, when dismissed, were obliged to take an oath of fidelity. His successors were voluptuaries like him, and were thirty in number, of whose lives and exploits we know nothing, until we come to Sardanapalus, who was more luxurious and idle than any of his royal predecessors. He became so effeminate that, it is related, he dressed like a woman, painting his face and imitating a female voice. Belesis, a priest, and a proficient in the astrological science of the time, assured Arbaces, a brave but disaffected warrior, that he was destined to dethrone the monarch and to take his place. The ambitious satrap listened to the gratifying suggestion, and prepared for the fulfilment of the prophecy. He stirred up the Medes and Persians to revolt, and Belesis favored his designs by pursuing a like course with the Babylonians. So a great rebellion was fomented; when, strange to say, the indolent and sensual prince manifested all at once the most manly courage, and resolutely took the field against his enemies, and beat them in three several engagements. Belesis, however, encouraged them to persevere, and Arbaces prevailed upon the Bactrians to join in the revolt. These people, whom Semiramis had conquered, and whose proud spirits felt that that they had centuries of wrongs to avenge, now attacked her last successor, besieging the gates of the city of Sardanapalus.

The situation of the monarch, thus environed by determined foes, became desperate; but still he hoped, because he trusted to an old prediction which said that Nineveh could not be taken until the river became her enemy. "The siege continued two years," says Diodorus, following Ctesias; "in the third year it happened that the river, overflowing with continual rains, came up to a part of the city and tore down the wall twenty furlongs in length. The king hereupon conceiving that the oracle was accomplished, in that the river was an apparent enemy to the city, utterly despaired; and, therefore, that he might not fall into the hands of his enemies, he caused a huge pile of wood to be reared in his palace court, upon which he heaped together all his gold, silver, and royal apparel, and inclosing his eunuchs and his concubines in an apartment within the pile, then ordered it to be set on fire, and so burnt himself and them together; which, when the revolters came to understand, they entered through the breach in the walls and took the city, and clothed Arbaces with a royal robe, and committed to him the sole authority, proclaiming him king."

Athenæus, who perhaps still more fully gives Ctesias's tradition of the fall of Nineveh, tells us that he erected a pile within his palace, on which he placed one hundred and fifty golden beds and as many golden tables; that in the midst of it he built a hall of a hundred feet, in which he had couches for himself, his wives, and his concubines; that it was all fenced round with timber, so as to be unapproachable; that within it were collected four thousand myriad talents of gold and ten thousand of silver, besides an immense quantity of furniture and apparel; that the pile, when the king had ordered it to be set on fire, burned for fifteen days, and was supposed to be the offering of a holocaust to the gods, so that the people generally were not aware at the time of the self-immolation of the monarch.

Such, then, is the story of Nineveh, according to those who appear to have depended on the authority of Ctesias; and we have here, no doubt, the traditions that prevailed among the Persians.

II.

Leaving these realms of uncertain story, we proceed to state a few general facts, now tolerably well ascertained, in reference to Assyria and Nineveh.

According to the fragments of Ctesias, preserved by Diodorus Siculus, there were thirty-three kings from the accession of Ninus to the fall of the empire, and their reigns occupied 1306 years, terminating in 876 before Christ. The statement of Herodotus is, that after the Assyrians had ruled over Upper Asia 520 years, the Medes first began to revolt from them—an event which took place about 710 B.C.

The difference between the two spaces of time here mentioned is very great; and if Herodotus be supposed to refer to the first origin of the Assyrian power, and if his testimony is to be deemed conclusive, then the chronology of Ctesias must be utterly set at naught, and the great antiquity so often claimed for Assyria and Nineveh must be entirely given up. But it has been well observed, that the words of Herodotus by no means need to be regarded in reference to the commencement of the Assyrian dominion, but only to its extension *over other parts of Asia*. If so, the discrepancy between him and Ctesias would be diminished, and his authority would not be opposed to a much earlier date for the *founding of the original power* than for the sweep of the subsequent empire. At any rate, Herodotus does not disprove the remote antiquity of the Assyrian state; and, on the other hand, we have very strong proofs in favor of that antiquity, so far confirming the account by Ctesias. Intrinsically, there is nothing improbable in the idea. Why might not a martial tribe plant themselves by the waters of the Tigris, in the very infancy of our world, after recovering from the desolation of the flood? It seems a very likely thing—quite in harmony with the little we know of those times—that a brave and enterprising band of people, so situated, should grow into a strong kingdom, and stretch out the line of their conquests far and wide.

Of the great antiquity of Egypt there can be no doubt; yet from "the earliest period we find her contending with enemies nearly, if not fully, as powerful as herself; and among the spoils from Asia, and the articles of tribute brought by subdued nations from the north-east, are vases as elegant in shape, stuffs as rich in texture, and chariots as well adapted to war, as her own." In fact, to reject the notion of the existence of an independent kingdom in Assyria at the very earliest period, would be almost to question whether the country were inhabited; which would be directly in opposition to the united testimony of Scripture and tradition. Moreover, upon the celebrated tablet which stands at Karnak, a name has been deciphered by Champollion as Neu-i-iu, or Nineveh. Though the identification of it with the Assyrian city has not been deemed quite satisfactory, owing to its position at the commencement of a line, where it may be only the termination of some other name, yet the coincidence is remarkable, and, as it stands at present, is not without its historic value.

By the best of all authorities, a very high antiquity is assigned to the commencement of the Assyrian nation. "Out of that land (Shinar) went forth Asshur and builded Nineveh." Josephus, also, says of Amraphel, king of Shinar, mentioned in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, that he was a commander in the Assyrian army, probably a satrap, or viceroy, which, if it were so, would be in harmony with the subsequent boast of Assyria, "Are not my princes altogether kings?" Certainly, as early as the fifteenth century before Christ, we find Balaam referring to the power of the Assyrians. Dr. Layard, after the laborious investigations which led to the production of his first work, expressed himself as decidedly of opinion, from an examination of the ruins of Nimroud, that the oldest of the palaces on that spot was built at least 1900 B. C., and is probably much more ancient. In his second work he refers to inscriptions giving the name of a king who reigned 1121 B. C. At that time, it is pretty clear that Nineveh had attained to great power—that it was not then an infant state just struggling for existence, but one that was founding for itself a mighty empire. Consequently, it must have been in existence long before; growing up by degrees into magnitude and palmy splendor. At the time, then, when the Philistines were at war with Israel—when Samson was performing his miraculous exploits, slaying his enemies with the jawbone of an ass, and carrying away on his shoulders the gates of Gaza—long ere the kingly line was established in Judah, and the royal and sacred city of Jerusalem began to crown the rock of Jebus—long ere the people witnessed the victories of David and the magnificence of Solomon—at that time assigned as the era of the Trojan war—when Athens was scarcely known—when for Rome there remained five hundred years ere its first stone should be laid—a gorgeous city, with marble palaces and monuments, was washed at its foot by the waters of the Tigris, and the inhabitants could talk of their fathers having dwelt there in what were then times of old.

Another important point in Assyrian history appears now to be settled, and that is, a double kingdom or dynasty and a two-fold overthrow. The discrepancy between Ctesias, who places the fall of Nineveh in the year 876, and Herodotus, who dates it 606, was felt by Patavius and Usher, who sought its removal by adopting the hypothesis that there were two empires, and two overthrows in succession. This has been pronounced an assumption without evidence, and indeed, so far as written books are concerned, there is no distinct and explicit proof to that effect; but Dr. Layard has discovered it in the character of the ruins he has brought to light. He states, that the remains of buildings are so different in their sculptures and mythological and sacred symbols, as well as in the character and language of the inscriptions, as to lead to the inference of there having been at least two distinct periods of Assyrian history; that the people inhabiting the country at these periods were of distinct races, or belonging to varieties of the same race, and that intercourse with the Egyptians had considerably changed them; that the earlier palaces of Nimroud were in ruins before the foundation of the later ones; that these later edifices were constructed out of the ruins of their predecessors; and that while the more ancient structures discover no signs of any conflagration, the more recent have evidently been destroyed by fire.

It deserves also to be mentioned, that tombs were found over the earlier edifices, showing that soil had accumulated there, so as to become receptacles for the dead; the contents, too, of the sepulchres revealing relics of art quite distinct from those in the Assyrian style. The only evidences of a former overthrow likely to exist, if such an overthrow took place, are thus afforded, for we scarcely expect to find among the inscriptions of a proud people, like the Ninevites, any express record of their own humiliating defeat and desolation.

Having thus prepared the way for it, we shall, in our next number, present, from the results of the labors of Layard, Rawlinson, and others, compared with the remains of ancient history, what has been at present pretty satisfactorily ascertained as an authentic summary of Assyrian history.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE OUTCAST.

BY ALICE CARY.

SATURDAY night has come, and the last sunstreaks have drawn themselves down the snowy hills of Clovernook, and where they lately shone the darkness is falling and unfolding very fast. The chickens are gone to roost among the cold, comfortless boughs of the trees nearest the barn; the cows are milked, and in most places the work-horses, feeding in the stable, have had an extra currying, preparatory to Sunday morning, when they are expected to walk soberly and straightly to the village church, drawing after them, in the newly-washed and tar-smelling wagon, father and mother, and all the children, from the eldest son—as proud of his darkening beard, and "boughten" coat and hat, as he will be in years to come of more stylish appareling or senatorial honors; and the little girl on her mother's knee, more pleased with the brass buttons on her father's coat, and her own red shoes, than she will be, perhaps, with her point lace and shining brocade, when a few years hence she shall dance at the president's ball.

Another week has gone; great, in its little events, to the unambitious people who are now done with its hopes and fears, its working and planning—with their tending of sick beds, and making of wedding gowns—as great to them as the largest experience to the largest mind; and who knows but that in the final summing up of good and evil, the highest glory will be set down to the account of those who have thought always of the pride and place of this world as the child does of the marvels of the fairy story; for what, after all, can be got out of this life but usefulness? With all our racking of the soul, we cannot solve the problem of foreordination and free will, of good and evil, of life and death. I am not sure that they are not wisest, as well as best, who are "contented if they may enjoy the things which others understand" in part, and let alone the mysteries which all effort to unfold but folds anew.

It was about the middle of February, and along the northern slopes of the hills, at the roots of big trees, and close in the shadow of the fences, lay parts of the

skeleton of the great white winter snow. For all their searching, the sheep had not found a single patch of green grass as yet, and the mother cow had brought home to the stable her young calf, without waiting to be invited, so sharply went the winds along woods and meadows.

The smoke issued briskly from chimney-tops, and the heaps of dry wood near the doors, and the lights shining pleasantly out along the frozen ground, told of quiet and comfort within. Here and there an ax was busy at the woodpile, or a lantern shone over the dry sunflower stocks by the garden fence, as some less orderly farmer than the rest went from house to barn, for the doing of some little chore forgotten or neglected.

Mostly, however, it was quiet, and cold, and dark, except at one or two windows of the house, and the snow and frozen earth ground together powdered the lonesome road before the late travelers. Of these there was, probably, on the night I write of, not more than one to be seen; if there were others, it is with one only my story has to do. If you had seen him you would not have noticed him much, I suppose; they who saw him did not; and yet he seemed very tired, and he bent under the bundle hung across his shoulder, as if he had trudged a long way; for this bundle was not large, and it could not have been the weight of it that so crooked his shoulders. You would have thought him old, doubtless, for his face was browned and careworn, and an old slouched hat and tangly hair and beard gave him the air of years. You would probably have said, if you had chanced to look out of your own room and observed him shuffling his tired way through the gray chilly moonlight, "There goes a man with a sack on his back; I wonder if he knows where he is going and what after?" for so we see our fellows, brothers and friends in the great circle of humanity, going burdened and bent, past our warm hearths every day, and to us they are only as men with sacks on their backs.

Once or twice he stopped where the lights shone brightest, as if he would go in; but having cut the air with his disengaged hand, as if he were done with some vagary, he went on, his heavy feet leaving a trail in the snow and dust, crooked as if he were purposeless. And so, alas, he was, and wondered, as much as any one, when that he slouched his hat lower and turned thought introspective, where he was going, and what for. Ah, that was the worst of it! footsore and burdened as he was, he had no object, not even a shapeless outline for his future. He might be going into the lap of the best fortune in the world: such things have been done, so he has heard, and he smiles at the bright suggestion; but reduce it to a where, and when, and how—the possibility loses all probability; it is not at all likely any good luck will happen to him; everybody says he deserves no better fate than he has, and he supposes he does not. He had an object once, which was to get away from everybody that knew him—from his mother who sometimes cried and sometimes scolded about him, from his father who said he was going down hill as fast as he could, and the sooner he got to the bottom the better for his family and himself too; and from the black eyes that looked proudly and scornfully upon him the last time he dared look up into their sin-searching and sin-hating brightness.

This last humiliation, more perhaps than anything else, made him rise in the middle of the night, some weeks ago, bundle together a few necessary effects, and steal like a thief away from the house where he was born—unblest of his mother, and with no God-speed you, from his honest old father. But back of the scorn of the black eyes, the complaining of the mother, and the sentence of the father, there are intemperance, and idleness, and profligacy, that brought all about; why these should have been he don't know, he did not mean to be a bad son nor an untrue lover; he don't say he was; he don't really think he was; but he knows other folks say so, and so, trying to be indifferent to what men and women think of him, to all the past and all the future, he changes the load on his shoulder, and trudges on.

About half a mile down a narrow lane, that turns out from the main road, he sees a house, small and apparently rude, but with light shining so brightly and cheerfully through all the windows, he is almost persuaded to turn that way; he don't know why nor what for, only it seems for a moment that he has got home. The watch dog sees him from his post at the gate, and sends him forward with a suspicious and unfriendly growl. He fancies he hears a song in the illuminated cottage,

it may be the wind in the treetops; however, he won't stop to see, for what are songs or lights to him! He is half disposed to lie down on the frozen ground, at the wayside; but it is so cold and so hard; and he has always known the comfort of a warm bed—he cannot quite do that yet. He passes a good many snug farm houses, but the front doors are close shut, and he feels just as if they had been closed to keep him out. But by and by he is very tired, and his diffidence grows less and less under the necessity of rest; he don't much care where it is, nor who accords it, but he must have rest, somewhere; that is the strongest feeling he has. The wind blows against him harder and colder all the time, and he concludes that has become his enemy too, as long ago he was settled into a conviction that mankind were leagued against him. 'T is a pity that he himself is his own worst enemy; but he cannot see it, and that is a pity too. Presently he sees a commodious house, brightly painted, and with lights streaming from the front windows right before him; the curtain is drawn aside, and he discovers a man in black and goodly apparel, reading in a large book, it is likely the Bible, he thinks; but more than that, he is sure he is very tired and hungry and must have food and rest. Without more ado he approaches the door and thumps with his stick confidently and boldly. No hearty voice answers, "Come in!" and as he crouches, in dim expectancy, he hears the crackling of the wood in the fireplace, and the prattle of children. The door opens soon, very carefully and very narrowly, and the man in the black coat looks out distrustfully and asks, "What do you want?"

"I want to stay all night," answers the traveler.

The door is pushed round a little and the man in the black coat says, "We have no accommodation for travelers."

"But I am tired and hungry," urges the traveler.

"We are sorry," says the man in the black coat, speaking for himself and all his house; and so closes the door.

The tired man thinks he hears the key turn, but he is not quite sure. His senses are bewildered, and he hardly knows whether or not he saw a dish of apples, and another of cakes, on the table before the fire, but he thinks he did, and that he also saw a prim-looking woman, in a silk gown, shaking her head at the man in the black coat, while he held the door so cautiously open.

The house was not like a farm house, exteriorly nor interiorly, and he is almost sure it is the parsonage; but he is not quite sure about anything, poor fellow. He is sure enough, however, to anathematize all piety as hypocrisy, and he says with an oath he don't care for all the preachers in the world; he will get to heaven as soon as any of them; and he wishes the white neckcloth of the man in the black coat might choke him that very instant. And then he imagines how he would take possession of the parsonage, and sit by the warm fire and eat apples and cakes, and never pay one cent for preaching as long as he lived. One thing he would do, he knows, he would entertain poor travelers. It is the duty of everybody, he says, to do some good, and if it were in his power to benefit anybody he would be glad to do so. He does not think, poor deluded creature, why it is not in his power.

He has climbed a long hill, and gone over a hollow, where there is a one-arched wooden bridge, and where he heard the tinkling of no water; even that has shut itself away from him, under ice; he almost expected a murderer to come out from beneath the dark arch, but there did not; and now he ascends another hill, abrupt and high; and as he nears the summit he sees a good many lights shining, and presently becomes aware that he is entering a village. A number of covered wagons almost block up the road before him; each is loaded with boxes, and barrels, and farming implements, full as it can be, and from among them, or from under the wagon, looks out a huge dog—the faithful guardian while the teamster sleeps. Immediately overhead creaks the sign of entertainment; here is no restriction; he has found a door open at last. He is so glad to throw down his budget and seat himself at the fire, that he heeds little the fumes of whisky and tobacco with which the room is reeking. The idlers there make him welcome, and offer him cigars and punch, and in return for their kindness, he grows merry and talks freely and indiscreetly; sometimes profanely; and so the night wears into midnight, and the merry-making has become a carousal. We will not linger over it, it is too sad to see manhood so

debase itself; intellect burning itself out in evil passion, and the likeness of the angel becoming more groveling than the brute.

Sunday morning comes; the heavens are full of clouds, and of winds; very rough and cold they are blowing everywhere; but roughest and coldest through the leafless locust trees that grow along the fence of the Clovernook graveyard; so thinks the poor fellow who lies beneath one of them, his stick by his side, and his bundle for a pillow—all the wild merriment that filled the tavern last night dwarfed to a drunken dreaming. The people ride by to church, one wagon load after another, and now and then some one says, "There is a drunken man;" but many pass without seeing him at all, and no one stops to see whether he is alive or dead. He is lying nearly opposite the narrow lane where he paused last evening, seeing the light in the rude house, half a mile away. If he were roused up he would not know how nor why he came to be where he is, nor do I myself know unless it were that Providence directed his staggering, when he was found to be inebriated and pennyless and driven away from the tavern where he had paid his last sixpence for his present imbecility.

Heavy and mournful through the dull air sounds the church bell, like a summons to penance rather than a cheerful call to thanksgiving; the troubled sleeper hears it and thinks doomsday has come, and groans and turns on his comfortless pillow. A stout gray horse, with an eye that looks kinder and nobler than has been given to some reasoning creatures, climbs steadily the steep hill in the lane, and trots briskly forward, the neat little wagon behind him rattling in a loud and lively key; out into the main road he comes, and turns toward the call of the bell; but as he passes the graveyard he looks around as if seeing the man lying there and pitying him.

"Dear me!" exclaims the woman who is driving the gray horse; and she draws up the reins and is on the ground in a moment; so is the young woman who sits beside her, and she indeed is the first to climb the clay bank and reach the dead man, as she thinks he is; and as truly he is dead—to all that a man should be alive for.

"O, mother, mother," she cries, clapping her hands joyously, "he is only asleep, after all! O I am so glad! what makes him lie here, mother?"

"I don't know, my poor child," answers the good woman, wiping her eyes; "I am afraid he has been drinking at the tavern;" and stooping over him she shakes him by the shoulder.

"Yes, mother, I will get up in a minute," he answers, without opening his eyes.

"How funny," says the young girl, laughing aloud; "he thinks you are his mother."

"Mercy," says the deacon, peeping from the front of his dearborn, "if there is not Mrs. Goforth and her daughter Elsy, talking with a drunken man; don't, children, don't any of you look at her." And he touches his horse smartly on the flank, and does not apparently hear Mrs. Goforth call to him.

She is at a loss what to do, and well she may be; for though she has tugged and lifted the man to a sitting posture, he cannot retain it for a moment, unsupported by her; how then is he to stand or walk? The air is bitter cold, and he may freeze to death if she leaves him. She asks him who he is, and how he came there? but he says he don't know; and pulls at her shawl and looks in her face like a bewildered child; and repeats that he will go as soon as he can walk, that he is sure he is not harming anybody.

"But you are harming yourself, my son," says the good woman; "that is the trouble."

"Why, it is not any trouble to you," replies the young man, "because what I do ain't nothing to nobody." And he relapses again into his horrible unconsciousness.

The bells were already done ringing; but Mrs. Goforth was not a woman to go to church and leave a man freezing to death by the roadside; she could not, to use her own words, have any comfort of the meeting whatever; and though she did not like to stay away from her place, she thought it was right to do so under the circumstances; so, having turned about her gray horse, she brought the little wagon as close to the clay bank as she could, and she and Elsy, half dragging and half lifting the poor outcast, got him into it, in some way.

It had come to the ears of the parson, before the hour for service, that a man was lying drunken by the road-side;

and the fact afforded a text for the severest denunciation of all sinners, especially of this sort. He did not once reflect, let us hope, how large a share he had had in bringing his fellow-mortal, and fellow-sinner too, to the condition and exhibition of infamy which he so unmercifully condemned.

The meaning of the vacant seat of Mrs. Goforth was hardly construed, for in the preacher's mind, when taken in connection with other absences of late, it argued conclusively a growing indifference to the Lord's sanctuary. This was wrong, and uncharitable, as the reader sees; but none of the congregation saw it then, or felt it then. Good Mrs. Goforth was casting her bread upon the waters, with no thought of future reward; but after many days, as we shall see, reward came.

Monday morning it was still cloudy, and not only so, but snowing—a little fine icy snow, that struck sharply like sand against Mrs. Goforth's small windows; for she lived in a small house, and the windows were not much larger than a lady's pocket handkerchief. It was but a cabin, indeed, built of logs, very rudely; and humble as it was, and small as it was, Mrs. Goforth would have thought herself rich to own it. Yet she did not own the house, nor the meadow, nor the wood adjacent, nor much in all the world, except a heart that was large, and truthful, and loving. She did not complain, however, that she did not own a great house and a hundred or more acres of land, like most of her neighbors; she was cheerful, under the necessity of hiring a small lot, and milking her own cow, and feeding her own chickens, and working a good deal in the garden. Now and then she procured a few days' work on the farm, but for the most part she and Elsy managed to get along alone. And very comfortably they did get along; no young woman in the neighborhood looked tidier than the widow's daughter, and surely none was prettier; in summer, no dress in all the church was whiter than her's, and no hat was so nice and so tasteful, albeit it lacked the flowers and the rich ribbons of some there. She was a dreadfully giddy young girl, to be sure, and her mother had often to recall her eyes to her hymn-book from a new dress or shawl which for the first time had made its appearance in a neighboring pew; perhaps sometimes from the fascination of an admiring glance resting on herself; so the older and more staid young ladies said, at least, though Elsy stoutly denied it. She did not care whether the young men saw her or not, she often said, but that she could not help seeing them when they were in the same house with her. And anybody who saw her blue laughing eyes, would have readily believed she could not help it.

Jacob Holcom, for that was the name of our purposeless traveler, awoke to self-consciousness early on Monday morning—perhaps with the tinkling of the snow on the window-panes, perhaps with the remorseless stirrings of his own mind, and the dreamy memory of a face that looked kindly upon him.

First, he saw the whitewashed ceiling above him, and felt that he was not at home, in his own chamber, which was large and substantial; and as he sunk back on his pillow, his eye caught the neat stitching in the pillow-case, he wondered whose hand did it, and involuntarily linked it with one he had dreamed of as loosening something that choked him, when he lay on a very cold hard bed somewhere: he could not tell when or where. He could not tell much better where he was now; that he was in the flesh he was sure, for his hands had the mark of the ax and the hoe-handle; but the room was new to him, and how he came there passed all his recollection. Raising himself on one elbow, he peeped curiously about, pleased as a child with a new baby-house.

The second thought was of his unfitness for the place—all was so neat—there was such an atmosphere of purity about him—and the bed itself was so sweet and so white—what business had he in it? There was mud on his face and in his hair, that had come from some sorry resting-place, of which he had but a faint recollection now.

He could not do much in the way of personal renovation; but all he could do, he did, brushing his soiled garments and hair, and drawing upon his small bundle for such cleanly articles as it contained. This done, he felt quite at a loss, and looking out into the snow-storm, half wished he were in it, rather than in a place of which he was so unworthy.

Mrs. Goforth and Elsy had been an hour astir; the cow was milked, the fire burning bright on the hearth, the table spread

near it, and the coffee sending up its pleasant steam with the smoke, when the footsteps of the unknown traveler arrested their attention; and a soft rap on the door and the announcement that breakfast was waiting, fell strangely enough on the ears of the bewildered Jacob; it was just as if his own mother had called him, except that she had not spoken his name.

More ashamed than he had ever been in his life, he obeyed the call, and with downcast eyes and a blushing cheek, presented himself, expecting, notwithstanding the mild call, to receive summary dismissal, with severe reproof. But a cordial good-morning, and invitation to partake of the breakfast that awaited, caused him almost to think he was still dreaming, and in his hesitation, he behaved so awkwardly that Elsy would have laughed in spite of herself another time, but now, she did not know why, but she felt not only pity for the stranger, but in some sort responsible for him. He did not look like an evil-disposed person to her; she did not believe he was one; and she did not care what anybody said, she would not believe it. Now no one had said anything about the young man that Elsy knew of, and it was strange her thoughts should run before and suppose an accusation, and take up a defense; but such was the fact, and such are often the curious facts with which love begins his impregnable masonry.

As Jacob partook of the breakfast (without much appetite we may suppose) he kept inventing stories, one after another, with which to make himself appear better than he was, in the event of being questioned by his hostess in reference to his past life, which questioning he momently expected.

At first he thought he would say he was turned out of his father's house for a supposed fault, of which he was guiltless, and that he had traveled till quite exhausted by cold and hunger, when, in a fit of temporary delirium, he had lain down by the road-side, and that that was the last he knew; he would offer to pay for his entertainment after breakfast, and affect surprise at finding his money gone; and say that it had been stolen from him during his insane sleep. But Mrs. Goforth talked of the late storm, and of her fears that the apples and peaches would have been killed —of her plans for gardening and farming— in short, of her own affairs altogether; so the lies Jacob had invented died in his heart. If she had breathed one word of blame of him, they would have come out, black as they were.

His next plan was to modify the story somewhat; he would blame himself a little more, his parents a little less; and he would say he laid down, because he was too tired to go on, and growing numb with the cold, had fallen asleep; that he discovered that morning his money was all gone, though how he had lost it, he did not know. This gave him a little more satisfaction, and he was just on the point of commencing an exculpation, unasked, when Elsy brought to the table some warm cakes she had been baking, and offered the nicest of all to him; he felt obliged to refuse: and when with her own hand she laid one on his plate, he felt the second story all going to pieces.

He now wished heartily the meal was concluded, and resolved to steal away the first moment he could do so, without saying a word. He had no money with which to pay for his entertainment, and what were apologies and thanks? Nothing; he would steal away unobserved, and somewhere, and some time, try to amend.

He did not know when nor where, nor once ask himself, why then and there would not be as good a time and place as there would ever be.

When the breakfast was done, Mrs. Goforth gave him the best chair and the warmest corner; and having told Elsy to run over to farmer Hill's, and see if he could not spare his son John to chop for them that afternoon, she went herself to the "milk-house," a little cellar that lay under a mound of snow, a few steps from the door.

The opportunity Jacob had longed for was come; he stole back for the bundle he had left, took it up, and there was nothing in the way of escape, nothing but a natural nobility of soul that was not all gone yet. There was the white bed, Elsy's own bed, he knew, which she had given to him; and there was the pot of winter-flowers, blooming bright in his face; and there was the Bible on the snowy cover of the table; all mute, to be sure, but they seemed to rebuke the purposes he had formed nevertheless. No, he would not, and could not, steal away like a thief, which he was not. Was not the house, and all that was in it, trusted

in his hands? If there had been any suspicion manifested toward him, it would have been easy to go; but he could not return basely the frankness and confidence he had met. He would see Mrs. Goforth —tell her truly his destitute condition, nothing else—give her his thanks, which was all he could give, and somewhere seek for honest employment.

So resolving, and wishing the resolution were executed, he sat, when his hostess returned, followed almost immediately by Elsy, her cheeks blushing red with the rough kisses of the wind, and her eyes sparkling, notwithstanding the disappointment she had met. John Hill had gone to town an hour before, and who was to chop their wood she could not tell; but she looked at Jacob when she said so in a way that implied a suspicion of his ability to solve the problem.

Jacob ventured to say he would like to work long enough to pay for his entertainment, if he dare ask such a favor; it would not be asking, but doing a favor, Mrs. Goforth said; and throwing down his bundle, the young man took up the ax.

The old dog that had kept a suspicious eye on him all the morning, arose now, and with some little hesitation followed him to the woodpile, whence the sturdy strokes, issuing presently, made agreeable music in the widow's house. That day, and the next, and the next, he kept at work, and that week, and the next, faithfully the stranger had performed all the duties intrusted to him; but he had spoken no word concerning his past life.

Many of the neighbors expressed surprise that Mrs. Goforth should pick up a man in the high road, and hire him to do her work; they could not account for it, except by saying she was a strange woman; they hoped she might not be paid for her foolishness by finding her horse gone some morning, and her hired man with it. But when she was seen going to church, and this hired man riding in the wagon with her own daughter, there was such commotion in the congregation as had not been known there for many a year. Some of the women, indeed, passed by the pew where the widow and daughter sat, pretending not to see them, and such sayings as that "Birds of a feather flock together," and "A woman is known by the company she keeps," and the like, were whispered from one to another, all having reference to Mrs. Goforth and the drunken man, as everybody called Jacob. But the good woman had little regard for what her neighbors thought, so long as her own heart did not accuse her, for, "what have I done," she said, "except practice what they preach?"

All the truth about the young man, after his arrival in the neighborhood, was speedily bruited about, and lost nothing as it went. Elsy believed not one word of it, for a nicer or a smarter person than Jacob Holcom she had never seen in her life. If she could believe it was true, she would not talk with Jacob so freely; but she knows better; and even if it were true, she thinks those who talk of it might find some faults nearer home to attend to.

It was about the middle of the sugar-making season—night, and raining. Jacob had been busy there two or three days, so busy that he had scarcely been at the house, except for the doing of the necessary chores; taking luncheon now and then with him, but not remaining long enough at the house to eat with the widow and her daughter. The day we write of he had not been at home since morning; he must be very tired, and very hungry, and very lonesome, Elsy thinks; and she goes to the window often, to see whether he is not coming, but she don't see anything of the torchlight gleaming over the hill—and Jacob is used to make a torch of hickory bark to light him on his way home at night—so she keeps standing and looking out into the dark, and the rain, hoping her mother will say, "You had better run across the meadow, Elsy, and see whether some fearful accident has not happened to Jacob;" but her mother keeps at her knitting, by the fireside, and don't say anything of the sort; *her* heart has not fluttered her steady common sense into unnatural fears. At last she can bear the sense of the darkness and the rain no longer, for who knows, she thinks, but that Jacob may have had another of those dreadful fits, and so fallen into the fire, or the boiling water. "Mother," she says, "it is not raining much now: I think I will take Carlo, and run over the hill and see if I can tell whether Jacob is in the sugar camp; if I see him from the hill top I will come straight back."

"Very well, my child," replied Mrs. Goforth, "but I don't think anything has happened to him."

Elsy was not long in tossing a shawl over her head, nor long in reaching the hill top; she did not once think of the darkness nor of the rain; one moment she paused, and stood on tiptoe, looking earnestly into the great red light that shone against the trees, and flickered along the ground of the sugar-camp. She did not see Jacob, and therefore sped on, faster than the wind.

Before the stone furnace, where the sugar-water was boiling, a rude hut had been constructed, which afforded protection from the storm; and here, seated on a low bench, watching the jets of flame as they broke from the main body of fire, quivered a moment, and went out, sat Jacob Holcom, when Elsy, her hair dripping with rain, and her face pale with fright, presented herself before him.

"What can have happened?" he asked in surprise, taking her hand and drawing her to the seat before the fire.

Elsy's cheek grew red when she found that she was come of a foolish errand, and she stammered the truth—her fears for him—as the best excuse she could make. It was Jacob's turn to be confused now, and taking up a handful of the straw that carpeted his rude hut, he pulled it to pieces, his eyes bent on the ground, and stepping aside till he was quite out of the shelter.

"O, don't stay in the rain," said Elsy, "sit here by me, there is room enough."

Jacob sat down, but kept his face averted from the gentle confidant eyes of his companion. "I am sure you have not told me true," said Elsy, "and that you are not well. O, if you should have another of those dreadful fits!"

Well might she have thought, poor simple-hearted child, from the strange behavior of the young man, that a fit was about to seize him, for as she looked tenderly up in his face, he covered it with his hands, and she presently saw the tears coming out between his fingers.

All at once she divined the truth, she thought she had wounded him by speaking of the fit, for people said it was a drunken fit, and Jacob might fancy she believed it.

How to begin she did not know, but to sit in silence and see Jacob weeping like a child, was not to be thought of, so she stammered in some way that she did not know as anybody had said anything against him, and if they had she did not believe it, she did not care what it was. And the more she said she did not care what was said against him, that she believed he was all that was good and true, the more discomforted the young man seemed. If she had joined her denunciations to the rest, he could have denied their justice, perhaps; but to be thought so much better than he was, made him more sadly humble, more truly good, than he had ever been in his life.

He assured Elsy, in a broken voice, that he was quite well, but that he was not worthy of the interest she had taken in him, though he thanked her for it.

"Poor Jacob," thought she, "I am sure his mind is wandering; he not worthy, indeed! then I don't know who is." And she went herself out into the rain to mend the fire, and afterward arranged her shawl against the crevices of the wall by which Jacob sat, so that wind and rain should not blow too roughly against him.

"Sit here yourself," said the sugar-maker, rising from the seat, and drawing Elsy toward it; "do, I pray, for I cannot; I would rather stand out in the rain."

"O Jacob, what do you mean?" asked the girl in affright; "sit down beside me; the bench is long enough, and tell me what it is troubles you." And there, the rain beating around them, and the fire brightening, and fading, and brightening again, as it fell, Jacob told all the story of his life, sparing himself no whit.

But if he has done wrong sometimes, thought Elsy, what of that? I suppose every one has some faults, and if everybody has turned against him I am sure there is the more need I should not. In fact, she believed he made his vices greatly larger than they were; but even if he did not, it was so magnanimous to confess them, and to come back to virtue. Verily, she admired and loved Jacob more than ever before. When he came to tell of the black eyes that had made all the woods about his home brighter than the May sunshine could do, till their loving beams changed into sharp arrows, and pierced him through and through, Elsy's little foot tapped smartly on the ground, and her own eyes looked as indignant as it was in their power to do, for in her heart she felt that the woman who could scorn Jacob, no matter what the provocation, did not deserve to have a lover. It is to be supposed that Jacob saw

all this plainly enough, for such thoughts shine right in one's face as plainly as written words; nevertheless, to make assurance doubly sure, no doubt, he said, "And you, Elsy, would have spurned me just as she did, if I had been a lover of yours?"

"How can you ask me, Jacob?" she replied, "I should have felt that you needed me most when that you were not strong enough in yourself to resist temptation."

"Dear angel!" said Jacob, and the bench, which a little while before was not big enough for two, might have accommodated three very well as he spoke. But there is no need to repeat what more they said; suffice it, they forgot to make a torch to light them home, each confidently believing the full moon was shining in all her splendor, they saw the way so well.

When Jacob rapped next at the parsonage, it was not to entreat a night's lodging, and the door opened so wide, and the parson smiled so blandly, he could hardly believe it was the same house or the same man he had seen before; and when he sat next in the pew, at church, with Mrs. Goforth and Elsy, not Elsy Goforth any more, there was nobody in all the house that did not see them, and smile, and shake hands.

Jacob never had another fit, and the manly dignity and propriety of his conduct soon won for him, not only the esteem and admiration of all the neighborhood, but led the people to believe they had wronged him in their first accusation; and they kindly bestowed upon Mrs. Goforth the reputation of having a gift for curing fits, and many were the applications for advice she received in consequence. When she assured them that she practiced no art, and that simply doing as she would be done by, was all her wisdom, there was invariably disappointment and sorrow, so hard is it to understand the potency of a thing so easy; in truth, the hardest of human possibilities, and the most wonder-working. Five years after the mysterious cure, Jacob Holcom owned one of the prettiest little farms near Clovernook, and in all that time Elsy and he had never had any disagreement, except when he affirmed that she was an angel, which she always stoutly denied; but she was a good and true wife, and that is but a little lower than an angel.

THOMAS HOOD, THE POET AND PUNSTER.

THOMAS HOOD is the greatest word-twister the world ever saw. He detects analogies in words and ideas with the rapidity of intuition. He produces his most startling effects by antithesis—the sudden contrast and explosion of opposites; and by virtue of his organization he is just the personification of antithesis:—large wit and small hope—that means laughter next-door to tears; mirth with a mournful ring to it; merry fancies holding the pall of laughter, or letting its coffin gently into the grave; light gracefully fringing the skirts of darkness; life deftly masking the hiding-place of death.

Even in moments of solemn agony he often broke out into bewildering freaks of farce, and made such genuine merriment, that the lookers-on may fail to see that the heart is breaking down in the tragic depths that lie below the sparkling surface. Women at such times, not being able to possess their souls to the same stretch and strain, will burst into hysterical laughter, when they want to be weeping bitter tears. Hood always appears to me to have so deep a sense, such a painful sense of the terrible earnestness of existence, that it would be unbearable if he could not get some humor out of it, and *phantasie* some light and merry moods of mind. His wit is often set to this tune, but so perfect is his representation, that you do not see how thin is the partition which divides your laughter from his sorrows, and that he is making fun of his own troubles, some of which are deep as death. In the sunshine of spirit which he calls forth, he sets his tears as very jewels of wit. Like Garrick, he can laugh on one side of the face and cry on the other; and some of his touches of mirth surprise you into tears. In his "Ode to Melancholy," he sings—

"Even so the dark and bright will kiss—
The sunniest things throw sternest shade;
And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid!
There is no music in the life
That sounds to idiot-laughter solely;
There 's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in melancholy."

I have remarked that he produces his greatest effects by antithesis; (indeed, that word is the sum of human life—the law

of the universe—the history of the world. God and the Devil—Good and Evil—Truth and Error—Man and Woman—Attraction and Repulsion, these are our sublimest illustrations of antithesis;) here are a few examples. In the "Song of the Shirt," he tells us that the singer sat

"Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt."

And she cries,

"O, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!"

What handwriting on the wall is this—

"A wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there."

In the "Dream of Eugene Aram," he makes the murderer say of his victim—

"A dozen times I groan'd. The dead
Had never groan'd but twice."

And, speaking of the dead body,

"There was a manhood in his look
That murder could not kill."

But, turning to a more cheerful subject, we shall find this antithesis come to a climax in the "Parental Ode to my Son, three years and five months old." Here we have the prose and poetry of childhood written in parallel lines, and startling but truthful contrast. Unless the reader is accustomed to have to write against time, and the brightest strains of thought jangled by a child, or children, boisterously appealing to the parental anxiety, it will be difficult to reach the full fruition of this delicious ode. But it's worth going through the necessary process, to reap its full enjoyment:—

"Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light
Untouch'd by sorrow, and unsoil'd by sin,
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)—

"Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing-bird that wings the air!
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)—

"Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for Fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny
(Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)—

"Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamp'd from nature's mint
(Where did he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touch'd with the beauteous tints of dawning life
(He's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!

"Toss the light ball, bestride the stick
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk.
(He's got the scissors snipping at your gown!)
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the south;
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star;
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove!
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above!")

Bacon has remarked, that there is no exquisite beauty that has not some strangeness in its proportions. Hood is a master of this unexpectedness, whether it startles with its laughter in his rich grotesquerie, or surprises with its rapid and crushing lyrical energy in thunder-strokes of thought. He said his epitaph should be—"Here lies the man who spat more blood and made more puns than any other." He was indeed a marvelous punster—monarch of Pun-land. All great humorists and wits have been fond of this wit of words. Shakspeare was always making them, and Douglas Jerrold will speak a bookfull per day, when in the mood.

It was a great pity that he should have been compelled to break up his poetic fire into such small sparks and brilliant scintillations. He had to pick up his living at the point of his pen, and puns sold better than poetry. He could turn any and every-

thing to punning account, and scattered them by mouthfuls wherever he went.

Hood has been charged with being irreligious, because he was unmerciful to the "unco gude" in their own conceit—those who make long prayers in the market-place, and pull long faces in the vestry—those who wear their religion like a Sunday cloak, which is brushed up once a-week, and put on when the apron of trade is cast aside; the pile of which cloak he would occasionally stroke backward, and ruffle its equanimity. He ridiculed pretence; he hated humbug; he exposed all lying abominations, all Pharisaical cant—but religion? never. Take the ode to "Rae Wilson," which we consider one of the finest defenses of genuine religion ever made. Remember that a man is building for truth when he destroys that which is false; and that is just what Hood does in this ode. The wolf's clothing, the mask of hypocrisy, and the suit of sanctimony, are here stripped off the quacks and pretenders, and consumed to ashes in the fires of his scorn and wit.

Such a picture as the following is scarcely likely to be in favor with

"The hypocrites that ope heaven's door
Obsequious to the man of riches,
But put the wicked, bare-legg'd poor,
In parish stocks instead of breeches."

But who shall deny that it has many life-likenesses, and why should it not be thus framed?—

"Behold yon servitor of God and Mammon,
Who, binding up his Bible with his ledger,
Blends Gospel texts with tradinggammon,
A blackleg saint, a spiritual hedger,
Who backs his rigid Sabbath, so to speak,
Against the wicked remnant of the week;
A saving bet against his sinful bias.
'Rogue that I am,' he whispers to himself,
'I lie, I cheat—do anything for pelf;
But who on earth can say I am not pious.'"

Many golden nuggets of wit and wisdom might be picked out of the poem of "Miss Kilmanseg and her precious leg"—that splendid satire on the love and worship of wealth, bowing down to the golden calf, so prevalent in the time of Hood, but which is happily unknown to the world in which we live at present. It is supposed that "Miss Kilmanseg" and Jerrold's "Man Made of Money" gave the death-blow to that vice which was wont to turn so many of those human beings into two-legged guinea-pigs, who preferred that transformation to the more hirsute one accorded by Circe to the devotees that besieged her shrine. The father of Miss Kilmanseg is thus finely sketched:—

"And Sir Jacob the father strutted and bow'd,
And smiled to himself, and laugh'd aloud,
To think of his heiress and daughter;
And then in his pockets he made a grope,
And then, in the fullness of joy and hope,
Seem'd washing his hands with invisible soap,
In imperceptible water.
He had roll'd in money like pigs in mud,
Till it seem'd to have enter'd into his blood
By some occult projection;
And his cheeks, instead of a healthy hue,
As yellow as any guinea grew,
Making the common phrase seem true,
About a rich complexion."

So great was his wit, so excellent his fooling, that many are apt to forget how richly he was otherwise endowed—how rare was his ethereal fancy—how deep the faculty divine—how clear the poet's vision. But he lived by literature, and he made puns when he should have been writing immortal poems. As a specimen of his serious sweetness and delicate fancy, take the "Death-Bed."

"We watch'd her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

"So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

"Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

"For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours."

As a companion piece we quote two remarkable stanzas, to note, in addition to their calm chaste beauty, the allusion to the smell of earth coming and going as health ebbed and returned. A near relation of mine, three days before death, begged for a sod of earth, and she hugged it, smelling it as though it had been a bunch of flowers, continually praising its fragrance until she died.

"Farewell, Life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim:
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthy odor grows—
I smell the mold above the rose!

"Welcome, Life! the spirit strives!
Strength returns, and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold—
I smell the rose above the mold."

Hood's longer poems possess evidence that he could rise into the region of pure imagination. The "Haunted House" is a true outcome of the creative faculty. "Hero and Leander" is also a very lovely poem; perhaps too full of fond conceits and quaint turns of thought, but the old subject shines out bravely in the jewels that it wins from the poet's dalliance. It is as wealthy in poetic thought as the sea is of gems, and it has heart home-thrusts of pathos unexcelled. In the 'Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" there is a bloom of poetry freshly caught from fairy land, as it existed in the dewy morning of imagination.

The life of the poor! how full it is of peculiar poetry. What a poet he will be who shall one day burst upon the wondering world, and tell the tearful story—tearful for joy and for sorrow! Tell the heroic histories there inscribed on poverty's prison walls, to hear which, alone, life were worth living for. Write the unwritten poetry, chronicle the unknown greatness and the wasted bravery, the love strong as death, the sacrifice deep as the grave, the lonely wrestlings with the devil, the burnings of precious life-furniture, just to make a blaze wherewith to scare away the wolf hunger that was howling at the door, and glaring in at the window, for some beloved's sake! The temptation, the struggle, the fall, and the victory, on hidden stages of human life. What a picture to weep exulting tears over, is that in "Alton Locke," (copied from life,) where the poor seamstress, though starving, rejoices that she is ugly and deformed, and, therefore, unmarketable among those who purchase the defiled name of Love! and many such an iris of loveliness has been painted on his dark background of poverty, many such a moral glory has gilded the shining ones of the damp cellar and foodless garret.

Hood has but snatched a leaf from the great book of poetry that has been buried in this hiding-place, where it was little imagined to be concealed; and the world will applaud the effort forever. Who would have thought that a poor outcast girl, friendless and homeless, pelted by the pitiless wind and rain, pointed at by the finger of scorn, hounded out of society, till she madly plunged off Waterloo Bridge, and hid her frenzied eyes in the cold but welcoming hands of death, would have called forth a strain of poetry that should thrill to the heart of universal humanity, and melt the hard stern world into tears! The thing had occurred many a time and oft, and the announcement had been made at a million breakfast-tables, without any lifting of eyes or eyebrows. The callous Levite Society had seen a hundred such wrecks—a hundred such suicides, who had taken the leap, in the dark midnight, from the fatal Bridge of Sighs, and it had passed on its way with mirth and music, sinning and suffering, glorying and rejoicing, but all unheeding of the victims and the wreckages that were strewn by the wayside. But the poet—the good Samaritan—comes by, and the wounded are soothed by his healing hand, and the dead have decent burial, with the unction of melodious tears. The dark, the mean, the abject, are instantly radiated, and the dead past lifts a radiant brow, in the light of his loving countenance. It is the blessed and Christlike privilege of poetry to take to her bosom whatsoever the world hath cast out. In her large heart is room for what the sects are too narrow for. She will take the maimed, the halt, the blind, and the leprous, and restore them to the human fold. She will discover a soul of good in things evil, and penetrate to the fountain head of the waters of love, in the nature where it is choked up with weeds and dust. She will seek to win back the fallen and degraded, and set the spirit once again upon the throne it has lost. And thus, from the death of a poor forsaken suicide, does the poet Hood draw lessons of charity, and pleads with such a tender pity, as though it were the voice of a loving sister, till the hardest heart is touched, and tears stand in the eyes of those who seldom weep.

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!
Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly—
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now, is pure womanly!

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.
Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.
Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving with meekness
Her sins to her Saviour."

With what a shudder the prayer went through startled society, pure and pleading, as the sound of vespers breaking on the saturnalia of bacchanals. Hood was little known to the world as a poet, until it but recognized him one morning chanting this thrilling strain on the Bridge of Sighs.

Then came that terrible "Song of the Shirt," straight home to men's business and bosoms, fastening shirt-like close to naked nature. It was a lightning-flash of revelation, rifting the dark of a long and dismal night, which was made up of ignorance above, and misery below. In the middle of that grim night did that fearful glare and piercing eye wake up the wealthy and the great from their luxurious beds and "lazy purples," and, as they looked down from their high windows, the poet showed them the human lives they were wearing out—the blood of little children wrung out to dye their costly crimson—the human hearts that were daily breaking—the thousands of humanity's sons and daughters that were born to be used up, starved, and transported annually, as surely as corn is grown to be eaten—how their path through the world, and the pavement of their palace fronts, were strewn with the wrecks of trampled human-kind—how the track of their chariot-wheels was followed with groans, and curses, and tears of blood—how it was their brethren who were forever broken on the wheel of their car of progress—their sisters who stitched their lives into their work for nine cents per day, and were driven into the midnight streets and lanes to sell the sweet name of love for bread, in order that they might eke out their means of subsistence. From their lofty windows they stared aghast; some, indeed, cursed the voice of the poet that had so rudely broken their voluptuous dream, and they slunk back to their silken pillows. But the rest stared on, and could not turn away. The "Song of the Shirt" was the first summons of the army of the poor which had besieged the citadel of wealth. The very music of it was like the march of ten thousand men, who come, with dogged step, set teeth, and flashing eyes, to demand redress for their long sufferings and wrongs. It had an ominous sound. Men looked at one another, and, for every poor one pale with want, there was a rich one white with fear. The wealthy had not known, or did not care to know, what want and wretchedness existed around them, and how small a space they were from the gnashings of hunger, the effluvia of disease, and the seething fires of revolution. They saw not, or shut their eyes to the scenes in which the bravest human heart might well despair, go mad, curse God, and die—where the children of labor, born in tears, are dragged up in misery, often sapped of their nature's finer feelings, or hurried by them into sin and crime, in the spring of life, robbed of their manhood, and left to toil on, starving, and starving still toil on, till they end their life's dark destiny in the pauper's grave, or the convict cemetery. None but the poor know what the poor endure. But this song led England to see that there were, in London alone, thirty-three thousand five hundred poor women, working for from five to ten cents per day. That the splendid fabrics of her manufacture were partly composed of human life—that England's hands were red with the blood of her martyred children, that her throne was built on broken hearts, and the root of her greatness drew its sustenance from rotting humanity—it ran through England like the trumpet that calls to judgment, or like the voice of the prophet of old, seeking for the ten righteous men to save the doomed city, and it was successful in finding them in time to avert the coming destruction. It touched the truest and tenderest string in the heart of aristocracy. Society began to investigate the appalling truth. It went down into the dens of poverty, and saw what a real hell was there. It discovered, that side by side with boasted magnificence was the most

hideous squalor, and the most alarming misery.

The "Song of the Shirt" called forth a tide of feeling so strong and impetuous, that it threw down and overleaped many an ancient barrier that had so long divided the rich from the poor. It was an equivalent for the horrible poor-law system, which severed the last human link between them—a link that existed even in feudal times, when the lord and the serf did meet sometimes at the castle-door, and charity and gratitude shook hands.

Who can compute the influence that these songs exerted for good, or how powerfully they contributed to bring about the many benevolent and noble schemes put forth and adopted to alleviate the distress that existed? That it was great, we know—how great, we can never know. This was the waking at midnight; and society caught a glimpse, by the light of the poet's lamp, of that great morning that has yet to break upon us, when we shall look upon the face of each other, and see them in a new light, and know that we are brothers—brothers who have been tearing each other in the hand-to-throat strife, with the gloom hanging so thick and heavy about us, and the infernal din ringing so loudly in our ears—brothers who, having drifted into this maelstrom of competition, like the brothers in Poe's tale, are struggling in a death-struggle for the last spar of safety, endeavoring to rise on the floating wreck of each other's fortunes. What a fearful waking for many that will be!

In conclusion, let us look for a moment behind the curtain of our poet, when he played Mr. Merryman, who in the pages of *Punch*, and in his public and private whims and oddities, created more laughter in his time than any other ten men put together, and we find that his mirth and merriment were often like that of the poor clown who had to make merry on the stage while his child lay dead at home, and make the sides of his audience shake with laughter, while his own inside was trembling with weakness. Necessity, the stern, imperious taskmaster, stood over poor Hood, and made him laugh for his living; but he always turned the sunny side of his life to the world, while he himself sat in darkness. When very frail and feeble, and in the illness from which he never recovered, he thus gives us a bit of his cheerful philosophy. In the preface to "Hood's Own" inimitable collection of prose and verse, and grotesque etchings, he says:—

"In the absence of a certain thin 'blue-and-yellow' visage and attenuated figure—whose effigy may one day be affixed to this work—you will not be prepared to learn that some of the merriest effusions in the forthcoming numbers have been the relaxations of a gentleman literally enjoying bad health—the carnival, so to speak, of a personified Jour Maigre. The very fingers so aristocratically slender, that now hold the pen, hint plainly of the '*ills* that *flesh* is heir to;' my coats have become great-coats; my pantaloons have turned into trousers; and by a worse bargain than Peter Schlemihl's, I seem to have retained my shadow, and sold my substance. In short, as happens to prematurely-old port wine, I am of a bad color, with very little body. But what then? That emaciated hand still lends a hand to embody in words and sketches the creations or recreations of a merry fancy; those gaunt sides yet shake heartily as ever at the grotesques, and arabesques, and droll picturesques that my good genius (a Pantagruelian Familiar) charitably conjures up, to divert me from more sombre realities. How else could I have converted a serious illness into a comic wellness? By what other agency could I have transported myself, as a cockney would say, from *Dullage* to *Grimsage?* It was far from a practical joke to be laid up in ordinary in a foreign land, under the care of physicians quite as much abroad as myself with the case; indeed, the shades of the gloaming were stealing over my prospect; but I resolved that, like the sun, so long as my day lasted, I would look upon the bright side of everything. The raven croaked, but I persuaded myself that it was the nightingale; there was the smell of the mould, but I remembered that it nourished the violets. However my body might cry craven, my mind luckily had no mind to give in. My physician tells me that anatomically my heart is hung lower than usual; but what of that? The *more need to keep it up*. . . . Gentle reader, how do you like my laughing philosophy? The joyous cheers you have just heard come from a crazy vessel that has clawed by miracle off a lee-shore, and I, the skipper, am sitting down to my grog, and recounting to you the tale of past danger, with the manœuvres that were used to escape the perilous point."

And thus he bore up and held on, cheerfully and bravely, to the last, under many a terrible circumstance. Though the vessel of his life was frail and weather-worn, he would not desert it cowardly, but steered it right on into the harbor, which, we trust, was that haven of promise where the storms never rage, and sorrows come not, and there is no more pain, but the storm-tossed spirit folds its weary wings, and the toilworn mariner of life's sea finds rest upon the bosom of eternal peace.

[For the National Magazine.]

REVIEWS EXTRAORDINARY.

BY ONE OF OUR STATED CONTRIBUTORS.

NO. I.—THE CITY DIRECTORY.

REVIEWING is not exactly in our line. We are not sure that we have any taste for it. Other qualifications, however, we have in abundance. We know where there is a good library. We own a pair of scissors; also a paste-pot; and desirous of imparting a little more solidity to the pages of the Magazine, we shall occasionally dabble in that business. It must be understood, at the threshold, that it is by no means our intention to lower the standard of this species of writing. To our fraternal cousins who are seated so snugly high up on the Parnassian hill, the reviewers *par excellence*, we beg leave to say, that while it will be our aim to imitate their show of erudition, their literary quasi-omniscience, and their profundity, we shall, like them, disdain any attempt to popularize our lucubrations. In ordinary magazine articles intelligibility is deemed essential; but, in a review of the first class, and we shall deal in nothing else, it is a matter of very secondary importance. Hence we intend, generally, to be abstruse; sometimes prosy or prolix; and, perhaps, if our "vaulting ambition" does not o'erleap itself, occasionally, incomprehensible. If we cannot make the stream of our thoughts run deep, perhaps we may contrive to make it muddy, which will answer the same purpose, and equally prevent the reader from seeing our bottom. To propitiate still further "the ungentle craft" above referred to, and at the same time to indicate, with becoming modesty, our qualifications, we premise that after the manner of the most approved reviewers, we have not read the volume before us. No, indeed! we cut right into it, and go at our work, *a la* Southey, without prejudice or prepossession. We did turn over its pages, in an idle hour, when we had nothing else to do, and made a pencil mark here and there; but on our veracity that was all.

Having settled these preliminaries, we enter upon a critical analysis and a dissection, *seeundum artem*, of *the New-York City Directory* for the present year.

As to the external appearance of the work, its *physique*, we are bound to say that in our judgment it is too fat; by which we mean that its thickness is disproportionate to its length and breadth. It is, as we say of a female figure of similar dimensions, rather dowdyish. This may have arisen from the necessity of the case. In fact, we see not how it could have been otherwise without increasing the size of the pages, or using thinner paper, and perhaps a smaller type; but, of course, if the learned author had done either of these things, he would have been liable to a more severe criticism. As to the integuments of the volume, they are substantial and ornamental. The ornaments, however, are not in the best taste. They are advertisements of sundry keen men of business, who, knowing how much more frequently people look at the outside than the inside of a volume, paid well for the privilege of having them printed on the cover. It would be hard, indeed, in these hard times, to censure the indefatigable editor for yielding to this temptation. He might have emblazoned the pasteboard with the excelsior arms of the state, or the corporate seal of this great city, but it is not certain that the legislature or the common council would have paid him for the compliment. At any rate, we have no reason to suppose they made him any offer in that behalf.

The typography of the work is entitled to our unqualified approbation. It is clear, and to those who have no defect in their visual organs, quite legible. We have not detected a single typographical error; but this may be owing as much to the fact that there is no table of errata at the end as to our own perspicacity. Finally, to close our remarks upon the esthetics of this ponderous duodecimo, we may add, if the reader will pardon the novelty, not to say the uniqueness of the remark, it is got up in the publisher's usual and well-known style of elegance.

To speak of the volume mathematically, or descending from the genus to the species, arithmetically—it contains seven hundred and eighty pages; which would have amounted, if they had been numbered after the manner of Elliott, in his great history of the great secession, as the reader may readily perceive by multiplying by two the number aforesaid, to fifteen hundred and sixty. Each of these pages will average, we think, eighty lines, each

line indicating, with wonderful precision, the local habitation and the name, and in most cases the profession, trade, or business of the denizens of this metropolis. Fifteen hundred and sixty multiplied by eighty, will give the reader an approximation to the probable number, not of our citizens, for there are thousands who are merely boarders, and whose names do not appear, but to the number of householders, demi-householders, semi-demi householders, and occupants of single rooms.

It would divert us too far from our purpose, although it would, doubtless, greatly divert the reader also, to enter at large upon the question of the relative advantages of boarding and keeping house. Were it not well known that we are paid by the page, we might add, too, in the language of our great exemplars, whose compensation is graduated in the same way—it would occupy too much space. The philosophy, however, of omitting from a directory the names of those who merely board, and who do not, as the phrase is, keep house, is worthy of serious consideration. We have brought our profoundest powers of ratiocination to bear upon the question. Not to detail the process by which we have reached our conclusions —and here we might plead want of space again—we simply state the conclusions themselves. First, then, to begin at the end, the proximate cause may be traced to the idiopathy of the learned editor; with equal clearness the penultimate cause may be referred to the idiocrasy of the purchasers, *in posse*, of his volume; and the final cause, by which, of course, we do not mean final in the common acceptation of that word, to the idiosyncrasy of many of the boarders themselves, some of whom live in continual dread, lest "the very stones prate of their whereabouts."

Our author's independence of spirit and manifest impartiality are worthy of commendation. Having laid down rules for the prosecution of his work, he adheres to them rigidly. Like Abdiel, nor numbers, nor example swerve him from his course. Patriotism, personal predilection, the claims of kindred, even the almighty dollar, are alike ineffectual. The poor widow who occupies one room in a dark alley, where her tin sign informs the passing traveler that "washing and ironing, and going out to day's work" are done here, has her own position on his page, and is treated with as much respect and courtesy as the occupant of the finest mansion on the Fifth Avenue. The millionaire and the miserable mountebank, clergymen and circus clowns, judges and junk-dealers, police-officers and prostitutes, rabbis and rowdies, are placed in juxtaposition. Native Knickerbockers are sandwiched between Milesian hod-carriers and itinerant Italians, who grind a living out of the howlings of a hurdy-gurdy and the mirthful mischief of a monkey, rigged out in ragged red regimentals. Here, with more truth than in the meeting-house with free-seats, or even the grave-yard, are the words of the wise man verified, "The rich and the poor meet together."

Let us not be understood, however, as accusing our author of a lack of discrimination. Far from it. While he gives to every individual his due, and no one has any cause to find fault with him, he has devoted a thousandfold more time and toil to some families than to others: and there is a reason for it, a reason lying upon the surface. Take, for illustration, the family of the Smiths. That mind must be tinged with a very grassy-green that would object to the space they occupy, or to the labor bestowed upon them. Why, there are in this city a thousand heads of families, house-keepers, bearing that honored patronymic. In this number we do not include those whose ancestors attempted an improvement upon the orthography, by changing the vowel and writing it Smyth; nor those who add to it the final *e*, and make it Smythe; nor those who drop the aspirate, and call it Smit; nor those who have a monosyllabic aversion, and are known as Smithers and Smithson; nor yet those who affect the Scandinavian combination, and perplex us with the crookedness of Schmit, Schmitt, and Schmidt.

Why the surname under consideration should be so much more plentiful than any other, is a grave question. The judicious Snooker, to whose learned work, *De Patronymico*, the reader may refer at his leisure, gives, perhaps, the best solution of the question. We are free to confess, however, that for ourselves we are not satisfied with it. The cause, we opine, lies deeper; and we are half inclined to adopt the theory of Fugleman, as modified by the acute Toady. See his elaborate article in the Royal Society's Transactions, vol. vii, p. 397, et seq. His remarks

on Tubal-Cain, the son of Lamech and Zillah, (Genesis iv, 22,) are certainly very acute, and throw a flood of light upon the question. He, not Toady, but Tubal-Cain, was certainly a Smith; and his name, without doing any greater violence to the Hebrew language than we have a perfect right to do, may be made to indicate a solution of the problem.

There is less difficulty in disposing of a theory first broached by O'Gandy, in his flippant treatise. The theory is, in brief, that the Johnsons, the Jacksons, the Petersons, the Tomsons, the Williamsons, and names of that class, were all originally Smiths. Thus argues O'Gandy: the first Johnson was a son of John Smith, Robertson a son of Robert Smith, and so on *ad infinitum*. It is wonderful how easy the literary world may be humbugged. O'Gandy enjoyed the reputation gained by his plausible blarney until he died, and, in fact, for twenty-two years afterward. Then appeared the elaborate work of that most patient and pains-taking German, Flückerman, and overthrowing the premises upon which the Emerald islander had built his superstructure, it is not too much to say, that O'Gandy was routed—horse, foot, and dragoons. It is right to add, that possibly Flückerman himself may be floored by a countryman of his own, who has been engaged upon the subject for the last quarter of a century. The quantity of lager beer and tobacco already consumed in this investigation by the German referred to—his name is Flünck—is a sure guaranty that the work, when finished, will be a great addition to patronymic literature.

It was Lindley Murray, unjustly accused of plagiarizing from Horne Tooke, who first gave to our juvenile mind the definition of a noun. It is the name, he says, of anything that exists. However true that may be in the abstract, and for the sake of the argument we admit that all nouns are names, we must be permitted, nevertheless, to say, that the converse of the proposition, to wit, that all names are nouns is not true. The volume before us contains ample proof on that point. Some names are verbs, many of them participles, a few adverbs, and a great many are adjectives, or, as we heard them called at a public-school examination the other day, qualifiers. Thus there are some half-dozen families in the city known as Sweet, but there is only one Sour as yet. He is a baker, and we have tasted of his bread; but *de gustibus*, &c. Several rejoice in being called Good; and although there are none Better, Best is a very favorite appellation. Then in this same category we have, as surnames, Bitter, Civil, Clever, Rich, Poor, Wise, Wild, and True. The cardinal points of the compass have their votaries. North and West take the lead. There are only two East, and but one South. To make amends, however, for this paucity, our author gives us East-burn, East-er, East-erbrook, Eastman, East-mond, East-on, and East-wood. The compounds of South are still more numerous. We have South-back, Southard, South-em, South-arden, South-erland, South-ern, South-ington, South-by, Southmayd, South-erton, South-well, Southwick, and South-worth. The more desirable colors seem to be Black, White, Brown, Gray, and Green. There is one solitary Blue, and one Purple. Yellow, for a reason that we need not name, has not yet been appropriated.

Among the qualifiers we may add also, Mr. Jolley, Mr. Lawless, Mr. Sly, Mr. Scaly; although this last falls more appropriately, perhaps, into the piscatorial department, together with Messrs. Long, Broad, Wider, Short, and Shorter. The participles, such as Spelling, Reading, Going, Hunting, Willing, Billing, and Cooing, &c., are too numerous to dwell upon; and notwithstanding the many dissertations upon the interjection, many of them very profound, we confess that until the work before us fell into our hands, we were not convinced of the propriety or even the feasibility of employing any of them—the interjections aforesaid as patronymics. We are satisfied now. Haw and Gee have both been pressed into the service, and for aught we know to the contrary they answer the purpose admirably. Of course, Mr. Haw lives on the right hand as you go up the street, Mr. Gee on the left hand as you go down.

The natural association of ideas leads us from the lessons in English grammar which we derived from Murray to the moral instructions given to us at the same period. Among them we remember many a caution against the use of nicknames. We were taught to regard it as vulgar and unkind. From the volume before us we are taught differently. Nicknames

are respected and respectful, yet we find it hard to overcome our early prejudices. We tolerate Mr. Nelly, Mr. Dickey, Mr. Polly, and Mr. Molly, because of the softening quality of the latter vowel, but we should feel half condemned in addressing by their proper names, and all of them are residents of our city whom we may meet at any moment,—Messrs. Moll, Tom, Bill, Betts, Dick, Jack, Pegg, Cuff.

It will be pleaded that there was evinced a degree of moral courage quite unusual in this time-serving world by the adoption of this class of designations. It is true. There is a degree of moral courage also in retaining them, not equal, we think, however, to that displayed by the proprietors of such names as Lackey, Coward, Bulley, Dung, Folley, Deadman, Grim, and Blood. There is a savor of such absolute contempt for public opinion among this latter class, amounting almost to heroism, that it compels from us a kind of respect to which we cannot feel that a mere nickname is entitled.

But what's in a name? As saith the love-sick Juliet,

> "That which we call a rose,
> By any other name would smell as sweet."

And herein she utters a sentiment, the truth of which, so far as mere nosology is concerned, cannot be questioned. But, begging the damsel's pardon, we have something more to do in this bustling sphere than merely to use our olfactories. If she had been acquainted with the "City Directory," she would have seen cause to modify the sentiment. The suggestion of that able commentator on the dramas of Shakspeare, Fiddledederius, accounting for this remark of the fair daughter of the Capulets, is worthy of consideration. It is, that in her day, woman's rights had not been so completely trampled under foot as they are at present, Females did not then lose their identity and their names when matrimonial cords were thrown around them. Not then could it be said of the virgin emerging from the hymeneal altar as afterward in the pathetic lines of the poet, referring to a fair lass and her betrothed—

> "She changed for him her maiden name,
> From Shoulders to Joline."

We cannot hope to abrogate the present system by any arguments. The world, that is, that part of it which does the voting and the legislating, is set in its way, wise in its own conceit, and withal stiff-necked. For the present, at least, woman must be content, if she will be married, to drop her own patronymic and take that of her lucky lover; and this too, whether, as Juliet says, it smells as sweet, or not. The work under review, however, and we are happy to say it, presents palliatives for the evil of which we speak, and for which as yet there is no remedy. For instance, what do our fair readers think of such names as the following, all of which are found in the volume before us? Love, Dove, Lovely, Dear, Deary, Joy, Darling, Divine, Bliss, Comfort, Content, Holy, Virtue, Eden, and Paradise. Are they not nice names? So far as we are concerned, any young marriageable maid may make her own selection, provided of course that the young man, like the renowned Barkis, be "willing."

We were never able until this present moment to account for the horror to which our confreres who live by reviewing, give utterance, when they get hold of a big book that has no index. In our salad days we deemed an index of no consequence. If it was worth studying, we could make an index to the volume to suit ourselves, or carry it in our head for that matter. But an index is a wonderful help to a reviewer, and on this point we must find great fault with the "New-York City Directory." It has no index. If we want to find names, ornithological for instance, or geological, ecclesiastical, or culinary, we are obliged to hunt all through the volume and pick them out. But this would not pay. The reader must be satisfied, therefore, with an approximation to perfection until the next edition, when possibly the talented editor may be induced to remunerate some penny-a-liner for supplying his work with the desideratum referred to.

To do the best we can, however, under the circumstances,—and it is the great Addison who says, The best can do no better,—we may say that our author is peculiarly rich in ornithology. We have not only Birds in the abstract, but also Cock, Hen, Eagle, Owl, Wren, Brant, Crane, Crow, Drake, Duck, Goose, (only one,) Gosling, (several,) Heron, Jay, Lark, Martin, Rook, Partridge, Swan, and Peacock.

Zoologically considered, our author has been equally happy. The names in this department which have not yet been appropriated are few and unimportant. We have the Lion and the Lamb, the Bear, the Wolf, the Stag, the Bull and the Bullock. There is no Cow yet, but we have Kine, together with Camels, Colts, Foxes, Bucks and Does, Griffins, Kids, and Hogs.

In the piscatorial department we have Fish of course, and Whales, Sharks, Herrings, Mackerel, Salmon, Bass, Turbot, and Pike. We were disappointed not to find any Shad; and that in a city where they are cried about the streets every day in their season there should be no Porgies, is unaccountable.

For our own convenience we blend in one the departments dendrological and pomological. Not fabulously, as in the parable of Jotham, (see Judges ix, 8,) but in sober verity the trees of this city might come together and select a king. At the call of the roll there would be present the Apple, with its congeners Appleby, Appleton, and Applegate; the Beech and the Beecher, the Birch, the Cherry, the Chesnut, the Ash, the Holly, the Lemon, the Pine, the Larch, the Plum, the Rose, the Thorn, and the Bramble. Whether the regal mantle would fall upon this last, as it did on the occasion referred to, may be doubted by the reader without offense to us. We have, of course, our own opinion.

The four seasons furnish their share of patronymics. We have Spring, Summer, and Winter, but Autumn is missing. We were at a loss to account for this until, in turning over the pages of our author, we find he has given us in its stead several Falls. The months are not so well represented. There are only five out of the twelve who have yet found their way into the Directory. They are Mr. March, Mr. May, Mr. June, Mr. July, and Mr. August. The culinary department is rather meager: we have, however, Leeks, Sage, Beans, Pease, Fennel, Garlick, and a few Murphys. Physiologically considered, the volume is rich: there are Lightbodys and Lightfoots, Heads, Brains, Beard, Tongue, Foot, Hand, Fingers, Kidney, Heart, Livermore, Leg, Blood, Gore, Lights, and Hasletts, reminding the classical reader of the lines of the poet, describing the conduct of the wolf toward Little Red Riding Hood of precious memory:

> "He quaff'd her blood, he munch'd her gore,
> And up her lights and liver tore."

Speaking necrologically we have, as already intimated, Mr. Deadman, and quite a number of Corses, (*poetice*, for corpses,) together with Shrouds, Crape, Coffin, Graves and Tombs.

The reduplication of the final letter in many patronymics opens a wide field for controversy. The question is, When and for what reason originated the practice of doubling the final letter in such names as Henn, Penn, and Fenn; or Legg, Pegg, and Gregg; or Lott, Mott, Nott, Pott, and Van Cott? A host of others might be added, but these may suffice; and the order in which we have placed them will, perhaps, satisfy the reader that we are no converts to the theory of Schnapps on this delicate and difficult question. Indeed, we are not sure that we quite understand that ornament of Scandinavian literature. Not that Schnapps is too strong for us in his logic, for that we can dilute to any extent, but he is hard to translate, harder we think by many degrees than even the divine Oleander. We are perfectly willing that the reader should judge between the theory of Schnapps and our own; we say it in all modesty, and having thus placed the two in juxtaposition, we leave them for the cogitation of the thoughtful student. His conclusion will neither be antagonistic to our own, nor do injustice to Schnapps.

On the still graver question—the pluralization of surnames—we must be indulged in a few remarks. Why should any man have arrogated to himself duality, if not plurality, by appending a final *s* to his singularity? Omitting, for want of room of course, all mention of the many minor theories on this subject, we may advert to the three that are most prominent, and which have had, if we may so say, the most learned advocates. For the sake of conciseness, and to assist the memory of the reader, we shall call these theories, or denominate them, rather, the perfunctory, the apostrophical, and the ophiscular.

The perfunctory theory is that which refers the origin of plural names held by singular men to the universal practice of editors and authors. Each, as is well

known, when he assumes the quill and scissors, makes use of the pronouns We, Our, and Us, instead of I, My, and Me. The transition from the pronoun to the noun was easy and obvious. Mr. Toodle, when he left the workshop, and undertook the editorial department, called himself We, and thus being perfunctorily plural, he styled himself Toodles, and his descendants have followed his example. Thus also, Brook became Brooks, and Crook Crooks; Snook was euphemized into Snooks, and Toot into Toots. The main objection to this theory, and the readers of Kidney's great work upon the subject will admit its force, is its lack of universality, taken in connection with its manifest solsecretiousness.

Turning now from the perfunctory to the apostrophical theory, we are free to admit its plausibility; and yet, great as are the authorities ranged in its favor, from the acute Snobby to the no less astute Simplehead, we must enter, conscientiously, our most decided demurrer to the line of argumentation on which the theory is suspended. The name Hodges, for instance, may have been written originally Hodge's. We will not dispute on that point. So also Bang's may have meant, in the first instance, the son of Bang, and Cole's, with the apostrophe, may have indicated a lineal descendant of Cole—old King Cole, perhaps, of whom the poet sings so sweetly. But with all deference we submit that the theory does not eliminate a fact brought prominently before us in the volume under review. That fact is, that while there is no Mr. Adam, there are quite a number, each of whom assumes to be Mr. Adams, in the plural. On this hypothesis, indeed, this should be the patronymic of us all. Are we not all Adam's descendants? a question not to be asked. It is remarkable too that the names of the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, have not been used as surnames, but, each having undergone the pluralizing process, we have in their stead more than a score known as Mr. Abrahams, Mr. Isaacs, Mr. Jacobs. The names of the twelve disciples have been pressed into the service, but with no degree of uniformity; a fact which seems to have been overlooked by Simplehead, and not to have received the attention it deserved from Snobby. Thus we have, both in the singular and in the plural, Mr. Simon and Mr. Simons, Mr. Andrew and Mr. Andrews, Mr. John, Mr. Saint John, and Mr. Johns, Mr. Phillip and Mr. Phillips; then there are in the singular only, Mr. James, Mr. Bartholomew and Mr. Thomas, while Peter seems to disdain singularity, and is found only as Peters. Judas, of course, is among the missing, and Lebbeus has not as yet found his way as a surname into the "City Directory."

Thus much for the theory under consideration. Though we say it who should not, it is pretty effectually disposed of, and there remains for our cauterizing power only the ophiscular hypothesis. We shall make short work of it. Indeed, our bile editorial is stirred to its lowest depths. Ophiscular (from the Greek ὄφις, *a snake*) is slanderous in itself. It refers to the hissing of that disagreeable reptile, and in its application implies that the English language has an undue partiality for hissing sounds, the letter *s* and the soft *c*. A stigmatizing, silly, solecistical sarcasm this is, is n't it? Essentially slimy in its inception, it is simply suicidal in its systematizing synopsis. But like the poet who

> "Never dares
> To be as funny as he can,"

lest his readers should burst with laughter, so we dare not uncork all the vials of our wrath upon this subject. Our publishers are not willing to risk the consequences. We only add, therefore, in the mildest vein of which we are capable in our present bilious state, that the ophiscular theory is no more to be compared to either of the others, and they are both utterly unsatisfactory, than the slim, slender sausages served up for breakfast and supper on the Sound steamers are worthy of being named on the same day with those magnificent cylinders, redolent of garlic, which give celebrity to the city of Bologna.

We must not close our article without a word or two on our author's style. It is concise and terse in a remarkable degree; laconic beyond anything ever given to the world in the palmiest days of the Lacedæmonian republic. In fact, the entire volume may be held up as an embodiment of the soul of wit. If our author seldom reaches the true sublime, he never descends to the ridiculous—except when

the necessities of the case compel him. We part with him in excellent humor, but let not authors and publishers deceive themselves with the idea that as reviewers we are a compound of honey and balsam. On the contrary, if we chance to light upon a volume that shall give us free scope, we shall show them that our slashing powers, though in embryo yet, are enormous.

THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness and mind of gentle mold.
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be, I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air:
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency;
But that which others most admire is the thought which fills his mind,
The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplex'd
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next;
He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teacheth him to pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then, are the words which he will say.
O, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years, like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be:
And when I look into his eyes and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now!

I have a son—a second son—a simple child of three;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be—
How silver-sweet those tones of his, when he prattles on my knee.
I do not think his light blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been;
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling,
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the street,
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all, and yet with cheerful tone
Will sing his little songs of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should *he* grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace, as now for earthly love.
And if beside his grave the tears our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him.

I have a son—a third sweet son—his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he has gone to dwell.
To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what look he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow:
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
Are number'd with the secret things which God will not reveal;
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is bless'd with endless dreams of joy forever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of of heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe, (his mother dear and I,)
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but *his* is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever,
But, if our own poor faith fail not, *he* must be ours forever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be;
When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and *this* world's misery;
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain;
O! we'd rather lose our other two than have him here again.

THOMAS MOULTRIE.

LETTERS FROM THE CRIMEA.

JOHN BULL seems to be thoroughly aroused by the disastrous and apparently interminable conflict in the Crimea. The English papers and periodicals, from the huge quarterly to the smallest *feuilleton*, are filled with invectives against the government. Arguments, entreaties, denunciations, ridicule, and satire are poured forth incessantly. From *Colburn's New Monthly* we extract the following epistles, purporting to be written by an ensign to his parents at home. They are keenly satirical, but truth gives sharpness to their edge :—

Before Sebastopol, *February*, 1855.

DEAR GUARDIAN,—I write to you in obedience to injunctions in your recent letter, which I received with Aunt Priscilla's; but it 's not that I have much to say either of myself or the siege. The siege is just as it was when I wrote in December, progressing backward; and I 'm the same, but I 'm very plucky, and ready to hold out against any odds. Pluck does not always answer, though, for food and warmth, and some of the best of us go off into the grave, pluck and all.

The worst frost set in the 5th of January. I was off duty for that night (you can chalk it up) and went with the rest of us to bed—that is, we lay down on the ground, under our threadbare tent, and covered our heads with the blanket. The cold was so intense, that, tired as we were, it was impossible to get to sleep, and we awoke frozen, in the morning. The blankets were frozen, where we had breathed, our clothes were frozen, and our boots (some new ones we had managed to bag, out of Balaklava) were as rigid as pokers. Jamieson, one of our ensigns, crawled in stiff, from the trenches: he had been ailing for weeks, only there was nobody to take his duty. We got up then, and tried to force ourselves into the frozen boots, but it was no go; and I went out, barefoot, to look up a fellow who waits on me and Gill. The snow and ground were hard and crunchy, and I had no feel in my feet. Who should I come upon but Major Gum—we are always meeting him when we do n't expect it—and he called me a young fool, and asked if I wanted to see my feet drop off, or else what brought me out without my boots when he knew I'd got a pair. So I asked if he would please to show us how our boots were to be put on, and he came into the tent. It was a tent of misery. Everything in it more wretched than another: the bare ground; the clothes standing up of themselves, stiff; the white faces looking out from their dirty blankets; some raw pork and biscuit in the pan; a charcoal fire, with a tin pot on it; and Jamieson lying down in the corner. Gum saw how ill he looked, and asked what he had had to eat. "Nothing, to speak of, for a long while," Jamieson said, for he could not swallow the rations, and was too weak to forage out anything else. "Have you no coffee?" inquired Major Gum. "What 's the good of coffee to us?" cried Tubbs, who never minds what he says to our superiors —he would accost the field-marshal, as soon as look at him, if he could get a chance of doing either—"it 's green, major." And out he tumbled a heap of useless berries at the major's feet. "What do you drink, then?" cried Gum to Jamieson, crossly—"water?" "I don't know where he would get water from, major," answered Tubbs, "unless he put snow in his mouth, and let it melt." "What 's that in the tin pot?" returned the major, looking at the stove. "That 's for him, sir," said Tubbs, "and for us all too; we want it just as bad as he does, only we have more pluck. It 's tea, and will be three goes, as big as thimbles, apiece for us, when it 's doled out; and we got it at a thundering cost at Balaklava." "O, come, Jamieson, cheer up!" cried the major, who 's not a bad man at bottom, "you 'll be all right again soon. There 's scarcely one of us who is not ill, but we manage to knock along." Well, if you 'll credit it, dear sir, with that, Jamieson breaks out a-sobbing, and then began to excuse himself. "It 's not for the fever, major," he says, "or for the pain, but it 's the weakness; and the thoughts of home overcome me. I could have died fighting as well as any of them, but it is hard to go of neglect and starvation—to go off by inches. I had a letter from home yesterday———"

Nobody knows what Jamieson was coming out with, about his letter, for at the moment, Tubbs, who was brewing, upset the tin pot, putting out the fire and the tea together, and poor Jamieson looked round, with his greedy eyes, as if he could have beaten the charcoal for getting all the drink. So there was an end of our breakfast, for we had used all our charcoal.

Of the horses that remained to us, poor ill-used wretches, dozens died that night, and were found stiff in the daylight; and the men were shovelled up from the trenches with their noses or toes, or ears or hands frostbitten, and had to go into field-hospital—such as it is. I have got a fur comforter, which I bought from a fellow who died—that is, I bought it at the sale of his effects—and I wrap that round my ears and nose, and have managed to come out of the trenches with them whole; but when the fur gets wet with the breath, and freezes, it 's like a piece of raw-edged glass to the lips and face.

That day the surgeon saw Jamieson, and said he must go down to Balaklava hospital, but there was an everlasting fuss to get him there. He could not go without an order, and there was nobody to give it; so he stopped in camp for ever so many days. He ought to have had some medicine, but there was none—there never is. It gets wasted somehow. I'll give you an instance. One day news came that a vessel had arrived in Balaklava with medical stores. Down tramped the surgeons, crowing over everybody, because they got their physic in, and we did n't get our provisions; but were n't they in a passion when they reached the ship, and came to see their medicines! All the bottles were broken and their contents were swimming in the hold, and the powders and pills, and salves and leeches had got loose, and were floating in it: all a smash and a mash together. It was no-

body's fault at all, dear sir, only the ship's: she would persist in pitching and rolling, the captain said—and how was he to help her?—it was her nature. It's true that some heavy stores of shot and shell had been stored in the same compartment with the bottles and pill-boxes; but that was only an error in judgment, and what business had the ship to flounder and pitch? The surgeons were excessively crest-fallen, and said they should report; but as nobody's authorized to receive such reports, they got no hearing.

After a week spent in the mud at camp, with a blanket over him, and a piece of tarpauling tied round his throat, which was sore, Jamieson got taken down to Balaklava. The French lent us some mules, and he was swung behind one, and the procession started. I hate to meet these processions: the fellows look more like corpses than living men; and a good many become corpses before they get to Balaklava. Jamieson had a jolt for it; for the mules were obstinate, and would put their feet in all the holes, and as some are knee-deep, you may judge of the effect.

Three days afterward I went to see Jamieson. My stars! what a wonderful place that Balaklava hospital is! If I get ill, I'd rather lie and die in camp than be shoved there. I could n't find where he was lying, and the place was so crowded, and the filth and confusion so great, it was difficult to get along: besides the groans. I turned to struggle out again, for my breath and sight were leaving me with the stench, when I saw an arm lifted toward me from the floor, where the chaps were lying. It was Jamieson. Poor old chum! death was stamped on his wasted face, and he signed to me to stoop down over him. "Well, old boy," said I, thinking I'd cheer him up, "are you almost ready to come out to camp again, and take a spell at the trenches?" "I shall never go out of here again," said he, his great mournful eyes straining eagerly on me, "till they carry me out feet foremost." "O, that be blowed," I answered, making my words as merry as I could; "never say die. How do they treat you here?" "As well as they can, I think," he said. "I don't want to complain, for it's not their fault. A doctor has seen me once, and said I might have some tea, and I have had a drink twice in the three days." "Do they dose you well?" I went on. "They have got no medicines to dose us with, and no comforts for us, and there are as good as no doctors. You never saw such a lot, Pepper, as are taken away every morning dead. I do n't believe one in twenty *need* have died, had there been anybody to bestow upon us common care. I know I should not." "Now do n't give way like that, Jamieson," I said; "you'll live to make old bones yet." "Pepper," he cried, shaking his ghastly head, "you know where we live; if you escape the common fate here, and get back to London, go and see my mother, and tell her I died in Balaklava hospital. Do n't tell her how things were, out here: it would only grieve her, to hear that three parts of those who are under the ground were coolly murdered, and nothing less. *You know it, Pepper.* But let that pass—for me, all is nearly over. Give my love to my dear mother, and tell her I should not so much care to die, if I could have seen her again, and heard her say she forgave me for all the uneasiness I have ever caused her."

All this made me fell queer, dear sir, fearing it might be my turn next; so I thought I 'd cut it, and wished Jamieson good day. But he called me back, to say if anything good came out for him, any hamper, we were to divide it; and that I might have his trousers, which were as good as new, (so to speak,) having only three holes in them, two in the knees and one behind. He died that night.

Some cheering news was brought one morning into camp—that the *Golden Fleece* had come into Balaklava harbor, with hundreds and thousands of sheepskin coats for us officers, presents from Trieste. As many of us as could stand the sea of mud, tore down to Balaklava, and there we boarded the good ship, and were regaled with a view of the bales. The captain said he was anxious for somebody to come and relieve him of them, and we stopped till there was no chance of their being got out that afternoon. After days of impatience, and no coats appearing, we made another journey, and, if you 'll believe it, dear sir, the ship had sailed, taking the coats back in her. The quarter-master-general's department had refused to land them, as it had not been paid the compliment of receiving official advice of their arrival. We turned away, exploding with wrath, shivering and shaking in the bitter cold, feeling the deficiencies in our garments all the more keenly for having had our imaginations exalted up to sheepskin coats. Some of us have got coats, such as they are, served out to us now; but they are not the sheepskins of the *Golden Fleece.* I think they were all made to fit one man: some can't stretch into them any way, so they tie their sleeves round their necks, as the lazy Italians do, and let the coat swing behind. The boots are the worst, such as have reached us; and our poor devils of men have to go bare-footed. They are made too small for the feet, and can't be dragged on anyhow—but the men have to pay for them. Once, when we were all shoeless, a ship's load arrived at Balaklava harbor. And there the ship stopped, and the shoes in her, for the captain could get nobody to relieve him of his cargo. One official said it was not in his department; another said he could get no orders from Lord Raglan; a third, that no bill of lading had been sent to *him;* a fourth, that he never acted but under direct orders from Her Majesty's Government; and a fifth said, the army had got plenty of everything. So the captain went storming and swearing out of port, with his ship and his shoes, and our naked feet rejoiced on in their nakedness.

The obedience to official routine here is admirable, and will be a feather in the war's cap as long as its history shall last. Not a thing is done without direct orders from home—from the war minister, or the horse guards, or the secretary of state, or *their* secretaries. The dispatches must be written on official paper, syllables divided, letters as large as corks, a wide margin, have a seal as big as a saucer, and be tied round with red tape. Failing the tape, they are not to be taken in, and then nobody acts, and everything 's at a stand-still. It cer-

tainly causes some delay and confusion, but I know you will rejoice, dear sir, to find how attached we remain to our good old institution. Every officer here, from Lord Raglan downward, will submit to have their heads cut off rather than issue an order not first sanctioned by the red tape. They would send the whole army (what 's left of it) into boxes of four deal boards nailed together, (to speak metaphorically, for such luxuries as coffins don't penetrate here,) to be screwed down out of sight, and would never interfere to keep it alive, unless they get red tape telling them to do so. We have exemplifications of this admirable system every day: I'll give you one. Some men were taken with cholera, and certain comforts were necessary for them — it might be medicines — or cordials — or charcoal — or stoves — I forget which, but there 's the same bother to get each of these things, though they may be close at hand. The surgeon applied to the general of division; general answered that application must be made in writing. "The men are dying," remonstrated the surgeon. "What if they are?" retorted the general; "we can't violate official etiquette." So the surgeon went back, wrote his demand, and sent it in. Back it came in a few hours. General's compliments, and it was signed on the left-hand side instead of the right, which must be rectified. So the surgeon shrugged his shoulders, wrote another paper, signed it on the right side, and sent that in. Some more delay, and back came the paper: the general begged to inform the doctor that he was not the proper officer to apply to; it should be the commander-in-chief. Up goes the application to head-quarters, and nothing is heard of it for a day and a night; then comes a message that the field marshal has nothing to do with the point at issue—the surgeon should have addressed himself to his colonel. So the doctor, driven nearly wild, goes to the colonel and asks him. "It 's not in my department at all," answers the colonel; "you must apply to the commissariat." "That makes three days and nights that I have been bandied about from one to the other," squeals out the doctor, in a rage, "and the soldiers were dying when I first applied." "Poor fellows," cries the colonel, "how are they?" "All dead," replies the doctor, "and if I had obtained what I wanted, I could have kept them alive. And now I have got more in the same sore need, and they 'll die. This is a shameful state of things." "It 's in accordance with official routine," snapped the colonel; "we are all right so long as we obey that. What would you have?" I am sure all these details will delight you, dear sir, attached, as you are, to our glorious old state, and to the ancient cry of "Church and King." I will tell you a little more before closing. We had some cargoes of potatoes and fresh vegetables sent here, but their bills-of-lading, or bills-of-something, were not made out in strict accordance with official demands, and I am proud to inform you, that, rather than receive them unofficially, they were destroyed upon the shore. The smell, during this process, was not very sanitary, and our men were decaying of scurvy, which the fresh vegetables would have cured, therefore the authorities take the more merit to themselves for sticking to etiquette. When articles of this sort come in, the master of the ship reports, and asks Captain Christie to give an order to land his cargo. Christie won't; says he must ask Mr. Filder; Filder says he must ask a brigadier; brigadier says he must ask the commander-in-chief; and commander-in-chief says he must ask anybody but him. We are intensely proud of all this, especially as it passes in sight of our allies.

Lord Raglan visited the trenches one day—it 's a fact!—and, in going away, he dropped a paper, which a sergeant picked up. It seems to be a copy of a dispatch, and I have no objection to transcribe it for you:—

"Before Sebastopol, *February*, 1855.

"My Lord Duke,—I have the satisfaction to acquaint your Grace that the weather is seasonable. The sun comes out by day, but goes in at night, which causes some variation in the temperature of the four-and-twenty hours. There is a wind occasionally; and I have known it to blow from all four points—on different days. The mercury sometimes rises in the glass, and sometimes falls: and the moon occasionally favors us by shining.

"Such of the soldiers as are not on the sick list, remain healthy.

"Sebastopol is still in our view, and has not changed its site: neither have we changed ours.

"My staff render themselves remarkably efficient, especially in making themselves comfortable, in which they succeed better than might be expected from the very limited sources at their command. I beg, therefore, particularly to recommend them to your Grace, as deserving of promotion.

"I inclose the list of casualties to the present date.

"I have the honor to be, my Lord Duke——"

The rest was torn off; but I know you will be proud to possess this much, as a souvenir of our great commander. The straightforward simplicity of its style has excited the most unbounded admiration in camp.

We hear that a General Simpson is coming out here, as something—nobody knows what. A few affirm that he is to write all the field-marshal's dispatches for him; others, that he will but fold and seal them. We shall see, in the course of time. It 's said that his lordship does not like it.

Illness is on the increase. We have rarely cases of cholera, but lots of frost-bites (a very nasty disorder, when the extremities come off) and typhus fever, and dysentery, and scurvy, and weakness, and death. The reinforcements die off as soon as they land; and indeed, we are all dying together. Some are in the trenches five nights out of seven.

But our mortality is nothing, as compared to that at Scutari: the patients there are dropping off wholesale, and the doctors are so polite as to accompany them. A lieutenant, who came up here with a cured lot, says the British ambassador at Constantinople encourages the mortality, as a good means of getting rid of the surplus population. This is probably "official" again: so long life to Lord Stratford!

I can say less about the horses than I did in my last, because there are fewer of them. They have grown to be nine feet long—though Gill says it 's only their look, from being so thin. They are tied up, out of reach of each other's teeth, to give their manes and tails a chance of sprouting again, and they are regaled with a half meal of chopped straw twice a week. A ship-load of forage came, the other day, into Balaklava; but in the hurry of putting it on

board, the red-tape regulations had, by some unfortunate oversight, been omitted. So the forage was very properly refused, and sent back again.

There has just been a great battle at Eupatoria. We were not in it, chiefly the Turks and Russians, and I have no time to relate particulars. Turks won. Lord Lucan has been recalled, in consequence of the affair at Balaklava, Nolan's order, as we call it here, and is gone home with his son, Lord Bingham.

Accept my best thanks for your paternal kindness, and believe me, dear sir,

Yours very dutifully, T. Pepper.

Death-and-Skeleton Trenches, before Sebastopol, *February*, 1855.

Dear Aunt Priscilla,—You say I am to write and tell you how I spent Christmas-day. Very jolly. We had a stunning plum-pudding and two animals. I am not quite sure what the latter were: I and Tubbs bought them for Russian wild geese, but a Zouave, who came in while we were cooking them, said they were *chiens sauvages*. I am pleased to hear you were so merry at Christmas; and though poor Jessie cried, when you drank my health, and hoped *I* had something to eat and drink, tell her to keep up her courage, and perhaps I shall be at home next Christmas-day, if this inf—righteous war is over. I hope, dear aunt, you will excuse mistakes, and if you see any wrong letters, or half words, in my epistles, please skip them, for they are caused by the wretched pens and paper we get in the Crimea.

What with promises in newspapers, and letters from home, advising us of them, we made certain of having the camp full of luxuries for Christmas-day. One officer had a bale of turkeys advised to him, (his father's a squire in Norfolk,) and a dozen tins of bread-sauce, which had only to be hotted up; another fellow had got an invoice of ten hams and a case of raspings; Stiffing's grandmother was sending him seven tons of black-puddings (her writing was not very legible, Stiffings says she's more than seventy, and we could n't be sure whether it was "tons" or "strings;") Gill's mamma forwarded some gallons of mock-turtle, and his sisters a pound apiece of toffy, and some almonds and raisins and peppermint-drops; Major Gum expected a fat buck; Jamieson's mamma advised him of some ducks ready stuffed, and seventeen apple-pies; another chap heard of some wine and frosted cheese, (or toasted: word illegible again;) and I looked out for your hamper, which you said was on the road. Tubbs has got no father or mother, and nothing was advised to him: he did n't expect it. Well, nothing came; not a single package! There were wagon-loads of things lying on the wharf at Balaklava, (and they are lying there still, what have not rotted,) but they were of no avail to us. We do n't know whether our things formed part of the heap, and never shall know. Major Gum, in passing our tent, heard us mildly grumbling over the management, and he looked in, and told us that patience and resignation were virtues, and we must exemplify them in our own conduct. So we said patience might be ——— I mean to say, of course we do.

Well, we thought we 'd try and make a Christmas dinner for ourselves, as we were done out of one from home. Some of us juniors (very nice fellows, dear aunt, all about my age—who spend our leisure time trying to improve each other's minds, and keep up our arithmetic and other sciences) went exploring down to Balaklava in our handsome toggery. Tubbs wore Russian boots, slit in front, and coming halfway up his legs, with a tarpauling cloak, or sack, down to his knees, so that his wanting an essential article of apparel was not too conspicuous; Gill had on a pair of red trousers and two shirts—the one has got no sleeves, and the other has nothing else, so he puts them on together; Stiffing was in a brass cap and sword; Jamieson started in stockings and green drawers, and a silk necktie he had picked up, supposed to belong to one of the staff, but he was cold and went back again; I sported a great coat with a train (for it was made for a seven-foot grenadier) and haybands from the knees downward. When we had explored Balaklava, and bought as much as we could get, so far as our money went, and swo—reprimanded the thieves of sellers, we shouldered our spoils, and floundered back to camp. Jamieson was asleep in the tent, and since then he has gone down and died in Balaklava hospital.

The next afternoon, which was Sunday, and a wretched day, we set on to make our pudding. First there was nothing to mix it in, for the crowns were gone from our hats, till Stiffing proposed a drum, and he went out at dusk and boned one, and brought it in on his back. When we had punched one end out, we set it on the floor and broke in the eggs. Stiffing wanted to put them in whole, and beat them up shells and all, for he had seen their cook do it for jelly. Then we turned in the flour, and a sack of raisins, and a big loaf of bread we had bought at Balaklava, and two oranges cut in quarters with the peel, which had cost us three shillings apiece. Jamieson came and looked at us, and said the pudding would be no good unless we put in suet, but Stiffing flew in a rage, and asked if he thought us such consummate idiots as to put greasy suet into a plum pudding. Then Gill shoved in his word: he had seen his mamma make Christmas puddings, and at least half of what was put in was suet—only he forgot that at Balaklava. Tubbs sided with Stiffing, and they had a shindy, and the pudding waited. I supported the suet party, for it came into my mind while they were quarrelling, that once, when you were angry with Jessie for not eating her cold pudding, she made the excuse that the suet was not chopped fine enough. Most votes carried the day, and the suet was decided for; but we had got none, and Jamieson affirmed the pudding would not boil without fat. Gill offered a bottle of hair-oil he had chaffered for with a corporal, servant to one of the staff, and who said his master had got a superfluous quantity; and Tubbs said, perhaps tallow candles, if we took out the wicks, might not taste badly, but we were afraid of both. At last we got some rations of pork, and cut the fat into pieces as big as a walnut, and put that in, and some sugar, and a can of rum, and mixed it all up together with our fingers, agreeing that the

first who sucked them should be out of the stirring. Jamieson had lain down again, after getting the fire ready, some charcoal and wood, (something we had bagged and cut up,) and a great camp kettle on it, which we had borrowed; but when we came to put in the pudding there was no cloth to boil it in. Nobody had foreseen that, and there we were at a nonplus, and concluded we should have to demolish it raw. We tried the raisin sack, but the pudding went out as fast as we pushed it in, for there was a great hole in the bottom. Then Jamieson looked up from the floor, and said we might have a pair of the stockings he bought at Balaklava, at such a cost, if it would not spoil them for wearing. It was just the thing—they were quite new, fresh from the loom; but we had a rare bother filling them. When it was done, and the tops tied round, they looked like great fat sausages, as long as young serpents, and we coiled them up and dashed them into the water, scalding Stiffing. Jamieson, who was good for little else, undertook to keep them boiling, which he did—at least he said so—till the next day, Christmas. They turned out beautifully, and were the jolliest puddings you ever tasted. The stockings had both burst in the pot, but that was nothing—I told Tubbs he rammed the stuff down too tight—and we had to carve them in slices, through the stockings, like you do your roly-dumplings. Jamieson looked blue to see his new stockings cut up, but there was no getting at the pudding any other way. It was very prime. I'll make one for you, if you like, dear aunt, some day when you have visitors, if I live to get home. We had got a ham at Balaklava, but I do n't tell you what we paid for it, and the two animals, all very juicy and nice, and a jolly dinner we had, and lots of fun. I do n't think, after this, you can say we are bad caterers. The only one who did not enjoy it was Jamieson; but I suppose he felt that he should soon hook it, poor fellow, and that kept his spirits down.

But you must not think we have a Christmas dinner every day, and fire to cook it with. I wish we had. We get neither food nor warmth; so that I can't brag much of our health and strength. Sickness is pretty prevalent: eight thousand were taken down from camp in six weeks. A good many are frost-bitten, for the cold here is awful. Some have tried to warm their tents at night with charcoal fires, so as to get to sleep, which the cold won't let us do; and when they came to wake up in the morning, they were stone dead, suffocated by the charcoal. How would you like, dear Aunt Priscilla, some night, when the glass is lower than it will go in England, to take your stand on the top of Clapham Church, with nothing on but a clear muslin petticoat? Do n't you think you'd be frost-bitten all over by morning? Well, we have to do worse than that.

Our commander-in-chief has returned to the Crimea. He is made a deal of out here, is this commander of ours, and is everybody's idol. Nothing can equal his attention. He has got on horseback himself, his own, veritable self, and gone down to Balaklava; not once—or twice—or three times—but even four!!! And so anxious are the army to show their sense of his lordship's condescension, that they have set a ship on fire each time and made a bonfire of it. He has been once into the hospital. The staff were indignant, and followed, holding their smelling-salts to their noses.

The government, both at home and here, display their usual anxiety for our welfare. A notice was sent home that the sick in camp were in want of cordials, port wine, and brandy, with a request that supplies might be forwarded. But Her Majesty's government, in their admirable judgment, deemed it inexpedient to trust medical men with intoxicating liquors; so they forwarded, instead, an unlimited quantity of good, wholesome castor-oil. We never shall see such a government again, live to be as old as we may. It 's said that Her Majesty is going to enlarge the chapter of her Knights of the Garter, and give all the management, at home and out, a blue ribbon apiece. There 's no other reward adequate to their merits. Captain Christie expects two, one on each knee. Some porter came here in a ship—such a lot of it!—which so angered the authorities that they sent it back again. They wish us to learn to live without drinking; and, as they forbid porter and wine, and there 's no water and no tea, and the coffee that 's served out is unusable, we have little difficulty in complying with their wishes. Vegetables they quite set their faces against—potatoes especially—and all the cargoes that come in, after being put to decay on the wharf, are pitched into harbor. We can with truth say, that the management, both here and at home, is perfectly miraculous.

I have nothing to say about the war or the siege. Some night skirmishes take place occasionally, and the French and the Russians blaze away at each other. That 's all.

Give Jessie a kiss for me; and, with respects to the reverend, I am, dear Aunt Priscilla,

Your affectionate nephew,

THOMAS PEPPER.

Miss Priscilla Oldstage, Clapham.

Blaze-away Trenches, before Sebastopol,
February, 1855.

DEAR GUS,—I told you I'd write again if I were alive; so here goes.

We are in the deepest mess: worse than ever. No pen can paint it—especially these worn-out stumps we get here. Dying by hundreds, going into hospital by hundreds, and everybody getting away from the camp that can. We used to do the work of three, now we do that of six; and it's certain that very few will live it out. Old Gum has done nothing but blow up for this week past; saying some traitors have been writing home and have let out all about our condition, for letters have appeared in the newspapers which never ought to have been read by the public; and he suspects us juniors. Gum can't lock up our pens and tie our tongues; and I shall write to you in spite of him, for I know you 'll be dark. I was cautious in what I said to my old governor to-day, and drew it very mild.

One of the fellows out of our set has gone and hooked it: Jamieson—a right sort, but a bit of a girl. He bequeathed me his gray trousers, and I 've got them on, but some letters in the pockets are to go to his mother.

Speaking of letters, we hear you say, in England, that the complaints, which go out from camp, are manufactured at home. Gus, I'd give you half a year's pay, if you'd come out and see what's going on here, with your own eyes. They'd never get it out of their sight. Why does not Mr. Gladstone come, or the Duke of Newcastle, or some of that set? What *right* have they to send thousands of their men to a confounded desert, and then abandon them to starvation? Why don't *they* come and show off their incapacity in the sight of the French, and not make us do it? We know, now, that our suspicions, as to treachery, are correct, for it is too barefaced to be longer concealed. It must be one of two things—that the most pitiable imbecility has fallen upon England's rulers, upon all who have the conduct of the war, from the highest to the lowest, or that they are playing into the hands of Russia, and disgracing their country, so that she may no more hold her place as mistress of the world. Gum salves us over—though nobody goes on about it worse than those old ones, if they think we are out of hearing—and assures us that prime ministers and secretaries of state and boards and admiralties are liable to mistakes like other people. Well, we don't deny that, as they are not infallible; but when the mistakes bring forth misery, and confusion, and disgrace, and death, why don't they rectify them? We landed in September, and now it's February, and what has been done to stop the disease, the mortality, the *incapacity*, that are rife among us, growing more rife day by day? Nothing. What has been done to accelerate it? Much. Do they think these facts are not spoken of in camp? We are all growing disgusted together, and that's the naked truth. There is no discipline left among the men; there is bitter rebellion in the hearts of the officers. Does our country know the dire straits to which we are reduced —the extraordinary acting of those placed here, in management? Or does she wilfully shut her eyes and say, "Out of sight, out of mind?" You may think, Gus, I am coming out rather strong in oratory, but I can tell you that some of us have had our indignation roused, and have leaped, from reckless school-boys, into thought and feeling. Look at some of the facts. In October and November the horses were famishing, and the highest personage out here (for it's of no use to keep these things dark any longer) shot between twenty and thirty of his, which were dying of hunger. If the horses of his royal highness could not get supplied, how do you suppose those of officers who were not royal, came off? In December, when I last wrote, I said hundreds were dead, and those left were eating each other's manes and tails. Two months since have passed: the old have died out, fresh horses have been brought, which in their turn are famishing, and who has ordered, or provided, forage for them? None. Five whole months of this state of things, and nothing done to remedy it! Yet Asia Minor would give forth largely of her abundant stores, and crowds of steamers are lying useless in Balaklava harbor. But now listen further. Not three weeks ago, a cargo of forage did come in, oats, bran, barley, *but nobody would give orders to land it, and it was sent back to Constantinople.*

There is the same reckless indifference to human life. We are literally dying of want, and who cares to supply our needs? None. Salt pork, salt pork, salt pork, everlastingly, or *nothing;* for, many a day, the men have half or no rations. Yet large herds of cattle and flocks graze on the plains of Asia Minor, poultry, vegetables, fruit, may be had there, almost for the fetching, and the same idle steamers lie in harbor, eating their chimneys off and John Bull's money.

Oranges and lemons might be brought to us; lime-juice we ought to have. Potatoes and vegetables, which did come in for us, were refused by the officials, because the bills of lading were written with blue ink instead of red, (something of that,) and they were left to grow into a mass of corruption on the side of the harbor. Yet, at that very moment, we were dying of scurvy, and these same officials knew that fresh vegetables would be to us as the manna was to the children of Israel. Porter, which was sent to us all the way from London, was returned back again, because no official invoice, from some green board with a body of muffs round it, was forwarded of its departure. The sick were perishing in camp, brandy and wine were necessary to them, so another board of muffs undertook to send it, and dispatched, in mistake, a full cargo of castor-oil. Meanwhile, short commons and these "mistakes" are telling upon us, and we are dying wholesale. Many have had their lives frozen out of them. We have no wood; what little could be found is exhausted; all available tools and articles, that will burn, *are* burnt, and the charcoal doled out to the men is enough for a three hours' fire twice a week. How can they eat their rations any way but raw? Yet firewood, in the abundance of plenty, is only waiting to be fetched from Asia Minor, and still the good steamers lie in idleness. Several hundred sacks of charcoal came in, one day, to port; but they were not tied up with red tape, and not a soul would touch them, and so there the ship and her cargo remained. The captain got in an agony, fearing he should be obliged to sail about forever with that dreadful charcoal, and he went on his knees to Captain Christie. But Christie was obdurate and would not suffer it to be landed, and at last the captain took it away with him, and probably is cruising about with it still. Things are all managed in the same way. Brigadiers, superintendents, Filder, Christie, Commissariat, Commander-in-Chief, they are all in the same boat, displaying their own imbecility, and destroying the army; and it looks as if they had made a league together to do it. Suppose one of them, say the Commander-in-Chief, were to give an order for the benefit of the men, even though it were not in accordance with official routine, does he fear the government would bow-string him for it? The *nation* would honor him for bursting through these insensate trammels. Who is to account for this long-enduring state of things? Unless it be, as we are told, that government has issued its secret orders, and we are all to be sacrificed. How dare they tamper with us so? How dare they banish us to these inclement regions, and leave us to cold and nakedness, and famine and disease, not for a few commencing weeks—

which, till experience came, might happen to any army—but from month to month, each month showing their incapacity more than the last? Look at our worn and riddled tents! The same land of plenty that could supply other necessaries would supply huts, for wood for construction overruns Asia Minor.

It is said, at home—Brigadier Cuff had it in a letter yesterday—that we are now amply provided for, with clothes, food, huts, and firing. All infernal crammers, whoever says it. Wagon-loads of things are piled up alongside the harbor at Balaklava, rotting in the mud and rain; but what's the good of that to us? We hear somebody asserted in the House of Commons that Balaklava harbor was a model of order and regularity. Gill, who's looking over my shoulder, says it was Admiral Berkeley. Admiral Berkeley had better come out, and hire a boat, and set himself down in it for a day, in the middle of the harbor, and take a sight at it. They are going to send old Boxer up, as harbor-master: he's an irritable old fellow, with not a bit of order in him, and they might as well send out a comet with a fiery tail. A road ought to have been made up to camp; a road might have been made: we have lazy Turks enough, who would have done it, had they been directed. And now they go to the expense and trouble of a railroad, which may be rendered useless as soon as finished: by the Russians, or by our abandoning Balaklava.

Where lies the blame of all this? Who is to answer for it? It is a question that is being asked pretty plainly in every tent out here. All our chief officers have cut it, and are being feasted in England; some dining at Her Majesty's table, some here, some there. If the war's being conducted all right and above board, why should they shirk the fighting and the trenches, and leave us to battle it out, and do their share of work as well as our own? Were an unhappy wretch of a soldier to desert, he would be taken up, tried, and shot. If treachery is at work, and they have left because *they* won't countenance it and turn traitors to their country, they ought to speak out and say WHY they hold aloof. If, on the contrary, things are fair and straight, and these men in high places get indulged with absence, because of their aristocratic birth and connections, it is time we had a different class of men to officer the British army.

This is not much of a letter, Gus, but we are all boiling over with indignation; and so would you be, if you were one of us. I saw the water in old Gum's eyes, one day, over the sufferings of the men, though he thinks it his duty to blow off to us juniors. Poor old chum Jamieson, with his dying breath, besought us not to betray to his friends that he had been murdered.

Jessie wrote me a few lines in Aunt Pris's, and said there had been a party at Fanny Green's. Now I have got some questions to ask you. Was there a mistletoe?—Was that bad Lincoln's-inn lot there?—And, did you see him near it with F. G.?—Did she send me any message, and will it be a go, or not, what I asked her about coming to Scutari?

Yours, old boy, TOM PEPPER.

Augustus Sparkinson, Esquire, Junior.

A THIRD OLLA-PODRIDA.

OLIN'S HAT — HIS SUCCESSFUL FAILURE — CUFFEE TAKING NOTES—PETER CARTWRIGHT—HIS CHARACTER — HIS LATIN — THE DEVIL FOUNDERING HIS HORSE — DESCRIPTION OF HIS PREACHING — HIS COMBAT WITH MIKE FINK—MAKING THE DEVIL PRAY — PETER IN BOSTON — HIS NOTION ABOUT APOLOGIES—HIS STORY OF A THEOLOGICAL FLEDGLING IN THE WEST—PREACHES BEFORE GENERAL JACKSON—WHAT THE OLD HERO THOUGHT OF HIM.

STEPHEN OLIN was a tremendous preacher. That epithet is no exaggeration of his pulpit power. He had a tremendous intellect inclosed in a tremendous looking cranium—the largest, we think, that we ever saw. It was necessary for him always to get his hats made; none on hand, in any store, fitted him; and his playmates at the village school used to bargain with the farmers, as they rode along with their wagon loads of fruit, at so much for a hatful, and then run to Olin for his hat as the measure. The farmers were usually the worse for the bargain.

When Olin began his discourse, your attention was immediately arrested by the dignity and sterling sense of his remarks. You perceived at once that something well worth your most careful attention was coming. Paragraph after paragraph of massive thought was thrown off, each showing a gradually increasing glow of the sensibility as well as the mental force of the speaker. By the time he had fairly entered into the argument of the sermon, you were led captive by his power; but it would be difficult to say which most effectually subdued you, his mighty thoughts or his deep feeling. You seldom or never saw tears in his own eyes, but they flowed freely down the cheeks of his hearers. Ever and anon passages of overwhelming force were uttered, before which the whole assembly seemed to bow, not so much in admiration of the man, as in homage to the mighty truth. Such passages were usually not poetic, for he was remarkably chary of his imagery; but they were ponderous with thought—they were often stupendous conceptions, such as you would imagine a Sanhedrim of archangels might listen to uncovered of their golden crowns. At suitable periods of the sermon, which usually occupied from an hour and a half to two hours, he would pause briefly to relieve his voice and his feelings. The mental tension of his audience could be

perceived, at such times, by the general relaxation of posture, and the simultaneous, heaving respiration; but as soon as, with a peculiar measured dignity, he resumed the lofty theme, all eyes were again fixed, all minds again absorbed.

Effective as was his preaching usually, it was not always so. His ill health sometimes spread a languor over his spirit which no resolution could throw off. We have known an instance, which furnishes to our clerical readers too good a lesson to be omitted here. We spent a Sunday evening with him after he had failed, as he thought, in a sermon during the day. He referred to it with much good nature, and remarked that his history as a preacher had taught him to expect the blessing of God on even such efforts. He proceeded to relate an instance which occurred during his ministry in South Carolina. He preached at a camp-meeting where a Presbyterian clergyman, who was to address the next session of his synod in Charleston, heard him. The Presbyterian doctor repeated not only the text, but, substantially, the sermon before his clerical brethren, giving, however, full credit to its Methodist author. So remarkable a fact could not fail to excite great interest among the people of Charleston to hear the latter. He at this time occupied the Methodist pulpit of that city, and the next Sunday evening his chapel was crowded with the *élite* of the community, including several clergymen. He preached long, and, as he thought, loudly and confusedly; in fine, he felt, at the close of the discourse, confounded with mortification. He sank, after the benediction, into the pulpit, to conceal himself from view, till the assembly should be all gone. By-and-by he espied some eminent individuals apparently waiting in the aisle to salute him. His heart failed. Noticing a door adjacent to the pulpit he determined to escape by it. He knew not whither it led, but supposed it communicated with the next house, which had once been a parsonage, as he recollected having heard. He hastened to the door, got it open, and stepping out, descended abruptly into a graveyard, which extended beyond and behind the former parsonage. The night was very dark, and he stumbled about among the tombs for some time. He reached at last the wall which closed the cemetery in from the street, but found it insurmountable. Groping his way to the opposite side, he sought to reach a back street by penetrating through one of the gardens which belonged to a range of houses there. It was an awkward endeavor in the darkness, and among the graves; but at last he found a wicket-gate. He had no sooner passed through it than he was assailed by a house-dog. Having prevailed in this encounter, he pushed on and reached the street, with some very reasonable apprehensions that the neighborhood would be alarmed by his adventures. He now threaded his way through an indirect route to his lodgings, passed unceremoniously to his chamber, and shut himself up for the night, but slept little or none, reflecting with deep chagrin on the strange conclusion of the day. On the morrow he hardly dared to venture out; but while yet in his study, Mr. ——, one of the first citizens in Charleston, and a leading officer in a sister denomination, called at the house; he was admitted to the preacher's study with reluctance; but what was the astonishment of the latter to hear him say that the sermon of the preceding evening had enabled him to step into the kingdom of God, after many years of disconsolate endeavors, during which he had been a member of the Church. The same day a lady of influential family came to report the same good tidings. Other similar examples occurred that morning; and this failure was one of the most useful sermons of his ministry.

Preachers in the South hold slaves sometimes. Brother B—— had a "cute" one, whose repartees, if the result of naive simplicity rather than real wit, had nevertheless often the genuine keenness of the latter.

"Well, Cuffee," said the minister to the servant, "what were you doing in meeting, this afternoon?"

"Doing, massa? Taking notes," was his reply.

"You taking notes! Eh?"

"Sartin, massa; all the ge'men take notes."

"Well, let me see them," said he.

Cuffee thereupon produced his sheet of paper, and his master found it scrawled all over with all sorts of marks and lines, as though a stampede of spiders, dipped in ink, had scrambled over it.

"Why, this is all nonsense," said the minister, as he looked at the "notes."

"Well, massa," Cuffee replied, "*I thought so all the time you was preaching.*"

We once gave a sketch of *Peter Cartwright* in these pages. It would be unpardonable to omit the adventures of such a character from this class of "jottings;" we must then call him again into your presence, "courteous reader," even if he should repeat some of his stories already told.

He appears broken with years and labors, and you perceive some paralytic tremblings in his attitude and voice; but there is nevertheless a general aspect of strenuous vigor about him. He looks as if he might yet wrestle with bears and come off conqueror, as we learn he really has heretofore. He is war-worn and weather-beaten. His complexion is bilious, the integuments of his face wrinkled and tough, his eyes small and twinkling, and defended by a heavy pair of spectacles with green side glasses, his mouth compact and full of force, his head large and round, his forehead deeply indented, and his hair—there is no description of that; it looks as if he had poked it into the bag of the Kilkenny cats, and had not had time to comb it since its extrication. And yet do not suppose there is any fierceness about his caput. Nay, verily; a face more finely characterized with good nature and gallant generosity is not to be seen. Should we attempt an intellectual portrait of Peter Cartwright, we should summarily say that he is characterized by *good sense* and *good humor*. We know not that we can better describe him. He strikes right at the object before him, and never fails to hit it; and he has that characteristic of the highest wisdom—brevity, sententiousness. We never knew him to speak in General Conference more than five minutes at once. His humor is always spontaneous—always ready. It sometimes cuts sharply, but is usually genial and generous, relieving rather than exasperating the case. Humor is a rare excellence, but it is not, like gems, valuable chiefly for its rareness; it is intrinsically valuable. It should not be too severely grinned at, with elongated faces, in even ecclesiastical bodies; it often gleams like exhilarating sunlight among lowering clouds of discord, and sometimes dispels them, and does infinitely more than the strongest logic or the loudest rhetoric to remove obstructions to business. Still, a man of combined good sense and good humor is liable to suffer some disparagement. Our poor human nature has a sort of self-complimenting propensity to speak of a superior man with a qualifying "but," the import of which is, that though he excels us in some things, we can see in him defects we have not ourselves. He has imagination, "but" he has not much sense; he has humor, "but" he has not much logic. Much of this kind of twaddle is sheer fudge, and something worse. Peter Cartwright is not merely a man of humor, but of genuine sagacity; woe be to the man that attempts to circumvent him in debate. If some of his short sayings were divested of their humor, and spoken by a grave man, they would pass for unique utterances of wisdom; as they are, they pass for pertinent jokes—happy hits. Peter Cartwright is a "Doctor of Divinity." Good old George Pickering, when asked once if the Methodists had any Doctors of Divinity, replied, "No, sir, we don't need them; our divinity has not yet become sick." Those healthful days seem, however, to have passed, if we may judge from the ample provisions made for theological medication among us now-a-days. Some college in the West deemed Peter Cartwright too knowing in the Materia Medica, or too skillful with the scalpel, to die untitled, and, therefore, dubbed him D. D. We know not that he pretends to encyclopedic erudition, or is more skillful than some other doctors we are acquainted with in the learned languages—a knowledge of which is usually presupposed, in giving that title; the only learned quotation we ever heard from him was in respect to a matter of business, which seemed to be beyond the reach of his brethren; it was, said he, "*in swampus non comatibus.*" The learned doctors around him smiled very cognizantly, as they usually do at college commencements when a Latin phrase is quoted which, though unintelligible to the vulgar throng, is always remarkably striking to them.

His fellow-soldier in the West, James B. Finley, gives the following further account of him, of which we gave an extract once, but now give it fully:—

"Immense was the gathering at the Methodist camp-ground near Springfield, on the second Sunday of September, 1832. A powerful magnet had attracted this great mass of people from their homes in many counties a hundred miles round. The new presiding elder, a late arrival from Kentucky, an orator of wide-spread and wonderful renown, it was known, would thunder on that day. The prestige of his fame had lightened before him, and hence the universal eagerness to hear one concerning whom rumor's trumpet tongue discoursed so loudly.

"Morning broke in the azure east, bright and beautiful as a dream of heaven; but the ex-prodigy had not made his advent. Eleven o'clock came—the regular hour of the detonation of the heavy gun of orthodoxy—and still there was no news of the clerical lion. A common circuit preacher took his place, and, sensible of the popular disappointment, increased it by mouthing a miserable failure. The vexed and restless crowd began to disperse, when an event happened to excite afresh their curiosity and concentrate them again denser than ever. A messenger rushed to the pulpit in hot haste, and presented a note, which was immediately read out to prevent the people from scattering. The following is a literal copy of that singular epistle:—

"'DEAR BRETHREN,—The devil has foundered my horse, which will detain me from reaching your tabernacle till evening. I might have performed the journey on foot; but I could not leave poor Paul, especially as he has never left Peter. Horses have no souls to save, and, therefore, it is all the more the duty of Christians to take care of their bodies. Watch and pray, and do n't let the devil get among you on the sly before candle-light, when I shall be at my post. Your Brother,

PETER CARTWRIGHT.'"

"At length the day closed. The purple curtain of night fell over the earth from the darkening sky. God's golden fire flashed out in heaven, and men below kindled their watch-fires. The encampment, a village of snowy tents, was illuminated with a brilliancy that caused every leaf to shine and sparkle as if all the trees were burnished with phosphorescent flame. It was like a theater. It was a theater in the open air, on the green sward, beneath the starry blue, incomparably more picturesque and gorgeous than any stage scenery, prepared within walls of brick or marble, where the *élite* of cities throng to feast their eyes on beauty and their ears on music.

"Presently a form arose in the pulpit, and commenced giving out a hymn, preliminary to the main exercises, and every eye became riveted to the person of the stranger. Indeed, as some one said of Burke, a single flash of the gazer's vision was enough to reveal the extraordinary man, although, in the present case, it must, for the sake of truth, be acknowledged that the first impression was ambiguous, if not enigmatical and disagreeable. His figure was tall, burly, massive, and seemed even more gigantic than the reality from the crowning foliage of luxuriant, coal-black hair, wreathed into long, curling ringlets. Add a head that looked as large as a half-bushel; beetling brows, rough and craggy as fragmentary granite, irradiated at the base by eyes of dark fire, small and twinkling like diamonds in a sea—they were diamonds of the soul, shining in a measureless sea of humor—a swarthy complexion, as if embrowned by a southern sun; rich, rosy lips, always slightly parted, as wearing a perpetual smile; and you have a life-like portrait of the far-famed backwoods preacher.

"Though I heard it all, from the text to the amen, I am forced to despair of any attempt to convey an accurate idea of either the substance or manner of the sermon which followed. There are different sorts of sermons—the argumentary, the dogmatic, the postulary, the persuasive, the punitive, the combative, 'in orthodox blows and knocks,' the logical, and the poetic; but this specimen belonged to none of these categories. It was *sui generis*, and of a new species.

"He began with a loud and beautifully modulated tone, in a voice that rolled on the serene night air like successive peals of thunder. Methodist ministers are celebrated for sonorous voices; but his was matchless in sweetness as well as power. For the first ten minutes his remarks, being preparatory, were commonplace and uninteresting; but then, all of a sudden, his face reddened, his eye brightened, his gestures grew animated as the waftures of a torch, and his whole countenance changed into an expression of inimitable humor; and now his wild, waggish, peculiar eloquence poured forth like a mountain torrent. Glancing arrows, with shafts

of ridicule, *bon-mots*, puns, and side-splitting anecdotes sparkled, flashed, and flew like hail till the vast auditory was convulsed with laughter. For a while the more ascetic strove to resist the current of their own spontaneous emotions. These, however, soon discovered that they had undertaken an impossible achievement in thinking to withstand his *facetiæ*. His every sentence was like a warm finger, tickling the ribs of the hearer. His very looks incited to mirth far more than other people's jokes, so that the effort to maintain one's equilibrium only increased the disposition to burst into loud explosions, as every school-boy has verified in similar cases. At length the encampment was in a roar, the sternest features relaxed into smiles, and the coldest eyes melted into tears of irrepressible merriment. This continued thirty minutes, while the orator painted the folly of the sinner, which was his theme. I looked on and laughed with the rest, but finally began to fear the result as to the speaker.

"'How,' I exclaimed, mentally, 'will he ever be able to extricate his audience from that deep whirlpool of humor? If he ends thus, when the merry mood subsides, and calm reflection supervenes, will not the revulsion of feeling be deadly to his fame? Will not every hearer realize that he has been trifled with in matters of sacred and eternal interests? At all events, there is no prospect of a revival to-night; for even though the orator were a magician, he could not change his subject now, and stem the torrent of headlong laughter.'

"But the shaft of my inference fell short of the mark; and even then he commenced to change, not all at once, but gradually, as the wind of a thunder-cloud. His features lost their comical tinge of pleasantry; his voice grew first earnest, and then solemn, and soon wailed out in the tones of deepest pathos; his eyes were shorn of their mild light, and yielded streams of tears, as the fountain of the hill yielded water. The effect was indescribable, and the rebound of feeling beyond all conception. He descanted on the horrors of hell, till every shuddering face was turned downward, as if expecting to see the solid globe rent asunder, and the fathomless, fiery gulf yawn from beneath. Brave men moaned, and fair, fashionable women, covered with silken drapery, and bedight with gems, shrieked as if a knife were working among their heart-strings.

"Again he changed the theme; sketched the joys of a righteous death—its faith, its hope, its winged raptures, and angels attending the spirit to its starry home—with such force, great and evident belief, that all eyes were turned toward heaven, and the entire congregation started to their feet, as if to hail the vision of angels at which the finger of the preacher seemed to be pointed, elevated as it was on high to the full length of his arm.

"He then made a call for mourners into the altar, and five hundred, many of them till that night infidels, rushed forward and prostrated themselves on their knees. The meeting was continued for two weeks, and more than a thousand converts were added to the Church. From that time his success was unparalleled, and the fact is chiefly due to his inimitable wit and masterly eloquence that Methodism is now the prevailing religion in Illinois.

He was distinguished by one very unclerical peculiarity—combativeness. His battles, although always apparently in the defensive, were as numerous as the celebrated Bowie. The only difference was this, that Bowie fought with deadly weapons, while the itinerant used but his enormous fist, which was as effective, however, in the speedy settlement of belligerent issues as any knife or pistol ever forged out of steel. Let the reader judge from the following anecdote:—

"At the camp-meeting held at Alton in the autumn of 1833, the worshipers were annoyed by a set of desperadoes from St. Louis, under the control of Mike Fink, a notorious bully, the triumphant hero of countless fights, in none of which he had ever met an equal, or even second. The coarse, drunken ruffians carried it with a high hand, outraged the men and insulted the women, so as to threaten the dissolution of all pious exercises; and yet such was the terror the name of their leader, Fink, inspired, that no one could be found brave enough to face his prowess.

"At last, one day, when Cartwright ascended the pulpit to hold forth, the desperadoes, on the outskirts of the encampment, raised a yell so deafening as to drown utterly every other sound. The preacher's dark eyes shot lightning. He deposited his Bible, drew off his coat, and remarked aloud:—

"'Wait for a few minutes, my brethren, while I go and make the devil pray.'

"He then proceeded with a smile on his lips to the focus of the tumult, and addressed the chief bully—

"'Mr. Fink, I have come to make you pray.'

"The desperado rubbed back the tangled festoons of his blood-red hair, arched his huge brows with a comical expression, and replied—

"'By golly, I'd like to see you do it, old snorter.'

"'Very well,' said Mr. Cartwright; 'will these gentlemen, your courteous friends, agree not to show foul play?'

"'In course they will. They're rale grit, and won't do nothin' but the clear thing, so they won't,' rejoined Fink, indignantly.

"'Are you ready?' asked the preacher.

"'Ready as a race-hoss with a light rider,' answered Fink, squaring his ponderous person for the combat.

"The bully spoke too soon; for scarcely had the words left his lips when Cartwright made a prodigious bound toward his antagonist, and accompanied it with a quick, shooting punch of his herculean fist, which fell, crashing the other's chin, and hurried him to the earth like lead. Then even his intoxicated comrades, filled with involuntary admiration at the feat, gave a cheer. But Fink was up in a moment, and rushed upon his enemy, exclaiming,

"'That war n't done fair, so it warn't.'

"He aimed a ferocious stroke, which the preacher parried with his left hand, and, grasping his throat with the right, crushed him down as if he had been an infant. Fink struggled, squirmed, and writhed in the dust; but all to no purpose; for the strong, muscular fingers held his windpipe, as in the jaws of an iron vise. When he began to turn purple in the face, and ceased to resist, Mr. Cartwright slackened his hold, and inquired—

"'Will you pray now?'

"'I does n't know a word how,' gasped Fink.

"'Repeat after me.'

"'Well, if I must, I must,' answered Fink; 'because you're the devil himself.'

"The preacher then said over the Lord's prayer line by line, and the conquered bully responded in the same way, when the victor permitted him to rise. At the consummation the rowdies roared three boisterous cheers, and Fink shook Cartwright by the hand, declaring—

"'By golly, you're some beans in a bar-fight. I'd rather set-to with an old "he" bar in dog-days. You can pass this 'ere crowd of nose-smashers, blast your pictur'!'

"Afterward Fink's party behaved with extreme decorum, and the preacher resumed his Bible and pulpit."

An odd scene that, certainly; and "not very apostolic," say you, sober reader? We join you in the remark; but it is characteristic, as we said in another case. We give it as a fact from our old friend Finley—a fact that illustrates not only the character of the man, but of the country and its early times. "Circumstances alter cases," is a popular proverb in the west, as well as elsewhere; and even good men are heard, occasionally, to affirm out there, that Lynch law is better than no law.

Mr. Bungay, in his volume of "Off-hand Takings of Noticeable Men of our Age," says that he heard Peter, at Boston, during the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and thus describes the occasion:—

"The great western preacher has arrived, and is now searching the well-thumbed Bible for his text. Quite a number of distinguished divines are present. The preacher looks like a backwoodsman, whose face has been bronzed at the plow. His black hair, straggling seven ways for Sunday, is slightly tinged with the frost of age. A strip of black silk is twisted around his neck, and a shirt collar, scrupulously clean, is turned down over it. He is of ordinary size, dresses plainly, and looks like a man perfectly free from affectation. In a faltering voice he reads a hymn. The choir wed the words to sweet and solemn music, a fervent prayer goes up on the wings of faith—another hymn is read and sung—the 12th verse of the 11th chapter of Matthew is selected for his text. Now the old pioneer preacher, who has waded swamps, forded rivers, threaded forests, traveled with Indians, fought with bears and wolves, preached in the woods, and slept in the field or on the prairie at night, is standing before us. Look at him, ye gentlemen with white neckcloths and black coats, who ride in carriages over smooth roads to supply churches with cushioned pews and soft benches to kneel on. How would you like to labor for nothing among wild beasts, and board yourselves, in a climate where the ague shakes the settlers over the grave two-thirds of the year? Would you exchange your fat livings, and fine palaces, and unread libraries for black bread and dry venison, a log hut and the society of bears and blue racers? God bless the brave, wise, and good men to whom we are so much indebted

for the blessings we enjoy. He says he would make an apology if he thought it would enable him to preach better, for he is afflicted with a severe cold. 'Some folks,' said he, 'say I am fifty years behind the age. God knows,' he continued, 'I am willing to be a thousand behind such an age. Religion is always of age, and can talk and run without stilts or silver slippers.' He concluded an able and interesting discourse which elicited undivided attention, with the following fact. 'During a splendid revival of religion at the west, a young preacher, manufactured in one of your theological shops out here, came to lend a helping hand. I knew he could not handle Methodists' tools without cutting his fingers, but he was very officious. Well, we had a gale, a pentecostal gale, and sinners fell without looking for a soft place, and Christians fought the devil on their knees. Well, this little man would tell those who were groaning under conviction, to be composed. I stood this as long as I could, and finally sent him to speak with a great, stout, athletic man, who was bellowing like a bull in a net, while I tried to undo the mischief he had done to others. He told this powerful man to be composed, but I told him to pray like thunder—just at that instant the grace of God shone in upon his soul, and he was so delirious with delight, he seized the little man in his hands, and holding him up, bounded like a buck through the congregation.' It is impossible for the pen to do justice to this fact. The speaker moved us all to tears and smiles at the same moment, while he said what few men would venture to say."

While he was preaching, years ago, General Jackson entered the church, when a pastor seated in the pulpit gave his "brother Cartwright" a nudge, and whispered that the old hero had just come in—as much as to advise, "Now be particular in what you say." But Peter, to the astonishment of every one, louder than ever, exclaimed—"Who cares for General Jackson? He 'll go to hell as soon as anybody, if he does n't repent."

When the sermon—a home-made one—was ended, a friend asked the general what he thought of that rough old fellow, and received for answer, "Sir, give me twenty thousand of such men, and I 'll whip the world, including the devil!"

It is quite possible, brother reader, that your and our notions might not quite agree with the general's; yet neither of us can fail to see in this eccentric but veteran evangelist, the man of his times and his circumstances. And you, dear sir, starched, and brushed, and perfumed, who now recline in the stuffed arm-chair of your garnished study, wondering why the world should take any interest in such a specimen of humanity—what kind of a specimen would you have been? what would you have done in the rough battles through which this weather-worn, but jolly-hearted old man has borne the standard of the cross—borne it with a brawny but ever-faithful arm? God bless the old man, with all his oddities; and may he yet fight his way into heaven.

Peter Cartwright joined the "old Western Conference" in 1805, though he began to travel a year earlier, we believe. He was a young man—only about eighteen years old—when he entered the itinerant field, and he has been in its foremost struggles ever since. The "old Western Conference" was in that day the only one beyond the Alleghanies. It extended from Detroit to Natchez, and each of its districts comprised a territory about equal to two of the present conferences beyond the mountains. Those were the days of great moral battles in that vast field; and the men who fought them were made great, some of them gigantically so, by their circumstances. Among them were Young, Walker, Shinn, M'Kendree, Burke, Lakin, Blackman, Quinn, and similar mighty men. Cartwright began his regular travels with Lakin on Salt River Circuit, (save the name!) Most of his fellow-heroes have gone to their rest; but they gained the field, and fortified their cause all over it. They, in fact, laid the moral foundations of our ultra-montane States. The few remnants of the old corps should be cherished and honored by their Church.

THE DEAF AND DUMB GENTLEMAN.—I remember, when in the province of Archangel, a deaf and dumb gentleman paid the town a visit; he was furnished with letters of introduction to some families there, and was well received at the governor's table; his agreeable manners and accomplishments, joined to his misfortune, made him a general favorite, and caused much interest; he could read French, German, Russian, and Polish; was a connoisseur of art, and showed us several pretty drawings of his own execution. Two or three times I was struck with an expression of more intelligence in his face than one would expect when any conversation was going on behind his back. It was not until three years after, that I accidentally heard this very man spoken of in St. Petersburgh. He was one of the government spies!—*Englishwoman in Russia.*

[For the National Magazine.]

A CHIP OF LOGIC.

FEW imaginations are captivated by a syllogism. A rhyme, an epigram, or a sonnet; a riddle, a bon-mot, or a pun will, at any time, carry the day against it in the contest for popularity. And what is worse, even with many of the hard thinking and the naturally logical, *scientific logic*, with its formal shibboleth of two premises and a conclusion, has for a century or so lost its unquestioned position as a science, and sunk to the category of, at least, suspected humbug. One would think, certainly, that the *science of reasoning, the very art of convincing* should be able to reason itself clear of all doubt; and place its claims in a position settled as self-evidence. The *science of demonstration*, surely, ought to *demonstrate itself*. Yet, strange to say, the respectable, though much overrated talents of Whately, and even the transcendent talent of Sir William Hamilton, have failed fully to convince the age—at least that part of our *living age* which is in the afternoon of life—that the syllogism is not only *a* mode of reasoning, but that it is *the* mode, test, and type of all reasoning. Many look upon Whately as a learned charlatan, with a triple iron mold in his hand, ready to run all our common sense into its iron form. They are as unwilling to believe that they have been always reasoning syllogism, as was Monsieur Jourdan to be convinced that he had all his days been talking prose. Not only do many doubt that all reasoning is syllogistic; but they hold that such claims, to be respected at all, should be above question. If they are doubtful they are false.

Now this may be a case of great distress for this helpless, but pretentious science. But what is it but a part of a still greater distress—a specific difficulty under a generic one? *Mind*, entire mind, is scarce able to analyze itself. Consciousness, the act of self-analyis, is the highest, yet most difficult and least certain of all the mental operations. Our faculties seem made to operate outwardly; and to give them an inward direction is almost as unnatural as to force the ape to walk on his hind feet. Introversion seems almost perversion. Now logic is merely a mental effort to analyze the reasoning process; and the analysis shows that all reasoning, reduced to the ultimate, becomes syllogism. If the analysis does not make this truth clear to all minds, the same misfortune belongs to all analysis of the inner labyrinth of mental operations. Nor is it wonderful that the most difficult of all mental operations—*reasoning*—should be the most difficult of analysis. No faculty can well turn back and ascertain its own existence. No human eye ever saw itself. Yet the route by which men have arrived at the laws of mental operation is a legitimate one. Metaphysics has a large amount of well-ascertained truths, as well as a large number of unascertained problems. And these very unascertained problems, with all their perplexity and mystery, are most valuable to the human mind. The unanswered questions are perhaps as valuable, as ennobling, as founded in man's best nature in all their unsatisfactoriness, as the ascertained truths. Metaphysics may have abounded with errors. It is liable to many a reproach. It must take its turn as a topic of pleasantry and banter. But he who absolutely discards and *ignores* higher metaphysics is that much an *ignoramus*. And he who rejects logical analysis because it can scarcely, with much experiment and argumentation, make clear the perfectness of its own performance, is not only a poor logician but a mistaken reasoner.

To a warm fancy the syllogism is, indeed, hopelessly dry—dry as the Maine law to a thirsty toper. But then, all reasoning is dry, and the purer the drier; so that absolute, bare, essential ratiocination, must be perfect drouth. Nay, so meagre and thriftless does the syllogism appear to some minds, that they consider it the last reproach upon human reason itself, to assert that the syllogism is its universal type. All A is B, all C is A therefore C is B. If that be the quintessence of human reason, let us abdicate and decamp. Nevertheless, after some patient examination, we feel authorized and bound to affirm to our glowing imaginatives, that *it is even so*. All reasoning, stripped of verbiage, divested of imagination, laid base and blank, is *syllogism*. We can flounder as we please; we can never, without overstepping the bounds of reasoning, escape Whately, with his trine iron clamp. Reasoning men think syllogism; wise men act syllogism; so far forth as we think reasonably, and act wisely, we are syllogistic.

first who sucked them should be out of the stirring. Jamieson had lain down again, after getting the fire ready, some charcoal and wood, (something we had bagged and cut up,) and a great camp kettle on it, which we had borrowed; but when we came to put in the pudding there was no cloth to boil it in. Nobody had foreseen that, and there we were at a nonplus, and concluded we should have to demolish it raw. We tried the raisin sack, but the pudding went out as fast as we pushed it in, for there was a great hole in the bottom. Then Jamieson looked up from the floor, and said we might have a pair of the stockings he bought at Balaklava, at such a cost, if it would not spoil them for wearing. It was just the thing—they were quite new, fresh from the loom; but we had a rare bother filling them. When it was done, and the tops tied round, they looked like great fat sausages, as long as young serpents, and we coiled them up and dashed them into the water, scalding Stiffing. Jamieson, who was good for little else, undertook to keep them boiling, which he did—at least he said so—till the next day, Christmas. They turned out beautifully, and were the jolliest puddings you ever tasted. The stockings had both burst in the pot, but that was nothing—I told Tubbs he rammed the stuff down too tight—and we had to carve them in slices, through the stockings, like you do your roly-dumplings. Jamieson looked blue to see his new stockings cut up, but there was no getting at the pudding any other way. It was very prime. I'll make one for you, if you like, dear aunt, some day when you have visitors, if I live to get home. We had got a ham at Balaklava, but I do n't tell you what we paid for it, and the two animals, all very juicy and nice, and a jolly dinner we had, and lots of fun. I do n't think, after this, you can say we are bad caterers. The only one who did not enjoy it was Jamieson; but I suppose he felt that he should soon hook it, poor fellow, and that kept his spirits down.

But you must not think we have a Christmas dinner every day, and fire to cook it with. I wish we had. We get neither food nor warmth; so that I can't brag much of our health and strength. Sickness is pretty prevalent: eight thousand were taken down from camp in six weeks. A good many are frost-bitten, for the cold here is awful. Some have tried to warm their tents at night with charcoal fires, so as to get to sleep, which the cold won't let us do; and when they came to wake up in the morning, they were stone dead, suffocated by the charcoal. How would you like, dear Aunt Priscilla, some night, when the glass is lower than it will go in England, to take your stand on the top of Clapham Church, with nothing on but a clear muslin petticoat? Do n't you think you'd be frost-bitten all over by morning? Well, we have to do worse than that.

Our commander-in-chief has returned to the Crimea. He is made a deal of out here, is this commander of ours, and is everybody's idol. Nothing can equal his attention. He has got on horseback himself, his own, veritable self, and gone down to Balaklava; not once—or twice—or three times—but even four!!! And so anxious are the army to show their sense of his lordship's condescension, that they have set a ship on fire each time and made a bonfire of it. He has been once into the hospital. The staff were indignant, and followed, holding their smelling-salts to their noses.

The government, both at home and here, display their usual anxiety for our welfare. A notice was sent home that the sick in camp were in want of cordials, port wine, and brandy, with a request that supplies might be forwarded. But Her Majesty's government, in their admirable judgment, deemed it inexpedient to trust medical men with intoxicating liquors; so they forwarded, instead, an unlimited quantity of good, wholesome castor-oil. We never shall see such a government again, live to be as old as we may. It 's said that Her Majesty is going to enlarge the chapter of her Knights of the Garter, and give all the management, at home and out, a blue ribbon apiece. There 's no other reward adequate to their merits. Captain Christie expects two, one on each knee. Some porter came here in a ship—such a lot of it!—which so angered the authorities that they sent it back again. They wish us to learn to live without drinking; and, as they forbid porter and wine, and there 's no water and no tea, and the coffee that 's served out is unusable, we have little difficulty in complying with their wishes. Vegetables they quite set their faces against—potatoes especially—and all the cargoes that come in, after being put to decay on the wharf, are pitched into harbor. We can with truth say, that the management, both here and at home, is perfectly miraculous.

I have nothing to say about the war or the siege. Some night skirmishes take place occasionally, and the French and the Russians blaze away at each other. That 's all.

Give Jessie a kiss for me; and, with respects to the reverend, I am, dear Aunt Priscilla,

Your affectionate nephew,

THOMAS PEPPER.

Miss Priscilla Oldstage, Clapham.

Blaze-away Trenches, before Sebastopol,
February, 1855.

DEAR GUS,—I told you I'd write again if I were alive; so here goes.

We are in the deepest mess: worse than ever. No pen can paint it—especially these worn-out stumps we get here. Dying by hundreds, going into hospital by hundreds, and everybody getting away from the camp that can. We used to do the work of three, now we do that of six; and it's certain that very few will live it out. Old Gum has done nothing but blow up for this week past; saying some traitors have been writing home and have let out all about our condition, for letters have appeared in the newspapers which never ought to have been read by the public; and he suspects us juniors. Gum can't lock up our pens and tie our tongues; and I shall write to you in spite of him, for I know you 'll be dark. I was cautious in what I said to my old governor to-day, and drew it very mild.

One of the fellows out of our set has gone and hooked it: Jamieson—a right sort, but a bit of a girl. He bequeathed me his gray trousers, and I 've got them on, but some letters in the pockets are to go to his mother.

Speaking of letters, we hear you say, in England, that the complaints, which go out from camp, are manufactured at home. Gus, I'd give you half a year's pay, if you'd come out and see what's going on here, with your own eyes. They'd never get it out of their sight. Why does not Mr. Gladstone come, or the Duke of Newcastle, or some of that set? What *right* have they to send thousands of their men to a confounded desert, and then abandon them to starvation? Why don't *they* come and show off their incapacity in the sight of the French, and not make us do it? We know, now, that our suspicions, as to treachery, are correct, for it is too barefaced to be longer concealed. It must be one of two things—that the most pitiable imbecility has fallen upon England's rulers, upon all who have the conduct of the war, from the highest to the lowest, or that they are playing into the hands of Russia, and disgracing their country, so that she may no more hold her place as mistress of the world. Gum salves us over—though nobody goes on about it worse than those old ones, if they think we are out of hearing—and assures us that prime ministers and secretaries of state and boards and admiralties are liable to mistakes like other people. Well, we don't deny that, as they are not infallible; but when the mistakes bring forth misery, and confusion, and disgrace, and death, why don't they rectify them? We landed in September, and now it's February, and what has been done to stop the disease, the mortality, the *incapacity*, that are rife among us, growing more rife day by day? Nothing. What has been done to accelerate it? Much. Do they think these facts are not spoken of in camp? We are all growing disgusted together, and that's the naked truth. There is no discipline left among the men; there is bitter rebellion in the hearts of the officers. Does our country know the dire straits to which we are reduced —the extraordinary acting of those placed here, in management? Or does she wilfully shut her eyes and say, "Out of sight, out of mind?" You may think, Gus, I am coming out rather strong in oratory, but I can tell you that some of us have had our indignation roused, and have leaped, from reckless school-boys, into thought and feeling. Look at some of the facts. In October and November the horses were famishing, and the highest personage out here (for it's of no use to keep these things dark any longer) shot between twenty and thirty of his, which were dying of hunger. If the horses of his royal highness could not get supplied, how do you suppose those of officers who were not royal, came off? In December, when I last wrote, I said hundreds were dead, and those left were eating each other's manes and tails. Two months since have passed: the old have died out, fresh horses have been brought, which in their turn are famishing, and who has ordered, or provided, forage for them? None. Five whole months of this state of things, and nothing done to remedy it! Yet Asia Minor would give forth largely of her abundant stores, and crowds of steamers are lying useless in Balaklava harbor. But now listen further. Not three weeks ago, a cargo of forage did come in, oats, bran, barley, *but nobody would give orders to land it, and it was sent back to Constantinople.*

There is the same reckless indifference to human life. We are literally dying of want, and who cares to supply our needs? None. Salt pork, salt pork, salt pork, everlastingly, or *nothing*; for, many a day, the men have half or no rations. Yet large herds of cattle and flocks graze on the plains of Asia Minor, poultry, vegetables, fruit, may be had there, almost for the fetching, and the same idle steamers lie in harbor, eating their chimneys off and John Bull's money.

Oranges and lemons might be brought to us; lime-juice we ought to have. Potatoes and vegetables, which did come in for us, were refused by the officials, because the bills of lading were written with blue ink instead of red, (something of that,) and they were left to grow into a mass of corruption on the side of the harbor. Yet, at that very moment, we were dying of scurvy, and these same officials knew that fresh vegetables would be to us as the manna was to the children of Israel. Porter, which was sent to us all the way from London, was returned back again, because no official invoice, from some green board with a body of muffs round it, was forwarded of its departure. The sick were perishing in camp, brandy and wine were necessary to them, so another board of muffs undertook to send it, and dispatched, in mistake, a full cargo of castor-oil. Meanwhile, short commons and these "mistakes" are telling upon us, and we are dying wholesale. Many have had their lives frozen out of them. We have no wood; what little could be found is exhausted; all available tools and articles, that will burn, *are* burnt, and the charcoal doled out to the men is enough for a three hours' fire twice a week. How can they eat their rations any way but raw? Yet firewood, in the abundance of plenty, is only waiting to be fetched from Asia Minor, and still the good steamers lie in idleness. Several hundred sacks of charcoal came in, one day, to port; but they were not tied up with red tape, and not a soul would touch them, and so there the ship and her cargo remained. The captain got in an agony, fearing he should be obliged to sail about forever with that dreadful charcoal, and he went on his knees to Captain Christie. But Christie was obdurate and would not suffer it to be landed, and at last the captain took it away with him, and probably is cruising about with it still. Things are all managed in the same way. Brigadiers, superintendents, Filder, Christie, Commissariat, Commander-in-Chief, they are all in the same boat, displaying their own imbecility, and destroying the army; and it looks as if they had made a league together to do it. Suppose one of them, say the Commander-in-Chief, were to give an order for the benefit of the men, even though it were not in accordance with official routine, does he fear the government would bow-string him for it? The *nation* would honor him for bursting through these insensate trammels. Who is to account for this long-enduring state of things? Unless it be, as we are told, that government has issued its secret orders, and we are all to be sacrificed. How dare they tamper with us so? How dare they banish us to these inclement regions, and leave us to cold and nakedness, and famine and disease, not for a few commencing weeks—

which, till experience came, might happen to any army—but from month to month, each month showing their incapacity more than the last? Look at our worn and riddled tents! The same land of plenty that could supply other necessaries would supply huts, for wood for construction overruns Asia Minor.

It is said, at home—Brigadier Cuff had it in a letter yesterday—that we are now amply provided for, with clothes, food, huts, and firing. All infernal crammers, whoever says it. Wagon-loads of things are piled up alongside the harbor at Balaklava, rotting in the mud and rain; but what 's the good of that to us? We hear somebody asserted in the House of Commons that Balaklava harbor was a model of order and regularity. Gill, who 's looking over my shoulder, says it was Admiral Berkeley. Admiral Berkeley had better come out, and hire a boat, and set himself down in it for a day, in the middle of the harbor, and take a sight at it. They are going to send old Boxer up, as harbor-master: he 's an irritable old fellow, with not a bit of order in him, and they might as well send out a comet with a fiery tail. A road ought to have been made up to camp; a road might have been made: we have lazy Turks enough, who would have done it, had they been directed. And now they go to the expense and trouble of a railroad, which may be rendered useless as soon as finished: by the Russians, or by our abandoning Balaklava.

Where lies the blame of all this? Who is to answer for it? It is a question that is being asked pretty plainly in every tent out here. All our chief officers have cut it, and are being feasted in England; some dining at Her Majesty's table, some here, some there. If the war 's being conducted all right and above board, why should they shirk the fighting and the trenches, and leave us to battle it out, and do their share of work as well as our own? Were an unhappy wretch of a soldier to desert, he would be taken up, tried, and shot. If treachery is at work, and they have left because *they* won't countenance it and turn traitors to their country, they ought to speak out and say WHY they hold aloof. If, on the contrary, things are fair and straight, and these men in high places get indulged with absence, because of their aristocratic birth and connections, it is time we had a different class of men to officer the British army.

This is not much of a letter, Gus, but we are all boiling over with indignation; and so would you be, if you were one of us. I saw the water in old Gum's eyes, one day, over the sufferings of the men, though he thinks it his duty to blow off to us juniors. Poor old chum Jamieson, with his dying breath, besought us not to betray to his friends that he had been murdered.

Jessie wrote me a few lines in Aunt Pris's, and said there had been a party at Fanny Green's. Now I have got some questions to ask you. Was there a mistletoe?—Was that bad Lincoln's-inn lot there?—And, did you see him near it with F. G.?—Did she send me any message, and will it be a go, or not, what I asked her about coming to Scutari?

Yours, old boy, TOM PEPPER.

Augustus Sparkinson, Esquire, Junior.

A THIRD OLLA-PODRIDA.

OLIN'S HAT — HIS SUCCESSFUL FAILURE — CUFFEE TAKING NOTES — PETER CARTWRIGHT — HIS CHARACTER — HIS LATIN — THE DEVIL FOUNDERING HIS HORSE — DESCRIPTION OF HIS PREACHING — HIS COMBAT WITH MIKE FINK — MAKING THE DEVIL PRAY — PETER IN BOSTON — HIS NOTION ABOUT APOLOGIES — HIS STORY OF A THEOLOGICAL FLEDGLING IN THE WEST — PREACHERS BEFORE GENERAL JACKSON — WHAT THE OLD HERO THOUGHT OF HIM.

STEPHEN OLIN was a tremendous preacher. That epithet is no exaggeration of his pulpit power. He had a tremendous intellect inclosed in a tremendous looking cranium—the largest, we think, that we ever saw. It was necessary for him always to get his hats made; none on hand, in any store, fitted him; and his playmates at the village school used to bargain with the farmers, as they rode along with their wagon loads of fruit, at so much for a hatful, and then run to Olin for his hat as the measure. The farmers were usually the worse for the bargain.

When Olin began his discourse, your attention was immediately arrested by the dignity and sterling sense of his remarks. You perceived at once that something well worth your most careful attention was coming. Paragraph after paragraph of massive thought was thrown off, each showing a gradually increasing glow of the sensibility as well as the mental force of the speaker. By the time he had fairly entered into the argument of the sermon, you were led captive by his power; but it would be difficult to say which most effectually subdued you, his mighty thoughts or his deep feeling. You seldom or never saw tears in his own eyes, but they flowed freely down the cheeks of his hearers. Ever and anon passages of overwhelming force were uttered, before which the whole assembly seemed to bow, not so much in admiration of the man, as in homage to the mighty truth. Such passages were usually not poetic, for he was remarkably chary of his imagery; but they were ponderous with thought—they were often stupendous conceptions, such as you would imagine a Sanhedrim of archangels might listen to uncovered of their golden crowns. At suitable periods of the sermon, which usually occupied from an hour and a half to two hours, he would pause briefly to relieve his voice and his feelings. The mental tension of his audience could be

perceived, at such times, by the general relaxation of posture, and the simultaneous, heaving respiration; but as soon as, with a peculiar measured dignity, he resumed the lofty theme, all eyes were again fixed, all minds again absorbed.

Effective as was his preaching usually, it was not always so. His ill health sometimes spread a languor over his spirit which no resolution could throw off. We have known an instance, which furnishes to our clerical readers too good a lesson to be omitted here. We spent a Sunday evening with him after he had failed, as he thought, in a sermon during the day. He referred to it with much good nature, and remarked that his history as a preacher had taught him to expect the blessing of God on even such efforts. He proceeded to relate an instance which occurred during his ministry in South Carolina. He preached at a camp-meeting where a Presbyterian clergyman, who was to address the next session of his synod in Charleston, heard him. The Presbyterian doctor repeated not only the text, but, substantially, the sermon before his clerical brethren, giving, however, full credit to its Methodist author. So remarkable a fact could not fail to excite great interest among the people of Charleston to hear the latter. He at this time occupied the Methodist pulpit of that city, and the next Sunday evening his chapel was crowded with the *élite* of the community, including several clergymen. He preached long, and, as he thought, loudly and confusedly; in fine, he felt, at the close of the discourse, confounded with mortification. He sank, after the benediction, into the pulpit, to conceal himself from view, till the assembly should be all gone. By-and-by he espied some eminent individuals apparently waiting in the aisle to salute him. His heart failed. Noticing a door adjacent to the pulpit he determined to escape by it. He knew not whither it led, but supposed it communicated with the next house, which had once been a parsonage, as he recollected having heard. He hastened to the door, got it open, and stepping out, descended abruptly into a graveyard, which extended beyond and behind the former parsonage. The night was very dark, and he stumbled about among the tombs for some time. He reached at last the wall which closed the cemetery in from the street, but found it insurmountable. Groping his way to the opposite side, he sought to reach a back street by penetrating through one of the gardens which belonged to a range of houses there. It was an awkward endeavor in the darkness, and among the graves; but at last he found a wicket-gate. He had no sooner passed through it than he was assailed by a house-dog. Having prevailed in this encounter, he pushed on and reached the street, with some very reasonable apprehensions that the neighborhood would be alarmed by his adventures. He now threaded his way through an indirect route to his lodgings, passed unceremoniously to his chamber, and shut himself up for the night, but slept little or none, reflecting with deep chagrin on the strange conclusion of the day. On the morrow he hardly dared to venture out; but while yet in his study, Mr. ——, one of the first citizens in Charleston, and a leading officer in a sister denomination, called at the house; he was admitted to the preacher's study with reluctance; but what was the astonishment of the latter to hear him say that the sermon of the preceding evening had enabled him to step into the kingdom of God, after many years of disconsolate endeavors, during which he had been a member of the Church. The same day a lady of influential family came to report the same good tidings. Other similar examples occurred that morning; and this failure was one of the most useful sermons of his ministry.

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Preachers in the South hold slaves sometimes. Brother B—— had a "cute" one, whose repartees, if the result of naive simplicity rather than real wit, had nevertheless often the genuine keenness of the latter.

"Well, Cuffee," said the minister to the servant, "what were you doing in meeting, this afternoon?"

"Doing, massa? Taking notes;" was his reply.

"You taking notes! Eh?"

"Sartin, massa; all the ge'men take notes."

"Well, let me see them," said he.

Cuffee thereupon produced his sheet of paper, and his master found it scrawled all over with all sorts of marks and lines, as though a stampede of spiders, dipped in ink, had scrambled over it.

"Why, this is all nonsense," said the minister, as he looked at the "notes."

"Well, massa," Cuffee replied, "*I thought so all the time you was preaching.*"

We once gave a sketch of *Peter Cartwright* in these pages. It would be unpardonable to omit the adventures of such a character from this class of "jottings;" we must then call him again into your presence, "courteous reader," even if he should repeat some of his stories already told.

He appears broken with years and labors, and you perceive some paralytic tremblings in his attitude and voice; but there is nevertheless a general aspect of strenuous vigor about him. He looks as if he might yet wrestle with bears and come off conqueror, as we learn he really has heretofore. He is war-worn and weather-beaten. His complexion is bilious, the integuments of his face wrinkled and tough, his eyes small and twinkling, and defended by a heavy pair of spectacles with green side glasses, his mouth compact and full of force, his head large and round, his forehead deeply indented, and his hair—there is no description of that; it looks as if he had poked it into the bag of the Kilkenny cats, and had not had time to comb it since its extrication. And yet do not suppose there is any fierceness about his caput. Nay, verily; a face more finely characterized with good nature and gallant generosity is not to be seen. Should we attempt an intellectual portrait of Peter Cartwright, we should summarily say that he is characterized by *good sense* and *good humor*. We know not that we can better describe him. He strikes right at the object before him, and never fails to hit it; and he has that characteristic of the highest wisdom—brevity, sententiousness. We never knew him to speak in General Conference more than five minutes at once. His humor is always spontaneous—always ready. It sometimes cuts sharply, but is usually genial and generous, relieving rather than exasperating the case. Humor is a rare excellence, but it is not, like gems, valuable chiefly for its rareness; it is intrinsically valuable. It should not be too severely grinned at, with elongated faces, in even ecclesiastical bodies; it often gleams like exhilarating sunlight among lowering clouds of discord, and sometimes dispels them, and does infinitely more than the strongest logic or the loudest rhetoric to remove obstructions to business. Still, a man of combined good sense and good humor is liable to suffer some disparagement. Our poor human nature has a sort of self-complimenting propensity to speak of a superior man with a qualifying "but," the import of which is, that though he excels us in some things, we can see in him defects we have not ourselves. He has imagination, "but" he has not much sense; he has humor, "but" he has not much logic. Much of this kind of twaddle is sheer fudge, and something worse. Peter Cartwright is not merely a man of humor, but of genuine sagacity; woe be to the man that attempts to circumvent him in debate. If some of his short sayings were divested of their humor, and spoken by a grave man, they would pass for unique utterances of wisdom; as they are, they pass for pertinent jokes—happy hits. Peter Cartwright is a "Doctor of Divinity." Good old George Pickering, when asked once if the Methodists had any Doctors of Divinity, replied, "No, sir, we don't need them; our divinity has not yet become sick." Those healthful days seem, however, to have passed, if we may judge from the ample provisions made for theological medication among us now-a-days. Some college in the West deemed Peter Cartwright too knowing in the Materia Medica, or too skillful with the scalpel, to die untitled, and, therefore, dubbed him D. D. We know not that he pretends to encyclopedic erudition, or is more skillful than some other doctors we are acquainted with in the learned languages—a knowledge of which is usually presupposed, in giving that title; the only learned quotation we ever heard from him was in respect to a matter of business, which seemed to be beyond the reach of his brethren; it was, said he, "*in swampus non comatibus.*" The learned doctors around him smiled very cognizantly, as they usually do at college commencements when a Latin phrase is quoted which, though unintelligible to the vulgar throng, is always remarkably striking to them.

His fellow-soldier in the West, James B. Finley, gives the following further account of him, of which we gave an extract once, but now give it fully:—

"Immense was the gathering at the Methodist camp-ground near Springfield, on the second Sunday of September, 1832. A powerful magnet had attracted this great mass of people from their homes in many counties a hundred miles round. The new presiding elder, a late arrival from Kentucky, an orator of wide-spread and wonderful renown, it was known, would thunder on that day. The prestige of his fame had lightened before him, and hence the universal eagerness to hear one concerning whom rumor's trumpet tongue discoursed so loudly.

"Morning broke in the azure east, bright and beautiful as a dream of heaven; but the ex-prodigy had not made his advent. Eleven o'clock came—the regular hour of the detonation of the heavy gun of orthodoxy—and still there was no news of the clerical lion. A common circuit preacher took his place, and, sensible of the popular disappointment, increased it by mouthing a miserable failure. The vexed and restless crowd began to disperse, when an event happened to excite afresh their curiosity and concentrate them again denser than ever. A messenger rushed to the pulpit in hot haste, and presented a note, which was immediately read out to prevent the people from scattering. The following is a literal copy of that singular epistle:—

"'DEAR BRETHREN,—The devil has foundered my horse, which will detain me from reaching your tabernacle till evening. I might have performed the journey on foot; but I could not leave poor Paul, especially as he has never left Peter. Horses have no souls to save, and, therefore, it is all the more the duty of Christians to take care of their bodies. Watch and pray, and do n't let the devil get among you on the sly before candle-light, when I shall be at my post. Your Brother,

PETER CARTWRIGHT.'"

"At length the day closed. The purple curtain of night fell over the earth from the darkening sky. God's golden fire flashed out in heaven, and men below kindled their watch-fires. The encampment, a village of snowy tents, was illuminated with a brilliancy that caused every leaf to shine and sparkle as if all the trees were burnished with phosphorescent flame. It was like a theater. It was a theater in the open air, on the green sward, beneath the starry blue, incomparably more picturesque and gorgeous than any stage scenery, prepared within walls of brick or marble, where the *élite* of cities throng to feast their eyes on beauty and their ears on music.

"Presently a form arose in the pulpit, and commenced giving out a hymn, preliminary to the main exercises, and every eye became riveted to the person of the stranger. Indeed, as some one said of Burke, a single flash of the gazer's vision was enough to reveal the extraordinary man, although, in the present case, it must, for the sake of truth, be acknowledged that the first impression was ambiguous, if not enigmatical and disagreeable. His figure was tall, burly, massive, and seemed even more gigantic than the reality from the crowning foliage of luxuriant, coal-black hair, wreathed into long, curling ringlets. Add a head that looked as large as a half-bushel; beetling brows, rough and craggy as fragmentary granite, irradiated at the base by eyes of dark fire, small and twinkling like diamonds in a sea—they were diamonds of the soul, shining in a measureless sea of humor—a swarthy complexion, as if embrowned by a southern sun; rich, rosy lips, always slightly parted, as wearing a perpetual smile; and you have a life-like portrait of the far-famed backwoods preacher.

"Though I heard it all, from the text to the amen, I am forced to despair of any attempt to convey an accurate idea of either the substance or manner of the sermon which followed. There are different sorts of sermons—the argumentary, the dogmatic, the postulary, the persuasive, the punitive, the combative, 'in orthodox blows and knocks,' the logical, and the poetic; but this specimen belonged to none of these categories. It was *sui generis*, and of a new species.

"He began with a loud and beautifully modulated tone, in a voice that rolled on the serene night air like successive peals of thunder. Methodist ministers are celebrated for sonorous voices; but his was matchless in sweetness as well as power. For the first ten minutes his remarks, being preparatory, were commonplace and uninteresting; but then, all of a sudden, his face reddened, his eye brightened, his gestures grew animated as the waftures of a torch, and his whole countenance changed into an expression of inimitable humor; and now his wild, waggish, peculiar eloquence poured forth like a mountain torrent. Glancing arrows, with shafts

of ridicule, *bon-mots*, puns, and side-splitting anecdotes sparkled, flashed, and flew like hail till the vast auditory was convulsed with laughter. For a while the more ascetic strove to resist the current of their own spontaneous emotions. These, however, soon discovered that they had undertaken an impossible achievement in thinking to withstand his *facetiæ*. His every sentence was like a warm finger, tickling the ribs of the hearer. His very looks incited to mirth far more than other people's jokes, so that the effort to maintain one's equilibrium only increased the disposition to burst into loud explosions, as every school-boy has verified in similar cases. At length the encampment was in a roar, the sternest features relaxed into smiles, and the coldest eyes melted into tears of irrepressible merriment. This continued thirty minutes, while the orator painted the folly of the sinner, which was his theme. I looked on and laughed with the rest, but finally began to fear the result as to the speaker.

"'How,' I exclaimed, mentally, 'will he ever be able to extricate his audience from that deep whirlpool of humor? If he ends thus, when the merry mood subsides, and calm reflection supervenes, will not the revulsion of feeling be deadly to his fame? Will not every hearer realize that he has been trifled with in matters of sacred and eternal interests? At all events, there is no prospect of a revival to-night; for even though the orator were a magician, he could not change his subject now, and stem the torrent of headlong laughter.'

"But the shaft of my inference fell short of the mark; and even then he commenced to change, not all at once, but gradually, as the wind of a thunder-cloud. His features lost their comical tinge of pleasantry; his voice grew first earnest, and then solemn, and soon wailed out in the tones of deepest pathos; his eyes were shorn of their mild light, and yielded streams of tears, as the fountain of the hill yielded water. The effect was indescribable, and the rebound of feeling beyond all conception. He descanted on the horrors of hell, till every shuddering face was turned downward, as if expecting to see the solid globe rent asunder, and the fathomless, fiery gulf yawn from beneath. Brave men moaned, and fair, fashionable women, covered with silken drapery, and bedight with gems, shrieked as if a knife were working among their heart-strings.

"Again he changed the theme; sketched the joys of a righteous death—its faith, its hope, its winged raptures, and angels attending the spirit to its starry home—with such force, great and evident belief, that all eyes were turned toward heaven, and the entire congregation started to their feet, as if to hail the vision of angels at which the finger of the preacher seemed to be pointed, elevated as it was on high to the full length of his arm.

"He then made a call for mourners into the altar, and five hundred, many of them till that night infidels, rushed forward and prostrated themselves on their knees. The meeting was continued for two weeks, and more than a thousand converts were added to the Church. From that time his success was unparalleled, and the fact is chiefly due to his inimitable wit and masterly eloquence that Methodism is now the prevailing religion in Illinois.

He was distinguished by one very unclerical peculiarity—combativeness. His battles, although always apparently in the defensive, were as numerous as the celebrated Bowie. The only difference was this, that Bowie fought with deadly weapons, while the itinerant used but his enormous fist, which was as effective, however, in the speedy settlement of belligerent issues as any knife or pistol ever forged out of steel. Let the reader judge from the following anecdote:—

"At the camp-meeting held at Alton in the autumn of 1833, the worshipers were annoyed by a set of desperadoes from St. Louis, under the control of Mike Fink, a notorious bully, the triumphant hero of countless fights, in none of which he had ever met an equal, or even second. The coarse, drunken ruffians carried it with a high hand, outraged the men and insulted the women, so as to threaten the dissolution of all pious exercises; and yet such was the terror the name of their leader. Fink, inspired, that no one could be found brave enough to face his prowess.

"At last, one day, when Cartwright ascended the pulpit to hold forth, the desperadoes, on the outskirts of the encampment, raised a yell so deafening as to drown utterly every other sound. The preacher's dark eyes shot lightning. He deposited his Bible, drew off his coat, and remarked aloud:—

"'Wait for a few minutes, my brethren, while I go and make the devil pray.'

"He then proceeded with a smile on his lips to the focus of the tumult, and addressed the chief bully—

"'Mr. Fink, I have come to make you pray.'

"The desperado rubbed back the tangled festoons of his blood-red hair, arched his huge brows with a comical expression, and replied—

"'By golly, I'd like to see you do it, old snorter.'

"'Very well,' said Mr. Cartwright; 'will these gentlemen, your courteous friends, agree not to show foul play?'

"'In course they will. They're rale grit, and won't do nothin' but the clear thing, so they won't,' rejoined Fink, indignantly.

"'Are you ready?' asked the preacher.

"'Ready as a race-hoss with a light rider,' answered Fink, squaring his ponderous person for the combat.

"The bully spoke too soon; for scarcely had the words left his lips when Cartwright made a prodigious bound toward his antagonist, and accompanied it with a quick, shooting punch of his herculean fist, which fell, crashing the other's chin, and hurried him to the earth like lead. Then even his intoxicated comrades, filled with involuntary admiration at the feat, gave a cheer. But Fink was up in a moment, and rushed upon his enemy, exclaiming,

"'That war n't done fair, so it warn't.'

"He aimed a ferocious stroke, which the preacher parried with his left hand, and, grasping his throat with the right, crushed him down as if he had been an infant. Fink struggled, squirmed, and writhed in the dust; but all to no purpose; for the strong, muscular fingers held his windpipe, as in the jaws of an iron vise. When he began to turn purple in the face, and ceased to resist, Mr. Cartwright slackened his hold, and inquired—

"'Will you pray now?'

"'I does n't know a word how,' gasped Fink.

"'Repeat after me.'

"'Well, if I must, I must,' answered Fink; 'because you're the devil himself.'

"The preacher then said over the Lord's prayer line by line, and the conquered bully responded in the same way, when the victor permitted him to rise. At the consummation the rowdies roared three boisterous cheers, and Fink shook Cartwright by the hand, declaring—

"'By golly, you're some beans in a barfight. I'd rather set-to with an old "he" bar in dog-days. You can pass this 'ere crowd of nose-smashers, blast your pictur'!'

"Afterward Fink's party behaved with extreme decorum, and the preacher resumed his Bible and pulpit."

An odd scene that, certainly; and "not very apostolic," say you, sober reader? We join you in the remark; but it is characteristic, as we said in another case. We give it as a fact from our old friend Finley—a fact that illustrates not only the character of the man, but of the country and its early times. "Circumstances alter cases," is a popular proverb in the west, as well as elsewhere; and even good men are heard, occasionally, to affirm out there, that Lynch law is better than no law.

Mr. Bungay, in his volume of "Off-hand Takings of Noticeable Men of our Age," says that he heard Peter, at Boston, during the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and thus describes the occasion:—

"The great western preacher has arrived, and is now searching the well-thumbed Bible for his text. Quite a number of distinguished divines are present. The preacher looks like a backwoodsman, whose face has been bronzed at the plow. His black hair, straggling seven ways for Sunday, is slightly tinged with the frost of age. A strip of black silk is twisted around his neck, and a shirt collar, scrupulously clean, is turned down over it. He is of ordinary size, dresses plainly, and looks like a man perfectly free from affectation. In a faltering voice he reads a hymn. The choir wed the words to sweet and solemn music, a fervent prayer goes up on the wings of faith—another hymn is read and sung—the 12th verse of the 11th chapter of Matthew is selected for his text. Now the old pioneer preacher, who has waded swamps, forded rivers, threaded forests, traveled with Indians, fought with bears and wolves, preached in the woods, and slept in the field or on the prairie at night, is standing before us. Look at him, ye gentlemen with white neckcloths and black coats, who ride in carriages over smooth roads to supply churches with cushioned pews and soft benches to kneel on. How would you like to labor for nothing among wild beasts, and board yourselves, in a climate where the ague shakes the settlers over the grave two-thirds of the year? Would you exchange your fat livings, and fine palaces, and unread libraries for black bread and dry venison, a log hut and the society of bears and blue racers? God bless the brave, wise, and good men to whom we are so much indebted

homage to its high-priest. Were a statue erected to his memory we would not have him as a mere common-place angler with rod and line and fish-basket, but as the philosopher of his art, with the feeling and sentiment of one who joyed in and studied nature, loving her companionship better than townly things, and making this sport of angling rather his excuse for being so much with her than an occupation for the mere pulling of fish out of deep or shallow waters.

Washington Irving bears witness to the charm of Izaak Walton's theory and practice; and relates in one of his pleasant papers, how he, fascinated by what he calls "the seductive pages of old Izaak," set out, after a winter's preparation, to put in practice all he said, and endeavor to do all he did.

"Our first essay," he says, "was along a mountain brook among the Highlands of the Hudson, a most unfortunate place for the execution of those piscatory tactics, which had been invented along the velvet margins of quiet English rivulets. I was always a bungler at all kinds of sport that required either patience or adroitness, and had not angled above half an hour, before I had completely 'satisfied the sentiment' and convinced myself of the truth of Izaak Walton's opinion, 'that angling is something like poetry—a man must be born to it.' I hooked myself instead of the fish, tangled my line in every tree, lost my bait and broke my rod, until I gave up the attempt in despair, and passed the day under the trees *reading old Izaak: satisfied that it was his vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling that had bewitched me, and not the passion for angling.*"

But it is not only as a brother of the angle, and a lover of nature, that we admire Izaak Walton. He has a claim upon our sympathy as a man of letters, and we may wish his pen had been the inheritance of many biographers, who spin out a great many words about a small matter, while he "ensamples" the enrichment of a page with great things in few words. To be sure, he was fortunate in his subjects; the lives of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Hooker, Mr. George Herbert, and Dr. Sanderson were fruitful of subject-matter for biography of the best kind; and the period was so full of interest and movement, that the sweetness, simplicity, and tenderness of "honest Izaak" could not have appeared to greater advantage than it does in the biographies of these old English worthies. We have read them over and over again—that of George Herbert especially—beside the fishing-streams where Izaak wandered, and always with increased delight.

Sir John Hawkins, in his life of Walton, says very plainly, but very truly, of the venerable angler, that he "was not distinguished by his rank, or eminent for his learning, or remarkable for the performance of any public service; but, as he ever affected a retired life, so was he noted only for an ingenious, humble, good man." In spite of the qualifying word "only" used by Sir John, he adds, with true judgment, on the value of such personal attractions—"however, to so eminent a degree did he possess the qualities above ascribed to him, as to afford a very justifiable reason for endeavoring to impress upon the minds of mankind, by a collection of many scattered passages concerning him, a due sense of their value and importance."

The life of the good old man does indeed "point a moral," and impress us with the value of the kindly, manly, and honorable plainness which characterized him through life. Qualities of an unpretending kind, which slowly but surely worked their way on his fellow-men's love and respect, and obtained for him the personal friendship of the great and the good, so that the humble London tradesman was a welcome visitor to some of the greatest and best men of his age; and Wood tells us that after he had given up business and quitted London, "he lived mostly in the families of the eminent clergy of that time."

He was born, as we have already noticed, at Stafford, in the month of August, 1593; but the particulars of his early life and education have not been detailed.

His first settlement in London was in the trade of a sempster, and his shop was duly placed in a good situation for such a calling, in the Royal Burse, in Cornhill, built by Sir Thomas Gresham; the original Royal Exchange, and the favorite resort of the city madams, and all others who were desirous of fashionable novelties, and foreign trifles, which were much sought after by the wealthy or the extravagant of those days. Whatever the profit of his situation here might be, he must have been "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined," as effectually as any imprisoned proprietor

of a counter in a modern bazaar. Sir John Hawkins says "he could scarcely be said to have had elbow room; for the shops over the Burse were but seven feet and a half long, and five feet wide; yet here did he carry on his trade till some time before the year 1624; when he dwelt on the north side of Fleet-street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery-lane, and abutting on a messuage known by the sign of the Harrow."* Sir John gives this information from the original deed in his possession, which bears the date of 1624, and in which Walton is said to have followed the trade of a linen-draper. He adds, "It further appears by that deed, that the house was in the joint occupation of Izaak Walton, and John Mason, hosier," from whence we may conclude that half a shop was sufficient for the business of Walton.

The frugality which led to such an arrangement was perfectly in accordance with the taste and habit of the times, and many a wealthy man "did business" in dark and obscure tenements, which now-a-days would not be considered fit habitations for their horses. The enormous progress of modern building precludes us from forming an adequate idea of London in Walton's time—either of its internal discomfort, or its exterior facilities for a country walk; but we can fully appreciate the delight with which he must have shouldered his rod, and walked across the fields toward Tottenham, "to drink a morning's draught at the Thatch'd House in Hodsden," and so toward the Lea; or, peradventure, betake himself to a nearer fishing station on the New River, "especially in such days and times," as he talks of in the preface to his Angler, "when I have laid aside business, and gone a-fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe," two enthusiastic friends and brothers of the angle, whose loss he deplores with touching simplicity:—"But they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours."

After his marriage, he occupied a house

CHANCERY LANE.

in Chancery-lane, and is described in the lease as a "sempster or milliner." His wife was Anne, the daughter of Mr. Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inn, and sister of Thomas, afterward Dr. Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells. She was one of those excellent women, of religious and prudent conduct, with good endowments; and was peculiarly suited to a man like Walton, who in his turn revered her as she deserved, and speaks of her on her tomb as a woman of "remarkable prudence, and piety; her great and general knowledge being adorned with such true humility, and blessed with so much Christian meekness, as made her worthy of a more memorable monument."

The moderate desires and earnest aspirations after retired ease which Walton possessed, accompanied with a wish for the quiet friendship and ease "which angling brings," were no doubt shared by his wife; and they both relinquished London, with its business cares, and retired on a bare competency, living easily in the society of his friends.

While residing in London he formed an intimate acquaintance with Dr. John Donne, dean of St. Paul's, who was vicar of the parish of St. Dunstan's in the West,

* The engraving shows the aspect of Chancery-lane on the western side; the house at the corner being that which bore the sign of the Harrow. The locality is peculiarly sacred to Walton, who after his marriage lived a few doors higher up the lane, and must continually have passed the fine old timber building delineated, and which has been frequently described as his residence.

in which Walton resided; and in 1631 Sir Henry Wotton applied to Walton to collect materials for a life of the doctor which he had undertaken to write. But death prevented Sir Henry from completing the task, which was at last undertaken and perfected by Walton himself; a work which was gratefully noticed by the doctor's son, as well as by others whose opinion must have greatly pleased the worthy angler.

His most popular work, and that which will make his memory ever dear "to brethren of the rod and line," was published in 1653. It was entitled "The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation," and was a small duodecimo, very neatly and tastefully brought out, with exceedingly good engravings of fish by Lombart, an artist mentioned by Evelyn. "And let no man imagine that a work on such a subject must necessarily be unentertaining, or trifling, or even uninstructive, for the contrary will most evidently appear from a perusal of this excellent piece; the style, the ease and unaffected humor of the dialogue, the lovely scenes which it delineates, the enchanting pastoral poetry which it contains, or the fine morality it so sweetly inculcates, has hardly its fellow in any of the modern languages." Its success was equal to its merits; he saw five editions through the press in his life-time, and received his due of celebrity.

His other literary labors were, as we have intimated, biographical, and consist of the lives of Richard Hooker, author of the "Ecclesiastical Polity," and the poet, George Herbert, which were both written

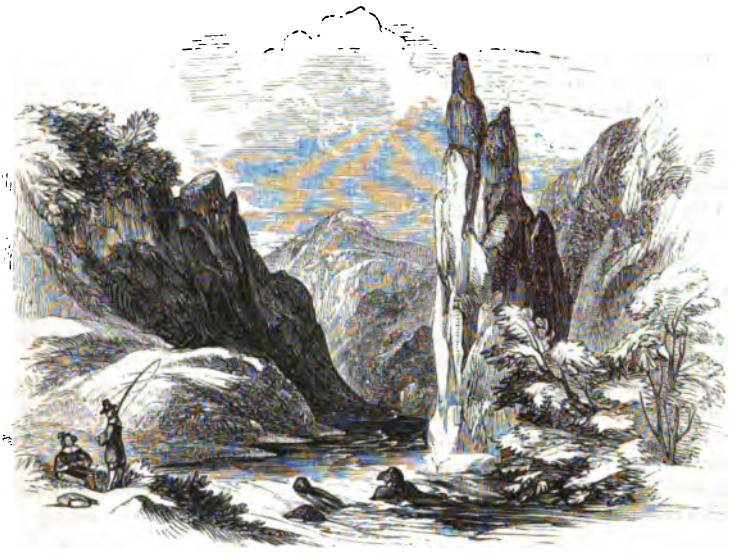
BERESFORD HALL.

in the house of Walton's friend and patron, Dr. George Morley, Bishop of Winchester; the first life being undertaken at the request of Dr. Gilbert Sheldon, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury—a proof of the respect and position he had gained among the highest members of the clerical body. So indefatigable was our author that he undertook in the eighty-third year of his age to write the life of Dr. Robert Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln: a work he carried out successfully at a period of life which, as he phrases it, "might have procured him a writ of ease;" but he found truth in the words of the bard of Avon:—

"The labor we delight in physics pain."

Walton's acquaintance with Cotton, which began soon after the publication of the Angler, ripened into the most intimate friendship, and both himself and his son were frequent visitors at Beresford Hall, the home of Cotton, in the Peak of Derbyshire, and in the close vicinity of the river Dove, a river which divides the counties of Derby and Stafford, and a famous stream for fish. At Beresford Hall there is still a room shown as Walton's chamber, and the neighborhood has other indications of the intimacy which subsisted between them.

This great intimacy between two such men has always appeared to us a little extraordinary. Walton was an unsophisticated man, whose thoughts and writings are a model of purity. Cotton was a man of the world, some of whose writings are totally unfit for modern reading, and who



PIKE POOL.

on more than one occasion bewailed the fate which obliged him to live on his own patrimony in the country, instead of enjoying the dissipation of town life in the reign of the second Charles; and who speaks of the lovely district in which he resided as—

"Environ'd round with nature's shames and ills,
Black heaths, wild rocks, black crags, and naked hills."

Perhaps the secret of the intimacy may be in the "antagonism" of two such minds. The one glad to be relieved from its wearisome regrets, and taught to enjoy nature it its purity; the other glad to be such a teacher to one who had much that was good in him; and so the two men "angled on" in strict intimacy, and the *blasé* man of the world was charmed and improved by the precept and practice of the good old Izaak, and after the fashion of the day was adopted as "his son," and spoke of him as his "best and truest friend," giving this testimony to Walton in the second part of "The Angler," where he declares "My friend Walton will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men; which is one of the best arguments, or at least of the best testimonies I have, that I either am, or that he thinks me, one of those, seeing I have not yet found him weary of me."

Cotton appears to have always been an enthusiastic angler, and his proximity to the Dove, one of the most romantic and beautiful of English rivers, gave him full opportunity for the practice of the art. The exquisite beauty of the river must have been equally understood and valued by so pure an admirer of the beauties of nature as Walton. The two friends have consecrated by their notice one of the most exquisite localities on its banks—"the Pike Pool," a romantic seclusion, abounding in fish, and taking its name from the solitary peaked rock which is seen in our view, and which is thus quaintly described by Cotton:—

"It is a rock in the fashion of a spire-steeple, and almost as big. It stands in the midst of the river Dove, and not far from Mr. Cotton's house, below which place this delicate river takes a swift career between many mighty rocks, much higher and bigger than St. Paul's Church before it was burnt. And this Dove, being opposed by one of the highest of them, has, at last, forced itself a way through it, and after a mile's concealment appears again with more glory and beauty than before that opposition; running through the most pleasant valleys and most fruitful meadows that this nation can justly boast of."

The charms of this delightful spot must have been thoroughly enjoyed by the two friends, and Cotton relates that "Mr. Izaak Walton was so pleased with it, as to draw it in landscape in black and white,

in a blank book I have at home." This "deepest pool in all the river, where you are almost sure of a good fish," is still the favorite resort of anglers; while to those who are not brethren of the craft, the exquisite beauty of the locality has made it equally sought by pic-nic parties, who are frequently seen enjoying the green-sward for the views, their pleasures sometimes enhanced by the music which reverberates from the rocks.

As a memorial of the friendship which existed between Walton and Cotton, and in order to make their fishing-days more comfortable, the latter erected on the banks of the Dove the picturesque fishing-house here delineated. This little building is noticed fully in the second part of "The Angler," where Piscator, speaking of the Dove, says, "I have lately built a little fishing-house upon its margin, dedicated to anglers, over the door of which you will see the first two letters of my father Walton's name, and mine, twisted in cypher." This little temple of friendship still stands; it is of stone; but the decorations within have entirely disappeared. The interior was thus described by Sir J. Hawkins in 1759:—

"The room on the inside is a cube of about fifteen feet; it is paved with black and white marble. In the middle is a square black marble table supported by two stone feet. The room is wainscotted, with curious moldings that divide the panels up to the ceiling; in the larger panels are represented in painting some of the most pleasant of the adjacent scenes, with persons fishing; and in the smaller, the various sorts of tackle and implements used in angling. In the further corner, on the left, is a fire-place, with a chimney; and on the right, a large beaufet, with folding-doors, whereon are the portraits of Mr. Cotton, with a boy servant, and Walton in the dress of the time: underneath is a cupboard, on the door whereof the figures of a trout and also of a grayling are well portrayed."

When the weather was too warm for in-door delectation, the friends dined in a shady spot beneath trees, and in the close vicinity to the fishing-house. It was a little dell beside the stream, which Walton called his "open-air dining-room."

The friendship continued unabated for life between the two anglers; both were devoted to the angle, and both enthusiastically sung the praise of fishing. There is no more beautiful passage in our native literature than that in which good old Izaak sums up all his advantages at the close of his book, with fervent thankfulness to God for all things in a true spirit of Christian philosophy, which appeals irresistibly to the heart by its pure simplicity. How heartily does he exclaim:

"What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with. And this and many other blessings we enjoy daily; and for most of them, because they be so common,

FISHING-HOUSE.

WALTON'S DINING-ROOM.

most men forget to pay their praises, but let not us; because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made the sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers and showers, and stomachs and meat, and content—*and leisure to go a-fishing!*"

The life of Izaak was one especially to be envied—almost proving

> "The glories of our birth and state
> Are shadows—not substantial things;"

for here we see an humble man content with a moderate competency, enjoying an amount of innocent relaxation, with constant thankfulness to the Giver of all good; whose leisure was employed in narrating the lives of estimable men for the benefit of their fellow-men; and always inculcating just ideas, in whatever he pursued. Beloved by all who knew him, and an accepted guest among the best men of the day, whose positions were so much above his own, he achieved a quiet glory and a happiness, that few men of greater *éclat* can ever hope to obtain. His temperate life gave him robust health. In his eighty-third year, he declared his intention of beginning a pilgrimage of more than a hundred miles "into a country the most difficult and hazardous for an aged man to travel in," to visit his friend Cotton, and again enjoy angling in the Dove; and on the ninetieth anniversary of his birth-day he speaks of himself as of perfect health and memory. It was at this advanced age that he edited and published Chalkhill's beautiful poem of "Thealma and Clearchus, a pastoral, by a friend of Edmund Spenser;" which shows that the good old man still retained his clear judgment and love of nature.

He died soon after this publication; ending his days at the house of his son-in-law, Dr. William Hawkins, prebendary of Winchester, toward whom he expresses much affection in his will—that document again proving the clearness of his mind, and the kindly nature of his remembrances to all.

As we have said, we had long ago marked the resting-place of this, one of nature's high-priests, as a "shrine" we must visit; and as railroads enable us to count by time and not distance, we journeyed to Winchester on the early morning of a warm July day, and pursued —a ramble in which he had surely delighted often—the low meadows through which the Itchen pursues its creeping way, with the lofty mount of St. Catharine on the left; and losing sight, after a walk of a few minutes, of Winchester, as completely as if it had been swallowed by an earthquake, we felt as if miles away from city dwellings; the river winding and twisting in a very intricate, but deliberate manner, in no degree impatient of the restraint of its plashy banks, which the cattle enjoyed to their hearts' content. There was a dense heat, a dreamy sort of haze over the landscape, which made us lag along the pathway.

Having spent an hour at St. Cross, we returned to the fair and ancient city, and found the verger, who attended our pilgrimage through the cathedral, one sufficiently versed in its antiquities to appre-

WALTON'S TOMB.

ciate them as they deserved, and not prone either to hurry or to insist upon our sacrificing our tastes to his; yet it was evident that we fell in his esteem by inquiring too soon for the last resting-place of the gentle angler. He had a great deal to tell, and it was only natural he should desire to tell it in a straightforward way; and truly there was so much to excite the strongest interest in the past, and so much to admire in the present state of that noble cathedral, that, satisfied we should come in due time to the small chapel in the south transept where the dust of Izaak Walton mingles with that of the hierarchy of England, we suffered ourselves to be "conducted," and reveled amidst the antiquities of Winchester. The very want of uniformity in this noble pile increases its interest. This "out of keeping" is accounted for by its having been above four centuries in building, from the Conquest to the Reformation; and certainly nowhere can the antiquary enjoy a richer treat, while the architect may find innumerable studies within these walls. The rise, progress, and perfection of the Gothic style, every stage of that interesting species of building, and every ornament made use of in it, can be found in some part or other of Winchester Cathedral. The great porch has suffered fearful desecration. There is no reason in so rich a country as England why the restoration of everything beautiful should not be in a system.

The nave is magnificent, and the eastern window pours into it a flood of many-tinted light, which produces some of the finest effects we ever remember to have seen. The arms of Cardinal Beaufort, the tomb and chantry of William of Wykham, that mighty prelate who deserved the eulogium that for once tells truth, "Unbounded in his hospitality," a "sage politician and counsellor of state," the founder of colleges, "the first at Oxford, the second at Winchester," a "princely prelate" in every sense of the word. It is something to remember having stood beside his tomb, and the mutilated one of his predecessor Edginton, graved with the command, "You who pass by his tomb remember him in your prayers," is a type of the times. Then in another chapel on the tomb of William de Basing, "who was formerly prior of this church," is displayed one of the strong features of Romanism, for the inscription adds that whosoever shall pray for his soul "shall obtain three years and fifty days' indulgence." The tomb of Cardinal Beaufort led us to doubt the testimony of Shakspeare, for if the likeness be correct there is something far too saintly in the expression of the face to lead to the belief that he could "die and make no sign." The chantry of Cardinal Beaufort is perhaps the most beautiful one in England—the fanwork of the ceiling, the canopies, with their studded pendants, the crocketed pinnacles. The tomb itself is of gray marble, upon which the figure in colored alabaster reposes, cloak and hat, and ten knotted tapers. But to us the most interesting, the most suggestive contents of this noble cathedral, are six mortuary chests containing the "dust and ashes" of many royal and noble Christians, of those who were first to "come out of darkness into light." These chests are placed on the top of the stone partitions on each side of the sanctuary, which were erected by Bishop Fox in 1525. Within these chests are mingled the dust of Egbert and Kenulph, of the Danish Canute, and his lovely queen Emma, the

fair maid of Normandy, of the tyrant Rufus, of the first Christian king of the West Saxons, and of Edmund who swayed the royal scepter while his father Alfred still lived.

It was impossible not to repeople this magnificent building with its creators—to recall the sovereigns, and pontiffs, and priests, arrayed in all the pomp and glory of ecclesiastical splendor, the lights, the perfumes, the processions, the "pealing anthems," the solemn chants, the passing and repassing of the richly-robed priests, the swaying to and fro of the multitudinous worshipers, the royal processions, the scenes and ceremonies when knights from the Holy Land knelt at some favorite shine, and laid their banners, their jewels, and their gold, at the door of the sanctuary.

But we must seek the grave of our gentle angler, and now that we have done ample justice, rendered sufficient homage to the grandeur and majesty of the sacred pile, the verger is well pleased to take us there.

Izaak Walton is buried in a small inclosed chapel in the south transept of the cathedral, named after the Prior Silkstede, who did so much in past times to decorate and renovate the sacred pile. The chapel is inclosed with richly-carved screens, above which appear the clustered massive columns of the Norman capitals, and arches of the roof. The chapel contains some presses, which hold the surplices of the singing-boys who use the inclosure as a vestry. It is altogether a quiet little nook; by no means out of character as a resting-place for the aged angler; and here beneath a large black marble slab, he sleeps; this inscription covering the surface:—

HERE RESTETH THE BODY OF

MR. IZAAK WALTON,

Who died the 15th of December, 1683.

Alas! he's gone before,
Gone to return no more;
Our panting breasts aspire
After their aged sire,
Whose well-spent life did last
Full ninety years and past;
But now he hath begun
That which will ne'er be done:
Crown'd with eternal bliss,
We wish our souls with his.

VOTIS MODESTIS SIC FLERUNT LIBERI.

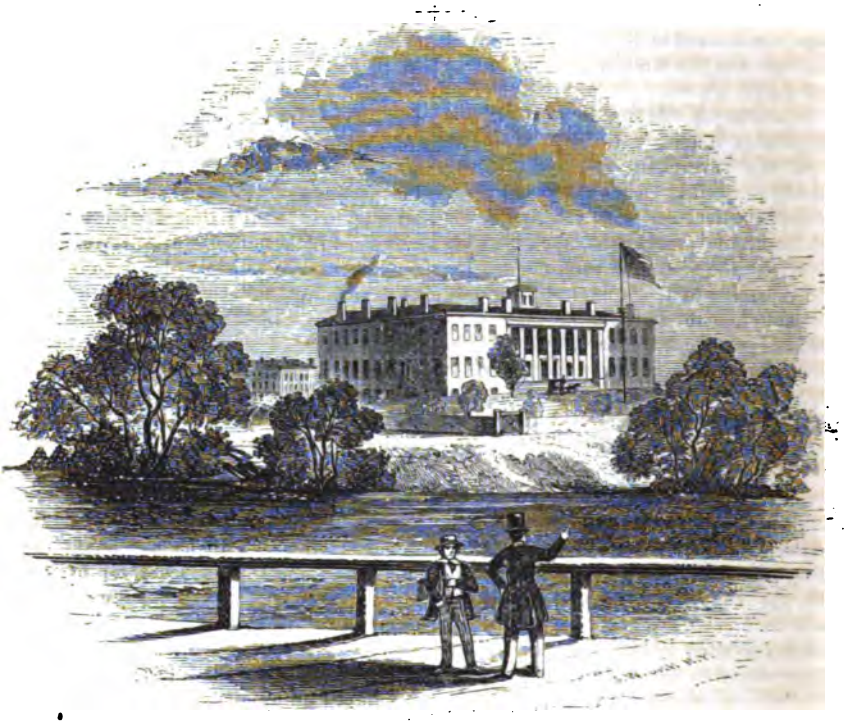
THE MARINER'S HOSPITAL.

THE United States Naval Hospital at New-York is located on the eastern side of the Wallabout Bay, and is intended for the use of the officers, sailors, and marines of the navy. It was built from a fund called the Hospital Fund, created by the payment of twenty cents a month by all employed in the United States naval service, whether officers or privates.

Nearly fifty-five acres of ground belong to this institution. On the most elevated part of the premises are the hospital buildings, two large airy edifices constructed of white marble from Sing Sing. The main building consists of a center seventy-six feet long by seventy-two deep, and two wings, each sixty feet front and one hundred and forty-six deep. Its height is forty-five feet, including two stories and a basement above ground. The whole arrangement appears to be excellent; the rooms airy and neat, and every provision made for the welfare of the patients. In the attic are four large water tanks, each containing six thousand gallons, two for rain and two for well water. The latter is pumped up by means of a small steam engine, and the former brought in from the roof.

The building in the rear, seen in the engraving, was erected as a small-pox hospital, but being too near the main edifice, it is intended to put another in a distant part of the grounds for that purpose, and make use of this as a laboratory. Under the direction of Dr. Squibb, the first assistant physician, the work in this department has been already commenced, and it is intended to manufacture here the various drugs necessary for the naval service. This step has been taken partly because of the impurity of too many articles, and partly as a matter of economy. They can also be put up here in a manner better adapted for use on board of vessels, than under the old system of contract.

The other buildings on the ground are the surgeon's residence, (a pleasant house north of the hospital,) the dead house and the porter's lodge at the gate, which opens from Park Avenue. The buildings were commenced in 1841 or 1842, and completed in 1846. Dr. Bache is the principal physician and surgeon: he occupies the dwelling above referred to, and has a salary of $2,250 per annum. Drs. Squibb



THE MARINER'S HOSPITAL.

and Mayo are his assistants, each receiving the yearly sum of $1,150, and having apartments in the main building. The whole number of employees is about twenty, including steward, nurses, gardener, &c. All the vegetables used are raised on the ground.

The number of patients varies greatly, being at times as small as twenty-five, and at other seasons as high as eighty.

Only those who are laboring under temporary disease are attended to here. The government has at Philadelphia an asylum for the aged and disabled.

On the east side of the street running in the rear of the hospital premises is the burying ground. It is neatly inclosed, having a very handsome iron railing in front, and such improvements are in progress as will give it a very pleasant aspect. All officers, sailors, and marines dying at the hospital or station, are here interred, unless relatives or friends make provision for them. The body is deposited for a season in a receiving vault, until it can be ascertained whether any connections of the deceased wish to remove it: if none come to claim it, it is placed in a grave and a neat board, resembling a head-stone, put up. The visitor will perceive that the age and birth-place of those who slumber here is seldom recorded—those who die away from all their kindred do not often leave any explicit statements on these points. It is not often that these graves are watered with the tears of mothers, sisters, parents, or wives—these relatives are perhaps still expecting their return, and wondering why so long a time has elapsed since they were last heard from. But they rest as quietly as in the village church-yard, and shall just as surely hear, at the last day, the voice of the Son of Man, and come forth from their graves—some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.

A plain granite vase and obelisk has been erected over the spot where the victims of the explosion of the Fulton are interred. It bears no inscription at present; it is said that it is designed to put one on it.

FLAWS IN DIAMONDS.

IT is sometimes instructive, and at all times interesting, to learn something of the eccentricities, failings and foibles of remarkable persons. Such traits form the most attractive and salient points of biographical works; they may be called the coloring of literary portraiture, and, being endowed with an individual vitality, are found to linger longest in the memory of the general reader.

Having gathered together a number of these personal anecdotes, we propose to pass away a gossipping, and not wholly an unprofitable, half-hour in relating them to our readers.

It is painful to reflect upon the inordinate vanity which characterizes many illustrious lives. When Cæsar became bald, he constantly wore the laurel-wreath with which we see him represented on medals, in the hope of concealing the defect; and Cicero's egotism was so great, that he even composed a Latin hexameter in his own praise:—

O fortunatam nato me consule Romam.

(O fortunate Rome when I was born her consul!)

a line which elicited the just sarcasms of Juvenal. Queen Elizabeth left three thousand different dresses in her wardrobe when she died; and during many years of the latter part of her life, would not suffer a looking-glass in her presence, for fear that she should perceive the ravages of time upon her countenance. Mæcenas, the most egregious of classic exquisites, is said to have "wielded the Roman empire with rings on his fingers." The vanity of Benvenuto Cellini is too well known to need repetition. Sir Walter Raleigh was, perhaps, the greatest beau on record. His shoes, on court-days, were so gorgeously adorned with precious stones, as to have exceeded six thousand guineas in value; and he had a suit of armor of solid silver, with jeweled sword and belt, the worth of which was almost incalculable. The great Descartes was very particular about his wigs, and always kept four in his dressing-closet; a piece of vanity wherein he was imitated by Sir Richard Steele, who never expended less than forty guineas upon one of his large black periwigs. Mozart, whose light hair was of a fine quality, wore it very long and flowing down between his shoulders, with a tie of colored ribbon confining it at the neck. Poor Goldsmith's innocent dandyisms, and the story of his peach-blossom coat, are almost proverbial. Pope's self-love was so great, that, according to Johnson, he "had been flattered till he thought himself one of the moving powers in the system of life." Allan Ramsay's egotism was excessive. On one occasion, he modestly took precedence of Peter the Great, in estimating their comparative importance with the public: "But haud [hold], proud czar," he says, "I wadna niffer [exchange] fame!" Napoleon was vain of his small foot. Salvator Rosa was once heard to compare himself with Raphael and Michael Angelo, calling the former dry, and the latter coarse; and Raphael, again, was jealous of the fame and skill of Michael Angelo. Hogarth's historical paintings (which were bad) equaled, in his own opinion, those of the old masters. Lamartine, the loftiest and finest of French poets, robs his charming pages of half their beauty by the inordinate self-praise of his commentaries. Rousseau has been called "the self-torturing egotist;" and Lord Byron's life was one long piece of egotism from beginning to end. He was vain of his genius, his rank, his misanthropy, and even of his vices; and he was particularly proud of his good riding and his handsome hands.

Penuriousness, unhappily, has been too commonly associated with learning and fame. Cato, the censor, on his return from Spain, was so parsimonious that he sold his field-horse, to save the expense of conveying the animal by sea to Italy. Attilius Regulus, at the period of his greatest glory in Africa, entreated permission to return home to the management of his estate, which consisted but of seven acres, alleging that his servants had been defrauding him of certain agricultural implements, and that he was anxious to look after his affairs. Lord Bacon is a melancholy instance of the dominion obtained by avarice over a great mind. Among artists, Nollekens and Northcote were proverbially penurious. Swift, in his old age, was avaricious, and had an absolute terror of visitors. "When his friends of either sex came to see him, in expectation of a dinner, his custom was to give every one a shilling, that they might please themselves with their pro-

vision." Of the great Duke of Marlborough, it is said by Macaulay, that "his splendid qualities were mingled with alloy of the most sordid kind."

We will now turn to the errors of self-indulgence. Socrates, Plato, Agathon, Aristophanes, and others of the most celebrated Greeks, drank wine to a surprising extent; and Plato says, in his *Symposium*, that Socrates kept sober longer than any. Tiberius was so much addicted to this vice, that he had frequently to be carried from the senate-house. Cato was fond of the bottle. Ben Jonson delighted in copious draughts of Canary wine, and even contrived to have a pipe of that liquor added to his yearly pension as poet-laureate. The fine intellect of Coleridge was clouded over by this unhappy propensity. Montaigne indulged in sherry. The otherwise unexceptionable morality of Addison was stained by this one error. Sir Richard Steele, Fielding, and Sterne shared the prevailing taste for hard drinking. Mozart was no exception to the rule. Churchill was a very intemperate man; and Hogarth gave a ludicrous immortality to the satirist's love of porter, by representing him in the character of a bear with a mug of that liquor in its paw. Tasso aggravated his mental irritability by the use of wines, despite the entreaties of his physicians. During his long imprisonment, he speaks gratefully in his letters of some sweetmeats with which he had been supplied; and after his release, he relates with delight the good things that were provided for him by his patron, the Duke of Mantua —"the bread and fruit, the fish and flesh, the wines, sharp and brisk, and the confections." Pope, who was somewhat of an epicure, when staying at the house of his friend Lord Bolingbroke, would lie in bed for days together, unless he heard there were to be stewed lampreys for dinner, when he would forthwith arise, and make his appearance at table. Dr. Johnson had a voracious liking for a leg of mutton. "At my Aunt Ford's," he said, "I ate so much of a leg of mutton, that she used to talk of it." A gentleman once treated him to a dish of new honey and clouted cream, of which he partook so enormously, that his entertainer was alarmed.

Quin, the famous actor, has been known to travel from London to Bath, for the mere sake of dining upon a John Dory. Dr. Parr, in a private letter, confesses to his passionate love of hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp sauce. Shelley was for many years a vegetarian; and in the notes to his earliest edition of *Queen Mab*, speaks with enthusiasm of a dinner of "greens, potatoes, and turnips." Ariosto was excessively fond of turnips. He ate fast, and of whatever was nearest to him, often beginning with the bread upon the table before the other dishes came. Being visited one day by a stranger, he devoured all the dinner that was provided for both; and when afterward censured for his unpoliteness, only observed that "the gentleman should have taken care of himself." Handel ate enormously; and Dr. Kitchener relates of him, that whenever he dined at a tavern, he ordered dinner for three. On being told that all was ready as soon as the company should arrive, he would exclaim: "Den pring up de dinner *prestissimo*—I AM THE GOMBANY!" Lord Byron's favorite dish was eggs and bacon; and though he could never eat it without suffering from an attack of indigestion, he had not always sufficient firmness to resist the temptation. Lalande, the great French astronomer, would eat spiders as a relish. Linnæus delighted in chocolate; and it was he who bestowed upon it its generic name of *theobroma*, or "food of the gods." Fontenelle deemed strawberries the most delicious eating in the world; and during his last illness used to exclaim constantly: "If I can but reach the season of strawberries!"

The amusements of remarkable persons have been various, and often eccentric. The great Bayle would frequently wrap himself in his cloak, and hasten to places where mountebanks resorted: and this was his chief relaxation from the intensity of study. Spinoza delighted to set spiders fighting, and would laugh immoderately at beholding their insect warfare. Cardinal Richelieu used to seek amusement in violent exercise, and was found by De Grammont jumping with his servant, to see which could leap the highest. Cowper kept hares, and made bird-cages. Dr. Johnson was so fond of his cat, that he would even go out himself to buy oysters for puss, because his servant was too proud to do so. Goethe kept a tame snake, but hated dogs. Ariosto

delighted in gardening; but he destroyed all he planted, by turning up the mold to see if the seeds were germinating. Thomson had his garden at Richmond, respecting which the old story of how he ate peaches off the trees with his hands in his pockets is related. Gibbon was a lazy man. Coleridge was content to sit from morning till night threading the dreamy mazes of his own mind. Gray said that he wished to be always lying on sofas, reading eternal new novels of Crebillon and Marivaux. The eminent scholar, Fenton, died from sheer inactivity: he rose late, and when he had risen, sat down to his books and papers. A woman who waited upon him in his lodgings said, that "he would lie a-bed and be fed with a spoon." Contrary examples to that of Sir Walter Scott, who wrote all his finest works before breakfast!

To return to the recreations of celebrated persons. Oliver Cromwell is said to have sometimes cast aside his Puritan gravity, and played at blind-man's-buff with his daughters and attendants. Henri Quatre delighted to go about in disguise among the peasantry. Charles the Second's most innocent amusement consisted in feeding the ducks in St. James's Park, and in rearing numbers of those beautiful spaniels that still bear his name. Beethoven would splash in cold water at all times of the day, till his chamber was swamped, and the water oozed through the flooring to the rooms beneath; he would also walk out in the dewy fields at night or morning without shoes or stockings. Shelley took an unaccountable delight in floating little paper-boats on any piece of water he chanced to be near. There is a pond on Hampstead-heath which has often borne his tiny fleets; and there is an anecdote related of him—rather too good, we fear, to be true—which says, that being one day beside the Serpentine, and having no other paper in his pocket wherewith to indulge his passion for ship-building, he actually folded a bank-bill for fifty pounds into the desired shape, launched the little craft upon its voyage, watched its steady progress with paternal anxiety, and finally went over and received it in safety at the opposite side.

This paper might be extended almost indefinitely; but there must be limits, even to an essay, and certainly to the good-nature of our readers.

AN ASTRONOMICAL YEAR.

THE duration of the astronomical year, as now determined with great precision, consists of three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, forty-eight minutes, and fifty-one seconds. The real length of the year is thus six hours greater than it was according to the estimate of the old astronomers; so that, if we reckoned by their calculation, on every fourth year a day would be lost. Such a circumstance must, in a comparatively short period, produce the most awkward results: a man born in spring would, before gray hairs covered his head, have to celebrate his birthday at the end of winter; harvest would, after the lapse of a few years, have its festival in mid-summer; and the time would come when summer and winter would change names. It became therefore necessary, in all countries where the astronomical year was used, to correct the calendar at intervals, to prevent the increase of an evil for which no provision was made.

Julius Cæsar was probably the first man in authority who attempted a permanent correction of the calendar, assisted by Sosigenes, an Egyptian astronomer. Their device was, to add a day, every fourth year, to February, and the principle adopted was so excellent that it has been both retained and extended. This correction of time was ordered to be made in all countries where the Roman authority was acknowledged; and to secure a uniformity of dates, the sixth day before the kalends of March was to be reckoned twice, for which reason, the fourth year, now called leap year, was by the Romans designated bissextile. But this clever contrivance did not perfectly correct the calendar, or cause the civil and astronomical years to remain long in permanent agreement. The addition thus made every fourth year was eleven minutes more than was required for the correction; and although this may seem a trifling error, yet spread over so long a period, it soon became a very marked quantity, and in the course of centuries threatened to interfere with some social and many ecclesiastical arrangements. The Julian year, therefore, possessing an element of error, could not permanently remain in use, unless a means of absorbing the miscalculation it perpetuated could be discovered.

The necessities of the Roman Church ultimately led to the requisite improvement. The Council of Nice, which assembled in the year 325 A. D., ordered, among other matters, that Easter should be celebrated on the first Sunday after the full moon following the vernal equinox. This was a guide to many other of the Church festivals, so that any alteration in it caused a much greater confusion than at first sight appears. Now it was well known that in 325, when the council met, the 21st of March was the vernal equinox; but in the fifteenth century it fell on the twelfth day of that month — a difference sufficiently important to force upon the attention of the pope and the conclave the necessity of correcting the calendar.

This enterprise was meditated many years before it was accomplished; but it would probably have been effected in the pontificate of Sextus IV., instead of Gregory XIII., if the preliminary calculations had not been interrupted by the sudden death of John Muller, the astronomer selected to advise the pontiff, and prepare for the contemplated change. This rare genius, so well known as the founder of the printing-house at Nuremberg, though it is as an astronomer that he is most deserving honor, was summoned from his useful labors to assist the pope in correcting the calendar. He unwillingly obeyed the command, and repaired to Rome, where he had at an early period of life exhibited his great talents, to undertake the task; but the year after his arrival, in the fortieth of his age, he died, or, as some say, was murdered by the sons of an eminent Greek scholar, whom he had mortified by some severe criticisms. Sextus being thus deprived of the assistance of the man best able to accomplish his object, lost the honor of effecting his useful design.

Pope Gregory XIII. was a man of science, and we have little cause to regret that the task of reforming the calendar fell into his hands. To restore the civil year to a correspondence with the astronomical, he ordered that the 5th of October, 1582, should be called the 15th; for at that time ten days had been lost, and the vernal equinox fell on the 11th of March intead of the 21st. To prevent the intrusion of the same errors in the measurement of time in future ages, and to secure the recurrence of the festivals at the same period of the year, he further decreed that "every year whose number is not divisible by four, without a remainder, consists of three hundred and sixty-five days; every year which is so divisible, but is not divisible by one hundred, of three hundred and sixty-six; every year divisible by one hundred, but not by four hundred, of three hundred and sixty-five; and every year divisible by four hundred consists of three hundred and sixty-six. A more perfect correspondence of the civil and astronomical years will probably never be obtained than by the use of the rules enforced in this decree; for after the lapse of four thousand two hundred and thirty-seven years, the error will be less than a day. In their preparation every source of disagreement was duly estimated, and as far as possible corrected. The allowance of an extra day every fourth year is, as already explained, an excess; but this is not allowed to accumulate, for, at the commencement of every century, when it amounts to about three-fourths of a day, a deduction of one day is made. An error of about six hours is thus left as the accumulation of one hundred years, but this is not passed without correction; for every year divisible by four hundred, which ought to be a common year by the ordinary rule, is made to consist of three hundred and sixty-six days.

Little opposition would probably have been made to the introduction of these changes in any European state, so generally was the necessity of a correction admitted, had they not been enforced by the pope, under an authoritative command for the immediate and universal adoption of the reformed calendar. The princes who acknowledged the sway of the Bishop of Rome gave an uncomplaining and apparently willing compliance; but in the Protestant states the introduction of a very useful and important correction in the measurement of time was long delayed, from a recollection of the source from which it came, and the impudent assumption of a command with which it was announced. At last the Gregorian calendar was universally adopted by the European states, but by Protestant communities always with a protest against the interference of the pope, and an entire rejection of his authority. The new style was established in Great Britain by act of Parliament, as might be expected in a country so justly jealous of its civil and religious privileges, in the year 1752.

The National Magazine.

AUGUST, 1855.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

PERSONAL.—The Editor departed for Europe by the steamer *Ariel*, on the 19th of May. He left on hand ample materials for the June and July numbers. From that time, at the urgent request of Mr. Stevens, the undersigned took charge of the Magazine, has supervised the present number, and is responsible for all that may appear, with the exception of articles especially designated as editorial, until his return. Mr. Stevens will continue, during his absence, to write for the NATIONAL, and his next letter to Bishop Simpson will appear in the ensuing number, together with, as we hope, an account of his voyage, and his impressions of the old world. J. FLOY.

MARY MAGDALENE.—In our Magazine for May is an article on the family of Bethany, in which the writer alludes to the "woman who was a sinner," who anointed the feet of Jesus and wiped them with her hair. A correspondent takes umbrage at what he supposes to be an unjust aspersion of her character, in the article referred to. We are quite willing that he should be heard, with the single remark, that we are unable to imagine any special "harm" done to the Christian religion by representing Mary Magdalene, or any one else as a sinner, "prior to her conversion." We give the material part of our correspondent's letter without comment:—

> In the number of the National for May, there is an article on the "Family of Bethany," in which Mary Magdalene is represented to be the woman who anointed Christ's head in the house of the Pharisee, and is called a *sinner*. I protest against the slander, and hope you will do as much toward taking it back, as you have done in circulating it. The character of Mary Magdalene is worth everything to the Christian Church and the world; and besides harming the Christian religion by fastening so dark a stigma upon her moral character prior to her conversion, it is a very serious matter to bring a false accusation against the dead. Who dare reproach the character of that noble woman, unless he is certain that he is right in his accusation, and who can prove that the common opinion relative to Mary Magdalene has any truth in it? We should be very careful what we say about the dead; and who that is a Christian does not regard with peculiar tenderness the character of those noble women who provided for Christ's bodily wants, "ministering unto him of their substance." I verily believe that if ever a good woman suffered in her character wrongfully, it is Mary of Magdala, and I also believe that it is time that the friends of Christ came to her rescue.

DRESS.—The Hon. Miss Murray, sister of a Scotch duke, and maid of honor to Queen Victoria, has been staying for some days in New-York. Miss Murray is a lady of fine person, robust health, and uncommon energy of character—about thirty-five years of age. Her frank and cordial manners, her intelligence and great kindness of heart, secured her many friends. She appears, however, to have been struck with amazement at the extravagant expenditure, the helplessness, and the ill-health of that unfortunate class of beings, the fashionable women of our cities. Miss Murray, like the fashionable women of Europe, dresses so plainly that it probably costs her less to dress a whole year, than many a New-York lady expends for half-a-dozen handkerchiefs. It is a settled thing in Europe, that extravagance in dress is the very extreme of vulgarity, and is never indulged in except by those whose only claim is their length of purse.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.—We copy from one of the city papers the following advertisement:—

> "To ORGANISTS and CHOIR SINGERS.—The Vestry of an Episcopal Church in the upper part of the city wish to engage, at such moderate rates as their present means will allow, an ORGANIST, a BASE, a TENOR, and a SOPRANO. Parties open to such an engagement will please address, with references, stating the lowest terms they would be willing to accept for one year, Episcopal Committee, Box 270, Post Office."

A very judicious body of men, this vestry. If the people will not praise God in the sanctuary, they feel the necessity of having it done by "parties open to such an engagement." But then if they must pay for the praises offered to the Most High, they want them offered artistically. They must have a *Soprano*, as well as a *Base* and a *Tenor*. How delicately they hint, too, that theirs is a fashionable congregation! Their church is "in the upper part of the city;" to be sure they are in rather straightened circumstances—poor as well as proud. Hence applicants must "state the lowest terms" on which they are willing to sing God's praises on the Sabbath. They can only afford "such moderate rates as their present means will allow." Their *present* means—another gentle insinuation that they may do better hereafter, that is, pay more, if, as they expect, the musical talent they are in quest of should, in the slang of the theatre, *draw*.

Seriously, and without reference to the particular case above referred to, or to the Christian denomination from which the advertisement emanates, the practice of hiring men and women to do what the people ought to be taught to do voluntarily and heartily, is worthy of the reprobation of all who would not have God's house made a place of merchandise.

IS THERE ANYTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN?—Macaulay's celebrated picturesque idea of a New-Zealander, at some future time, musing over the ruins of London, has been attributed, we know not on what authority, to Sydney Smith. Kirke White has the germ of the idea; but the original, so far as we have been able to trace it, belongs to Horace Walpole. In one of his letters he has this passage:—

> "The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will, perhaps, be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New-York, and in time, a Virgil at Mexico, and a Newton at Peru. At last some curious traveler from *Lima* will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Baalbec and Palmyra."

With regard to the two famous lines in Lochiel's warning—

> "'T is the sunset of life gives *me* mystical lore,
> And coming events cast their shadows before"—

the following memorial has been preserved. The poet was on a visit at Minto. He had gone early to bed, and, still meditating on the wizard's

"warning," fell fast asleep. In the night he awoke repeating, "Events to come cast their shadows before;" that was the idea he had been in search of nearly a whole week. He rang the bell more than once with increased force. At last the servant appeared. The poet was sitting with one foot in the bed and the other on the floor, with an air of mingled inspiration and patience. "Sir, are you ill?" inquired the servant. "Ill! never felt better in my life. Leave me the candle, and oblige me with a cup of tea as soon as possible." He then started to his feet, seized hold of the pen, and wrote down the happy thought, but as he wrote changed the words "events to come" into "coming events," as it now stands in the text. Looking to his watch he observed that it was two o'clock, the right hour for a poet's dream; and over his "cup of tea" he completed the first sketch of Lochiel.

A similar thought occurs in Shelley's Defense of Poetry: "Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of *the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present.*"

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British Loyalty in Danger.—A Canadian paper dolefully laments the extensive circulation of newspapers and magazines published on this side of the line. The editor fears that this wide dissemination of Yankee thought throughout Her Majesty's dominions will tend to supplant British loyalty by a tone of republican independence. The remedy is in their own hands. Let them print better periodicals and sell them cheaper.

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Determination.—"The longer I live," says Sir T. F. Buxton, "the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed in, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

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A Decimal Currency.—Our Canadian neighbors are striving hard to get a decimal currency, and from present appearances will eventually be successful. In this respect, Canada is ahead of the United States; for while nominally we have one, practically we have not; and though the utility of a practical decimal currency is becoming more and more apparent, there is not the slightest effort made to secure so desirable an object. The truth is, Mexican shillings and sixpences have almost entirely superseded our own currency.

In our northern states the terms dime or half-dime are seldom mentioned, but in their stead we hear of shillings and pence. While in our state there are twelve pence in a shilling, and eight shillings to the dollar, in Massachusetts a Mexican shilling is a "ninepence"—and there are 16 ⅔ cents to the shilling. Intrinsically the Mexican shillings are not worth more than a dime, yet they pass for twelve and a half cents.

Were Congress to pass a law making a Mexican "shilling" of the value of ten cents, a sixpence five cents, &c., it would, we think, remedy the evil, and do away altogether with the vexatious half cent. A decimal currency is the simplest and most convenient, and should, we think, be put in practical use. The Mexican pieces are, we are aware, at times a convenience—but so are they a great nuisance. Let us, then, have a good, sound, practical decimal currency, and that right speedily, and either reduce Mexican pieces to their real value, or abolish them altogether from the country.

There will, however, still be a difficulty in making exact change when a sum less than a dollar is to be divided into quarters. With the coins of the United States it is impossible to pay an eighth of a dollar or a quarter of fifty cents. This may be remedied by reducing the value of the present three cent pieces to two and a half cents, or by striking a new coin of that value.

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Death of Jessy Lewars.—Mrs. Thomson, the Jessy Lewars of Robert Burns, died recently at Dumfries, in Scotland, at the age of fourscore.

Persons familiar with the life of the poet will remember that Jessy Lewars was on the most intimate terms with Burns and his family. Her father had been supervisor of excise for the district, but died some years before the poet, and Miss Jessy Lewars, during most of the time that the poet lived in Dumfries, resided with her brother, John Lewars, who was then an officer of excise, and who became afterward also supervisor of the district.

Jessy, some years after the poet's death, was married to Mr. Alexander Thomson, writer in Dumfries, who died in 1849, and was succeeded in business by his son. Mrs. Thomson, in personal appearance, was tall, somewhat stout, with a beautiful blue eye. She was of a cheerful disposition, with a kindness and openheartedness which endeared her to all; but her warm friendship for and unremitting attention to the poet constitute the claims which the memory of Jessy Lewars has upon the affection and grateful remembrance of the admirers of Robert Burns. When in his later days evil reports as to the tendency of his political opinions and his private conduct had alienated many of his acquaintances, Jessy Lewars, with her brother and sister, became the more unremitting and constant in their friendship.

With such opportunities of judging of the poet's sentiments and character, and herself eminently qualified, by her strong religious opinions and mental capacity, to speak on such a subject, it becomes interesting to know that Jessy Lewars frequently stated that there never was a man more maligned than the poet, and that especially he was by no means so intemperate as he was said to be.

At the poet's death, Jessy Lewars possessed a great many manuscripts and letters of the poet. These she gave to Dr. Maxwell, of Dumfries, to be forwarded to Dr. Currie for the biography, and it was often a cause of great regret to her that none of them were returned.

She possessed the MS. of "The Blue-eyed Lassie," two verses on the back of a bill for an exhibition of wild beasts in Dumfries, and a presentation copy of Johnson's Miscellany, with verses in the handwriting of the poet. Two

large glasses, referred to in "The Life of the Poet," on which he wrote some verses with a diamond, were unfortunately broken in a thousand pieces by the carelessness of a servant who was carrying them from one house to another in Dumfries. Few have lived more respected and beloved than Jessy Lewars, and so long as the human heart beats in unison with anything that is noble in genius and sentiment, so long will the name of Jessy Lewars, the affectionate and constant friend of Robert Burns, be dear to the admirers of Scotland's poet.

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ARMAGEDDON AND SEBASTOPOL.—A writer in one of the English Magazines recently put forth a statement that Sebastopol, in Greek, has the same meaning as Armageddon in Hebrew. The Rev. Dr. Cumming, a divine of some reputation in Great Britain, seized at once upon the idea, and not having the intelligence or sagacity to put the matter to the test, he proceeded, upon the basis of this discovery, to lay open the seals, trumpets, and thunders of revelation, proving, no doubt, to his own satisfaction, that the siege of Sebastopol is the final battle of the world, and that when it is over the new heavens and the new earth will appear. Unfortunately for the good doctor, after publishing his hypothesis with the inferences thence derived, every scholastic reader at once discovered that Sebastopol and Armageddon had no more linguistic affinity than Bonaparte and Bashan—indeed, much less. Dr. Cumming, however, notwithstanding this discomfiture, sticks to that part of his text wherein he says that the end of the world will happen in the year 1865.

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LATE AUCTION SALES.—The extraordinary prices brought for certain articles of taste, which were sold on the 10th ult. in England, are exciting the attention of the curious in such matters. Two Sevres vases, standing only a few inches high, were knocked down at 1,850 guineas. They were described as "a pair of vases, rose du Barri, each painted with two groups of cupids, in medallions, the curved leaf-shaped lips forming handles on ormulu plinths, fourteen and a half inches." Mr. Henry Hope was the purchaser of these articles, which cost the former owner £200. Another pair of elegant form turquoise, painted with oval medallions of a shepherdess with a sheep and a dog, and a girl bathing the feet, &c., height eighteen inches, was sold for 1,350 guineas. Among the curious objects dispersed at this sale is a large crystal, on which is engraved scenes in the history of Susannah. It is mounted in copper gilt, the work of the fifteenth century. Round the central compartment is the inscription, *Lothaios, Rex Franc., fieri fecit.* From the account, published by Martene and Durand in 1727, it would appear, that this crystal was then belonging to the Abbey of Vasor, on the Meuse. The art is of the same character as the illuminations in the MSS. of the period, but much finer in style. It is remarkable that the French antiquaries suffered such a singular and unique object to escape them. It was knocked down to the British Museum for £267, a price, in the estimation of competent judges, much below its real value. It is said to have been purchased at Brussels for ten francs, and subsequently sold to Mr. Bernal for as many pounds. Mr. Franks, who exhibited casts of this crystal at a recent meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, is preparing an account of it, to be read before that body.

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FULLY EXPLAIN YOUR TEXT.—Mr. Wesley says, "The less knowledge you take for granted among uneducated people the better. Suppose you preach on the text, 'Unless your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven,' I beg you will not take it for granted that your hearers know what Pharisees are; for I met a person once, and who was quite a Bible reader, who describes the Pharisees as a 'little people, not positively wicked, but inclined to mischief.' I could not imagine what the good woman meant, till at last the truth flashed upon me. She took them for *fairies!*"

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KOSSUTH.—The celebrated Magyar, in a recent letter, published in one of our city papers, says of himself:—

"I am a Protestant by birth, education, and conviction. I belong to that community which profess in principle the Augsburgian evangelical confession. So the followers of Luther call themselves, and are called in the covenants and fundamental treatises to which our persecuted ancestors, (I have some among mine who died on the scaffold, others who died in exile for religion's sake,) sword in hand, have pledged the Hapsburg in faith and oath."

Of the peculiar religious tenets of his people he says:—

"Having seen from the history of the Reformation that Luther was compelled by circumstances to accept a compromise about some doctrines, we do not consider ourselves bound even by his interpretation to a special dogmatism; not even he is infallible with us, and not he an imperative authority; the Bible is. Thus it came to pass, for instance, that our community did absolutely not interfere with those parishes which desired their ministers not to put to them the question, on administering the Lord's supper, whether those who approach the table of the Lord do believe the formula of Luther in regard to the mystery of the Lord's supper.

"The Bible relating to it being read, the feast made a feast of pious recollection, repentance of sins, mutual forgiveness of evils—a feast of love and fraternity—it was thought to conform with our doctrines to leave the mystery to the individual conscience of each man. Had any parish substituted authoritatively another dogma for that formula which they left out, we would have considered them as seceding from our community; but having propounded the Bible, and left the dogma to each man's conscience, they were and remained of our creed.

"Upon this principle, in several places, the Lutherans and Calvinists united in receiving the communion together, without being considered seceders from their own community.

"Such is the character of that religion I profess, and the organization of the Church to which I belong. The Bible and perfect autonomy is its basis. Alas, that autonomy in Church and school is crushed under the iron rule of the Jesuitical Hapsburgs, reinstalled to power by Russian bayonets. But it is and will remain alive, indomitable in the conscience of individuals; and so may God bless us as we shall neither cease nor rest till we have reintegrated the collective personality of our nation to the inalienable right of freedom and autonomy, religious, civil and political."

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NEAT COMPLIMENT.—At a recent meeting of the Horticultural Society of this city, Dr. Osgood was unexpectedly called upon to address the meeting in absence of the poet Bryant, who had been expected, but was detained by illness. The speaker paid a playful tribute to Mr. Bryant as being a grower of fairer and more enduring flowers than any that bloom in his own rural

home at Roslyn. For himself he had no claim to represent him or the flowers; and the best that he could say for himself was to quote the saying of the Persian Saadi, about the clod whose fragrance charmed him in his garden walk. "What are you?" said the poet to the clod: "are you musk or amber, that you fill the air with sweetness?" "Alas, I am nothing but earth," said the clod; "but roses have grown near me, and their fragrance has filled my whole being." So I say this evening: I claim to be only earth, a clod among the flowers; and if my speech has any sweetness, the sweetness must be theirs.

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ROSSINI IN PARIS.—A correspondent of one of the Parisian journals thus speaks of this eminent musical composer:—

"Rossini has arrived in Paris. This is the happiest and most important musical event of the week. To this excellent piece of news I can add another, which is still better and equally certain—there is every hope that the health of the sovereign maestro will be completely restored.

'Che sovra gli altri come aquila vola.'

"All that science can do to preserve such a valued life for many long days will of course be done. His ordinary physician has already had several consultations with some of the most distinguished members of the faculty in Paris. If all who owe to the immortal author of William Tell, Moses and the Barber, hours of ineffable beatitude, of exquisite enjoyment, were to leave their names at Rossini's door, we should see an immense procession from sunrise to sunset for days without number.

"Many private friends of the master, however desirous they were to contemplate those fine and intelligent features which age and suffering have changed but very little, contented themselves with leaving their cards and good wishes at the threshold of his august abode, and abstained from feelings of delicacy from any attempt to disturb the privacy of the first days of his installation in Paris. Others, either less timid or more intimate, could not resist the desire to press to their heart the old friend so long absent, and who had been represented by correspondence as much more seriously ill than he really was."

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THE MONTHLY RELIGIOUS PRESS OF ENGLAND.—An English pastor furnishes for *The Congregationalist*, from which we copy, the following statement relative to the religious monthlies of England:—

The *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* is not only the oldest, but among the most respectable of the monthlies. It was projected by John Wesley, in the year 1778, and it has without flagging held on its way to the present day. It has been enlarged and improved at various times; and if, in nothing else, with regard to all that is merely mechanical, it has well nigh reached perfection. There are about it no traces of carelessness or haste; it is in all respects fit for the best tables in the land. But its literary claims are decidedly great. It contains a vast amount of solid thought and excellent suggestion; and is, withal, richly evangelical and sternly Protestant in its tone. Its present editors are the Rev. W. L. Thornton, and the Rev. W. H. Rule. Mr. Thornton is a most accomplished writer, eminent for his suavity, yet manly in his tone; not less eminent for his catholicity, while strongly attached to his own Wesleyan tenets. Mr. Rule is more distinguished as an author; his published works are now becoming voluminous. He is a perfect master of history and the Papal controversy. He is endowed with real genius for the reproduction of the past. His "Brand of Dominic," "Third Crusade," and "Mohammed II.," are corroborative of this.

The *Evangelical Magazine* comes next in point of age. It is one of the most welcome of my monthly visitors, and there is always much to instruct and to cheer in its issues. Toward the *Evangelical* we cherish the best wishes, both on account of its simplicity and hard-won honors, and the excellent object to which the profits arising from its sale are devoted.

Dr. John Morison, minister of the Congregational Chapel, Brompton, London, occupies the editorial throne, having succeeded the Rev. George Burder thirty years ago. This magazine gives a beautiful portrait of some Independent minister with every number, and seventy two pages of matter, for sixpence. Its circulation verges on fifteen thousand copies monthly, and the profits, amounting to about £1,400 a year, are given to the poor widows of Independent ministers.

The *Homilist* is preëminently adapted for circulation among the intellectual and philosophic. Its editor is the Rev. David Thomas, a young minister in London, of rising fame. It is not intended exclusively for ministers, but is a work for all *thinkers*. If a man cannot *think*, he had better fight shy of the *Homilist*: for its standard is a lofty one, and it is every way fitted to purify the spirit and heighten the tone of pulpit literature. It is, beyond all question, the most suggestive and philosophical journal of the day; and every page is redolent of life and vigor. It is entirely original, the fruit chiefly of the editor's own masculine mind. If any objection were made, it would be on the score of a too prodigal expenditure of mental wealth. Gilfillan says that "Arnold would have loved it, and Coleridge written for it."

The *Christian Witness* was started nine years ago by Dr. John Campbell, under the auspices of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. It is a prodigy of cheapness, giving forty-eight closely printed pages for threepence, or six cents. It is always full of life, variety, and information. The profits are devoted to the assistance of aged ministers, who are in necessitous circumstances, belonging to the Congregational Union. About £1000 annually are employed in this manner. The doctor is thoroughly independent in his course, and has occasionally been brought into collision, not only with other denominations, but with some of his own brethren both of the press and of the pulpit. Besides the *Christian Witness*, Dr. Campbell also edits the *Christian Magazine* and the *British Banner*—so that his labors are of the Herculean order.

The *Monthly Christian Spectator* is now in its fifth year, and is conducted by some of the most intellectual and daring of our young Baptist and Independent ministers. It has nothing to do with the beaten ruts of orthodoxy, and all religious cant it most earnestly reprobates. At first it was frowned upon by the grave seniors; but is now viewed with greater favor. For original thought, mental freedom, animation, and eloquence, it is far ahead of the older and princely orthodox magazines.

The *Baptist Magazine* is one of the fathers in periodical literature, edited by the Rev. W. Groser. This magazine, although respectable in appearance, is perhaps the very feeblest of our denominational organs. The editor is an invalid, and having no assistance, is dependent upon the *voluntary* contributions of his friends to an extent far too large; so that no one would care to look into his magazine but for the current news of the denomination. Strange it is that the Baptist denomination, possessing some of the master minds of Britain, has not long ago displaced Mr. Groser.

The *Bible and the People* is the title of a small monthly edited by the Rev. Brewin Grant of Birmingham. This magazine, like Mr. Grant himself, is devoted to the overthrow of infidelity, and the defense of the Bible. It is altogether warlike; but its weapons are good, and it is destructive only of error and vice.

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HOUSTON—THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.—A life of General Houston has been published which records many interesting adventures, and among them an account of the battle of San Jacinto. The details of the fight are horrible; we can hardly give a better lesson on the murderous iniquity of war than by a few extracts:—

"The day was now wearing away," says the biographer, "it was three o'clock in the afternoon, and yet the enemy kept concealed behind his breastworks, and manifested no disposition to come to an engagement. Events had taken just such a current as Houston expected and desired, and he began to prepare for battle.

"Those who expect a minute and accurate account of this engagement, from the writer, or any one else, must be disappointed; for no such description can ever be written. It was a slaughter, more than a

battle. We can only give the reader an idea of the position of both armies when the engagement began—fill up the interval of the next few minutes with blood, and smoke, and cries, and slaughter—and then tell the almost incredible result. The two armies were now drawn up in complete order. There were seven hundred Texans on the field, and Santa Anna's troops numbered over eighteen hundred.

"Everything was now ready, and every man at his post, waiting for the charge. The two six-pounders had commenced a well-directed fire of grape and canister, and they shattered bones and baggage where they struck. The moment had at last come. Houston ordered the charge, and sounded out the war-cry, 'Remember the Alamo.' These magic words struck the ear of every soldier at the same instant, and 'the Alamo! the Alamo!' went up from the army in one wild scream, which sent terror through the Mexican host. At that moment a rider came up on a horse covered with mire and foam, swinging an ax over his head, and dashed along the Texan lines, crying out, as he had been instructed to do, 'I have cut down Vince's bridge—now fight for your lives, and remember the Alamo,' and then the solid phalanx, which had been held back for a moment at the announcement, launched forward upon the breastwork like an avalanche of fire. Houston spurred his horse on at the head of the center column, right into the face of the foe.

"The Mexican army was drawn up in perfect order, ready to receive the attack, and when the Texans were within about sixty paces, and before they had fired a rifle, a general flash was seen along the Mexican lines, and a storm of bullets went flying over the Texan army. They fired too high, but several balls struck Houston's horse in the breast, and one ball shattered the general's ankle. The noble animal staggered for a moment, but Houston spurred him on. If the first discharge of the Mexicans had been well-directed, it would have thinned the Texan ranks. But they pressed on, reserving their fire till each man could choose some particular soldier for his target; and before the Mexicans could reload, a murderous discharge of rifle balls was poured into their very bosoms. The Texan soldiers rushed on. They were without bayonets, but they converted their rifles into war-clubs, and leveled them upon the heads of Santa Anna's men. Along the breastwork there was a little more firing of muskets or rifles—it was a desperate struggle, hand to hand. The Texans, when they had broken off their rifles at the breech, by smashing in the skulls of their enemies, flung them down, and drew their pistols. They fired them once, and having no time to reload, hurled them against the heads of their foes; and then drawing forth their bowie-knives, literally cut their way through dense masses of living flesh.

"It would be a gross mistake to suppose that the Mexicans played the coward that day—for they were slain by hundreds in the ranks where they stood when the battle began—but the fierce vengeance of the Texans could not be resisted. They fought as none but men can fight, when they are striking for their homes, their families, and their dead kindred. The Mexican officers and men stood firm for a time, but the Texans stamped on them as fast as they fell, and trampled the prostrate and the dying down with the dead, and clambering over the groaning, bleeding mass, plunged their knives into the bosoms of those in the rear. When they saw that the dreadful onset of their foe could not be resisted, they either attempted to fly, and were stabbed in the back, or fell on their knees to plead for mercy, crying, 'Me no Alamo!' 'Me no Alamo!' 'Me no Alamo!' These unfortunate slaves of the Mexican tyrant had witnessed that brutal massacre of brave men, and now they could think of no other claim for mercy, but the plea that they were not there; for they knew the day of vengeance for the Alamo had at last come.

"But before the center breastwork had been carried, the right and left wings of the enemy had been put to rout or slaughter. The Mexicans, however, not only stood their ground at first, but made several bold charges upon the Texan lines.

"A division of their infantry, of more than five hundred men, made a gallant and well-directed charge upon the battalion of Texan infantry. Seeing them hard pressed, by a force of three to one, the commander-in-chief dashed between them and the enemy's column, exclaiming: 'Come on, my brave fellows, your general leads you.'

"The battalion halted and wheeled into perfect order, like a veteran corps, and Houston gave the order to fire. If the guns of the Texans had all been moved by machinery, they could not have been fired nearer the same instant. There was a single explosion—the battalion rushed through the smoke, and those who had not been prostrated by the bullets, were struck down by the cleaving blows of uplifted rifles; and the leveled column was trampled into the mire together. Of the five hundred, only thirty-two lived, even to surrender as prisoners of war.

"On starting out from our camp, to enter upon the attack, I saw an old man, by the name of Curtis, carrying two guns. I asked him what reason he had for carrying more than one gun. He answered: "The Mexicans killed my son and son-in-law in the Alamo, and I intend to kill two of them for it, or be killed myself.' I saw the old man again during the fight, and he told me 'he had killed his two men; and if he could find Santa Anna himself, he would cut out a razor strap from his back.'

"The flight had now become universal. The Texans had left on the ground, where the battle began, more than their entire number, dying and dead; and far away over the prairie they were chasing the flying, and following up the slaughter. Multitudes were overtaken and killed as they were making their escape through the deep grass. The Mexican cavalry were well mounted, and after the event they struck deep their spurs into their fleet horses, and turned their heads toward Vince's Bridge. They were hotly pursued by the victors; and when the latter came up, the most appalling spectacle, perhaps, of the entire day, was witnessed. When the fugitive horsemen saw that the bridge was gone, some of them, in their desperation, spurred their horses down the steep bank; others dismounted and plunged in the stream; some were entangled in their trappings, and were dragged down with their struggling steeds; others sunk at once to the bottom; while those whose horses reached the opposite bank, fell backward into the river. In the mean time, while they were struggling with the flood, their pursuers, who had come up, were pouring down upon them a deadly fire, which cut off all escape. Horses and men, by hundreds, rolled down together; the waters were red with their blood, and filled with their dying gurgles. The deep, turbid stream was literally choked with the dead!"

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Negotiations for a treaty for the mutual protection of literary and artistic property have for some time been carried on between the governments of France and England; and there is every probability that they will be brought to a satisfactory conclusion. The only point on which any difference of opinion is understood to exist is as to the length of time for which the protection is to run.

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A sarcophagus, apparently of immense antiquity, was, says a Smyrna newspaper, recently discovered at Sayda. A dispute arose as to whom it should belong, but the government at Constantinople put an end to it by ordering the sarcophagus to be sent to that city. It bears an inscription in the Phenician language.

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A Persian poet says: The heavens are a point from the pen of God's perfection; the world is a bud from the bower of his beauty; the sun is a spark from the light of his wisdom; and the sky is a bubble on the sea of his power. His beauty is free from the spot of sin, hidden in the thick vail of darkness; he made mirrors of the worlds, and threw a reflection from his own face on every atom.

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A certain writer of evident good sense and good taste says:—In literature I am fond of confining myself to the best company, which consists chiefly of my old acquaintance, with whom I am desirous of becoming more intimate; and I suspect that nine times out of ten it is more profitable, if not more agreeable, to read an old book over again, than to read a new one for the first time.

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

Our New-England literature is becoming rich in historical records. Few countries have such a history to write, and fewer still have been favored with such worthy and appreciative historians. The charming records of the old annalists, and the quaint inscriptions of Puritan secretaries and clerks are now, with reverent affection and fidelity, sought out in their various hiding places, and reproduced in all their ancient simplicity of rhetoric and orthography. Every city and town, almost, includes among its *institutions* an historical society; and gentlemen of leisure, and *con amore* antiquarians, in all these municipalities, are earnestly engaged in gathering up all the vanishing incidents and historical records of the heroic age of New-England. The material is accumulating so rapidly that it is well-nigh impossible to keep up with these loving cultivators of the past. The very *seeds* of history and all the antiquated and musty documents that ordinarily are sealed to all but those who write the story of the world for the million readers, are now hurried out from the press, in the most tempting forms, upon spotless paper, and in generous type.

The old Bay State herself has caught the prevailing enthusiasm, and is now reprinting her old colonial records, in a style of almost matchless perfection. "The Records of the Colony of the Massachusetts Bay in New-England" have just been completed. They form six royal octavo volumes; and while they exhibit the filial respect of the state for its noble origin and history, they serve, in their mechanical execution, as a favorable exponent of the progress and triumphs of the arts among us. Under the direction of the intelligent Secretary of State, Honorable E. M. Wright, who, in the preparation of these volumes, has so worthily expressed the sentiments of the state, and subjected to the painstaking supervision of Dr. N. B. Shurtleff, than whom no one is better fitted by taste or cultivation for the office of editor, the Records of the Plymouth Colony, until it was merged with Massachusetts, into a provincial government, are to be published in the same style of typographical beauty.

The Massachusetts Records extend from 1628 to 1686. It is impossible to open the pages of these beautiful volumes without being beguiled into reading and tempted to make salient and instructive extracts. In glancing over the last volume, among the records of the "great and general court" held at Boston, November 3d, 1675, we find the following preamble and resolutions, which, in some respects, are appropriate enough to be a "tract for the times:" "Whereas the most wise and holy God, for severall yeares past, hath not only warned us by his word, but chastized us with his rods, inflicting vpon vs many generall (theugh lesser) judgments, but wee have neither heard the word nor rod as we ought, so as to be effectually humbled for our sinns to repent of them, reforme, and amend our wayes; hence it is the righteous God hath heightened our calamity, and given comission to the barbarous heathen to rise vp against us, and to become a smart rod and severe scourge to us, in burning and depopulating seuerall hopefull plantations, murdering many of our people of all sorts, and seeming as it were to cast us off, and putting us to shame, and not going forth with our armies, heereby speaking aloud to us to search and try our wayes, and turne againe vnto the Lord our God, from whom we have departed with a great backsliding.

"1. The court, apprehending there is too great a neglect of discipline in the Churches, and especially respecting those that are their children, through the now acknowledgment of them according to the order of the Gospell; in watching over them, as well as chattechising of them, inquiring into theire spirittuall estates, that, being brought to take hold of the couenant, they may acknowledge and be acknowledged according to theire relations to God and to his Church, and their obligations to be the Lord's and to approve themselves so to be by a suitable profession and conversation; and doe therefore solemnly recomend it vnto the respective elders and bretheren of the seuerall Churches throughout this jurisdiction, to take effectuall course for reformation herein.

"2. Whereas there is manifest pride openly appearing among us in that long haire, like weomens haire, is worne by some men, either theire owne or other haire made into perewiggs, and by some weomen wearing borders of hajre, and theire cutting, curling, and imodest laying out their haire, which practise doeth prevayle and increase, especially amongst the younger sort,—This Court doeth declare against this ill custome as offencive to them, and diuers sober Christians amongst us, and therefore doe hereby exhort and advise all persons to vse moderation in this respect; and further, doe impower all grand jurjes to present to the County Court such persons, whither male or female, whom they shall judge to exceede in the premisses; and the County Courts are hereby authorized to proceed against such delinquents either by admonition, fine, or correction, according to their good discretion.

"3. Notwithstanding the wholesome lawes already made by this Court for restreyning excesse in apparrell, yet through corruption in many, and neglect of due execution of those lawes, the euill of pride in apparrell, both for costlines in the poorer sort, and vajne, new, strainge fashions, both in poore and rich, *with naked breasts and armes*, or, as it were, pinioned with the addition of superstitious ribbons both on hajre and apparrell; for redress whereof, it is ordered by this court, that the County Courts, from time to time, doe give strict charge to present all such persons as they shall judge to exceed in that kinde, and if the grand jury shall neglect their duty herein, the County Court shall impose a fine upon them at their discretion." Fourteen such occasions for divine discipline are solemnly recorded by this general court; for they were "painful" and faithful men in these days, watching carefully over the manners and morals of the community. It would be a wholesome work to extract the remainder of this "act" if there were space, consisting of "reminders" to mechanics and merchants who charged too much for their work, or made too much profit upon their commodities, (it is to be hoped that the flour dealers will look at this "solemn" advice,) and to all idle and dissolute persons. The twelfth resolution reads as follows:—

"Whereas there is a loose and sinful custome of going or riding from toune to toune, and that oft times men and weomen together, vpon pretence of going to lecture, but it appeares to be meerely to drincke and reuell in ordinarys and tavernes, which is in itself scandalous, and it is to be feared a notable meane to debauch our youth and hazard the chastity of such as are drawn forth thereto, for prevention whereof,"—the court goes on to apply the most summary process of cure. It is very evident that prohibitory laws were constitutional in those days. We may look into this treasure house of practical wisdom again hereafter. These are the records of Massachusetts during the eventful colonial period; and as a fitting commentary upon them we have, just published, in a handsome octavo, by Phillips, Sampson & Co., "The History of Massachusetts—the Colonial Period. By John Stelson Barry." This volume has been announced by the press, and has been expected with no inconsiderable interest; as certain important historical manuscripts had fallen, for the first time, into the hands of a New-England historian. The volume seems to be faithfully written, and its always interesting annals are told in a clear and entertaining style. It will find a ready welcome in all New-England homes, and will be sought after by her wandering sons all over the States. A succeeding volume will continue the history down to revolutionary days. This is one of the most interesting and valuable publications of the season.

New-England had both a glorious political and ecclesiastical history; sometimes, indeed, the two were very closely intermingled together. Her religious system was rigid, sometimes proscriptive, marked with the weakness and superstition of the times, but always downright and earnest, full of noble principles, and prompting the most generous sacrifices for the truth's sake. Their weaknesses were of the times, their strength of God; they laid the foundations of our liberties, in toil and in tears, upon Christ as a sustaining "rock," and they painfully built up upon it a worthy superstructure. This portion of our history is not without a faithful disciple and exponent, Joseph B. Felt, who for twenty years has made this subject his special study, and who has enjoyed extraordinary opportunities for its investigation, and has brought out the first volume of his life work. It is entitled "The Ecclesiastical History of New-England, comprising not only Religious, but also Moral and other Relations." It bears the imprint of the Congregational Library Association, and shows marks of careful study on every page; it is full of details, but so skillfully are they arranged as to hold and charm the attention. It will be sought after by the student and the minister, and form another addition to the noble and now enlarged library of New-England illustrations. We may recur to its contents in some subsequent letter.

Just at this crisis, another interesting record of the same period is issued from the press. Little,

Brown & Co. have just published, in a handsome duodecimo, "The Life of Sir William Pepperrell, Bart., the only native of New-England who was created a Baronet during our Connection with the Mother Country. By Usher Parsons." This is a very pleasantly written memoir of the "Hero of Louisbourg," a native American, born in Kitting, N. H., becoming a merchant prince, and finally the leader of the New-England militia in a battle and siege, the result of which produced a profound impression in its day. Mr. Drake, in his "History of Boston," now publishing in numbers, and one of the most entertaining antiquarian chronicles of the day, says, "Few events have caused such rejoicing in Boston, as did the reception of the news of the capture of Louisbourg. An express packet arrived in the night of the second of July, bringing dispatches from Lieutenant-General Pepperrell, containing the account that that stronghold of the power of France, in America, had surrendered. As soon as it was day the intelligence was communicated to the town by the officers of the military, with three discharges of small arms; at which summons, the people, of all ranks, arose from their bed, to joy and thanksgiving, and each one severally contributed their part to wear away the day in rejoicing. In the evening there was a very handsome bonfire on the glad occasion, and the town universally illuminated, with all other public testimonies of joy, with a surprising decency and good order." The editor has made good use of his materials, and prepared a characteristic and interesting memoir both of his hero and of the times in which he lived.

The record of this wealthy and intelligent merchant's life reminds us of another volume of biography which we have of late perused with interest. This is the unpublished life of the late Amos Lawrence, by his son, W. R. Lawrence, M. D. If the family would permit its general circulation, it would both be welcomed by the reading public, and be of eminent service to young merchants, and to young men of every form of business or profession. He commenced in Boston with a capital of eighteen dollars, a good country school education, sound principles, which never depreciated, and tireless activity. Before he died, his annual income some years amounted to between seventy and eighty thousand dollars—varying somewhat with the rise and fall of factory stocks. For twenty years, on account of delicate health, he was not engaged in active business, but devoted his time and strength to labors of benevolence. He fairly made the doing of good the business of his life, and managed this beautiful and blessed work with as much skill and ardor as he had been accustomed to arrange his daily business. During these years he had the pleasure of bestowing about "seven hundred thousand dollars" upon institutions of learning, and subjects and objects demanding aid and charity.

The memoir is admirably written, manifesting filial affection and honest admiration, but with extreme delicacy and truthfulness. His endowments of colleges and academies have perpetuated his good deeds, and being dead he yet speaketh. Thousands who drink at these fountains of learning will bless his memory and imbibe his spirit.

The new Library edifice for our city, worthy the large collection of books all ready for its shelves, and the larger donation still to come, is gradually rising from its foundations, just at the foot of the Common, and *vis-a-vis* to the State House upon the opposite eminence.

A well-conceived monument to Warren, the martyr of Bunker Hill, is in execution, the model having been accepted, and the funds subscribed for its preparation.

Ball Hughes has executed a beautiful and characteristic group, called "The Lamplighter," founded upon, and illustrating the charming story bearing this title.

The publishers of Dr. Worcester's Dictionaries, Messrs. Hickling, Swan & Brown, are bringing through their press a new quarto edition, greatly enlarged, carefully edited, and finely illustrated, which will be a powerful reinforcement to the Boston side, in this war of words, and protract the dictionary controversy another generation. The mechanical execution of the work will be admirable, and no pains, or study, or scholarship, will be wanting to secure the highest excellence in its interior preparation. The same publishers are enjoying an encouraging sale of the Earl of Carlisle's (the Lord Morpeth of American travel) "Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters." The volume is written with great simplicity and beauty, and covering the scene of the existing European struggles, has an additional interest. It is the manly record of an intelligent, reflecting scholar, giving ample time and careful attention to the examination of the present physical and social state of lands which have both a classic and modern history. No one can read the volume without interest and profit. Dr. Felton's charming notes make one's mouth water for the volume of his own travels over nearly the same sites, which is promised at a future day.

Crosby, Nichols & Co. announce, as in press, "Travels and Truth Pictures of a European Tour. By Rev. C. A. Bartol, 1 vol. 12mo.;" "The Lake Shore, or, the Slave, the Serf, and the Apprentice. By Emile Souvestre, author of the Attic Philosopher in Paris, translated from the French;" "Metrical Pieces, Original and Translated. By N. L. Frothingham, D.D.;" and "The Beginning and Growth of the Christian Life." The same publishers have just issued an interesting volume of doctrinal sermons, by George W. Burnap, D. D., entitled "Christianity, its Essence and Evidence; or, an Analysis of the New Testament into Historical Facts, Doctrines, Opinions, and Phraseology." It is especially worthy of consideration, as presenting an elaborate examination and refutation of European Rationalism from the stand-point of "Liberal Christianity." Its admission and premises will not commend themselves to many of your readers, but its argument is enriched by scholarly learning and a beautiful rhetoric, and so far as the rationalistic theories with which it battles is concerned, is irrefutable.

Ticknor and Fields are about to publish the fifth edition of Mr. Hillard's admirable volumes of travel, and critical examination of works of art, entitled, "Six Months in Italy;" a volume of poems by Charles Kingsley; "The Note Book of an English Opium Eater. By Thomas De Quincy;" "Land, Labor, and Gold, or, Two Years in Australia. By Wm. Howitt;" "The Wisdom and Genius of Walter Savage Landor. Edited by G. S. Hillard;" "Glaucus; or the Wonders of the Shore. By Charles Kingsley;" "Oakfield. By W. D. Arnold, (son of Dr. Arnold of Rugby;") a new volume of Poems by Tennyson; "Life of Professor Wilson, by Ferrier;" "Table Fruits—Habits and Men—Lives of Four Queens. By Doran."

Gould and Lincoln have in press several works of marked value which will be issued at an early day; among these are, "God Revealed in Nature and in Christ," a new work by Rev. James B. Walker, the author of the "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation." The volume will include a refutation of the development theory contained in the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." This work will be expected with much interest, from the extraordinary reception which was accorded to the previous treatise of the author. "Patriarchy, or the Family, its Constitution, and Probation. By John Harris, D. D." This volume is the last of the series, to which "Pre-Adamite Earth" and "Man Primeval" have already been contributed, and have passed through four or five editions. Such a subject with such an author must command the attention of an immense audience. The same publishers are about issuing a new edition of "Roget's Thesaurus of English Words," which will be considerably enlarged; they have also in press "The Christian Life, Social and Individual," by Peter Bayne, A. M., 12mo. It is a Scotch publication, and it is said to have created quite a sensation when first issued, being styled by one of the organs of the Free Church, "the religious book of the season."

The republication of the brilliant series of articles in Blackwood's Magazine, entitled "The Story of the Campaign," by this house, has met with deserved success. It is altogether the best description of the terrible events of the great European war, and is written in a most graphic style. Should the series be continued, the additional letters will be collected and published in the same style.

S. K. Whipple & Co. have lately issued a charming volume from the pen of Rev. J. T. Tucker, bearing as a title the expressive words, "The Sinless One." It is a classic religious volume of meditations upon Christ—clear, full, evangelical, of perennial interest—a companion for the Sabbath and hour of quiet—an appropriate gift-book to the young or to the mature. From the same press has come, "The Child and the Man, or the Children, the Sabbath School, and the World, by Rev. Charles Greenwood, with an Introduction by Rev. E. N. Kirk"—a lively volume upon a subject of vital importance. It cannot be read without quickening Christian activities, and should be widely circulated.

Little, Brown & Co. will speedily issue the Poems of Shelley, in three volumes.

B. K. P.

Book Notices.

In January last the Honorable Mr. Chandler delivered in the House of Representatives a speech on the *Temporal Power of the Pope*, which is republished by *Carlton & Phillips*, accompanied by nine letters addressed to the honorable gentleman, by Dr. M'Clintock. Mr. Chandler appears to be an honest-hearted, well-meaning man, but very far from being well acquainted with the pretensions of the papal hierarchy. He is, if we may use the expression, but a Romanist of the low Church pattern—a Gallican rather than an Ultramontane. This is well shown by the learned reviewer, as it had been, indeed, already done by that great Ajax of the faith—Orestes Brownson, and the editors of that accredited papal organ — *The Dublin Tablet*. They scorn the aid of such a half-hearted defender of the faith; and it becomes the honorable representative to take a fresh observation, and ascertain if possible his own whereabouts.

Incidental Illustrations of the Economy of Salvation, its Doctrines and Duties, by Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. This well-printed volume bears the imprint of Henry V. Degen of Boston. It is prefixed by an engraved likeness of the author, who is well known in the religious community for her multiplied works of faith and labors of love. The present publication is mainly made up of facts, all tending to one great object—holiness of heart and life. Many of her illustrations are beautifully simple, and told in a winning strain of touching eloquence. Hair-splitting critics and possibly theoretical preachers of the perfect law of liberty may cavil and find fault, as they have done in time past with some of the peculiar teachings of this gifted lady. It were better, as we judge, to recognize her as a faithful and earnest-hearted fellow laborer, exemplifying her profession by her practice; and, overlooking all minor differences of sentiment, to heed the entreaty of the apostle to his true yoke-fellow — "Help those women which labored with me in the Gospel." The book cannot fail of doing good whenever it is read—the blessing of the Almighty is with it.

Gould & Lincoln of Boston have sent us a beautiful little volume entitled *My Mother; or, Recollections of Maternal Influence*. It is a new edition of a work originally published some six years ago, and is from a pen already distinguished in other works of literature. It is a pleasant addition to the library of books adapted to the Christian family circle.

The brief notice of *The Patent Hat* in our last number was thought not to be sufficiently explicit. We can scarcely afford the space, but may say, for the benefit of those anxious for more information upon this curious production, that it is a well-printed duodecimo volume of doggerel verses and bald prose, with "pictures to match." The author, or rather the manufacturer, had the good sense or the good luck to conceal his name. He tells the world that the book is "manufactured by PHILO, and warranted to do great service to all who wear it according to directions." Poor Philo! he has mistaken his calling. He had been better employed in making hats of the old fashion. His patent is worthless; it will do no good anywhere, and he will be out of pocket by it. Take a specimen of what Philo calls poetry. He is giving advice to ministers of the Gospel, and informs them that

> "He who God's highest glory has in view,
> One thing must not, another he must do,—
> Preach on no subject till he understands,
> But use all means God puts into his hands
> Wisdom to gain; with skill and power to impart
> The same to others; to the sinner's heart
> To hurl the arrows of conviction, *and*
> With such resistless force none can withstand."

Rather hard to say, after all, Philo, what is the one thing he must *not* do. Certes, you meant to say he *must* preach on no subject till he understands (it?) Did n't you? But Philo is equally severe upon the laity, O how badly they behave even in the house of God! Philo can't stand it. Why, says he,—

> "In all their dealings some are full of tricks,
> On Sabbath days they 'll talk on politics."

And worse than that—

> "They 'll talk about the weather, markets, *or*
> Discuss the subject of the foreign war."

In his invocation Philo meekly said:—

> "I ask not lofty style, Shaksperian flame;
> Unless 't will tend to good—I ask not fame."

That request was certainly granted, at least in part. About the fame we can say nothing yet; but the lofty style did not come, nor the Shaksperian flame; and Philo himself found it out after manufacturing fifty-five pages of rhyme. And so he says:—

> "And so, from stern *necessity*,
> He had to prose part number III."

And so he proses it through the remaining three-fourths of his volume, with which no reasonable man can find fault, seeing "he had to" do it.

Dr. McElligott has done good service, more especially to young men, by the preparation of a neat duodecimo volume, entitled *The American Debater*. It contains a plain exposition of the principles and practice of public debate; discusses at some length the question, What is a good debater? has some very judicious remarks upon extemporaneous speaking, and is in all respects well calculated to answer the design of the author in furnishing a complete manual of all that is essential in the formation and conduct of associations for mutual improvement. There is also a collection of nearly six hundred questions suitable for discussion, and specimens of argumentation on both sides of several important topics. The rules of order in deliberative assemblies are the most full of any with which we are acquainted; and there is scarcely any question that can arise but here finds a satisfactory solution. It is from the press of *Ivison & Phinney*.

Dr. Foster has issued, in a very neat style, *A Treatise on the Need of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with respect to her Ministry.* It is the substance of a sermon delivered before the ministers of the New-York East Conference, at their late session, and is published at their request. The main proposition—the Church needs a thoroughly-educated and liberally-informed ministry—is cogently enforced by arguments drawn from the present condition of the Church, as contrasted with the past; from the relations of Methodism to theology; from the relation of the ministry to the development of the Church; and from the nature of the work itself. It is among the auspicious signs of the times that a body of Methodist ministers should request the publication of such an earnest plea for ministerial education. Published for the author by *Carlton & Phillips.*

Carter & Brothers have added to their already long catalogue of truly devotional books, a neat little volume, entitled *The Devotions of the Apostle Paul.* It is anonymous, but evidently from the pen of a warm-hearted disciple. It would have pleased us better if the author had given the names of the poets, from whom quotations are so liberally made; and we must add, that the alterations in the verses of Charles Wesley are not improvements. The author is Calvinistic in sentiment, but catholic, and the book will do good.

Life and Times of Rev. Elijah Hedding, D. D., late Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This long-expected work has at length made its appearance in a well-printed large duodecimo volume of nearly seven hundred pages. The more interesting portion of the volume—the history of the bishop's early labors in the ministry—his career as an itinerant preacher—anecdotes and incidents of Methodism while in its infancy, were furnished by himself, and taken from his lips, mainly by the Rev. M. L. Scudder, to whose persevering industry the Church is largely indebted. In his will the bishop appointed his colleague, Bishop Janes, "to receive those papers, write the biography, or appoint some one else to write it, and cause it to be published for the benefit of the Methodist Episcopal Church." By appointment of Bishop Janes, the Rev. D. W. Clark, D. D., undertook the preparation of the volume, and has interwoven with the biography much of the early history of Methodism in New-England, and the more prominent events—especially those connected with the great evil of slavery, of a later day. An introduction by Bishop Janes precedes the volume; closing with a notice from Bishop Morris, who read the work in manuscript, and who gives it as his opinion that Dr. Clark has proved himself equal to the trust confided to him. The late hour at which we receive the volume—just as we are going to press—prevents our giving it that careful perusal to which it is entitled. *New-York: Carlton & Phillips.*

The New-Englander. From the papers of this Quarterly, we have been in the habit of deriving instruction and profitable themes for meditation. Although, as it should be, decidedly Calvinistic in its theology and Congregational in its ecclesiastical preferences, we rank it among the best periodicals of the age. It is not creditable to the descendants of the Puritans that though the writers for its pages have received no pecuniary remuneration, the New-Englander has barely sustained itself. We trust that under its new editorial supervision a better day has dawned upon its prospects, and that it will long continue to flourish.

It is not a great many years since the name of Wilberforce was as hateful, his motives as much misrepresented, and his character as savagely traduced by multitudes in Great Britain, as those of Garrison are, in our own day, in some sections of these United States. The perseverance, the fidelity, and, above all, the fervent piety of the British Anti-Slavery champion bore him successfully onward to the end of his career; but God did not let him die until he had seen with his own eyes the success of the great cause for which he lived. Baffled, outvoted, defeated again and again in the House of Commons, success came at last; and no man received such tokens of esteem and love. After the great victory, in the British Parliament, one of the speakers contrasted "the feelings of the emperor of the French in all his greatness, with one present, who will this night lay his head upon his pillow and remember that the slave-trade is no more." Every eye was turned toward Wilberforce, and the assembled legislators, forgetful of their usual gravity, burst out in acclamations of applause." Full of days and full of honors, the good man went to his reward, and his countrymen gave his body a resting-place by the side of their greatest statesmen, in Westminster Abbey. The life of such a man is full of interest and encouragement to perseverance in every good work. We tender our thanks to the *Messrs. Carter* of this city for the delightful little volume entitled, *Memoirs of William Wilberforce*, by Mary A. Collier. She has performed her task admirably, condensing from the minute biography compiled by the sons of the great statesman, all the more important facts, and weaving the whole into a most pleasing narrative. We suggest the propriety of issuing a less expensive edition, for the use of common schools and Sunday-school libraries.

A series of lectures on the character of Nehemiah, by the Rev. Hugh Stowell, of Manchester, England, has been revised, modified, and made into a book, with the title of *A Model for Men of Business*, by Dr. Curry, now president of the Asbury University, in the state of Indiana. It is full of good advice and sound theological sentiments, and will benefit that class of persons for whom it is intended—if they read it. The style, however, is not the most attractive. *Carlton & Phillips, New-York.*

Blanche Dearwood, a tale of modern life, from the press of *Bunce & Brother*, is well-written, and entitled to a high rank among the fictitious publications of the day.

Carter & Brothers have issued in a neat volume *The Dead in Christ; their State Present and Future*, by John Brown, D. D. Without much originality and with no attempt at display, this little book is well adapted to impart comfort to Christians who have been bereaved of Christian friends.

Literary Record.

A VALUABLE work, by the Rev. Dr. Akers, is now going through the press of the Methodist Book Concern at Cincinnati. It is entitled, "Introduction to Biblical Chronology, from Adam to the Resurrection of Christ, comprising five thousand five hundred and seventy-three Years of the World, synchronised with Julian Time; with such Calendars, Cycles, Tables, and Explanations, as render the whole subject easy of comprehension to every Bible student."

An edition of Bryant's Poems has just been published at Dessau, in Prussia, by the house of Katz Brothers. It forms the first of their series of Standard Americans, which they are publishing under the editorial superintendence of Dr. Karl Elze.

It turns out, on the evidence of a manuscript note of the late Lord Cockburn, of Edinburgh, the biographer of Jeffrey, and the careful collector during his life of everything relating to the *Edinburgh Review* and Scottish literature generally—that the famous article in the *Edinburgh Review* on Byron's "Hours of Idleness," which drew forth the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and stung Byron into the splendid revenge of his subsequent career, was written, not by Jeffrey, but by Brougham.

Who was Thomas à Kempis?—Mr. Disraeli, in a recent sitting of the House of Commons, asked, "Who was Thomas à Kempis?" and an honorable and learned gentleman gave the profound answer, "He was Thomas à Kempis." The same great authority, if asked "Who was the man in the iron mask?" would no doubt answer that he was the man who wore the mask of iron; and he would consider the reply as perfectly satisfactory. But our object in referring to the Thomas à Kempis affair is, to inform Mr. Disraeli and his honorable colleague of a fact of which neither seem to be aware—and that is, that Thomas à Kempis, whoever he was, was *not* the author of the famous "Imitation of Jesus Christ." The authorship of that extraordinary work was ascribed to him, because the oldest manuscript of it known to be extant was signed by him; but it has now been ascertained, beyond all reasonable doubt, that he only put his name to it as copyist, not as author; and that the real author of the work was the learned John Gerson, who was one of the most celebrated theologians of his day, and who was for some time Chancellor of the University of Paris.

Translation of the Bible into the Arabic.—The following account is given of the translation of the Bible into Arabic at Beyroot:—First of all, a native scholar, a slender, sallow, care-worn man, well-versed in Hebrew and Greek as well as in Arabic, made the translation. Then this man, Dr. Smith, the first Arabic scholar of the world, revised that translation. Then a profoundly versed Arabic scholar, whose ear had not been vitiated by any foreign idiom, revised it again, and the revised revision was again revised by Dr. Smith. The New Testament is printed, and considerable progress has been made in the Old Testament. A small steam-engine has been set up at the mission, which drives the printing-press that printed that Bible.

We had yesterday the pleasure, says an exchange paper, of a visit from Mr. Macaulay, United States Consul at Venice, on his way to New-Orleans. Among other items of intelligence, he told us that he had an interview in London with Macaulay, the historian, whose health is good, and who assured him that his next volume, on the history of England, will appear before the public in a few weeks.

Education in Great Britain.—Sir John Pakington in his place in the House of Commons has made it appear from the census tables, that of five millions of children, between the ages of five and fifteen, in the kingdom of Great Britain, only forty-one and a fraction per cent. attend school; twelve and a fraction per cent. are at work; and forty-six and a fraction per cent. are neither at school nor at work. The cause of this he ascribes partly to the poverty of the parents, and partly to their indifference—an indifference arising in part from their own want of education, and in part from the bad education given at the schools. In his judgment, with the exception of Russia, Spain, Italy, and the slave States of America, England is at the bottom of the scale in point of education.

The Federal Government of *Switzerland*, which has heretofore in that capacity done nothing for public education, is now proposing to establish an institution of a superior order, which will, in a measure, combine the objects of a university with those of technical schools. The establishment will probably include six departments:—First, an architectural school; second, a school of engineers for roads and bridges; third, a chemical school; fourth, a school for mechanics; fifth, a school of *forestiere;* and sixth, a philosophical faculty, with professors of philology and literature, law, mathematics, history, &c., &c. Among the distinguished men whom it is intended to invite to occupy chairs in this institution, the name of Professor Agassiz, now of Cambridge, Mass., but formerly of Neufchatel, is mentioned in the European journals.

The London *Critic* contains an account of a great work in preparation by Count Tullio Dandolo, of Milan, upon *early Christian history*, entitled "Studies upon Rome and the Empire till the Times of Marcus Aurelius." The work is to be in six volumes, which are said to be all prepared—the sixth of them has been published under the title, "Nascent Christianity," in the "Bibliotheca Ecclesiastica" at Milan. The other five are to contain the general history of the Roman Empire in this, its most splendid period, its statistics, its manners and customs, and the history of the Latin and Greek literature. Count Dandolo is the author of several other works—one on "Dante and Columbus," "Italy in the Last Century," "Northern Europe and America in the Last Century," "Swit-

zerland in the Middle Ages," "Switzerland Picturesque," &c. All these works, with the one now in the course of publication, are again only parts of a still more comprehensive scheme, a "History of Thought in Modern Times," for which the author is represented as admirably adapted, and in which he has received the encouragement of the pope.

Among the books announced in Paris are the following: Unpublished Letters of Voltaire, with Notes and Introduction, by St. Marc Girardin; History of Attila, his Sons and his Successors, followed by Legends, by Amedée Thierry; England in the Eighteenth Century, Historical Essays and Political Portraits, by Charles de Remusat; History of Christianity and of Roman Society in the Fourth Century, by Albert de Broglie; History of the Revolution of 1848, by Garnier Pages, member of the Provisional Government; a new volume of poems—Contemplations—by Victor Hugo, the first line of his published in France since his exile. The jealousy of the censorship may have discovered dangerous allusions in these poems, which are not ostensibly political; they were commenced long ago, and, in the natural course of things, should have appeared before this.

An English paper says:—"When Thackeray finishes his 'Newcomes,' he will go to America with a new set of lectures all hot for the Yankees, and not delivered here first. I believe Mr. Macaulay's historical volumes will appear this year. Mr. Carlyle is working at the Life of Frederick the Great. He seems to get despondent about it occasionally, perhaps from fits of disgust with the characters it brings him in contact with. Mr. Tennyson has a new volume of poems 'written,' which are spoken of as equal to anything he has done; but when or how they will appear, I cannot say. He lives very quietly in the Isle of Wight, and has a young family springing up about him."

Arts and Sciences.

A FRENCH gentleman has discovered a vehicle for painting, which he calls *colocirium;* and believes it identical with that used by Pompeian artists. It is described as brilliant and durable —as having no smell—as capable of being used in any weather.

Sawing Red-hot Iron.—Iron bars and shaftings are cut to length by a circular soft steel saw. The iron to be cut is presented red hot to the saw, which rotates at a high velocity, and is kept cool by its lower part passing through a trough containing cold water. A large bar of iron can thus be cut through in a few seconds.

Iodine.—Iodine derives its name from *ioeides*, a Greek word signifying violet-colored; but the transcendent beauty of the color of its vapor requires further elucidation than simply saying that it has a violet hue. If a little iodine be placed on a hot tile, it rises into a magnificent dense vapor, fit for the last scene of a theatrical representation. This remarkable substance was discovered by accident about forty years ago. At that period chemical philosophy was in great repute, owing principally to the brilliant discoveries of Sir Humphrey Davy. So singular a substance as iodine was to Davy a source of infinite pleasure. He studied its nature and properties with the fondness and zeal of a child at a puzzle-map. His great aim was to prove its compound nature; but in this he failed; and to this day it is believed to be one of the primitive elements of the world we live in. Iodine is found in almost every natural substance with which we are acquainted, although in very minute portions. The sea furnishes an inexhaustible supply of iodine; all the fish, the shells, the sponges, and weeds of the ocean, yield it in passing through the chemical sieve. Whatever be the food of sea-weeds, it is certain that iodine forms a portion of their daily banquet; and to these beautiful plants we turn when iodine is to be manufactured for commercial purposes. The weeds cast up by the boiling surf upon the desolate shores of the sea-islands, would at first sight appear among the most useless things in the world; but they are not; their mission is fulfilled; they have drawn the iodine from the briny wave, and are ready to yield it up for the benefit and happiness of man. The inhabitants of the Tyrol are subject to a very painful disease, called goitre or cretinism; for this malady iodine is a perfect cure. Go, and have your portrait painted as you are. Photography tells the whole truth without flattery; and the colors used in the process are only silver and iodine.

The Progress of the Submarine Telegraph.—The American Telegraph Company, we learn, expect to have telegraphic communication from Europe *via* St. Johns, Newfoundland, to New-York, before the close of the season. The company is preparing to lay down *under the Atlantic* a submarine cable, from St. Johns to Newfoundland, for which purpose a contract has been made with some French and English operators to complete the same within three years. In 1858 London and New-York will communicate hourly by telegraph.

N. Deyers, formerly engineer of the Parisian Fire Battalion, in a work recently published by him, confirms the universal opinion that leather hose fastened with copper rivets are the best in every respect. For the last fifteen years hose have been manufactured from hemp and flax woven without seam, which, although they are capable of resisting great pressure, leak badly, even when new and well-greased; they also rot easily, if not dried with the greatest precaution after use, and, if they burst, no system of repair is available. Since 1844, India-rubber hose have been used, formed by means of a wide band of linen or cotton twine, covered

with caoutchouc, and rolled around a cylinder of proper diameter, so as to present a quintuple thickness. Such hose are air-tight, but they perish quickly, from the peeling of the rubber.

An equestrian statue in bronze of Napoleon the Third has been erected on a pedestal opposite the eastern front of the exhibition palace. The statue is of the size of life, and was cast by *M. Gaillard*, from a model by M. Debay. The emperor is represented in the uniform of a general officer, and is mounted on a magnificent horse. His majesty holds the reins in his left hand, and is saluting with his hat in the right.

Bank Notes.—It was supposed that the new invention of daguerreotyping bank notes would render counterfeiting so perfect, as to render detection impossible. But there are no secrets which our chemists cannot discover. Half a dozen grains of corrosive sublimate, dissolved in a tea spoonful of water, will instantly obliterate the letters on a daguerreotyped note, while it has no effect whatever upon a *printed one*. This is well to be known.

The Scientific American, published weekly in this city, is an ably-conducted and reliable paper. It is embellished with costly engravings of new inventions, and conveys in an intelligible manner descriptions of new machinery, and notes the progress of the arts and sciences in all parts of the world. We acknowledge our indebtedness to its accomplished editors, and wish them all possible success.

The Mariner's Medal.—The State Department has received the first impression from their new steel dies, cut for making the silver medal to be presented to masters and crews of vessels rescuing Americans from shipwreck on the ocean. One face represents a sailor clinging to a broken mast, with the waves dashing around him, and gulls hovering over him, the rescuing ship being seen sailing up, in the background. On the reverse side is a wreath of laurel and ivy, encircling thirty-one stars at the head and the American eagle at its base, with space enough between them in which to engrave the inscription the medal is to bear. The artist is Mr. W. F. X. Kochler, of Baltimore, who has in this case made one of the most beautiful medals in the possession of this government.

Marble.—An article in Hunt's "Merchant's Magazine," upon American marbles, says that the tract of country lying between the Adirondac Mountains on the east, and extending from the northern part of Vermont south into Connecticut, contains the finest specimens of marble in the world. The Parian marble, so long celebrated as unsurpassed in quality and variety, the writer says, is exceeded in every respect by that of New-England. The value of the marble quarried there is now amounting to nearly two millions of pounds sterling, annually.

A remarkable machine for the purpose of abstruse calculations has been sent over to England, and deposited for the present at the Royal Society's rooms. It is the invention of an ingenious Swedish gentleman named Schults, who has, it is said, expended the greater portion of his property in the various operations necessary to bring such an attempt to a successful issue. The principle and the *modus operandi* of the machine are not yet fully made known, but it has the highest commendation of scientific men.

Progress of Reaping Machines.—We have been informed by a manufacturer of agricultural implements—one who is excellent authority—that between fifteen and sixteen thousand reaping machines will be manufactured and sold this year in our country. The demand is so great that manufacturers cannot make them fast enough for their orders. This affords evidence of agricultural prosperity, as the cost of these machines will amount to nearly two millions of dollars. Our farmers exhibit wisdom in using and patronizing machinery. A reaping machine will save the price of itself in one season.

The Ames Manufacturing Company, in Chicopee, Mass., are casting a colossal equestrian statue of Washington, to stand in Union-square, New-York. It was modeled by H. K. Brown, and, as a work of art, is spoken of in the highest terms of praise.

Fish.—The artificial lake and river in the Bois de Boulogne are now stocked with thousands of artificially-hatched fish—salmon, trout, and other varieties—recent graduates from the nurseries at the College de France. These legitimate offspring of science wriggle and frisk and dart about as vigorously as any natural-born fish in the world.

Mr. Weathered, a well-known manufacturer at the South, has invented an improved generator of steam, which has been successfully tested in his own factory, and is said to effect a saving of sixty per cent. in fuel. Steam, as everybody knows, is produced by heating water, a square inch of water producing a square foot of steam. The ordinary steam has had its power increased by passing through it red-hot pipes. This new invention combines the original and the surcharged steam, and thus increases its intensity and consequently its power, as the inventor maintains, twenty-five per cent. It is called "Weathered's Combined Steam," and to extensive manufacturers will save hundreds of tons a year of fuel.

A railroad bridge of monstrous dimensions has just been completed over the main channel of the river Maumee. It is seven hundred and eighty feet in total length, and fifty-five feet high from the water-level to the roadway. It is built on the "Howe-truss" principle, and contains three hundred and fifteen thousand feet, board measure, of pine lumber, forty tons of wrought, and thirty tons of cast iron.

A patent has been granted to a man in Illinois for a new hay-press. It presses the bales into a square form, and the levers act so as to press them when moving both forward and backward; that is, no time is lost when one bale is pressed, in returning the followers to the point where they commenced, to press in the box a second bale from the point where they commenced to return. There is no time lost, therefore, in running back the followers and hooping the bale, as this is done while the box is being filled for the succeeding bale.

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1855.

BISHOP BAKER.

IN introducing Bishop Baker to our readers, we have to regret that he loses some of his bodily importance, a rather serious detraction from the conventional ideas of episcopal dignity. During a period of his official travels in the west he was attacked by fever, and our portrait shows the effect of it; but his characteristic features are well given, and his friends will recognize what they most like in his living face—the moral manifestation of the man.

Bishop Baker is the junior of the new bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church in years, though not in official rank. In our series of these episcopal sketches we consult not the age or relative position of our subjects, but only our own convenience.

Bishop Baker is at present round and blooming with health. His features present a very interesting expression. There is a manifest air of modesty about them; you would take him to be incapable of any discourtesy, however slight or sudden, or of any egotism or obtrusion. His head is large and intellectual; his eyes of hazel color, and protected by spectacles; his nose is prominent, and his mouth large and expressive of generosity.

He was born in Marlow, N. H., July 30th, 1812. At the request of some of the Methodist preachers who began about 1827 to visit at his father's (Dr. Isaac

Baker) he was sent to Wilbraham Academy, Mass., where he was under the care of Dr. Fisk. On March 12th, 1828, he was converted in a very extensive revival which prevailed there. Several, now useful and eminent members of eastern conferences, were his fellow students, and made a profession of religion at the same time. Dr. Fisk baptized him and received him into the Methodist Episcopal Church. His first license as an "exhorter" was given in 1829, by Rev. David Kilburn, of the New-England Conference; and his first license to preach was given in 1830, by Rev. Laban Clark, of the New-York East Conference.

In 1830 he entered the Freshman Class taught by Professor Larrabee, now of Indiana, under the direction of the trustees of the Wesleyan University, and at the opening of the university he entered as Freshman. On the account of ill-health, he spent only three years in college, but continued his studies privately, and took the second degree with his class.

It was during this period of his youthful training, under the sainted Fisk, that his character was developed and his career in life determined. At the age of seventeen he began to hold religious meetings. He commenced on Springfield Plains, near Jenksville, Mass., with Rev. Jason Lee, of good memory. With him he was accustomed to walk from four to six miles, from the Wilbraham Academy, and preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. This practice he kept up during his collegiate course, preaching almost every Sabbath, at different points, from three to fifteen or twenty miles around the college. These exercises exerted a most favorable influence on his religious character, and did no little good to the Church. His services were almost entirely gratuitous. When he went to some distant place, his traveling expenses were usually paid, but ordinarily no compensation was received. The year after he left college, he traveled and preached quite extensively around his father's house, but altogether gratuitously. One good old Baptist gave him twenty-five cents—this was all that he ever received.

In 1834 he was elected teacher in the Conference Seminary at Newbury, Vt., where he remained five years in connection with Rev. Charles Adams, who was principal. When Mr. Adams retired from that institution in 1839 he was elected principal, which office he held five years. At this time, he united with the New-Hampshire and Vermont Conference on trial. About the year 1840, following the example of Fisk, both at Wilbraham and Middletown, he formed the first theological class in Newbury Seminary, which became the nucleus of the Biblical Institute now at Concord, N. H.; and when the Institute proper was organized, he was elected professor.

In 1844 he retired from the Newbury Seminary and Institute, and was stationed at Rochester, N. H., a delightful country appointment, embracing some ten miles square, and known in the early days of Methodism as Norway Plains. From Rochester he was sent to the city of Manchester, N. H. At the expiration of one year he was appointed Presiding Elder on Dover District.

Having been elected professor in the Methodist General Biblical Institute, at this time transferred to Concord, N. H., he entered upon the duties of the professorship at the close of the conference year 1847, where he remained with distinguished success, during the five years that preceded his episcopal election. When elected to this institution, he resolved to be governed by the judgment of his brethren, and did not finally decide to engage again in the work of teaching until the New-Hampshire Conference, by a specific vote, requested his appointment.

Bishop Baker's election from a theological school to the Methodist Episcopacy is a notable fact, and not without significance in the history of the denomination. A few years before, such an event would have been incredible. For good or for evil, evidently the policy of the Church respecting such institutions is fast changing. One now exists in the East, which promises soon to become the strongest school of the kind (numerically) in the United States. Another has risen up in the North-west, (near Chicago,) which starts, it is reported, with the pledge of more than a hundred thousand dollars for its endowment. We are not aware that Bishop Baker's connection with the Concord Institution was even made a question, in the Episcopal canvass of the General Conference.

It is a grave question what will be the result of such institutions on the character

of Methodism. We cannot argue it here either for one side or the other; but it is fair to say, that their advocates claim for them a long historical indorsement in the denomination, and a peculiarity of organization, too, which suits them to the peculiar genius of the Church. We give the following extract from one of their pleas for them, issued some years ago in the Boston *Zion's Herald*; it will be acceptable as of historical interest, to both the friends and opponents of the measure.

"What has been the verdict of the Church respecting it?

"That we have been opposed to theological education of a certain character, we have admitted; but we repeat what we then asserted, that Methodism could provide a system adapted to its own peculiarities, and that our leading minds have contemplated such a system. The sweeping denunciation of all theological education which some among us utter, was not the language of our fathers. Our chief polemic, the sainted Fletcher, was president of the theological school of Trevecka; and our best commentator, Joseph Benson, was a professor under him. And it was in that institution that some of the finest illustrations of Mr. Fletcher's character and usefulness occurred. 'Mr. Fletcher,' says Benson, 'greatly approved the design.' He says, also, 'that Fletcher performed, without fee or reward, his duties [of attending as often as he could, giving advice with regard to the appointment of masters and the admission or exclusion of students, overseeing their studies and conduct, assisting their piety, and judging of their qualifications for the work of the ministry,] from the sole motive of being useful in *the most important work* of training up persons for the glorious office of preaching the Gospel.' And he adds, that he himself 'was made head master of the academy, with the same view, *through Mr. Fletcher's means*, and in consequence of *Mr. Wesley's recommendation*.' The three men who may be said to have laid the foundations of Methodism—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, and Dr. Coke—were 'theologically educated,' and knew too well the importance of such an education to be indifferent to it. Wesley designed 'Kingswood School as subsidiary to it,' till he could provide a distinct one, 'and for a season sent several of his most promising preachers to study in that academy.' (Grindrod's Compendium of Laws and Regulations of Methodism. London.) Watson says the same in his life of Wesley, (p. 173.)

"It is an interesting fact, and most honorable to Methodism, that the *very first Methodist conference*, with Wesley at its head, thought and consulted on the subject. We are but prosecuting a design which was deemed worthy of the first counsels of our fathers. The Rev. Mr. Grindrod, in his account of the English theological institution, says:—

"'It is most obvious that Mr. Wesley, from the beginning of his brilliant career, sought to make his societies not only a very pious, but a well-informed people. His enemies never committed a greater mistake than when they represented him as the patron of ignorance and fanaticism. The world knew not, in his day, a greater foe to these evils. At the first "conference of the people called Methodists," held in London in 1744, the establishment of an institution, similar to that which now exists, was a subject of conversation. The question was then asked, "Can we have a seminary for laborers?" and the answer is, "If God spare us till another conference." The next year the subject was resumed, "Can we have a seminary for laborers yet?" Answer. "Not till God gives us a proper tutor." So that the institution was actually resolved upon, and delayed only by circumstances. *Nor does it appear that Mr. Wesley ever abandoned his design.* It is certain, on the contrary, that, not being able to accomplish it according to his first intentions, he endeavored to approach as nearly to it as possible: he regarded Kingswood School, after he had founded it, as being subsidiary to this object; and, for a season, sent several of his most promising preachers to study in that academy.'

"Subsequent conferences in England took up the subject, and looked anxiously for the auspicious time when the means of its prosecution should be presented. Mr. Grindrod says:—

"'Since Wesley's day, the want of an efficient method of training has been always felt, and often acknowledged. Thirty-five years ago a spirited pamphlet was published on this subject by order of the conference: its title is, "Observations on the Importance of adopting a Plan of Instruction for those Preachers who are admitted upon Trial in the Methodist Connection. Submitted to the Consideration of the Preachers at their ensuing District Meetings.'

"About thirty-five years ago, some of the most eminent members of the Wesleyan Conference, including Bunting, Jackson, and Watson, were appointed a committee and prepared a report on the subject, which was decidedly approved by the conference; but the time had not yet come—the means were wanting. 'Yet from that time,' says Grindrod, 'for several successive years, the conference regularly appointed a committee on education to bring the subject, if possible, to a successful termination.'

"Mr. Jackson gives his opinion more fully, in his 'Centenary of Methodism,' as follows:—

"'To render the Wesleyan ministry increasingly efficient, and better adapted to the character and circumstances of the present times, the Theological Institution was formed in the year 1834. None are admitted as students there but such candidates for the ministry as are approved, in the first instance, by the circuits to which they belong, and the district committees before whom they are severally examined, as well as by the conference, to whom the case of each person is reported. The undertaking has been already crowned with a success far surpassing what could have been reasonably anticipated in so short a time. The theological and literary training which the students have received has been of the greatest advantage; and the benefits are strikingly apparent, both at home and on several of the mission stations. Recent occurrences in the institution forcibly remind one of what took place in a similar establishment at Trevecka, of which that holy man, John Fletcher, of Madeley, was the head. When he visited "the sons of the prophets" who were under his care, it is said, by his friend and biographer, Joseph Benson, who witnessed what he describes, that, "being convinced that to be filled with the Holy Ghost was a better qualification for the ministry of the Gospel than any classical learning, (although that, too, is useful in its place,) and after speaking awhile in the school-room, he used frequently to say, "As many of you as are athirst for this fullness of the Spirit, follow me into my room." On this many of us have instantly followed him, and there continued two or three hours, wrestling, like Jacob, for the blessing; praying, one after another, till we could bear to kneel no longer. This was not done once or twice, but many times. And I have sometimes seen him on these occasions, once in particular, so filled with the love of God that he could contain no more. Guarded, as the institution is, and teaching, as it does, the pure principles of Wesleyan theology, it cannot fail to be an extensive and permanent blessing to the connection.'

"Mr. Watson, in his Life of Wesley, (p. 173,) speaks of the institution as 'actually resolved upon' from the beginning, by the Wesleyan Conference, and says, 'The reasons why it was not afterward carried into effect appear to have been, the rapid spread of the work and the consequent demand for additional preachers.' He declares, however, that meanwhile Mr. Wesley 'looked to Kingswood School as subsidiary' to this design.

"Dr. Adam Clarke wrote nearly fifty years since, as follows, on the subject:—

"'We want some kind of seminary for educating such workmen as need not be ashamed. I introduced a conversation on the subject this morning; and the preachers were unanimously of opinion, that some strong efforts should be made, without delay, to get such a place established. Every circuit cries out, "Send us acceptable preachers." How can we do this? We are obliged to take what offers. The time is coming, and now is, when illiterate piety can do no more for the interest and permanency of the work of God than lettered irreligion did formerly. Speak, O speak speedily, to all our friends! Let us get a plan organized without delay.'

"Here, then, is the name of Wesley with his *original* conference—the names of Fletcher and Benson—those of Bunting, Watson, Jackson, Clarke, and the Wesleyan Conference generally—pledged through *the whole history* of Methodism to this design. Let it never again be branded as a 'New-England notion.' It is legitimately Methodistic—a felt *necessity*—contemplated and prayed for from the first assembly of Methodist preachers down to this day. It is not the favorable, but the hostile opinion, that is an innovation in Methodism. Alas for us, that so many of the leading minds of American Methodism have stood so far aloof from this great interest. We feel as if they must have seen, at times its necessity—how could it be otherwise?—but they have feared a premature shock to prevalent prejudices. It may have been their duty, as well as policy, to regard these prejudices; but the time has gone for such hesitancy. Noble spirits have avowed the true Wesleyan view of the subject; the popular opinion has given them a hearty response; and there is scarcely a project that meets a more profound sympathy, in New-England at least, than this. We call upon our responsible men in all parts of the Church—we call upon them in the name of our common cause and of the age in which we live—to no longer withhold their sanction from an object which is fast becoming an indispensable necessity of our system, and which has been among its avowed plans from the beginning."

Such was the plea of Bishop Baker and his associates for the "innovation," as it was called, which they introduced into Methodism. The historical argument, it must be confessed, is not conclusive of the question; for Wesley and his associates may have blundered in the matter; the working of the experiment must determine it. Practical Methodism is a system of expediency, of utilitarianism. If these schools, "Methodized" in their whole organization, as their advocates say they are, work well, they will doubtless be adopted with the usual energy of the denomination; if they work badly, they will be swept out of the way by its public opinion.

One thing is unquestionable, that Bishop Baker's services in the institution at Concord led him into such a thorough study and teaching of the Methodist Discipline, that probably no man living is a better authority in questions of Methodist law and economy. He was in this respect preëminently fitted for his new office. He is perfectly at home also in all matters of parliamentary order; and his quiet dignity and perfectly tranquil temper, added to these official qualifications, make a model man for his place. As we said of Bishop Scott, it would seem impossible to ruffle his temper; we doubt whether any of his most intimate friends have seen him irritated in mind for one moment since his profession of the Christian character.

As a preacher, he would be called good rather than excellent. He has little of the usual Methodistic fire—no impetuosity, but calm power and clear good sense. His style is very perspicuous and regular, sounding much as if his sermons were written out with care, and delivered from memory. It sometimes becomes ornate, but with a chaste elegance.

He is a thorough Greek scholar, and was esteemed as an instructor of unusual tact and skill. His brethren showed their confidence in him, before his Episcopal appointment, by giving him two elections as a Delegate to the General Conference, and by electing him Conference Secretary for quite a number of years. An occasional sermon, a Sabbath-school gift-book—"The Last Witness"—and a manual on the Methodist Discipline, are all the works he has published. The latter book is by no means a mere collection of Episcopal decisions, but a practical commentary on the duties of a Methodist preacher, embracing Episcopal decisions and such civil judicial decisions as relate to ecclesiastical matters, as also the rules of parliamentary order which apply to ecclesiastical bodies.

The crowning characteristic of Bishop Baker, next to his Christian worth, is that consummate prudence, that perfect balance of his nature, which makes all who know him feel that *he is next to infallibly safe* in both his judgments and his conduct.

HOGARTH'S HOUSE.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

HOGARTH, the great painter-teacher of his age and country, was born in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great, in London, on the 10th of November, 1697; and his trusty and sympathizing biographer, Allan Cunningham, says, "We have the authority of his own manuscripts for believing he was baptized on the 28th of the same month;" but the parish registers have been examined for confirmation with "fruitless solicitude." The painter was descended from a Westmoreland family. Sprung from an industrious race of self-helping yeomen, whose hardy toil brought them health and contentment, Hogarth had an early advantage, derived from his father's love of letters, which eventually drew him away from field and wood to the great London mart. Like thousands of others, he was unsuccessful. Fortunately, in this instance, his want of success in literature stimulated the strong mind of his son to seek occupation of more certain profit.

Hogarth's character of mind, evidenced in his works, and proved by his biography, is perfectly honest, open, home-bred English. His originality is of English growth; his satire broad, bold, fair-play English. He was no screened assassin of character, either with pen or pencil; no journalist's hack to stab in secret—concealing his name, or assuming a forged one; no masked caricaturist, responsible to none. His philosophy was of the straightforward, clear-sighted English school; his theories—stern, simple, and unadorned—thoroughly English; his determination—proved in his love as well as in his hate—quite English; there is a firmness of purpose, a rough dignity, a John-Bull look in his broad intelligent face; the very fur round his cap must have been plain English rabbit-skin! No matter what "schools" were in fashion, Hogarth created and followed his own; no matter what was done, or said, or written, Hogarth maintained his opinion unflinchingly; he was not to be moved or removed from his resolve. His mind was vigorous and inflexible, and withal, keen and acute; and though the delicacy of his taste in this more refined age may be matter of question, there can be no doubt as to his integrity and uprightness of purpose—in his determination to denounce vice, and by that means cherish virtue.

Professor Leslie, in his eloquent and

valuable Lectures on Painting, delivered to the students of the Royal Academy, London, has nobly vindicated Hogarth as an artist and a man, in words that all who heard will long remember. "Hogarth," he said, "it is true, is often gross; but it must be remembered that he painted in a less fastidious age than ours, and that his great object was to expose vice. *Debauchery is always made by him detestable, never attractive.*" Leslie speaks of his "high species of humor, pregnant with moral meanings," and no happier choice of phrase could characterize his many works. Lamb, with true discrimination, says: "All laughter is not of a dangerous or soul-hardening tendency. There is the petrifying sneer of a demon, which excludes and kills love; and there is the cordial laughter of a man, which implies and cherishes it."

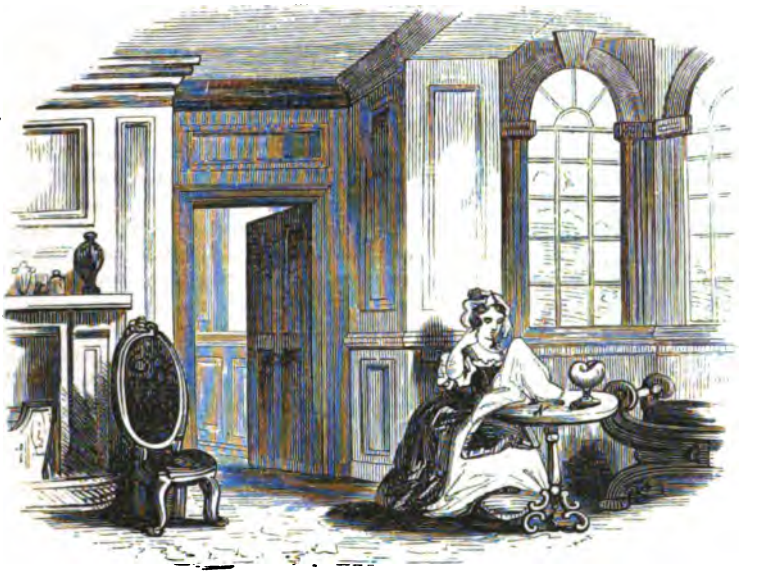
Hogarth's works are lessons as much for to-day as they were for yesterday. We have no intention of scrutinizing their merits or defects; we write only of the influence of a class of art such as he brought courageously before the English public.

Society always needs such men as William Hogarth—true, stern men—to grapple with and overthrow the vices which spring up—the very weeds both of poverty and luxury—the latter filled with the more bitter and subtle poison. He painted without sympathizing with his subjects, whom he lashed with unsparing bitterness or humor. He never idealized a vice into a virtue—he never compromised a fact, much less a principle.

We never hear of an old house without a feeling that it is either going to be destroyed or modernized; and this inevitably leads to a desire to visit it immediately. Having determined on a drive to Chiswick to make acquaintance with the dwelling of Hogarth, and look upon his tomb—we became restless until it was accomplished.

We had seen, by the courtesy of Mr. Allison, the piano-forte manufacturer in Dean-street, London, the residence of Sir James Thornhill, whose daughter Hogarth married: the proprietor bestows most praiseworthy care on the house, which was formerly one of considerable extent and importance. Mr. Allison says there can be little doubt that the grounds extended into Wardour-street. Once, while removing a chimney-piece in the drawing-room, a number of cards tumbled out—slips of playing-cards, with the names of some of the most distinguished persons of Hogarth's time written on the backs; the residences were also given, proving that the "gentry" then dwelt where now the poorer classes congregate. But the most interesting part of the house is the staircase, with its painted ceiling; the wall of the former is divided into three compartments, each representing a sort of ball-room back-ground, with groups of figures life-size, looking down from a balcony; they are well-preserved, and one of the ladies is thought to be a very faithful portrait of Mrs. Hogarth. Hogarth must have spent some time in that house: but we were resolved, despite the repute of its being old and ugly, to visit his dwelling-place at Chiswick; and though we made the pilgrimage by a longer route than was necessary, we did not regret skirting the beautiful plantations of the Duke of Devonshire, nor enjoying the fragrance of the green meadows, which never seem so green to us as in the vale of the Thames. The house is a tall, narrow, abrupt-looking place, close to the roadside wall of its inclosed garden; numbers of cottage dwellings for the poor have sprung up around it, but in Hogarth's day it must have been very isolated: not leading to the water, as we had imagined, but having a dull and prison-like aspect; if, indeed, any place can have that aspect where trees grow, and grass is checkered by their ever-varying shadows. The house was occupied from 1814 to 1832 by Cary, the translator of Dante; and it would be worth a pilgrimage if considered only as the residence of this truly excellent and highly-gifted clergyman.

We have received from his son an interesting note relative to its features at the period when it came into his father's possession. "The house," he says, "stands in one corner of a high-walled garden of about three quarters of an acre; that part of the garden which faced the house was divided into long, narrow, formal flower-beds. Five large trees, whose ages bespoke their acquaintance with Hogarth, showed his love of the beautiful as well as the useful—a mulberry, walnut, apricot, double-blossomed cherry, and a hawthorn: the last of these was a great favorite with my father, from its beauty, and the attraction it was to the night-



ROOM IN HOGARTH'S HOUSE.

ingale, which never failed to visit it in the spring: the gardeners were their mortal enemies, and, alas! have at length prevailed. A few years ago, when I went to visit the old place, only one of the trees remained, (the mulberry seen in our sketch;) in a nook at one side of the garden was a nut-walk, with a high wall and a row of filbert-trees that arched triumphantly over it; at one end of this walk was a stone slab, on which Hogarth used to play at nine-pins; at the other end were the two little tombstones to the memory of a bird and a dog." The house is as you see it here, the rooms with low ceilings and all sorts of odd shapes—up and down, in and out—yet, withal, pleasant and comfortable, and rendered more so by the gentle courtesy of their mistress and her kindly servant; the very dogs seemed to partake of the human nature of their protector, and attended us wherever we went, with more than ordinary civility. Hogarth might have been tempted to immortalize one of them for its extreme ugliness, and the waggish spirit with which it pulled at its companion's ears, who in vain attempted to tug at the bits of stumps that stuck out at either side of its tormentor's head. Mr. Fairholt was permitted to sketch the drawing-room; the open door leads to the chamber from whence, it is said, Miss Thornhill eloped with Hogarth.

Mr. Cary says, "There can hardly be a doubt that the house belonged to Sir James Thornhill, and that Hogarth inherited it from him. Mrs. Hogarth lived there after her husband's death, and left it by will to a lady from whose executor my father bought it in the year 1814. The room from which Miss Thornhill is said to have eloped is the inner room, on the first floor; this room was used by my father as his study. Over the dining-room fireplace was a spirited pencil sketch of five heads, and under them written, 'Five Jolly Fellows,' by Hogarth: during an absence, the servants of a tenant carefully washed all out."

We can easily imagine how the union between Hogarth and his daughter, commenced after such a fashion, outraged not only the courtliness, but the higher and better feelings of Sir James Thornhill. Hogarth's innate consciousness of power may at that time have appeared to him vulgar effrontery; and it is not to be wondered at, that, until convinced of his talent, he refused him all assistance. There is something so false and wrong in the concealment that precedes an elopement, and the elopement of an only child from an aged father, that we marvel how any one

can treat lightly the outraged feelings of a confiding parent. Earnest tender love so deeply rooted in a father's heart may pardon, but cannot reach forgetfulness as quickly as it is the custom of play-writers and novelists to tell us it may do.

Mrs. Hogarth, advised by her mother, skillfully managed to let her father see one of her husband's best productions under advantageous circumstances. Sir James acknowledged its merit at once, exclaiming, "Very well! very well! The man who can make works like this can maintain a wife without a portion;" and soon after became not only reconciled, but generous to the young people. Hogarth had tasted the bitterness of labor: he had even worked for booksellers, and painted portraits!—so that this summer brightness must have been full of enjoyment. He appreciated it thoroughly, and was ever the earnest admirer and the ready defender of Sir James Thornhill; thus the old knight secured a friend in his son; and it was pleasanter to think of the hours of reconciliation and happiness they might have passed within the walls of that inclosed garden, beneath the crumbling trellis, or the shadow of the old mulberry-tree, than of the fortuneless artist wooing the confiding daughter from her home and her filial duties.

We were invited to inspect Hogarth's painting-room—a mere loft, of most limited dimensions, over the stable, which the imagination could easily furnish with the

HOGARTH'S PAINTING-ROOM.

necessary easel, or still less cumbrous graver's implements. It is situated at the furthest part of the garden from the house; a small door in the garden-wall leads into a little inclosure, one side of which is occupied by the stable. The painting-room is over the stable, and is reached by a stair; it has but one window which looks toward the road. It must have been sufficiently commodious for Hogarth's purposes; but possesses not the conveniences of modern painting-rooms. The house at Chiswick could only have been a place for recreation and repose, where relaxation was cared for, and where sketches were prepared to ripen into publication.

There are traditions about Chiswick of Hogarth having, while studying and taking notes, frequented a little inn by the roadside, and almost within sight of his dwelling. It has been modernized throughout—and supplies no subject for the pencil—yet it retains some indications, not without interest, of a remote date. The painter must have been familiar with every class of character; and Chiswick was then enough of a country village to supply him amply with material. But, although a keen satirist, it is certain that he had as much tenderness for the lower orders of creation, as a young loving girl. In a corner of this quaint old garden two tiny monuments are affixed to the wall, one chiseled perhaps by Hogarth's own hand, to the memory of his canary bird!

TOMBS OF DOG AND BIRD.

The *thinking* character of the painter's mind is evidenced in this as in everything he did—the engraving on the tomb suggesting reflection. Charles Lamb said of him truly, that the quantity of *thought* which he crowded into every picture would alone "*unvulgarize*" every subject he might choose; and the refined Coleridge exclaims, "Hogarth! in whom the satirist never extinguished that love of beauty which belonged to him as a poet." There is something inexpressibly tender and touching in this memento of his affection for a little singing bird: the feeling must have been entirely his own, for he had no child to suggest the tribute to a feathered favorite. The tomb was afterward accompanied with one to Mrs. Hogarth's dog. They are narrow, upright pieces of white stone laid against the brick wall, but they are records of gentle and generous sympathies not to be overlooked.

That Hogarth was more than on friendly terms with the canine race, the introduction of his own dog into his portrait clearly tells; and doubtless his bird often brought with its music visions of the country into the heat and dust of Leicester-square—soothing away much of his impatience. Men who have to fight the up-hill battle of life, must have energy and determination; and Hogarth was too out-spoken and self-confident not to have made many enemies. In after years his success (limited though it was, in a pecuniary point of view, for he died without leaving enough to support his widow respectably,) produced its ordinary results—envy and enmity; and insults were heaped upon him. He was not tardy of reply, but Wilkes and Churchill were in strong health when nature was giving way with the great painter; an advantage they did not fail to use with their accustomed malignity. The profligate Churchill, turning the poet's nature into gall, infested the death-bed of Hogarth with unfeeling sarcasm, anticipating the grave, and exulting over a dying man.

Hogarth, warned by the autumn winds, and suffering from the restlessness of approaching dissolution, left Chiswick on the 25th of October, 1764, and returned to his residence in Leicester-square. He was cheerful—in full possession of his mental faculties, but lacked the vigor to exert them. The very next day, having received an agreeable letter from Doctor Franklin, he wrote a rough copy of his answer, but, exhausted with the effort, retired to bed. Seized by a sudden sickness, he arose—rung the bell with alarming violence—and within two hours expired!

HOGARTH'S TOMB.

Of all the villages in the neighborhood of London, rising from the banks of the Thames, (and how numerous and beautiful they are!) few are so well known as that of Chiswick.

The Duke of Devonshire's grounds, containing about ninety acres, are filled with mementos, pleasant to the eye and suggestive to the imagination; but we must seek and find a more solemn scene, where the churchyard of Chiswick incloses the ashes of some whose names are written upon the pages of history. Though the church is, in a degree, surrounded by houses, there is much of the repose of "a country churchyard" about it; the Thames belts it with its silver girdle; and when we visited it, the setting sun cast a mellow light upon the windows of the church, touching a headstone or an urn, while the shadows trembled on the undulating graves. Like all churchyards it is crowded; and however reverently we bent our footsteps, it was impossible to avoid treading on the soft grass of the humble grave, or the stone that marks the resting-place of one of "the better order."

How like the world was that silent churchyard! High and low, rich and poor, mingled together, and yet avoiding to mingle. The dust of the imperious Duchess of Cleveland found here a grave; while here too, as if to contrast the pure with the impure, repose the ashes of Mary, daughter of Oliver Cromwell; Holland the actor, the friend of David Garrick, here cast aside his "motley." Lord Macartney, the famous ambassador to China, a country of which our knowledge was then almost as dim as that we have of the moon—the ambassador rests here, while a Chinese junk is absolutely moored in the very river that murmurs beside his grave! Surely the old place is worthy of a pilgrimage. Loutherbourg, the painter, found a resting-place in its church-yard. Ralph, the historian and political writer, whose histories and politics are now as little read as the Dunciad which held them up to ridicule, is buried here; and confined as is the space, it is rich in epitaphs.

Hogarth's monument is remarkable among the many plainer "stones" with which the churchyard is crowded, but is by no means distinguished for that artistic character which it might have received as covering the remains of so great an artist. A small slab, in relief, takes from it, however, the charge of insipidity; it contains a comic mask, an oak branch, pencils and mahl-stick, a book and a scroll, and the palette, marked with the "line of beauty."

The following poetical tribute, by David Garrick, is inscribed on the tomb:—

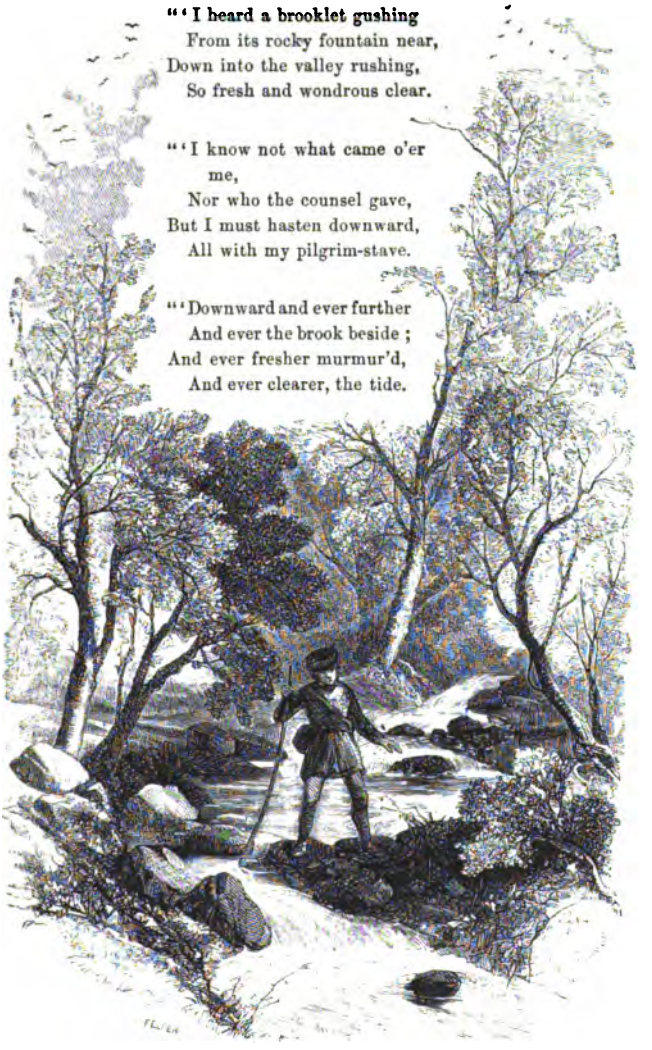
"Farewell! great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.
If Genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honor'd dust lies here!"

BASS-RELIEF ON HOGARTH'S TOMB.

"WHITHER?"

"I AM persuaded," said Flemming, "that in order fully to understand and feel the popular poetry of Germany one must be familiar with the German landscape. Many sweet little poems are the outbreaks of momentary feelings;—words to which the song of birds, the rustling of leaves, and the gurgle of cool waters form the appropriate music. Or perhaps I should say they are words which man has composed to the music of nature. Can you not, even now, hear this brooklet telling you how it is on its way to the mill, where at daybreak the miller's daughter opens her window, and comes down to bathe her face in its stream?

"A most delightful ballad, truly," said the baron; "but, like many others of our little songs, it requires a poet to feel and understand it. Sing them in the valley and woodland shadows, and in garden walks, and at night, and alone, as they were written. Sing them not in the loud world,—for the loud world laughs such things to scorn. Müller has written one of such, entitled 'Whither?' which is worth repeating to you:



"'I heard a brooklet gushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear.

"'I know not what came o'er me,
Nor who the counsel gave,
But I must hasten downward,
All with my pilgrim-stave.

"'Downward and ever further
And ever the brook beside;
And ever fresher murmur'd,
And ever clearer, the tide.

"'Is this the way I was going?
Whither, O brooklet? say!
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
Murmur'd my senses away.

"'What do I say of a murmur?
That can no murmur be;
'T is the water-nymphs, that are singing
Their roundelays under me.

"'Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,
And wander merrily near;
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear.'"

"There you have the poetic reverie," said Flemming, "and the dull prose commentary and explanation in matter of fact. The song is pretty; and was probably suggested by some such scene as this which we are now beholding. Doubtless, all your old national traditions sprang up in the popular mind as this song in the poet's."

[For the National Magazine.]

RIZPAH.

She sat beneath the midnight sky,
Amid her grief alone;
The soft winds swept in silence by,
Or breathed an answering moan.
She wept not, for the source was dry
Whence bitter tears are shed,
But gazed with calm and steadfast eye
Upon the silent dead;—

The dead whose forms before her lay,
Wrapp'd in that deep repose
That will not pass with night away,
Nor sudden wakening knows;—
On whom the mourner call'd in vain
With words of tenderness,
Whose pale lips trembled not again
To soothe her deep distress.

Well might she gaze, in mute despair,
Upon that scene of woe;
For every treasured hope was there,
Beside those sleepers low.
Too soon, too sudden torn away,
The lone and childless left,
Where shall her sad heart find a stay,
Of every hope bereft?

Sadly look'd down the dark-blue sky,
Though bright with many a star;
She heeded not each glittering eye
That watch'd her from afar.
She would have pour'd her bitter grief
Upon the midnight air;
But words were all too few and brief,
To paint her wild despair.

Then gaily came the crimson dawn,
Clothed in its robe of light;
But what to her was rosy morn,
Who dwelt in endless night?
The midnight's vail could never hide
That depth of bitter woe;
The gorgeous sun, array'd in pride,
But mock'd the grief below.

Slowly the golden sunbeams crept
Along their wide domain,
And rested on the forms that slept
Where love still watch'd in vain.
The sunshine of her life's glad day
Was gone, no more to rise;
Hid 'neath the heavy lids that lay
Above the darken'd eyes.

Gay voices, breathing tones of mirth,
Came floating on the breeze;
The mingled choristers of earth,
The sound of waving trees.
These fell unheeded on her ear,
To her all music died,
When bending o'er these slumb'rers dear,
She call'd and none replied.

Still, through each long and weary day,
Her vigil sad she kept;
Beneath the noontide's scorching ray,
Or when the night-dews wept.
With love, that changed or falter'd not,
She kept her place unmoved;
On earth that single lonely spot,
Held all her best beloved.

And, O! what piercing tones of woe
Awoke the silence there,
Or died away in murmurs low,
Upon the troubled air!
What storm of grief and passion thrill'd
Her heart so long oppress;
What brooding waves of sorrow fill'd
The mourner's haunted breast!

They bore the silent dead away,
From that drear scene of gloom,
And laid them with their kindred clay,
Within the sheltering tomb.
And, where, where, broke the faithful heart,
Whose task was now fulfill'd;
Whence did that spirit, wrung, depart;
When was that deep grief still'd?

We know not; but the love profound
That lived when life was o'er,
That human speech can never sound,
Or human thought explore,
Must surely in some realm above
Have found its fitting home,
Where death can never sunder love,
Or grief and parting come.

A sad and weary lot was thine,
O watcher by the dead!
To gaze upon the soul's loved shrine,
When life's fair hues had fled.
But O! 't is sad, from day to day,
To mark the love of years,
Long prized and cherish'd, fade away,
Amidst unheeded tears;—

The love that we had call'd our own,
The joy of vanish'd hours,
Die, like an echo's scarce-heard tone,
Or hues of wither'd flowers;
And leave but sorrow in the place
Whence love and hope have fled:
The soul that seeks their early trace
Must gaze upon the dead!

P. J. Owen.

AUTUMN.

With what a glory comes and goes the year!
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the cluster'd trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillar'd clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimson'd,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the way side a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel, while aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings,
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth,
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well perform'd, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE PURE IN HEART.

BY ALICE CARY.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Bow, angels, from your glorious state,
If e'er on earth you trod,
And lead me through the golden gate
Of prayer, unto my God.

I long to gather from the word
The meaning, full and clear—
To build unto my gracious Lord
A tabernacle here.

Against my face the tempests beat,
The winds are loud and chill;
When shall I hear the voice so sweet,
Commanding, Peace—be still?

The angels said, God giveth you
His love—what more is ours?
Even as the cisterns of the dew
O'erflow upon the flowers,

His grace descends, and as of old
He walks with man apart,
Keeping the promise as foretold
With all the pure in heart.

"Places of nestling green, for poets made."

PICTURESQUE SCENERY.

I stood tiptoe upon a little hill:
The air was cooling, and so very still
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved, and finely-tapering stems,
Had not yet lost their starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new-shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves;
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
There was wide wandering for the greediest eye,
To peer about upon variety:
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim;
To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending;
Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.
I gazed awhile, and felt as light and free
As though the fanning wings of Mercury
Had play'd upon my heels: I was light-hearted,
And many pleasures to my vision started;
So I straightway began to pluck a posy
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft and rosy.
A bush of May-flowers with the bees about them;
Ah, sure no tasteful nook could be without them!
And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,
And let long grass grow round the roots, to keep them
Moist, cool and green; and shade the violets,
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.

A filbert-hedge with wild-brier overtwined,
And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind
Upon their summer thrones; there too should be
The frequent-checker of a youngling tree,
That with a score of light green brethren shoots
From the quaint mossiness of aged roots;
Round which is heard a spring-head of clear waters,
Babbling so wildly of its lovely daughters,
The spreading blue-bells: it may haply mourn
That such fair clusters should be rudely torn
From their fresh beds, and scatter'd thoughtlessly
By infant hands, left on the path to die.

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids
That in these days your praises should be sung
On many harps, which he has lately strung;
And when again your dewiness he kisses,
Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses:
So haply when I rove in some far vale,
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight;
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.
Linger awhile upon some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,

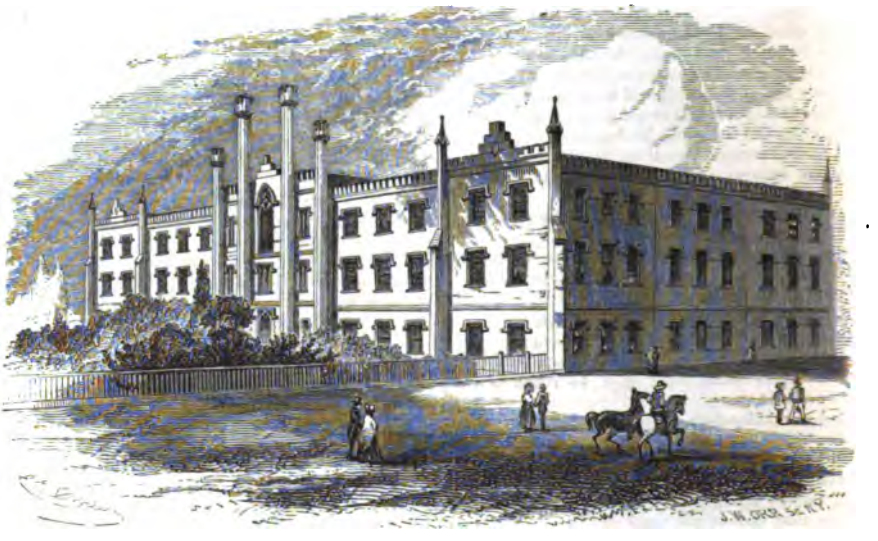
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings:
They will be found softer than ringdoves' cooings.
How silent comes the water round that bend!
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the overhanging sallows: blades of grass
Slowly across the checker'd shadows pass.
Why you might read two sonnets, ere they reach
To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds;
Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,
To taste the luxury of sunny beams
Temper'd with coolness. How they ever wrestle
With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand!
If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain;
But turn your eye, and they are there again.
The ripples seem right glad to reach those cresses,
And cool themselves among the emerald tresses;
The while they cool themselves, they freshness give,
And moisture, that the bowery green may live:
So keeping up an interchange of favors,
Like good men in the truth of their behaviors.
Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop
From low-hung branches: little space they stop;
But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek;
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak:
Or perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,
Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.
Were I in such a place, I sure should pray
That naught less sweet might call my thoughts away,
Than the soft rustle of a maiden's gown
Fanning away the dandelion's down;
Than the light music of her nimble toes
Patting against the sorrel as she goes.
How she would start, and blush, thus to be caught
Playing in all her innocence of thought!
O let me lead her gently o'er the brook,
Watch her half-smiling lips and downward look;
O let me for one moment touch her wrist;
Let me one moment to her breathing list;
And as she leaves me, may she often turn
Her fair eyes looking through her locks auburn.
What next? a tuft of evening primroses,
O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But that 't is ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers; or by the flitting
Of divers moths, that aye their rest are quitting;
Or by the moon lifting her silver rim
Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim
Coming into the blue with all her light.
O maker of sweet poets! dear delight
Of this fair world and all its gentle livers;
Spangler of clouds, halo of crystal rivers,
Mingler with leaves, and dew and tumbling streams,
Closer of lovely eyes to lovely dreams,
Lover of loneliness and wandering,
Of upcast eye and tender pondering!
Thee must I praise above all other glories
That smile us on to tell delightful stories.
For what has made the sage or poet write
But the fair paradise of Nature's light?
In the calm grandeur of a sober line
We see the waving of the mountain pine;
And when a tale is beautifully staid,
We feel the safety of a hawthorn glade:
When it is moving on luxurious wings,
The soul is lost in pleasant smotherings:
Fair dewy roses brush against our faces,
And flowering laurels spring from diamond vases;
O'erhead we see the jasmine and sweet-brier,
And bloomy grapes laughing from green attire;
While at our feet the voice of crystal bubbles
Charms us at once away from all our troubles;
So that we feel uplifted from the world,
Walking upon the white clouds wreath'd and curl'd.—*Keats.*

NEW-YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

THE New-York Institution for the Blind, of which our engraver has given a faithful picture, is situated on the Ninth Avenue, in the upper part of the city. It was established about twenty years ago, and is one of the most deserving of all our philanthropic institutions. There are at present about one hundred and fifty students, most of them from various places in the state of New-York. Over one hundred are beneficiaries of the state, thirteen are supported by their friends, and others—as many as the limited funds of the Institution will permit—are boarded and taught gratuitously.

The list of studies pursued by the inmates includes Reading and Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Astronomy, Mental and Moral Science, Music, and, in fact, all the branches usually taught in English academies. For their especial use books in raised print are provided, and from their delicacy of touch they are enabled to read with ease and accuracy. By the aid of movable type, in reticulated frames, they are taught Arithmetic, and the proficiency of many of the totally blind, in long and complicated calculations, is truly wonderful. The greater part of the instruction imparted is, however, necessarily oral, and frequent repetition supplies the place of study.

From the last report of the gentlemanly and efficient superintendent, Mr. Cooper, we learn that the household establishment is arranged to give the blind every comfort, and also to teach them to dispense, for the most part, with personal assistance. Thus, the children at table are



INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

under the immediate care of their matron; but they soon learn to cut their own food, and otherwise to conduct themselves at meals with as much neatness and propriety as seeing youth. Their dressing-rooms, dormitories and wash-rooms, are planned with the same view; and the domestic attendance is no larger than in ordinary academies of equal size.

In the daily routine of duty, the inmates rise at half-past six, hear morning prayers at seven, breakfast, and attend the schools from eight to twelve; then dine; and from one to five are employed in the shops, where they are taught to manufacture baskets, mats, mattresses, carpeting and band-boxes. The females are also taught plain sewing, various kinds of fancy knitting and bead-work. The senior and junior singing classes are engaged, on alternate days, from half-past four to six. At seven the pupils are assembled in the chapel, to listen to a course of reading; and at half-past eight the roll is called for evening prayers.

The choir or band then practice till bed-time, ten o'clock. Lessons on the piano and other instruments are given to all in turn during the day and evening.

On Sunday there is public worship in the chapel in the morning and afternoon; mid-day a Sabbath school; in the evening a Bible class—and morning and evening prayers.

Thus, with mind and body employed and strengthened, with no idle time for repining, the blind child finds restored to him the contentment and even gayety of youth; and were this all, it would be no trifling good effected.

But when the pupils are graduated, they have it in their power, under ordinary circumstances, and with the assistance that young persons need from their friends for a start in life, to support themselves by their own labor; and some, as teachers of music, piano-tuners and choristers, have received very constant and profitable employment.

The manufactory is an extension of the work department, to meet the wants of those graduates who, friendless as well as sightless, had no home but the benign institution which sheltered them. These found board and lodging in the vicinity, and were maintained by work given them at prices regulated with a view to their support. Their numbers were soon increased by persons who had lost their sight by accidents in mature life, and with health, strength, mechanical skill and habits of industry, asked not for alms, but for the means of earning bread for their families.

The expenses of the Institution for the last year were about $65,000; the receipts were not quite equal to the disbursements.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

"TRUTH is stranger than fiction." Scarcely would the boldest novelist venture to place a timid girl in the forefront of his battles, to work deliverance for beleaguered cities, and conduct a king to his throne. Yet such task has fallen to history.

On the banks of the Meuse and near its source, is the little hamlet of Domremy. Not far away rise the softly-rounded, snow-capped summits of the Vosges. Their slopes furnish pasturage for numerous flocks, and here and there may be seen some of those vineyards for which other parts of Champagne are so celebrated. The scenery of this province is in general uninteresting, but here it is picturesque and beautiful; and among these rich woodlands grew up the Maid of Orleans.

Near her father's cottage stood a little chapel called the Hermitage of St. Mary; and here, while her gayer companions were enjoying their merry pastime, she would be found in earnest devotion. Many a sick cottager learned to bless her sweet face which appeared so often at his bedside—the poor, the aged, the friendless, all shared her gentle kindness. In her father's dwelling, her foot fell lightly and swiftly as she turned the wheel or made ready the simple repast. All loved her; even the sheep of her father's flock gathered close around her, and followed her call with unwonted alacrity.

She was born of humble parents, who appear to have exceeded the rest of a district remarkable for simple devotion, and early inculcated into the mind of Joan a

fervent piety, mixed, unfortunately for her, with an implicit and universal belief not only in visions, but also of supernatural appearances. These lessons found a quick response in the little girl's breast. Reverencing the holy lives of the saints and martyrs, admiring with her whole soul their sufferings, and aspiring to be admitted to their community, she believed with all the intensity of ignorance the legends detailed to her.

When at about nine years of age, there came to her, or so she thought, a heavenly visitant, clad in beautiful apparel. Her head was circled with dazzling gems, and her voice was soft and silvery as befitted an angel. The bright vision announced herself as St. Catherine, and spoke words of counsel and encouragement. She hinted vaguely at a high destiny the child was to fulfill, and promised to aid her in working it out. This visit was repeated almost daily, in company with St. Margaret; and so sweet was the converse of the two saints, so gentle their mien, Joan grieved when they left her, and longed to be permitted to go with them. St. Michael, also, she said, appeared to her more than once, and bade her to be obedient in all things to St. Catherine and St. Margaret, assuring her that they were to be her guiding and guarding angels.

Such is the account which Joan of Arc gave of the influence under which she commenced her career. So pertinaciously did she adhere to her statement, and so minute were her descriptions of the persons she affirmed herself to have seen, that we must at once discredit her piety, or admit that to her they were an undoubted reality. We are disposed to repel the charge of imposture by referring her angels' visits to hallucination. Well authenticated instances of spectral illusion are not less marvelous, save in results, than this. The influences which surround a person subject to this mental disease, give form to the illusion. To one so devotional as Joan, it was quite natural that the spectre should put on the vesture and mien of a saint from heaven. In her Church the saints were objects of the highest veneration, and were commonly believed to visit our earth in a visible form. Were such apparitions to flit into our field of view we should at once proceed to apply to them the tests of science, till they were resolved into thin air; but in her mind they produced only a pious wonder, passing into the conviction that they betokened toward her a special divine favor.

In the midst of the peacefulness and seclusion in which Joan was passing her youthful days, came the harsh sound of war. Her young king, at the head of a band of brave and faithful followers, had been forced by his foes to retire from one stronghold after another in spite of gallant resistance. The life blood of the noblest sons of France crimsoned the soil. Strangers sat in the high places, and the son of an alien had been crowned in her capital. The English held possession of the whole north of France, and were fast pressing their victorious arms into the south. There still remained one place of great importance in the hands of the French. This was the city of Orleans, well fortified, and situated in the very heart of the country; from which, if the English gained possession, they might issue their forces for the conquest of the southern provinces with complete certainty of success. The Duke of Bedford, the English regent, was not unaware of its advantages, and dispatched the Earl of Salisbury with an army of ten thousand men to take it. With this force, having taken most of the smaller places in the vicinity, he approached the city; but while reconnoitering the enemy during the first attack, he was killed. The command now devolved upon the Earl of Suffolk. He chose the slow but cautious operations of a siege, to an assault upon walls defended by obstinate citizens and brave troops. His forces were insufficient to invest the city completely, so that by stealth or daring supplies occasionally entered it. But these were inadequate, and the danger of the garrison became every day more imminent. The courage of the young king drooped, and he began to meditate a flight into Scotland.

It did not require electric wires to telegraph news like this through every part of the kingdom. Charles was very popular among the people—his cause was theirs, and from courtier to villager, all hearts burned with zeal for their sovereign and resentment against the enemy. Even peaceful Domremy caught the general excitement, and the eyes of the gentle Joan flashed with a strange light as she listened to the story of some newly-arrived messenger, who told of a fresh defeat of her

countrymen. Her step grew less steady at her wheel. Now her feet would move more swiftly as she drew out the long thread, and then slowly winding it up, her hand would rest long on the wheel, her eyes fall musingly and the color come and go quickly on her cheek. More frequently than ever she was found alone or at the chapel. What high resolve sits on that marble brow! What have the heavenly voices bidden her now! To go forth and deliver her country and her king.

The bold idea startled her at first, but was pondered till it lost its terrors and ripened into a plan for action. She left her father's cottage and flocks, the sunny slopes and fragrant forests, where she had passed her childhood, and, by the assistance of an uncle, gained admittance to De Baudrincourt, governor of Vaucouleurs, to whom she seemed directed to go by her patron saints. She told him that she was commissioned by Heaven to raise the siege of Orleans and conduct the king to Rheims. This Scone of France, where from the days of Clovis the holy oil had been poured on the head of royalty, was in the hands of the English, and Charles had only been crowned at Poictiers. So pretentious a message from a peasant girl fell strangely on the ear of De Baudrincourt, and with some harshness he bade her go home. Undaunted by this repulse, she continued at Vaucouleurs to wait for another interview. Gossip soon spread the story of the maiden, and many came to see and hear for themselves. To all she avowed her mission, and with such a calm confidence of success that many who came wondering, returned believing. That she might qualify herself for the part she was to act, she exercised herself in horsemanship and the use of the lance, in both of which she acquired great perfection. After long waiting and many discouragements, she succeeded in enlisting in her cause Jean de Metz, a gentleman of noble birth, whose patronage drew several other adherents. Baudrincourt himself was induced to furnish her a horse and sword, a small escort, and a recommendation to the king.

Some shook their heads mournfully as the little cavalcade moved slowly away from her native village; while others, who seemed to have caught something of her own enthusiasm, filled the air with their cheers and benedictions. Joan herself, clad in male attire, rode at the head of the little band who had sworn allegiance to her, and waved her hand cheerfully to the crowd which had gathered to see her departure. Not a fear or doubt cast a shadow on her brow. High resolve and confidence in God spoke from her eye as well as lip, as she replied to those who represented the dangers of the way, "God is my Lord and Guide; I fear not men at arms." The king was at this time in Chinon, and thither Joan and her retinue directed their way. The hurry and excitement of the journey were not allowed to interfere with her devotions, which were most frequent and fervent. Every lurking doubt in the minds of those who accompanied her was dispelled by her calm and lofty bearing, and the exhibition of what seemed to them a spotless piety, which held them in check more effectually than the most rigid military discipline.

On arriving at Chinon she earnestly but courteously demanded admission to the king. Charles had heard of her coming, but was still undecided whether to favor her. He caused her to be strictly examined by his prelates, and sent to her native village for testimonials of her character. From all he received so good a report that he consented to an interview. It was natural that a young girl who had spent all her days in one of the most obscure hamlets of France, should meet with much trepidation the display of a court. Some pains had been taken to dazzle her untaught eyes. It was evening. Fifty torches gleamed upon hundreds of richly-dressed nobles and courtiers, among whom was the king more plainly dressed than the others, for the purpose of testing her claim to supernatural aid. But with as firm a step as ever pressed her father's oaken floor, she entered the royal saloon. A slight flush rose to her usually pale cheek, and her dark eye grew darker. But it was not that many torches flashed their light upon her view, or that many curious eyes were turned toward her. It was a soul-moving sense of her high mission which lent its radiance to her face. She at once singled out the king from the group, and with burning words told him the Lord had sent her to be his deliverer. It was hers to raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct the king to Rheims to be crowned. Charles listened wonderingly. He was afraid of being duped; yet the bright vision of success which she held up

to him was so tempting, her face was so truthful, her trust in God so unwavering, her asseveration of being under the control of celestial visitants so positive, and, more than all, his case was so desperate, his hope of relief from any other quarter so frail, that he would fain yield himself to her guidance. He sent her to Poictiers, where his parliament were assembled. Here she was again subjected to a long and severe examination. On its conclusion, the parliament advised the king to accept her services.

This decision filled the heart of the maiden with the deepest joy and thankfulness. Patience had had its perfect work—it was now time for action. King, nobles, and people, were ready to do her bidding. Nothing was withheld which might contribute to her success. Joan completed her arrangements with the greatest dispatch, and was soon ready to set out for the relief of the besieged city. A suit of white armor had been fitted to her person under her own direction. Over this she wore a richly embroidered tunic of white, and on her head a blue silk hat with an edge of gold. She was mounted on a snow-white charger, and bore aloft a standard on which was pictured the Saviour of the world. It was also of white; adorned with fleur de lis, and on it were inscribed the words "Jesu, Maria." A sword brought from the church of St. Catherine was girded to her side, and, amid the acclamations of a crowd, she passed out of the city at the head of seven thousand men. Her fame increased with every day's march in her progress to Orleans. Her countrymen took courage, and came by thousands on all sides to enlist under her banner. Even the pent-up garrison heard the far-off sound of her coming, and were incited to fresh efforts to maintain their position. The enemy could not remain ignorant of the cause of this sudden transition from fear and despondency to hope and confidence, and, ere they were aware, their own courage and assurance began to wane before the approach of that strange being, who was to come into their midst girded, as she affirmed, with the strength of Heaven.

Joan and her forces were to enter the city by the river Loire, on the north bank of which Orleans is situated. Accompanied by La Hire, one of her principal military commanders, she sailed up the river in advance of the army, and having landed some distance above, succeeded in reaching the city without harm from the enemy. The gates were thrown open to receive her, and from all sides came up the warm greeting of a grateful people. She waved her hand gracefully to the multitude, and assured them the Lord was hastening the hour of their deliverance. She repaired immediately to one of the churches to offer solemn thanksgiving for her safe arrival. She seemed too much absorbed in her high communings with Heaven to be elated with the attentions and honors which were bestowed upon her by the great ones of earth.

The next day Joan wished to go out at once to meet the enemy; but Dunois, the commander of the place, and others, persuaded her to await the arrival of her reinforcement. She however sent messages into the camp demanding a surrender. It was not possible that the English should be indifferent to so large an accession to the strength of the place they wished to subdue. It required courage and conduct to secure the admission of the newly-arrived forces under the very eye of the crouching enemy. Dunois led out some of his bravest troops to meet the advancing army, while Joan, with a few others, placed herself between them and the English lines. Such a fearless exposure of her person, added to the belief that she was aided either by good spirits or bad, struck the heart of the enemy with a superstitious dread, so that they allowed the new supplies to pass within the gates of the city without one effort of resistance. At evening Joan herself went out upon the wall of the city and called upon the commander of a fortress within the sound of her voice to surrender to her king, the Lord of heaven. The still night air, on which the clear tones of the maiden rung out with thrilling distinctness, bore back only the coarse contempt of the soldier. With her eyes raised to heaven she solemnly declared that terror and defeat should overtake his army, but that he should not live to see it.

At the dead of night Joan awoke from troubled slumbers. Her quick ear soon caught the sound of clashing steel. She called wildly upon D'Aulon, her military attendant, to make ready her horse and bring her arms. She sprung into the

saddle, and with D'Aulon rushed into the streets of the city. It was indeed her own countrymen who were flying in confusion before the enemy. The garrison, whose courage had been so much revived by the arrival of Joan and her followers, were impatient to engage the foe. A sudden attack was concerted by a comparatively small number, without the knowledge of Dunois, or the superior officers; and now, sorely pressed, they were retreating, while the English were fast pouring into the city. Joan called aloud to the flying soldiers, and bearing onward before them her banner, succeeded in bringing them to a stand. Dunois, too, brought up a large force, and soon the little skirmish thickened and blackened into one of the fiercest of battles. Here and there and everywhere rode the maiden. With blanched cheek, but with an eye of fire and an unfaltering voice, she cheered on the soldiers, who wrought untold deeds of valor beneath her snowy banner. One would have thought that leader a warrior's son instead of a shepherd's daughter. Hour after hour the combatants contested the ground; but at length the English were forced to give way before the desperate onset of the French. Far without the city walls the victors pursued. The fortress from whence but a few hours before issued such proud boasting, was razed to the ground.

Strange visions must have hovered round the heroine in her unquiet rest after a scene so appalling to eyes unused to blood. One would think that the din of the furious strife, and the ghastly, gory corse would have supplanted the sweet voices and heavenly forms which had been wont to visit her. But no, her angelic friends forsake her not. Still they come to counsel and cheer her o'erwrought spirit.

This victory greatly increased the enthusiasm of the soldiers for their gentle leader. They were ready for any enterprise where she led the way. One day only had elapsed when she proposed to attack another stronghold of the enemy. It was deemed a desperate undertaking by her military advisers, but was entirely successful.

The English commander now threw the strength of his army into the Tournelles, a large fort on the Loire. Flushed with success, Joan wished to lead forth her troops at once to take it. But Dunois and the other officers remonstrated. Their numbers were insufficient, and the hazard too great to risk the advantage they had already gained. A council was held, and it was decided to wait until reinforcements could be obtained from the king. What! shall she, who has forced her way through so many difficulties, sit now with folded hands until the way is smoothed according to the dictates of military prudence? Her ardor laughs at impossibilities. She assured the council that the will of Heaven was opposed to their decision. The chiefs strove in vain to detain her, while the soldiers clamored loudly to be permitted to follow her. Seeing her determination, the officers with true French gallantry placed themselves beside her, prepared to do and dare to the death. The attack was bold and impetuous, but the English had made ready for the worst. Undaunted by their resistance, Joan urged forward her troops, and with her own hands placed a ladder against one of the bulwarks. But her courage could not make her invulnerable. Scarcely had she mounted the first round, when she was pierced by an arrow and fell. Her attendants gathered around her and bore her away. She lay on the long grass. The sound of clashing arms, and the heavy tramp of many horses were unheeded. Her thoughts forsook earth, and sought to pierce into that fathomless eternity into which she believed herself passing. A priest drew near to receive her confession. But suddenly the noise of the trumpets, sounding a retreat, smote upon her ear. She sprang to her feet—drew, with her own hand, the arrow from her neck—and seizing again her banner, called loudly upon the soldiers to renew the attack. The sight of their fair leader once more at their head, and the sound of her voice, infused new life into the army. They fought as those who were to win or die—and the Tournelles was taken.

There was joy in the city that night. Here and there through the streets might have been seen groups of people, rehearsing in glowing strains the varied incidents of the battle. Noisy merriment took the place of the dejection which was fast creeping over them so shortly before. Joan's gratitude found expression in the Te Deums which were sung. Tears there were too in many a dwelling. There were brothers who returned not with the re-

joicing host—mothers mourned their first-born—wives strained to their aching hearts babes newly made fatherless—and there were white lips which told not in their agony of hearts to which their own were beginning to cling, from which the life blood had ebbed away. But these were stifled sobs, scarce heard amid the general rejoicing.

The day after the Tournelles was taken, the English, dreading again to encounter one whom they began to believe possessed of more than mortal aid, quietly raised the siege. Thus was fulfilled the first part of Joan's mission.

Now she must see her young sovereign crowned in Rheims. But her brother officers saw lions in the way—strongly-fortified towns, all filled with English troops. No, they must gain a broader foothold in their present position ere they venture on so bold a step. But again the enthusiasm of the maiden conquered the prudence of the generals. The army was put in the best condition possible, and they took up their march for Rheims. At Jargeau, whither the besiegers had retired, a battle was fought, where every advantage, save that of the flush of a recent victory, was on the side of the English. Here again the white-robed maiden, strangely fair amid such harsh surroundings, threw such life and energy into the attack as to bear down all opposition. Suffolk, the English commander, was taken prisoner. At Patay, the enemy were again routed. Here Charles joined his victorious army, and from thence their progress was almost without opposition. Troyes and Chalons, with scarcely a show of resistance, opened their gates to them. They approached Rheims with the expectation that here surely the English would summon a large force to repel them. But instead of this, as they drew near they were met by a deputation coming to resign the keys into the hands of their sovereign. They crossed the moat, passed through the long avenue of trees which lead to the city, and entered the open gates without soiling a plume, or unsheathing a blade.

That was a proud moment for Joan when she stood beneath the gilded roof of the old cathedral, and saw her king anointed with the holy oil, and crowned with all the pomp which waited on his fathers. Less than a twelvemonth before she roamed among the hills of Domremy by the side of her flocks, an humble peasant girl, unknown beyond her native hamlet. Now a nation gazes upon her. She sits among princes, and is the observed of all. She is no longer plebeian. In her hands are letters of nobility presented by her sovereign. And her father, the old man who stands in the midst of the crowd as if in a dream, with his eyes fixed upon his child, he too is ennobled. Is not thy head giddy, maiden? Has not the sparkling cup which thou hast quaffed stirred thy heart's pride? No: the weeping Joan throws herself at the feet of her king. Her prophecy, her mission, is fulfilled. She asks to be permitted to return to her father's house, and be a shepherd girl once more.

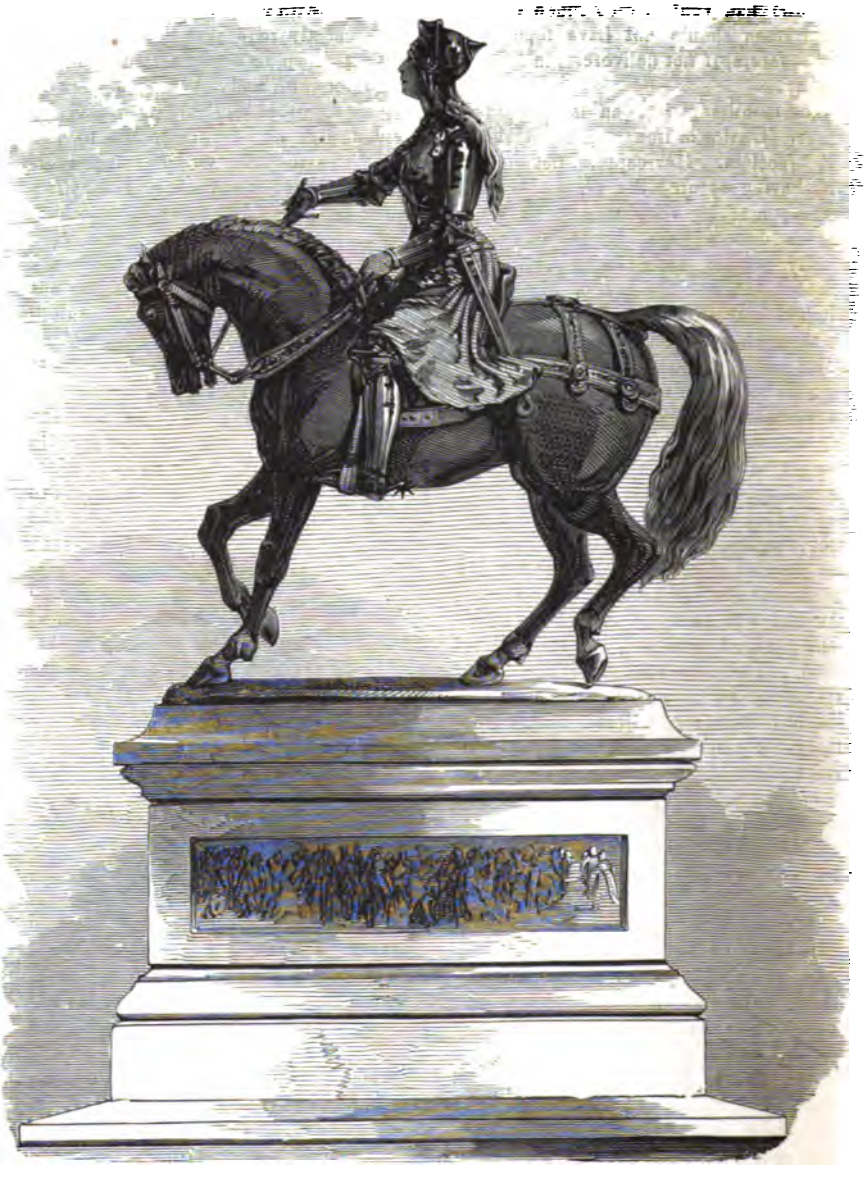
Charles's fortune had greatly improved; but he was by no means master of France. There remained formidable cities and provinces yet unconquered. His first success he owed solely to Joan. Not to her skill chiefly, but to that powerful influence she exercised over the minds of friend and foe, filling the one with hope and the other with dread, by her claims to divine aid. Charles felt that he could not dispense with her services, and in an evil hour for her, she consented, though reluctantly, to place herself again at the head of his army. But her star had reached its greatest altitude. It was to set as rapidly as it had risen. In the first two battles in which she was engaged after this, victories were gained, but at great cost. Then followed defeats. The strength and buoyancy of her spirits seemed departing. Already her mournful fate was casting its dark shadow athwart her path. She afterward affirmed that about this time the angel voices forewarned her that she would fall into the hands of the enemy. Doubtless, the presentiment contributed to insure the event. It was at Compeigne, when, after twice repulsing the Luxembourg troops, her party was intercepted by the English, and she was taken prisoner. Ah, France, where was thy chivalry, when the gentle maiden who had saved thee was taken captive by ruthless hands alone, while all thy sons fled! 'Tis whispered in a low breath that envy helped the enemy—that since the danger was passed, green eyes turned upon the fated heroine—that there were those who could not brook that a low-bred woman should stand before them.

We know it not, yet strange it is that she who had ventured so much for her countrymen should not have found fellow-sufferers, if not deliverers, in her extremity.

For months poor Joan languished in prison. Chains of iron were her necklace and bracelets. Her captors, not content with having secured her person, seemed bent upon taking vengeance for their numerous discomfitures, by an excess of cruelty toward their hapless, helpless prisoner. A hue-and-cry of heresy and witchcraft was raised against her; and for these she was condemned to die at the stake. Her woman's heart, which had been so wondrously nerved to face death on the battle-field, now broken by suffering and reproach, died within her at the thought of so terrible a fate. She gave herself up to the most passionate grief, and in that dark hour was induced to assent to an abjuration of her innocence upon the promise of release. During her imprisonment she had been urged to confess that she was guilty of the crimes which were charged upon her, but she had refused. Tortures were threatened, but she boldly maintained that in all things she had done the will of God. It is thought she did not understand the abjuration which she was now pressed to sign to be an acknowledgment of guilt. But the confession thus extorted availed her nothing. The enemy would not be satisfied with anything short of the sacrifice of her life.

Once more the eyes of a crowd are turned upon the maiden. Once more the father gazes on his child. Not as before in the Cathedral of Rheims, but in the market-place of Rouen. Then were heard the glad sounds of an ovation—now there is the hush of death. Then the light which fell upon that graceful, girlish form, stole softly through richly stained windows—the light which now encircles it, gleams from consuming flames. She is passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and with an energy lent from above, she seems to cast herself upon the Saviour, and with his name on her lips, expires. The old man bows in agony. It is his last grief—he turns away to die. Even those who had clamored for her death, shrunk from the scene with horror, as she was dragged forward, and placed upon the pile.

It was at this moment that, looking around her with an inspired countenance, Joan earnestly requested that a crucifix might be given to her. An Englishman hurried forward, and breaking a stick in two pieces, formed one roughly, which she received and pressed fervently to her bosom. So touching was her demeanor, so complete her resignation, that many left the market-place, incapable of watching her constancy to the close: the very officials were melted to tears, while the bailie of Rouen could scarcely falter out the requisite orders. "Dieu soit bénit!" exclaimed she, as she placed herself on the pile. The name of the Saviour was the last to quit her lips, and as long as she retained a single breath of life, she appeared to be pouring out her soul in prayer. When the smoke cleared away, the calcined ashes alone remained to France of the martyred heroine who had saved her in her peril; and, as usual, general lamentation was heard from those who, though preserved by her fortitude and constancy, had never evinced practical gratitude to rescue one whose devotion they could plausibly admire, yet were too pusillanimous to copy! Alas for poor humanity! which can adulate the prosperous, yet see the vast forest of great virtues cut down—yea, even aid in its extirpation—without an effort to preserve it, though protecting all beneath its shadow! How often does the mistaken motive called policy, which prompts to such ingratitude, deceive itself; and baseness finds no reward, but unavailing remorse becomes the profitless return for treachery! So was it with Joan: France felt herself more disgraced by the abandonment of her heroine, than by a thousand defeats; the gleam of the maid's consuming pyre was reflected in the universal glow of national shame, and—fitting instrument of such inhumanity—priestcraft put forth all its cunning in aid of cruelty, and professed to punish imposture by the grossest perversion of truth! We gladly drop a vail over this scene, for the heart shrinks less at the sufferings of the innocent victim than at the malignant deceit of her persecutors. Sad indeed is the moral, of how ignorance sears the mind's best feelings; how superstitious fanaticism obscures the judgment, until, unguided by the word, even the ministers of a religion professing peace outrage its dictates, while they presume



STATUE OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

to call themselves its ministers, and profane his likeness whom they yet claim to be their God!

Many monuments have been erected to the memory of the heroic maiden. There is one at Rouen, on the spot where she was put to death; and a beautiful statue was, some years since, erected at Paris by a daughter of Louis Philippe.

Still more recently a statue of the maid, on horseback, and clad in complete armor, has been erected at Orleans by the French government. It was solemnly inaugurated with great pomp, on the eighth of May last. Our artist has given a representation of this beautiful work of art, copied from *L'Illustration*, a Parisian journal.

THE MANGOSTEEN.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

WE purpose to devote occasionally a page or two to brief descriptions of rare fruits and beautiful flowers. We give an engraving of the *Mangosteen*, and an illustration of the fruit and leaves is on the next page. In botanical language it is the *Garcinia Mangostana*. It is a native of the Molucca Islands, whence it has been introduced into Great Britain and France, and a few specimens are to be found in the more choice collections of exotic plants in the United States. The tree, in its

FRUIT OF THE MANGOSTEEN.

native soil, grows to the height of about twenty feet, very straight, and perhaps too rigid to be called graceful. The leaves are large, oval, and of a glossy green color. The flowers resemble the rose in form and color. The fruit is of a dullish red, the size of a small orange, with a thick rind like that of the pomegranate. It is of a most exquisite flavor, uniting the delicious juice of the peach with the aroma of the finest strawberry. Dr. Garcin, in whose honor it received the botanic name *Garcinia*, says that it is esteemed the most delicious of East Indian fruits, and a great deal may be eaten without inconvenience. It is the only fruit which sick people are allowed to eat unsparingly. Dr. Solander, another eminent botanist, was seized, while in Batavia, with a putrid fever, and was brought very low, and attributed his recovery mainly to a free use of this most delicious fruit.

At a late exhibition of the Horticultural Society of London, beautiful specimens of the Mangosteen were exhibited, said by those who had tasted it in its native soil to be fully equal in flavor to the products of the Indian Archipelago.

A London paper, to which we are indebted for the original, from which our engravings are taken, says that the production of this delicious tropical fruit, lately accomplished in the stove of the Duke of Northumberland, at Sion House, is considered by those conversant with the difficulties attending the labor as one of the greatest triumphs of modern horticulture; this being, we believe, the only successful attempt made since the introduction of the plant into England, in 1729. The ripe fruit exhibited was one of the four produced by a tree sent over by Dr. Wallich, from the Calcutta Botanic Garden, in 1833; since which time it has received the unremitting attention of twenty-two years, before crowning the exertions of its cultivator with fruit.

On the following page we give one of the most beautiful subjects of the floral kingdom. Only a flower! That's all, reader. But blessed be the man that loves flowers, loves them for their own sakes, for their beauty, their associations, the joy they have given and always will give; so that, if there was not another creature on earth to admire or praise, he would just as much sit down among them as friends and companions!

He who does not appreciate floral beauty is to be pitied like any other man who is born imperfect. But men who contemptuously reject flowers as effeminate and unworthy of manhood, reveal their coarseness. Were flowers fit to eat or drink, were they stimulative of passions, or could

THE JASMINE-FLOWERED RHODODENDRON.

they be gambled with like stocks and public consciences, they would take them up just where finer minds would drop them, who love them as revelations of God's sense of beauty; as addressed to the taste, and to something finer and deeper than taste—that power within us which spiritualizes matter, and communes with God through his work.

But flowers seem to smile; some have a sad expression; some are pensive and diffident; others again, plain, honest, and upright, like the broad-faced sunflower and the hollyhock. We speak of them as laughing, as gay and coquettish, as nodding and dancing. But no man of sensibility ever spoke of a flower as he would of a fungus, a pebble, or a sponge. They are more lifelike than many animals. We commune with flowers, we go to them if we are sad or glad; but a toad, a worm, an insect, we repel as if real life was not half so real as imaginary life.

But we are forgetting our subject. It is the *Rhododendron Jasminiflorum*, or *Jessamine-flowered Rhododendron*, which we give a correct representation of,—a native of Mount Ophir, in the Straits of Molucca. It is a rather dwarfish shrub, evergreen, the foliage very thick and glossy. The flowers are tubular, of a waxlike and dazzling whiteness. The anthers, or tops of the stamina, are of a beautiful scarlet, which, contrasted with the pure white of its petals, give it a unique and most striking appearance. It is very fragrant, and said to be of easy cultivation.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

MONTGOMERY wrote verses at a very early age. Before he had completed his tenth year he had imitated quite a number of those fantastic pieces of doggerel sung by the Moravians, and misnamed hymns. From hymn-writing he soared, in his boyish imagination, to the production of a grand epic. His theme was *The World*—the scene, away back, myriads of ages before the creation of angels. "I meant," says he, "to begin at the beginning, or rather earlier still; for my plan contemplated a representation of the Almighty, happy and alone in the solitudes of eternity." Then angels were to be created, wars in heaven were to be described—a dreadful battle between Michael and his hosts on the one side, and Lucifer and his legions on the other. In fact, the poem was to be a magnificent epitome of all history, celestial, secular, and infernal. It was the subject of his day-dreams when he should have been poring over his arithmetic or his Latin grammar, and of his feverish visions by night, when he should have been asleep.

Pretty well for a boy of fifteen! and not wonderful that the young poet was turned out of the Moravian school, in Yorkshire, on the charge of incorrigible indolence. That expulsion, a grief to his parents, who had intended him for the ministry among the United Brethren, altered the whole current of his life. Employment was found for him as a shop-boy with a baker of bread and biscuits, where his conduct was even less satisfactory than at school; the time which should have been devoted to the interests of the shop being occupied with poetic inventions, verse-making, the composition of original music, and "blowing out his brains with a haut-

boy." In this situation he did not continue long, nor allow himself the disgrace of being turned off. He ran away. With a fairly written copy of one of his shorter poems in his pocket, he approached one of England's affable noblemen, the Earl Fitzwilliam. With a low bow and a palpitating heart, the young fugitive presented the verses to his lordship, who read them on the spot, and gave the lad a guinea. This was the first-fruits of his muse in the shape of gold. It was a long time before she got any more for him.

As an assistant of a general shop-keeper in a country town, Montgomery earned his bread for a year or two longer; and then, to the great joy of his heart, found his way to London, where he was employed by a book-publisher of some celebrity. The duties of this new position were somewhat congenial to his temperament, and the bookseller spoke words of encouragement to the young poet. He was not willing, however—sagacious man!—to run the risk of publishing his poetry. Then our hero prepared a little story-book for children, which did not take; and then he wrote a novel on the model of Tom Jones, which nobody would print.

Disheartened and discouraged, but still bent on authorship, we next find him in Sheffield, a clerk in the office of a weekly paper called the *Register*. In addition to his specific duties Montgomery wrote an occasional article for its columns; and when, after a service of about two years, the *Register* was discontinued, in company with a partner, who furnished the necessary cash, he bought the presses, type, and other printing material, and commenced, as editor-in-chief, the publication of the world-renowned *Sheffield Iris*.

Now, in his twenty-third year, he had a vehicle of communication with the public. He aimed to make the *Iris* an intellectual and interesting paper, and he succeeded. He filled its columns with condensed abstracts of the news of the day, with well-written essays, with an occasional original tale, and with poetry. Politics he always hated, and the indispensable editorial task of preparing an occasional political article, in those stormy times, was the most irksome and unpleasant of his duties. On the exciting topics of the day he was exceedingly cautious, not so much from fear of consequences as from inclination. But his prudence was of no avail. The *Iris* was printed on the same presses from which had issued the *Register*, and the *Register* had made itself obnoxious to the government officials by the boldness of its tone, and more especially by the escape of its editor, for whose seizure a warrant had been prepared. In the sapience of the authorities, and in token of their disinterested loyalty, it was deemed essential that vengeance should light somewhere; and if the *Register* man could not be found, his successor of the *Iris* could, and alas for our unlucky poetical editor, he was seized, imprisoned, tried, condemned, found guilty, fined twenty pounds, and incarcerated six months. What for? Simply this. A poor man, who made a living by hawking ballads, was taken up for having treason in his possession. It was found in his basket. Where did he get it? At the office of the *Iris*, was the answer. That was enough. The result we have already stated. But the curious reader may want to know the shape, size, color or quality of the treason. Here it is, a stanza found in a ballad printed at Montgomery's office, and which Montgomery, in all probability, never saw until he read it in the indictment to which he was called to plead:

"Europe's fate on the contest's decision depends—
Most important the issue will be;
For should France be subdued, Europe's liberty ends;
If she triumphs, the world will be free."

He bore his imprisonment with equanimity, employed his time mainly in versifying, and on his release published an address to the readers of the *Iris*, in which he says:—

"Whatever some persons may say or think of me, no man is a firmer friend either to his king or his country than myself. . . . . All private resentment and animosity against those who have hitherto been my enemies and persecutors I have left behind in my prison, and may they never escape thence! If I cannot obtain, I will at least endeavor to deserve the public favor."

After his release, scarcely four months elapsed before the bird was caught again, and caged: this time for "a false, scandalous, and malicious libel." Harsh terms to be used against so gentle a spirit; and the warrant for them was found, or said to be found, in an account given by the editor of a riot in Sheffield, in which

several of his townsmen were wounded and two killed by a company of Volunteers. Here is the libel referred to:—

"R. A. Athorpe, Esq., Colonel of the Volunteers, who had been previously ordered to hold themselves in readiness, now appeared at their head, and, in a peremptory tone, commanded the people instantly to disperse, which not being instantly complied with, a person who shall be nameless plunged with his horse among the unarmed, defenseless people, and wounded with his sword men, women, and children promiscuously."

His sentence this time was a fine of thirty pounds, with sureties for good behavior in future, and imprisonment for six months. The fine was readily paid, and the sureties were found without difficulty; but the imprisonment was hard to bear, and weighed grievously upon his spirits. He solaced himself with the composition of short poems, and sought there the consolations of that religion, a lively faith in which, prompting ever to good works, was thenceforth a distinguishing trait in his character.

After this second imprisonment, to the end of a long life of usefulness and honor, his course was smooth and tranquil. Ever ready to assist the unfortunate, and to befriend the friendless; to speak boldly for the oppressed, and by his presence, his poetry, and his substance, to give countenance and aid to every effort for the furtherance of Christianity; no man was more highly honored in his life-time, and few more sincerely lamented in death. It is our purpose, however, to speak of him more especially as a poet, and although in this respect he attained not to the first rank, yet is Montgomery

"One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die."

His first successful poetic publication was *The Wanderer of Switzerland*. Edition after edition was called for in quick succession, and the author's share of the profits amounted to eight hundred pounds sterling. The poem, written in the swift-footed trochaic measure, is remarkable for terseness of expression, and is full of noble sentiments. In 1809 he gave to the world *The West Indies*, a poem of entirely different structure and character. It was written in commemoration of the abolition of the slave-trade by the British government. The introductory lines give a good specimen of the whole:—

"'Thy chains are broken! Africa, be free!'
Thus saith the island-empress of the sea;
Thus saith Britannia. O, ye winds and waves!
Waft the glad tidings to the land of slaves;
Proclaim on Guinea's coast, by Gambia's side,
And far as Niger rolls his eastern tide,
Through radiant realms, beneath the burning zone,
Where Europe's curse is felt, her name unknown,
Thus saith Britannia, empress of the sea:
'Thy chains are broken! Africa, be free!'"

The *World before the Flood*, *Greenland*, and *The Pelican Island*, appeared at intervals, and tended to increase the reputation of the author. In each of these poems are to be found passages of great beauty, noble thoughts nobly expressed, and rapturous bursts of vivid and daring imagination. As tales, however, they are deficient in incident, and are apt to weary the reader with the slow pace of the narrative, while they cloy him with their sweetness. Montgomery is not equal in dramatic power to many far inferior writers, and his constructive faculty was comparatively small. His minor poems, however, are, many of them, faultless; and upon them, rather than his larger works, his fame will mainly rest. We know not where is to be found anything of the kind more perfect than *The Battle of Alexandria*, commencing with that melodious stanza:—

"Harp of Memnon! sweetly strung
To the music of the spheres;
While the Hero's dirge is sung,
Breathe enchantment to our ears."

How vividly does he paint the battle-scene, and, in a few admirably chosen words, depict its horrors!—

"Then the mighty pour'd their breath,
Slaughter feasted on the brave!
'T was the *carnival of death*,
'T was the *vintage of the grave*."

And the death of the chieftain in the arms of victory:—

"Charged with Abercrombie's doom,
Lightning wing'd a cruel ball;
'T was the herald of the tomb,
And the hero felt the call.

"Felt—and raised his arm on high;
Victory well the signal knew,
Darted from his awful eye,
And the force of France o'erthrew."

In a similar strain is his *Ode to the Volunteers of Britain on the Prospect of Invasion*:—

"The lowering battle forms
Its terrible array;
Like clashing clouds in mountain storms,
That thunder on their way,

"The rushing armies meet;
And while they pour their breath,
The strong earth shudders at their feet,
The day grows dim with death."

And then the apostrophe to England's departed heroes, how full of poetic fire!—

"Ghosts of the mighty dead!
Your children's hearts inspire;
And while they on your ashes tread,
Rekindle all your fire.

"The dead to life return;
Our fathers' spirits rise;
My brethren, in YOUR breasts they burn,
They sparkle in YOUR eyes."

The poet follows the volunteers to the battle-field and to victory, and then comes the noble stanza:—

"Spirit of vengeance, rest;
Sweet mercy cries, 'Forbear!'
She clasps the vanquish'd to her breast;
Thou wilt not pierce them there."

But the victory is not gained without loss:—

"Daughters of Albion, weep;
On this triumphant plain
Your fathers, husbands, brethren sleep,
For you and freedom slain.

"O, gently close the eye
That loved to look on you;
O, seal the lip whose earliest sigh,
Whose latest breath was true;

"With knots of sweetest flowers
Their winding-sheet perfume;
And wash their wounds with true-love showers,
And dress them for the tomb.

"For beautiful in death
The warrior's corse appears,
Embalm'd by fond affection's breath,
And bathed in woman's tears."

But it is in sacred poetry more especially that our author excels, and these efforts of his muse will be embalmed in the heart of the militant Church, until all of every name who love the Lord Jesus unite in the songs of the Redeemer in the Church triumphant. Not the least attractive feature of the Methodist Hymn-Book—pronounced, by a competent critic of another denomination, the best compilation in the language—is its large selection from the lyrics of the Sheffield Bard. Charles Wesley, as was proper, holds the first place, more than one half of the hymns in the book being from his pen. Watts is next in rank as to the number of his contributions; and Montgomery follows him, being credited with more than fifty of the hymns in the volume. One of the best of his productions is a part of his version of the seventy-second psalm. It is Hymn 126 in the Methodist collection, beginning with the line,

"Hail to the Lord's Anointed."

Owing to its length the compilers omitted several stanzas, some of which are fully equal to those retained. As, for instance, the following, from the middle of the Psalm:—

"Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see.
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In homage at his feet."

And yet another stanza, even more beautiful, and in the very strain of King David:

"The mountain dew shall nourish
A seed, in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.
O'er every foe victorious
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest."

Montgomery is remarkable for the vigor of his thoughts and the terseness of his expressions, more especially at the close of his compositions. If he is ever feeble, it is in the middle. He almost always ends well, as in that expressive hymn on the descent of the Holy Spirit, which has already become a favorite in many congregations. The whole hymn is perfect, but mark the closing stanza:—

"Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide;
O Spirit of adoption, *now*
May we be sanctified."

In the Christian Psalmist, published by himself, the adverb is in italics, as here printed.

So too in that most appropriate sacramental hymn, (No. 268,) each stanza ending with the line

"I will remember thee,"

when he comes to the close, he varies it thus:—

"And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee;
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me."

In the penitential hymn (No. 429) entitled Light dawning upon the Soul, which is a part of our author's version of Psalm cxxx, how poetical and Scriptural are the concluding stanzas!—

"Glory to God above,
The waters soon will cease;
For lo! the swift-returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

"Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,—
His bow is in the cloud."

Hymn 943—

"Forever with the Lord!—

is a little gem. It is however only about one-fourth of the poem, of which, although the whole of it would have been too long for a congregation to sing at once, we could wish that our compilers had given us a few more stanzas—these for instance:

"The trump of final doom
Will speak the self-same word,
And heaven's voice thunder through the tomb,
Forever with the Lord!

"The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening sound;
The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
And answer from the ground.

"Then upward as they fly,
That resurrection word
Shall be their shout of victory,
'Forever with the Lord!'

"The resurrection word,
The shout of victory,
Once more—'Forever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be."

Perhaps the best specimen of his sacred poetry, and, as a hymn, unsurpassed if equaled by any in the language, is entitled the Song of Jubilee. It is No. 1,004 in the Methodist Collection. It is a specimen of the lively trochaic measure, which Watts seldom attempted, and in which most of the best hymns of Wesley are written.

The poetical versions of a part of the twenty-third Psalm are very numerous. There are four of them in the Methodist Hymn Book, each by a different author, and each distinguished for peculiar beauties. The first is the well-known paraphrase of Addison, in the stately iambic measure. It is No. 848, beginning,

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare."

The transposition of the third and fourth stanzas, as found in the Methodist Collection, was suggested by the late Bishop Hedding. It is a manifest improvement.

Charles Wesley's version, which is less literal than either of the others, and seems indeed indebted to the sweet singer of Israel only for the key-note, is in the anapæstic measure. It is No. 916, beginning,

"Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine."

The middle stanza, in which the poet takes one of his loftiest flights, is omitted by our compilers, on the ground, perhaps, of the startling boldness of the sentiments, as indicated in the lines here italicized:—

"O show me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And *hang on a crucified God.*

"Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph *with thee.*"

The third version of the Psalm under consideration (No. 915) was first published in the Wesleyan Magazine for the year 1804. It is from the pen of T. Roberts. The metre is peculiar. It is a faithful paraphrase, and a good hymn.

Montgomery's version is No. 849; and, all things considered, we are inclined to give it the first place. In the third stanza our compilers have, by a simple transposition of two words, improved the rhythm of the original:—

"In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With oil and perfume thou anointest my head:
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?"

In the original the third line reads—

"With perfume and oil," &c.

The following beautiful verses were written by Montgomery when imprisoned in the castle of York. They were occasioned by the death of one of his fellow-prisoners, Joseph Browne, a Quaker, who, with seven others of his religious community, had suffered the loss of all his worldly goods for conscience' sake. By comparing them with hymn 1,101 in the Methodist Collection, the reader will see

the ingenuity with which they have been adapted to the purposes of the hymnologist:—

"'Spirit, leave thy house of clay;
Lingering dust, resign thy breath:
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death.'
Thus thy guardian angel spake,
As he watch'd thy dying bed;
As the bands of life he brake,
And the ransom'd captive fled.

"'Prisoner, long detain'd below;
Prisoner, now with freedom blest;
Welcome from a world of woe,
Welcome to a land of rest!'
Thus thy guardian angel sang,
As he bore thy soul on high;
While with hallelujahs rang
All the region of the sky.

"Ye that mourn a father's loss,
Ye that weep a friend no more,
Call to mind the Christian cross
Which your Friend, your Father bore.
Grief, and penury, and pain,
Still attended on his way;
And oppression's scourge and chain,
More unmerciful than they.

"Yet while traveling in distress
('T was the eldest curse of sin)
Through the world's waste wilderness
He had paradise within.
And along that vale of tears
Which his humble footsteps trod,
Still a shining path appears
Where the wanderer walk'd with God—

"Till his Master, from above,
When the promised hour was come,
Sent the chariot of his love
To convey the wanderer home.
Saw ye not the wheels of fire,
And the steeds that cleft the wind?
Saw ye not his soul aspire
When his mantle dropp'd behind?

"Ye who caught it as it fell,
Bind that mantle round your breast;
So in you his meekness dwell,
So in you his spirit rest!
Yet rejoicing in his lot
Still shall memory love to weep
On the venerable spot
Where his dear cold relics sleep.

"Grave! the guardian of the dust,
Grave! the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise.
Hark! the judgment trumpet calls—
'Soul, rebuild thy house of clay:
IMMORTALITY thy walls,
And ETERNITY thy day!'"

In that most difficult poetic task, the preparation of hymns for children, Montgomery was frequently very successful. For the children of his own Church, the Moravian; for the anniversaries of Sunday schools of the different denominations in Sheffield; and more especially for the Wesleyans, to which body he always had a warm attachment, he was ever ready to meet applications for the service of his muse. Our article has already reached the limits assigned to it, and we may not dwell upon them at further length. We cannot conclude, however, without briefly adverting to one or two of his hymns for family or private devotion. They are superior, we think, to anything of the kind in the English language. The first we notice has a place, with the omission of four stanzas, as No. 619 in the Methodist Collection. It is a social hymn for the evening of the Lord's day, ending with the expressive petition:—

"Yet one prayer more; and be it one
In which both heaven and earth accord:
Fulfill thy promise to thy Son;
Let all that breathe call Jesus, Lord!"

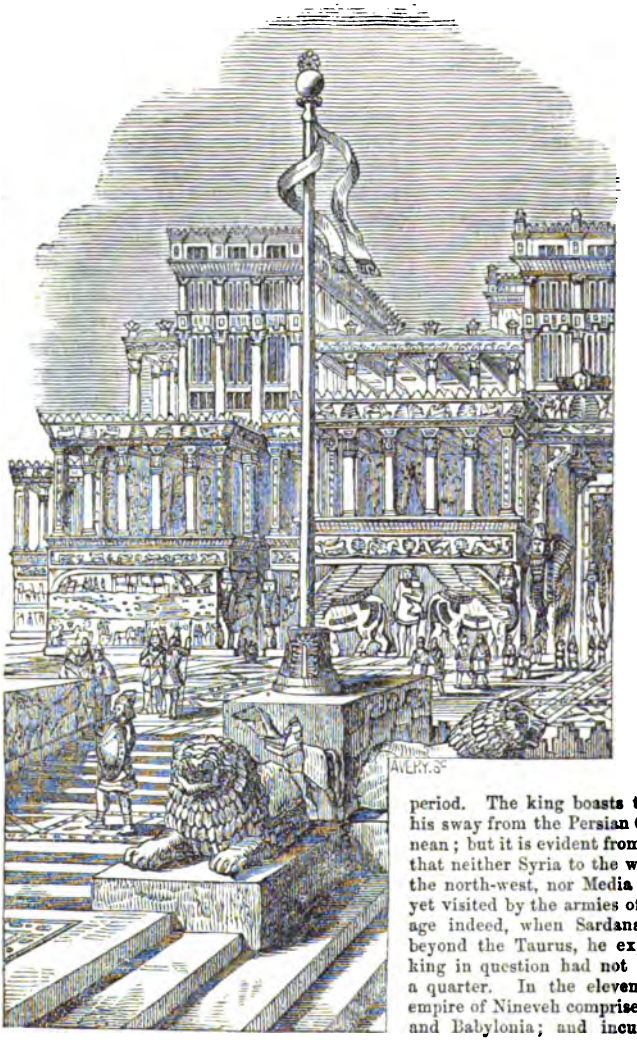
It was our privilege, some time ago, to visit one of God's suffering ones, who had been for a long time deprived, by sickness, of the public means of grace. Montgomery's poem, entitled A Sabbath in the Sick Chamber, was the solace of many a solitary hour; and the consolation and even joyousness imparted by its repeated perusal would have amply repaid the author, could he have been present, for all his labor of love in the composition of similar strains. The verses alluded to are found in the Methodist Episcopal Hymn Book, (No. 665,) and, as yet, in no other collection with which we are acquainted. Not long after our last visit to that sick chamber, the poet and the patient sufferer, to whom we refer, hailed each other in the better land with "songs of everlasting joy."

YOUNG GENERALS.—Alexander the Great died at the age of thirty-two. Hannibal gained the battle of Cannæ at about the same age. Scipio fought at Zama when not much over thirty. Julius Cæsar had conquered Gaul when he was forty-five. Germanicus was poisoned in his thirty-fourth year. At the battle of Plassey, Clive's age was not so advanced as that. Napoleon gained his mighty victory at Austerlitz when he had scarcely completed his seventh lustrum; and at the time Wellington finished his campaigns on the plains of Waterloo he was only forty-six years of age.

STORY OF ANCIENT NINEVEH.

THE foundation of the city of Nineveh, by one to whom Moses gives the name of Asshur, and who seems from the disinterred sculptures to have been afterward worshiped as a god, is a fact clearly decided; but the period of that event cannot be ascertained, and conjecture is vain. However, long before the historic age which our enterprising travelers have disclosed to us, there the city stood upon the banks of the Tigris, by the delta which the Zab, flowing into the river, forms at its junction. The country around, though undulating, was anything but hilly, and though it seems to have been fertile, must have been dependent for that circumstance upon the art and toil of husbandry. In addition to the rains which watered the soil, it is probable that from an early period the fields were irrigated by artificial canals.

The earliest king with whom Rawlinson makes us acquainted through the inscriptions he has explained, reigned, according to him, about 1250 B. C., and took his name from Derceto, whom he identifies as Semiramis, a personage evidently transformed by the Ninevites into a goddess, which so far accords with the tradition of Ctesias. Another king, named Divanubara, next gleams out of the past, reflected from many a slab and brick bearing his name, but nothing more—indicating, however, that he must have been a famous builder.



Two other names occur afterward, not satisfactorily deciphered yet;—but before the end of the eleventh century, B. C., there are evidences of a monarch, whom Rawlinson considers to have been the first to carry the Assyrian arms into foreign countries.

"His exploits are recorded on a slab which was found at Nimroud, a relic of some ancient palace; and they are of value in defining the limits of the Assyrian empire at that early period. The king boasts that he had extended his sway from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean; but it is evident from his lists of conquests, that neither Syria to the west, nor Asia Minor to the north-west, nor Media to the east, had been yet visited by the armies of Nineveh. In a later age indeed, when Sardanapalus led his troops beyond the Taurus, he expressly says that the king in question had not penetrated so remote a quarter. In the eleventh century B. C., the empire of Nineveh comprised Mesopotamia, Syria, and Babylonia; and incursions seem to have

been then first made into Armenia, and the mountainous countries about the sources of the Tigris and Euphrates."

The historical epoch of Assyria fairly begins with the tenth century, and thenceforth we trace a nearly uninterrupted series of sovereigns down to the tragical fall of the city in 606. We find that at the time when Solomon in all his glory dwelt in his palace in Zion, Adrammelech the First wielded his scepter over Nineveh and its extensive dominions. But the kings of this epoch seem to have been warriors rather than builders, since no monuments of their magnificence have been found. A great and illustrious king reigned in the tenth century, with whose tastes and exploits we have become familiar by means of the remains of the north-west palace of Nimroud, of which he was the builder. It is a curious fact, which we gather from the cuneiform inscriptions, that this palace was founded upon the ruins of a former one; and we are further informed by the same graven records, that the inhabitants of the countries over whom he ruled sent gold, silver, copper, and iron for the building of the edifice. Concerning the rendering of his name, there is a difference of opinion. Dr. Hincks renders it Assaracbal, and Colonel Rawlinson, Sardanapalus. As if to preserve his fame in the event of his palace being defaced, the annals of his reign were engraved on slabs on the side facing the wall, as well as on the outer surface. As many as three hundred and twenty-five lines of writing remain, in which we find an account of this monarch's warlike expeditions detailed in a succinct and characteristic style:—

"On the twenty-second day of the month I departed from Calah, (Nimroud;) I crossed the Tigris; on the banks of it I received much tribute; I occupied the banks of the Khabour. I halted at the city of Sadikanni."

Having crossed the Euphrates, he says:

"On the banks of the Orontes, I occupied the country. By the sea-shore I encamped. While I was at Ariboua, the cities of Lukuta I took; I slew many of their men; I overthrew and burned their cities; their fighting men I laid hold of; on stakes over their city I impaled them. On the great sea I put my servants; I sacrificed to the gods. I went to the forest and cut them down, and made beams of the wood for Ishtar, mistress of the city of Nineveh, my protectress."

These curt details receive pictorial illustrations from the cotemporary architecture and sculptures; so that we are enabled to picture the king, Sardanapalus, going forth from the gate of his palace guarded by winged lions—the symbol of Assyrian power employed by Daniel. He appears in the midst of his eunuchs, officers, servants, and soldiers; "the captains and rulers, all of them desirable young men; horsemen, riding upon horses." We see him in his battle chariot, gorgeously arrayed, drawn by four horses. They sweep along in proud martial array. They cross rivers; the chariots going over in boats, and the men swimming on bladders. They besiege cities; the monarch stands up in his chariot, with drawn bow, before the turreted walls; darts fly, shields are battered, men fall; and then, from the scenes of carnage, we behold the triumphal procession return laden with spoil.

While we see all this warlike array, indicative of the spirit of Assyrian civilization at the time, and which of itself is no sufficient indication of advancement in art as it regarded other things—we have peeps also into peaceful Assyrian life in the sculptures that King Sardanapalus has left us. We see him walking out under an umbrella held over him by his eunuch. He stands worshiping before a symbolic tree; the practice of divination is maintained; hunters go out and return from the chase; the mysteries of the kitchen are revealed, and the primitive cooks may be seen busy at their culinary art. We can enter also the very stables of the monarch, where we find grooms currying their horses, and other animals eating or drinking out of troughs. We can here only add, what a feeling of reality is given to that old north-west palace, where Sardanapalus chronicled his deeds and illustrated his civilization, by a little incident mentioned by Layard. He says:—

"Standing one day, on a distant part of the mound, I smelt the sweet smell of burning cedar. The Arab workmen excavating in the small temple had dug out a beam, and the weather being cold, had at once made a fire to warm themselves. The wood was cedar, probably one of the very beams mentioned in the inscription as having been brought from the forests of Lebanon by the king who built the edifice."

This Sardanapalus the First, who must not be confounded with the hero of so many modern epics and tragedies, was succeeded by his son, whose name Rawlinson takes to be Divanubara. He was the builder of the central palace of Nimroud, and on the famous black obelisk brought

from the ruins of his palace, and now placed in the British Museum, we find inscriptions recording the victories of his reign, and sculptures illustrative of the spoils and tribute which were the fruit of those victories. He was a very great warrior, and seems to have kept his armies in a state of efficiency and activity, from the beginning to the end of his reign, for the records state that he led them across the Euphrates no less than twenty-three times. A multitude of places are named where he subdued revolts, or brought the people into subjection; and it is remarkable that he seems to have been particularly zealous in promoting his own religion, for he says: "I abode in the country about the rivers which form the Euphrates, and there I set up altars to the supreme gods, and left priests in the land to superintend the worship." Upon the obelisk the king appears twice, followed by his train, with a prisoner at his feet, and his vizier and eunuchs bringing him animals and other tribute. The forms of the animals are of historical importance, for they are all clearly oriental, thus showing his extensive conquests in the east. There are the elephant, the rhinoceros, the lion, and the monkey, as well as tusks, metal, and rare wood, borne in the hands of the tributaries. From the nature of the bass-relief, observes Dr. Layard, it is natural to conjecture that the monument was erected to commemorate the conquest of India, or of some country far to the east of Assyria and on the confines of the Indian peninsula. There are also double-humped or Bactrian camels, thus proving that by that time, at least, Bactria was under the Assyrian power; so that, whether first conquered by Semiramis or not, the story of Ctesias, about the subjugation of that eastern country, was not all a dream. Divanubara is ascertained to have been a cotemporary of Benhadad and Hazael, from the obelisk recording expeditions against those very monarchs. "Jehu, the son of Omri," is also expressly named as one of his subject kings; and on the sculpture are represented figures, which, from their physiognomy, short beard, and long robes, look like Jews. Divanubara dwelt indifferently at Nineveh and at Calah, and the latter city he greatly embellished. The duration of his reign cannot be exactly fixed; but as his annals on the obelisk extend to his thirty-second year, and his continued wars and ovations show at that period of his life no decline of vigor, he probably filled the throne of Assyria till about 860 B. C. Shamas Adar and Adrammelech II. were the immediate descendants of Divanubara. Only the name of the former is known, with the circumstance of his adopting the family title Derceto; but the latter is ascertained to have built palaces after the manner of his father, both at Calah and Nineveh.

The next Assyrian king added to the palace in the center of the mound of Nimroud, and on a bass-relief of his reign we see him, with a line of war chariots, receiving tribute from Menahem, King of Israel. Only fragments of the annals of this monarch remain, but his first campaign appears to have been in Chaldea, and he is represented as carrying his arms into the remotest parts of Armenia, and across the Euphrates into Syria, as far as Tyre and Sidon. Among the list of conquered towns and tribes are Harran and Ur, names so interesting to us from their association with the early history of the great Jewish progenitor. This monarch is considered by Layard to have been either the immediate predecessor of Pul, Pul himself, or Tiglath Pileser, the name on the pavement slab not having been deciphered. Colonel Rawlinson considers it was Pul himself; and, moreover, conjectures that he took the name of Sardanapulus—that the first Assyrian dynasty ended with him—and that the catastrophe described by Ctesias refers to the revolt of an officer of the court who captured Nineveh, and drove out the old family, B. C. 747—this memorable epoch being accordingly adopted by the Babylonians as the basis of their astronomical canon. This obscure and controverted point, however, subsequent investigations may serve to elucidate and decide.

The next king was Sargon, the names of whose father and grandfather have been discovered on a tablet at Kouyunjik, though they do not appear to have been either of them kings. Sargon was the builder of the great Khorsabad palace, in whose ruins M. Botta has made so many valuable discoveries, and where some striking accounts of his reign have been met with. It appears by the alabaster chronicles that he extended his conquests to the Isles of the Mediterranean, and set up a monument of his victory in Cyprus. Babylonia, Su-

siana, Armenia, and Media, were the scenes of his warfare, and even the kings of Egypt apparently rendered him tribute. The palace of Khorsabad has been so well examined, and so fully explained, that we seem as if we could ascend the steps of the broad and lofty terrace that leads to the portal, where we are confronted by the four great winged bulls, two on each side —with their majestic impassive human faces turned toward us as if calmly watching our approach. Passing these huge guardians, we enter the gates, wander from gallery to chamber, and chamber to gallery, in the gorgeous edifice once occupied by the great King Sargon, whom we see yonder represented on a wall, in royal attire, with a long staff in his hand, and attended by the officers of his court. There, too, is the god Nisroch; and Ilus, a winged divinity; another deity also appearing with an eagle head; while yonder is a priest, holding three pomegranates. The symbolic tree is likewise everywhere conspicuous. In other compartments of the pictorial sculptures we see preparations made for warlike expeditions. Logs of wood are being hauled on shore for constructing a port, or building a road. Then we have representations of Assyrian ships —the very ships most likely that were employed for the transport of Sargon's troops. There, too, are galleys with oars, the lofty prow rising up in the form of a horse's head. Sieges are depicted, and we are in the midst of towers and battering rams, the former such as Sargon attacked, and the latter such as he used in the enterprises which his annals record. In other divisions of this panorama of Assyrian life and usages, men are seen in the act of being hewn to pieces, or flayed alive, or deprived of their eyesight, or with hooks fastened in their mouths—pictures, no doubt, of the treatment which captives received at the hands of Sargon. Next, Sargon himself is seen, with his sons, amusing himself in the forest shooting at targets or hunting the lion. Then we come to a feast, where the guests are seated on stools at a table, with wine-cups in their hands, seemingly drinking a health, perhaps that of Sargon.

Sennacherib succeeded his father Sargon. This monarch is distinctly mentioned by Herodotus. Eusebius also preserves a fragment of Polyhistor, containing an account of his campaign in Babylonia. The Old Testament, too, contains copious allusions to his wars in Judea. And now, in addition to these materials of history, we have large inscriptions, narrating the events of his reign, upon two clay cylinders, as well as on a pair of winged bulls. Very soon after his accession, he began to build the sumptuous palace at Kouyunjik, with which, restored in its original magnificence, the sketch of Mr. Fergusson has made us familiar.* It stands before us, with its immense terrace and far-spreading steps, an oriental pile of surpassing splendor: sculptured slabs, and bulls, forming the basement; while above are rows of columns, surmounted by other stories. Ten colossal bulls, and six human figures of gigantic size, actually remain; and the sculptured walls forming the façade of the palace, have been traced by Layard to the extent of one hundred and eighty feet. He mentions that the bass-reliefs of Kouyunjik differ from those of the older palaces of Nimroud, in the general treatment of the subjects chosen for illustration, in the costume of the time, in the appearance of the nations warred against, and in the character of the inscriptions, ornaments, and other details; the whole marking a new era in the artistic culture and civilization of Nineveh. We may add that a number of small articles, illustrative of the domestic usages, appliances, and personal decorations of the period, have been found at the mounds of Kouyunjik—such as pieces of pottery, stone utensils, glass vases of great beauty, marble dishes, terra-cotta vessels, and molds for gold and silver ear-rings.

It is very remarkable that monuments illustrative of the building of the palace exist, and we positively can see the Assyrians by scores and hundreds busily engaged with levers and ropes dragging the winged bulls along to their places in the structure, just as men at the present day set to work for the accomplishment of similar objects. The inscriptions relative to the warlike proceedings of Sennacherib are very copious. From them we learn that in the first year of his reign he defeated Merodach Baladan, King of Babylon —a name mentioned in the Old Testament

* A beautifully engraved copy of Mr. Fergusson's water-color drawing appears, as is well-known, in Dr. Layard's recent work on Nineveh, from which the sectional view that adorns our front page is taken.

Isaiah xxxix, 1; 2 Kings xx, 12. A battle was fought to the north of Babylon, the result of which was the total defeat of Merodach, who was compelled to flee for his life, leaving behind him chariots, and horses, and camels. The conqueror plundered the palace of Babylon, and carried away treasures of gold and silver and precious stones, besides captives, both men and women. He took numerous fortresses and towns of the Chaldeans, and subjugated many of the wandering tribes that dwelt around the cities of Mesopotamia. Sennacherib then made Belib, one of his officers, lord of the conquered provinces, after which he proceeded to the Euphrates and Tigris, there to spread desolation and to seize treasure as his father had done. The number of captives represented as having been taken is prodigious, and leads us strongly to suspect that there must have been not a little exaggeration in these ex-parte accounts of Assyrian victories. Indeed, it must be remembered throughout, that in the statements derived from the Ninevitish inscriptions, we have only the authority of a proud and egotistical nation for its own exploits.

The next year Sennacherib was occupied among the mountains to the north and the east, and seems to have crossed the Taurus to burn and plunder people whom his predecessors had not visited. Fresh colonies were planted in the place of the old population. In the third year he went into the country of the Hittites. The king of Sidon threw off his allegiance, and fled on the approach of Sennacherib. His country was reduced, and another person was placed upon his throne. The kings of the sea-coast repaired to his presence, and brought him their accustomed tribute. From thence he moved to the city of Ekron, whose chiefs, after having humbled themselves, he admitted into his service, but the young men he carried away captive to inhabit the cities of Assyria.

That Sennacherib undertook an expedition into Palestine, we learn from the Bible; but it is highly curious to read the characteristic version of this affair which he gives himself. Thus it reads, according to the translation of Rawlinson:—

"Because Hezekiah, King of Judea, did not submit to my yoke, forty-six of his strong fenced cities, and innumerable smaller towns which depended on him, I took and plundered; but I left to him Jerusalem, his capital city, and some of the inferior towns around it. The cities which I had taken and plundered, I detained from the government of Hezekiah, and distributed between the kings of Ashdod, Ascalon, Ekron, and Gaza; and having thus invaded the territory of these chiefs I imposed on them a corresponding tribute over that to which they had been formerly subjected; and because Hezekiah still refused to pay me homage, I attacked and carried off the whole population, fixed and nomade, which dwelt around Jerusalem, with thirty talents of gold and eight hundred talents of silver, the accumulated wealth of the nobles of Hezekiah's court, and of their daughters, with the officers of his palace, men slaves, and women slaves. I returned to Nineveh, and I accounted this spoil for the tribute which he refused to pay me."

It comes not within the scope of this sketch particularly to illustrate coincidences between the results of recent discoveries and the histories of Scripture, or to dwell upon the relations into which the Jews and Assyrians were brought to each other. This, however, will be done in another paper. But we cannot here refrain from asking the reader to compare this account with the seventeenth chapter of the Second Book of Kings. There is no mention, indeed, in Sennacherib's inscription of any calamity befalling him in this expedition; but the circumstance which he does mention, of his leaving Hezekiah in possession of his throne, and of his not attacking the city of Jerusalem, is one which indicates that there was some special reason for it. His explanation of the reason cannot be ascertained from the copies made of the inscription, but in itself it would be reasonable to suppose that some extraordinary occurrence had taken place to deter him from pursuing, in this case, his accustomed course of complete subjugation and severe chastisement.

We are further told by Herodotus that Sennacherib attacked Egypt with a mighty army, but that he was discomfited and driven back by an interposition on the part of one of the gods, who had been consulted by an Egyptian priest about the safety of his country. At Pelusium, so immense a number of mice infested the camp, that the quivers and bows of the soldiers, and the straps which bound their shields, were gnawed in pieces and rendered entirely useless. The historian adds, that in Vulcan's temple might be seen a statue of Sennacherib with a mouse in his hand, bearing the inscription, "Whosoever thou art, learn from my misfortune to reverence the gods." Whether this is to be accepted as a record of a literal fact, or merely

as a hieroglyphical mode of expressing their sense of the interposition of a divine and irresistible power, we cannot say; yet in this version of the matter, as given by the Egyptian priests to Herodotus, we recognize what would be quite in harmony with the notions of that people and the faith they cherished in the power and help of their gods. A supernatural interposition is acknowledged as the cause which drove back the tide of Assyrian invasion. And what that supernatural cause really was we know from inspired authority. "And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and four-score and five thousand; and when they arose early in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses."

In consequence of this fearful overthrow —which exhibits an example of the divine righteousness, and a warning to the proud, ambitious, and rapacious in every age— Sennacherib renounced his intentions with regard to Egypt. The key to the explanation of a monarch on the Tigris wishing to subdue the mighty power enthroned on the Nile seems to be, that between these two empires lay the palm of supremacy over the civilized world. Each wished to rule mankind; but this was impossible, except as one power first subdued the other. As this explains the cause of hostility between Assyria and Egypt, the reason for Palestine being selected as the seat of warfare is equally plain: for if Assyria could gain it, the gate was open into Egypt; and if Egypt could secure it, it formed a natural fortification of great strength against the assaults of Assyria. Perhaps, at the period under consideration, some treaty of peace between the two great rival countries was formed. At any rate, it seems appropriate here to mention the fact that an Egyptian seal was discovered at Kouyunjik, having the impression of two signets. The one bears the name of Sabaco the Second—a name familiar to Egyptian archæologists, and identified as belonging to a sovereign of the seventh century before Christ, and therefore cotemporary with Sennacherib. The other signet is Assyrian, and is no doubt the royal attestation of some compact on the part of the Assyrian power. The document itself has perished, but the seals remain, intimating to us the political relations of this kingdom at the time now under review.

It is worthy of notice that while very boastful inscriptions belong to the third year of Sennacherib, there is a great falling off in the fourth, during which time no operations of importance are recorded; and further, that no mention afterward of any attempt by this monarch to enter Palestine has been discovered in the sculpture-annals of his reign. The account of the fifth year is rather more imposing, as if the humbled Sennacherib was beginning to rally after his calamities. Two expeditions are mentioned as taking place at that period, both being to distant countries, not before reached by the Assyrian arms.

In the next year, some grand enterprise was undertaken, involving the preparation of boats wherewith to cross the Tigris, and for which the Assyrian king expressly declares that he employed the shipmen of Tyre and Sidon. Interesting details, in one passage, seem to be given of the building of vessels, and of the navigation of the Tigris. Sennacherib, before embarking to cross the river, offered sacrifice to the gods, and presented to one of them a ship of gold. The campaign is described as successful, and the king returned to dedicate his spoils to the erection of temples and palaces at Nineveh. The remains of those buildings have been carefully explored, and on the sculptured walls are found illustrations of the warlike exploits recorded in the inscriptions. Originally there appears to have been placed over the sculptures the title of the events to which they refer. Most of these epigraphs have perished; but one still remains, which has been read by Layard as follows:—

"Sennacherib, the mighty king of the country of Assyria, sitting on the throne of judgment before the city of Lachish. I give permission for its slaughter."

Now a Lachish is mentioned in Scripture as having been besieged by Sennacherib, at the time when he sent Rabshakeh to Jerusalem to demand tribute from Judah. Layard identifies the place as the same with this, and, according to him, we are to consider the sculptures as illustrative of the third year of the monarch's reign. Rawlinson entertains a different opinion; but whichever be right, we certainly have here a picture of Sennacherib himself, seated on a throne, wearing a conical helmet and royal robes, and holding in one hand a scepter, and in the other a bow.

There he is, surveying a city, which his soldiers are busily engaged in besieging and capturing. There are archers, spearmen, and slingers, together with cavalry and charioteers. Torches are being applied to the buildings by the Assyrian soldiers, while patriotic women, from above the battlements, may be seen pouring water on the flames. Scaling ladders are raised against the walls, and a part of the city is represented as taken. Captives are being led out at the gates, accompanied by an abundance of treasure. Some of these unfortunate beings are being tortured and flayed, while others may be seen, in the attitude of suppliants for life, at the feet of the conquering lord of Assyria. Behind the greedy despot is his pavilion, and near him are his chariots and horses, with an officer of his court bearing the royal symbol and shade—a huge parasol. Whether we are to understand all this of the taking of Lachish or not, certainly we have here a very lively picture of the Assyrian king, his army, and his proceedings; and one which, while referring to some one particular event, may be taken as an illustration of his character and career in general, whenever he followed his own impulses, and success crowned his enterprises.

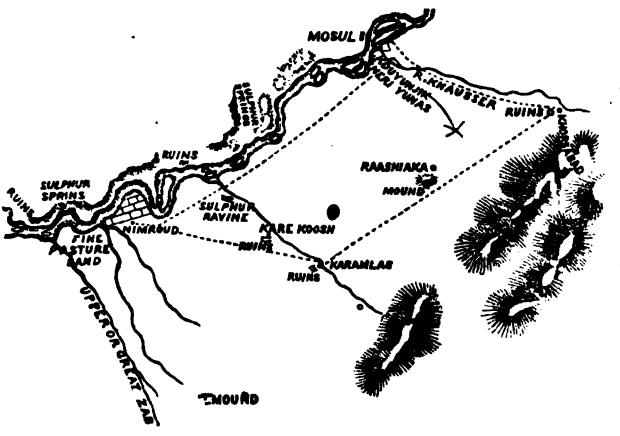
The inscriptions relative to the last years of his reign have not been deciphered: but we know from Scripture that he perished at last in the temple of his god Nisroch, where he was slain by his sons—a common destiny among eastern despots in all ages. The sacred narrative says that after his return from Judea, and before his murder in Nineveh, he *dwelt* in that city—terms which imply that some time elapsed between his return and his death.

Nineveh was in its palmiest splendor when Sennacherib sat upon the throne. The older palaces, indeed, were probably in ruins. Nimroud might still exhibit relics of a magnificence that had faded away, but Khorsabad and Kouyunjik were in the perfection of their architectural beauty; and up their marble steps, and along their painted halls, there daily swept grand processions of the princely and the noble, the brave and the fair. The court of Sennacherib must have been full of that pompous display and parade—that gorgeousness of apparel and costliness of furniture—that luxury of habit and formality of intercourse, which seems to be among the permanent features of Oriental civilization.

Yet, to use Layard's words, "the king, we may infer, exercised but little authority beyond the immediate districts around Nineveh." As to the outer dominions—which do not appear to have extended much further than the central provinces of Asia Minor and Armenia to the north, the western provinces of Persia to the east, Susiana, Babylonia, and the northern part of Arabia to the south, and Lycia and perhaps Lydia and Syria to the west—it is not to be supposed that anything resembling the government which England exercises over foreign possessions prevailed among the Assyrians; but rather that a loose kind of control was exerted over these subject states, the chief badge of their inferiority consisting in their payment of tribute and rendering of warlike services; in this respect giving them a position not very dissimilar to that of feudal vassalage.

In the same palaces where was the throne of power, there seems to have been the temple of religion. No temples distinct from palaces have been discovered, and therefore we may reasonably infer that the structures we are acquainted with served for sacred as well as secular purposes. Ashur was most likely their principal deity. Rawlinson names twenty other gods whom he identifies with some of the classic deities. Layard gives a table of twelve, but, with caution, observes:—"Some of them may possibly be identified with the divinities of the Greek pantheon, although it is scarcely wise to hazard conjectures which must ere long be again abandoned." Besides these, there were multitudes of inferior gods, amounting, according to one inscription, to four thousand. Ashur, it would appear, was the Nisroch, in whose temple (a portion, we infer, of the royal palace) Sennacherib was murdered by his sons. Thus, the fall of that monarch is associated with the rites of his religion. He was a pontiff as well as a king; and more, he was even counted as the friend and son of the immortal gods. Some picture him in the very hour of his tragic fate, paying his adoration, after a stately ritual, to some such mystic figure as we see employed in the Nineveh sculptures to represent the object of worship.

In the days of Sennacherib, we apprehend also that Nineveh had attained to its



largest extent. That extent, we have no doubt, was as great as is represented in the book of Jonah, and by Diodorus Siculus. "If we take," says Layard, "the four great mounds of Nimroud, Kouyunjik, Khorsabad, and Karamlas, as the corners of a square, it will be found that its four sides correspond pretty well with the four hundred and eighty stadia, or sixty miles, of the geographer, which make the three days' journey of the prophet." A recent trigonometrical survey, moreover, fully corroborates the great traveler's opinion. We apprehend there was not a group of cities on the banks of the Tigris, but ONE city, large and comprehensive, bearing the single name of Nineveh, though divided, doubtless, into districts. No outer wall, surrounding the whole, has yet been traced, but only walls around the palaces. These seem to have been distinct fortifications, agreeably to Nahum's description of Nineveh as "a city of many strongholds and gates." The interspaces were filled up with arable and pasture lands, with farms and flocks. There were the cottages or hovels of the Assyrian peasantry. There they tilled the soil and kept the sheep for their lordly and arrogant masters.

We have given this sketch of Nineveh in connection with the reign of Sennacherib, because that seems to have been the epoch of the nation's greatest pomp and amplitude, and because it may serve to give something of substance and life to the meager annals which are all that we possess at present as historic memorials of his famous reign. Nor is there much now to detain us from the end of our Assyrian story.

Essarhaddon was the son and successor of Sennacherib, and builder of the south-west palace at Nimroud, which he reared with materials brought from the ruins of the earlier palaces in its vicinity. Rawlinson speaks of these materials as belonging to edifices which were the works of a family whom Essarhaddon's grandfather had supplanted. That there had been a change of dynasty is evident, and with that political occurrence the building of the palace seems to have a connection. At any rate, the comparison of the newer sculptures with the old bears witness to a change of tastes and habits. Costumes, armor, and equipages are different; old religious emblems disappear; fire altars come into view; novelties in Assyrian archæology indicate that fire-worship had succeeded to the purer forms of Sabæanism; alterations in language, too, are apparent. All these changes testify to a new spirit having arisen since the old fathers built and adorned the structures in the north-west corner of the mound. Cylinders preserving annals of Essarhaddon's reign have been sent by Dr. Layard to the British Museum, in which this monarch is recorded to have extended his arms from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean and Caspian Seas.

Next to Essarhaddon, during whose reign the captivity of Manasseh took place, came one who bore the same name as the builder of the north-west palace. He was a Sardanapalus, and carried on his principal campaign in Susiana or Elam. His son was the builder of the south-east palace on the mound of Nimroud, reared probably over the remains of an earlier edifice.

These particulars are deducible from the inscriptions, and with these we may connect what we are told of Nineveh about this time in the Book of Judith. It describes a king after Essarhaddon, named

Nabuchodonosor, who revived the glories of the Assyrian empire, defeated the Medes, and slew their monarch, and then celebrated the victory by a long-protracted festival. His general was the famous Holofernes, who fell under the hand of the celebrated Hebrew heroine, the widow Judith. We cannot yet determine with which of the successors of Essarhaddon Nabuchodonosor is to be identified. The grandson of Essarhaddon was one of the last—if not the very last—king of the second dynasty, and may indeed, as we have already suggested, have been that Sardanapalus, or Saracus, who was conquered by the combined armies of the Medes and Babylonians, under Cyaxares, in 606 B. C., and who made of his palace, his wealth, and his wives, one great funeral pile, and consumed them. Of this tragical event we have a curious illustration in the history of Zimri, King of Israel, concerning whom we read: "And it came to pass when Zimri saw that the kingdom was taken, that he went into the palace of the king's house, and burned the king's house over him with fire, and died."

The fall of Nineveh was sudden, and the overthrow complete. So Nahum had predicted; and to this fact, the state of the ruins bears remarkable witness, for they are obviously the huge leviathan remains of a city which could not have slowly sunk into decay, but must have been attacked and overthrown in the midst of its magnificence and majesty; for scorched beams, half-burned articles, and slabs converted into lime by the action of fire, show that a tremendous conflagration attended the overturning of this greatest of ancient cities, and this proudest of ancient empires. And where once there were sculptured temples and many-colored palaces—terrace rising above terrace, crowned with trees, and shrubs, and flowers—spacious parks, pleasant orchards, and well-tilled fields—fountains and streams, viaducts and roads—courtly processions and troops of mailed warriors—chariots with princes and nobles—husbandmen and mechanics, dusty wayfarers, and peasants chained to the soil they tilled, except when the conscription tore them from their families to fight the battles of their lord; in short, where once was the busy seat of an old Oriental civilization, there is now silence and solitude, as Layard so affectingly describes, speaking to the heart most touchingly, and telling, for the millionth time, how the fashion of this world passeth away. He says:—

"From the summit of an artificial eminence, we looked down on a broad plain separated from us by the river. A line of lofty mounds bounded it to the east, and one of a pyramidal form rose high above the rest. Beyond it could be faintly heard the waters of the Zab. We passed the night in the jungle which clothes the banks of the river, and wandered during the day undisturbed by the tribes of the desert. The scene around is worthy of the ruin the traveler is contemplating; desolation meets desolation; a feeling of awe succeeds to wonder, for there is nothing to relieve the mind, to lead to hope, or to tell of what has gone by."

THE ZOUAVES.

WHAT are the Zouaves? is a question frequently asked when the name of the three brave regiments occurs in the accounts from the Crimea. An answer to this inquiry appears in a late number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in the shape of a history of these remarkable warriors. We present our readers with some extracts translated from it, for which we are indebted to *Chambers's Journal*.

The Zouaves, or, in the Arabic, the Zouaoua, are a tribe, or rather a confederation of the Kabyle tribes, who inhabit the most remote gorges of Jurjura; a race of proud, intrepid, industrious men, whose submission to the Turks was never more than nominal, but who were very well known in Algiers. Thither they frequently repaired, in order to exchange their oil and the products of their coarse industry, for the commodities which were not to be had in their poor mountains. As they had the reputation of being excellent warriors, and as their military services had been occasionally hired by the princes of Barbary, their name was bestowed on the new militia. A mixed multitude it was, however, receiving into its ranks, without distinction of origin, all the natives, mountaineers and men of the plains, town workmen and country laborers, Kabyles, Arabs, and Coulouglis. Chiefs, however, were necessary—these were chosen from among the French officers—and in order to leaven the mass of natives with the European element, a number of volunteers, chiefly from the lowest rank of the Parisian populace, were enrolled.

Six weeks had scarcely elapsed since its formation, when the new corps received its baptism of fire on the mountain of Mouzāia; and from that time, during the whole African campaign, the Zouaves distinguished themselves by their courage and fidelity.

This corps was remarkable both for the virtues and vices of irregular troops; and when, in 1841, Marshal Bugeaud took the command of the troops in Algeria, he very soon appreciated their peculiar fitness for the service in which they were engaged.

See them at the bivouac: some men come out of the ranks, and run to the nearest spring to fill their canteens, before the water has been made muddy by the trampling of the horses and mules. Presently, their little tents—formed by ripping their baggage-sacks, fastening them together with packthread, and propping them up with sticks—are ready; fires are lighted, as if by magic, and cooking begins. The evening soup is quickly made, consisting, as it does, of onions, lard and bread; or, if these ingredients be wanting, some liquid coffee is filled with pounded biscuit, and transformed into a sort of paste, which might not, perhaps, please a fastidious palate, but which is both tonic and nourishing. The meat is kept slowly stewing during the night, in order to furnish the morning repast; but sometimes the sportsmen of the division may enrich the larder with a hare, a tortoise, or some fish, not to speak of an occasional hen, kid, or lamb, brought in with a certain degree of mystery, and most probably not procured after a very orthodox fashion. Supper is eaten, the last pipe smoked, and while one party sleep, the remainder change their place in silence, lest their position should be known by the enemy. Follow the officer on duty in his rounds, and despite of the obscurity, he will show you, on the declivity of the hill, a Zouave lying flat on his face and hands beneath the shadow of the summit, his eye on the watch, and his finger on the trigger of his gun. A fire is kindled in the middle of a path which crosses a wood, and which a party of soldiers occupied during the day, but they are no longer there. However, the marauding enemy who may happen to approach the camp in order to attempt a robbery or a surprise, carefully avoids this fire, round which he thinks the French are encamped. He throws himself into the wood, and there falls beneath the bayonets of the ambushed Zouaves, who strike noiselessly, in order not to spoil the trap, by signifying their presence to the comrades of their victim.

One night—it was a singular instance—their vigilance was at fault, and the troops of the emir, gliding into the midst of their encampment, opened on them a murderous fire. The attack was so sudden that for a moment the soldiers hesitated to rise, until their officers set them the example. Marshal Bugeaud was the first to arrive: two men instantly fell dead beneath his vigorous arm. Speedily the attack was repulsed by the Zouaves, and the enemy routed. When the fighting was over, and order reëstablished, the marshal observed, by the light of the bivouac-fires, that the soldiers smiled as they looked at him. He put his hand to his head, and found that his head-dress was identical with that of Béranger's Roi d'Yvetot—namely, a white cotton night-cap! He immediately called for his helmet, and a thousand voices shouted; "The marshal's helmet! the marshal's helmet!" This became a sort of by-word in the army; and the next day, when the trumpets were sounding the march, the Zouaves sang in chorus, by way of an accompaniment:

> Hast thou seen the helmet,
> The helmet, the helmet?
> Hast thou seen the brave helmet
> Of Father Bugeaud?

From that time the trumpet-march was known as "The Helmet;" and the hero of the anecdote himself used to laugh good-humoredly, and say: "Sound the *Helmet!*"

It happened one day that the marshal, after one of the first razzias, or forays, executed by his orders, examined with considerable satisfaction a fine flock of sheep, which had been brought in for the commissariat. He went into his tent, and lay down to sleep, but was suddenly aroused by certain significant bleatings. He hastens out, he sees his Zouaves and his muttons all mingled together, and ready to vanish, despite the efforts of the guards. Full of fury, the marshal, in his shirt, and sword in hand, rushes into the thickest of the fray. The Zouaves disappear in double-quick time, *and so do the sheep too.* Subsequent researches made in their

bivouac are attended with no satisfactory result: no one was absent at the roll-call; no one had seen such a thing as a sheep. Marshal Bugeaud had nothing for it but to laugh.

Another day, the Zouaves formed the rear-guard; the column they belonged to brought into the Tell an immense population, who had been captured, after having for a long time followed the fortunes of Abd-el-Kader. The advanced-guard had set out at four o'clock in the morning; and although they were on a plain, at seven o'clock the last families had not yet left the bivouac. They had to journey eleven leagues before they came to water. On that day, the Zouaves were more like charitable women than mercenary soldiers, sharing their biscuit with the poor people whom fatigue and heat overcame; and when their goat-skins were emptied, holding down a sheep or a goat, in order to bring its teats near the parched lips of some poor deserted child.

At nightfall, when they encamped, their sacks contained neither fowls nor tortoises, but they brought back women, children, and old men, whose lives they had saved. Such men are as good as they are brave; but they require, in those who rule them, a mixture of firmness and kindness, a strict but not severe discipline, in order to repress their evil instincts, and develop their generous feelings.

The Zouaves did good service in Algeria, when, in 1845, a general insurrection broke out. In the month of April of the following year, after six months of perpetual marching and fighting, the first battalion of Zouaves entered Blidah, covered with glorious rags. It happened that the Grand Duke Constantine, son of the Emperor Nicholas, had just landed at Algiers, and testified a desire to see these troops, whose renown had reached even St. Petersburgh. That night, the Zouaves received their new uniform; and at nine o'clock the next morning they were at Boufarik, awaiting the young prince.

When he, descending from his carriage, beheld them drawn up in battle array in a green meadow, flanked by two squadrons of spahis, he could not conceal his surprise; for he learned that this band, of an aspect so original, and yet so compact, and so thoroughly well drilled, had returned only the evening before, had marched six leagues that morning, and, during the last six months, had known no other bed than the earth, and no other roof than the sky. The Grand Duke Constantine, we fancy, brought away with him, from that review, impressions which subsequent events in the Crimea have by no means tended to efface.

In the month of March, 1854, the Zouaves, filled with enthusiasm, quitted Algeria to join the army of the East. They were about to face that enemy who had so hotly disputed with Frenchmen the fields of Eylau and Moskva; they were about to fight side by side with that English infantry whose immovable solidity Frenchmen had so often experienced to their cost. Well have the brave bands of Africa fulfilled the expectations formed of their prowess!

What Frenchman can read without joy and pride the accounts given of them in the English correspondence, whether they are described as "climbing like cats up the heights of the Alma;" or, "bounding like panthers through the thickets of Inkermann!"

With what shouts were they hailed by the Queen's Guards when that heroic brigade, exhausted by its magnificent defense, saw appearing through the fog "the well-known garment of the Algerine troops!" Scarcely were they seen, before they were in the very middle of the Russian column. May we not hope that the banner of the Zouaves, which floated the first on the breach of Constantine, of Zaatcha, and of Laghouat, will ere long wave in triumph over the walls of Sebastopol?

THE GOPHER.—This animal, so often spoken of by newspaper writers and travelers who have journeyed in Kansas, is peculiar to the Columbia and Missouri rivers and their tributaries. It is known in some localities as the camas rat, taking its name from a plant which is its favorite food. It lives beneath the surface of the earth, and throws up, in an incredibly short time, an immense amount of dirt from its holes, which it carries in pouches by the sides of its face. The animal is classed by naturalists with the mole species. It ranges from five to eight inches in length, is of mouse-color, inclining to brown, with a short, thick tail, and its head is rather large and clumsy, owing to its cheek pouches.

A FABLE FOR GEOLOGISTS.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

ONE fine summer morning, a pair of martins rested on one of the pinnacles of the new houses of parliament. The hen was but a last year's bird; her partner had had more experience in nest-building, and had, therefore, been instilling into her the necessity of caution, and the danger of haste in their art. Jenny yielded to his superior judgment, though she longed to set about the second row of their residence. After a few minutes of silence, she lazily gave her wing a stretch, shook her feathers, and then delivered herself of the following remarks:—"I 've been thinking how many, many summers they must have been building this great place. If we have to rest several hours for our little bricks to dry, what a long time one of these great stones must have taken to harden!"

"Yes," said her husband; "for though they have so many to work, still it must have required millions of years to complete such a building as this."

"And they 're obliged to work with such great clumsy tools," added she; "if they had beaks and claws, it might have been easier and quicker done."

"And then," rejoined the other, "they have to fetch a good deal of their material from a great distance. I heard your father say, that he had seen them getting some stones from the other side of the sea, and that he had actually finished his own house and reared his family, before they had got them over."

"I don't wonder at it," said Jenny, "they are such slow creatures. How they would like to be able to fly, like us!" Then, after a pause, "Yes, millions and millions of years this place must have been building."

The other fully agreed with her; and the point seemed quite settled.

But they had not observed an old martin who had been listening to their conversation without making any remark. Indeed, he thought it useless to do so with birds who seemed so determined in their own opinions. Still he did not like them to indulge the notion that all their tribe were of the same mind as themselves. He, therefore, quietly remarked, "You would do well to remember that men, though they cannot fly, can do many other things that birds cannot. They are a deal cleverer than we are, and stronger, and have lots of wonderful machinery. And, besides, this palace was built by order of a great king; and so perhaps, they may not have been so very long about it."

THE ANGEL BOY.

THE night was bright and beautiful; the pale stars glittered in the blue heavens, and the silvery moon looked lovingly down upon a slumbering world. "The brightest, noblest angel, Death," left his golden home and descended to the earth to cull a flower for the heavens—and pausing for a moment, said: "While the dew-drops are yet upon the flowers, I will return again, and another brilliant gem will I add to the diadem which decks the brow of the living God."

A mother sat watching her infant boy. She smiled, as he sweetly slept, for all that day had he been restless, and she thought, as she gazed on her cherub, that he was holding converse with happy angels, for heaven beamed o'er his lovely countenance. Truly was he a bright and beautiful child; and fondly did the young mother press him to her bosom, and kiss his ruby lips—sweeter to her than "essence from Araby the Blest." She loved him tenderly; he was the idol of her young bosom; she seemed to live but in his smile, and dreaded the thought of his being snatched from her. And as she continued to gaze she saw a change come over him—and in a moment he was sickly pale. A dreadful thought took possession of her, and she exclaimed, "He cannot, O, he must not die—he is my life-blood!" He awoke, sweetly smiled, and with his tiny hands endeavored to wipe the tears from his mother's eyes; and she thought she heard a voice whispering unto her, "Mourn not for thy lovely boy; he shall bloom brightly in the garden of heaven! Fair mother, thou wilt meet him again!" Her tears flowed copiously—she heaved a heavy sigh—and in tremulous accents exclaimed, "Thy will, O God, be done!"

Again her cherub slept, but again he awoke not. The angel of death breathed over that fair face; and ere the dew was exhaled from the flowers, he had repassed the portal of heaven, and had borne to the throne of grace the spirit of the angel boy.

UNDER THE SEA.

THE town in which I am now living is much changed from what it was some sixty years since. My great aunt and her chambermaid were almost the sole inhabitants of a district that now numbers forty thousand souls. It was at the very window at which I write this, she sat (I have her letter by me) and wrote these words to her sister, dwelling inland—a shepherdess, with a satin gown without a waist, according to this picture over the mantelpiece: "The day is calm and pleasant, and the great vessel in the offing between us and the fair island sways not a handsbreadth, nor can flutter a single pennant." Then, in quite another trembling hand, and yet the same, is added: "When I had written that sentence, Dorothy, I looked again, southward, and the sea was as still as before, and the fair island sparkled in the sun; but between us and it I saw no trace of the great three-decker. I thought my brain was wrong, and rang the bell for Agnes; but when she too could see nothing of the ship, a horrid fear took hold of me. Moreover, from the seaport, a mile away, there came a solemn murmur, and a fleet of fishing-boats put off—too late, too late, I fear—from every creek and cove, so that we knew the glorious vessel was gone down, with all her company. I hear near a thousand men were aboard of her; but at present we know nothing certain."

Even to this day this thing is interesting to us; and furniture enough to stock a hundred warehouses, not to mention snuff-boxes, card-cases, candlesticks and knife-handles by thousands, have been made out of the timber of the sunken ship. Accounts of the dreadful accident, describing how she canted over on one side, bound in boards taken from the vessel, are raffled for at all our watering-places. The very walking-stick I use was rescued from her hulk, beneath the sea—or, at least, it has a brazen biography upon it that asserts so much. If a quarter of these things be genuine, there can be little left of her. Two ships were anchored over her for years, with diving apparatus; and fathoms deep, and miles away from shore, the divers plied their trade. It is with some of these we have to do.

The tavern over against this house was kept, until a few years back, by an old diver. I often used to wonder, when I was a boy, how he managed to accommodate himself to that airy situation and dry skittle-ground after his restricted sphere of action in his great bell and helmet, under the midst of the sea. Thomas Headfurst was very communicative to me in these early days, and I was very grateful. I could sit in his red-curtained back parlor for hours together, under a fusillade of tobacco-smoke, to hear him tell of the wonders of the deep; and he never balked my wishes in that respect. His family, he told me, had been divers for centuries, long before science had interfered with that profession—when the poor

> Ceylon diver held his breath,
> And went all naked to the hungry shark;

when stark nude athletes, with sponges dipped in oil, to hold more air than lungs could carry, staid their five and ten minutes in the caves of the sea; when Sicilian Nicholas, surnamed the Fish, and webbed in hands and feet like a duck, plunged fathoms deep after a single oyster, a terribly exhausting process before even the smallest of barrels should have been completed—who went in for pearls and coral, however, also, and lost his life in Charybdis by a cup too much, having already obtained one gold one from the whirlpool, and dipping for another to please the king of the Two Sicilies. One of Mr. Headfurst's ancestors, it may be, was of that party "who descended into the sea in a large tin kettle, with a burning light in it, and rose up without being wet," a feat seemingly as adventurous as that of the wise men of Gotham in their bowl. Who knows but that Thomas's great-great-grand-father may have dipped, in his time, for the wrecks of the Armada, in "a square box bound with iron, furnished with windows, and having a stool in it?" for that is the description of a gigantic strong box given us, by which two hundred thousand pounds' worth of property was fished up for the Duke of Albemarle, the son of Monk, who had drawn prizes from vexed waters before him. Nay, whether our hero's family-tree had been bearing this submarine fruit so very long or not, it is certain his father followed the trade before him; and off the Irish coast, near Cork, his brother is or was a most distinguished diver.

"I had a fight once," said Mr. Headfurst, "with a 'lectrical ell, in fifty fathom of water, west-by-south of St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall. It was one of my earliest jobs, and I was n't thoroughly used to the work at that time; and I had n't a mate, either, to go down with me. It 's a fright'ning thing that sinking out of sight of everything, a'most, without knowing where you 're going to, nor what you may find when you get there. This time the bell missed the wreck I was arter entirely, (which as it happened, however, was a very fortunate circumstance,) and I was lowered down to the very bottom. Half way down, Master James, what should come into the machine but an enormous 'lectrical eel. He came in, young master, and he stopped in; and the higher the water rose in the bell, the nigher I got to the 'lectrical eel. I pulled my precious legs up on the seat, I promise you, and sat tailor fashion all the rest of the way; but when we touched ground at last, I was n't above an inch or two off the beast—boxed up under the ocean, within a couple of inches of being shocked to death. Well, as I said, I was new to the work, and having banged at him with a pickax till I was tired, and he slipped away from me just like oil, I thought it would be an easier thing to suffocate him than me; so I did n't turn no air on for ever so long, and found myself getting black in the face, while the animal was swimming and gliding like a gentleman in easy circumstances enjoying the spectacle, and every now and then a-splashing with his tail for moderate applause. So I gave up that dodge just in time, and resumed my pick. The more I picked, however, the less he chose, which was an unappreciated joke I made to myself during those trying events themselves, and I was obliged to try summut else. I laid bare the floor of the bell, (which we can do within an inch or so,) got him into shallow water, and very soon finished him off. The skin is in the big chest, in my bed-room, and measures a hundred and twenty feet from tip to tip. I regret to say that the key is lost, or I should have great pleasure in showing it to you."

Once upon a time I persuaded Mr. Headfurst to let me accompany him on one of his submarine visits to the great three-decker which I first spoke of as sunken opposite. I was in a flutter of fright and joy such as youths who have only been down in the bell at the Polytechnic can form no idea of. I had the perfectest confidence in the machine, and, above all, in my friend Thomas, but still I was in a greater state of "blue funk" than most boys of fifteen have ever any reason to be. The bell could hold but two, so I took the place of the other diver —though, of course, without a helmet— opposite Thomas. I had become quite accustomed by this time to his hideous apparel above-board and on land, but as we sank lower and lower, and the light grew dimmer and dimmer, that terrible shako of his, and his pipes, and his paraphernalia grew frightfully unnatural to my perturbed vision, and I thought whether he might not be Davy Jones himself, and the bell his "locker." Now and then some strange and dreadful fish glided in upon us, but one glimpse of Thomas drove him out in an instant, and I did n't wonder. Nevertheless, it was far worse when I was left in the machine alone—with the fullest instruction, of course, as to air-tubes, but also in the deadilest terror of forgetting them — while my friend (the only friend I had in all the sea) went about his business over the wreck—a very wondrous experience that, and not easily forgotten. Many reflections of an original character ought to have occurred to me, without doubt, which I should have now described, but, as I said before, I was far too frightened to think of anything except air-tubes and getting up again. After the longest half-hour anybody ever passed in their lives, my merman reappeared. He had fixed his hooks and eyes round a great brass carronade, and was extremely buoyant in consequence.

"But," said he, when we were in his snug parlor again that evening, and he had been congratulating me on my prowess; "but, Master James, you must come down with a helmet some day, and then you will see wonders."

"Thank you, Thomas," said I, "all the same, but enough is as good as a feast; I have had my duck, and enjoyed it, nor do I want another. I should like, however, to hear of anything interesting you may have met with under those circumstances."

"Well," said he, and he turned his quid in his mouth, and brought his right eye to bear steadfastly upon me, as was his wont during compilation; "I will tell you of an

occurrence that happened to my brother within the last few years:—

"There was a friend of his, mate to a West Indiaman that was outward bound in a few days from Cork; and Bill, my brother, and he had had a difference: what the quarrel began about I don't rightly know, but the mate abused Bill's profession, and called him an amphiberous lubber, or something like that, and Bill abused the mate and wished him under the sea, with never an air-tube; and the ship sailed without making it up. My brother was very sorry when it was too late—for amphiberous lubbers has their feelings like other folks—and greatly shook when news was brought, next morning, that the vessel had gone down not three miles from shore, with every soul on board. Just at starting, as it might be—with all her passengers so full of hope, agoing to join their friends again—she struck upon a rock off Early Point, and settled down, as it was supposed, about midnight, in a few minutes. There was a good cargo of spice, and Bill was, of course, sent for immediately; there was but a few bodies floated to shore, and, knowing he would see some terrible sights, he was not over-pleased at the job; but until they could get more divers there was no choice, so down he goes to the vessel, and finds her fallen between two reefs of rock, bolt upright, with masts standing and sails set, just as she settled down. She looked, he said, for all the world like any ship upon the surface, except that there was a hole broken in her side, where she had struck; her boats were slung almost uninjured, coils of rope were lying on the main-deck, the hatches were open and the door above the chief cabin stairs; the wet, swift fishes darted in and out of it, and the crabs were going about their work already when my brother descended. There were six or seven men in the cabin, gentlemen passengers, and a card or two that floated about showed they had been playing when the vessel struck; some of them were even standing upright, just as they started from their seats when they felt the shock, and one had a dreadful look, with pale, parted lips, as though a cry of agony had just escaped them; a young man and a girl—so like as to be sworn brother and sister—were embracing for the last time; the heaving of the sea, scarce felt at such a depth, swayed all the figures to and fro—without a touch of decay, and instinct with all but life, was that ship's company. The captain, in his cabin, slept his last sleep quite placidly. The sailors, for the most part, were drowned within their hammocks, only those whose duty necessitated their being on deck were washed off and driven ashore. The darkness had been so deep as to render the best look futile, the strongest swimming of no avail. All these things were sad enough, and Bill's nerves, iron as they were, were shaken sadly. Wandering about that living charnel-house, attired so unnaturally, seeking for gold in the very heart of ocean, it was terrible; and yet, Master James, though you look so shocked, it was his honest business so to do, and a far less hateful way of getting on in the world than is practiced in high places daily; still, when he had found what he wanted, and, laden with as many bags as he could carry, was returning to the main-deck by another way, it seemed to him the worst job he had been ever set to do—and, lo! at the foot of the companion-ladder, he met the man he knew so well, and parted with in wrath so lately, with one hand on the round, as if in the act of flight. The look upon the drowned man's face seemed to reproach him for his latest wish, so that he dared not put him aside and pass by, but turned back and went upon deck by the road he came; nor ever after that dreadful sight could brother Bill be brought to venture down into the sunk West Indiaman."

"Dear me, Mr. Headfurst," I said, "I never heard so frightful a tale in all my life."

"Nor I neither, Master James; but it's true enough, and so my brother will tell you if you ask him. I don't happen, just at present, to remember his address; but he dives a good deal still, off the east coast of Ireland."

The women of the Carib Islands had, according to Lafitan, a language altogether different from their husbands. He has not referred to his authority. There is, however, no reason to doubt the fact; and the inference is that the Caribs were a race of conquerors, who took no women with them when they left their original country. Their wives never ate with them, never called them by their names, and served them in all things like slaves.

[For the National Magazine.

JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.

BY ALICE CARY.

MOSES WOLFE was a man forty-five years of age at the time our story begins; but, judging from appearances, you would have said he was fifty-five, for he had worked hard ever since he was big enough to work, and, for some reason, had had fewer holidays than most men who in this free country live to be forty-five years old. His eyes were half shut with the wrinkles at the corners, and his complexion bronzed and hardened by continual exposure to the sun, and rain, and bitter cold, of all the long and drudging years through which he had passed.

His head was bald at the top, and his hair thin and gray on the temples; his hands large and clumsy, with veins swollen and knotty as they could be; his neck was lean and long, and his shoulders bent, merely because he had not energy enough to hold himself up, people said; and in his face there was a wo-begone expression that made some people smile and others sigh. It was a foolish fashion Moses Wolfe had got into, his neighbors thought; and if they were disposed they could put on just such a miserable look; and if they persisted in wearing it, they supposed they would find it just as difficult to lay aside as he did. But mixed with the wo-begone expression, or struggling to get through it, there was one of patience, of resignation, and of hope; or rather of what would have been hope, if Moses Wolfe could have known any hope: why he could not, nobody knew; and judging from appearances, he would not, and that was all. No one ever thought of pitying him, or of looking any further than the appearances about him; and, standing a mile or two away from his house, and all the tireless help and love that should have been there, it was not easy to tell why the man should have been regarded by any as an object of pity.

By degrees he had lost the respect of people, for, the truth is, he did not respect himself. He did not present himself on election day with shaven face and clean shirt to make his vote count on what he thought the right side. Poor Moses! he did not know there was any right side—everything was crooked and dismal to him; and as for his vote, why it would n't make much difference.

His house had been getting out of repair for years and years: the roof leaked, and the porch floor was decayed and broken in; the kitchen hearth was burnt into holes and hollows; the plastering was fallen off in some places; a number of the windows were broken, and you could not tell what color the paint had originally been. One or two old and unpruned trees stood in the yard, their tangled tops full of spiders' webs, neighbored by dozens of young trees that from time to time had been planted, all dead, and ready to be plucked up by the roots; many of them having had their bark gnawed away by hungry colts, and some of them having died of thirst, for Moses always forgot to pour a little water about the roots, no matter how dry and hot the weather after their planting; perhaps that he had been so little used to the dew of life himself. But we will not anticipate.

There was a frolic at Mrs. Fundy's—a quilting party—and all the farmers' wives and daughters, for two miles around, were there; the wives in black gowns, and the daughters in white ones; the elder ladies talking of soap-making and sugar-making, and the younger ones of new bonnets and their lovers. Mrs. Fundy made the room warmer than the sunshine with her smiles. The quilting was going on nicely; and though she had fifty quilts, she thought this would be the prettiest of them all—the young girls might make hearts or arrows in the corners, just as many as they chose. Everything had gone just right—even the two ginger-cakes, baked in the great bread-pan, had not burned one speck, top nor bottom; there was only the least imaginable drawback to her happiness, on two accounts: she feared her friends would tire themselves to death with quilting so fast and so nice; and she began to fear the most charming of her neighbors was not coming, for it was now ten minutes past two, and Mrs. Wolfe could not be seen in the distance. I do hope she will come, said one to another all around the quilt, for all were looking to Mrs. Wolfe, as they always did, for patterns of the fashions—since she, be it known, was the most stylish woman in all the neighborhood.

Anne Hadly was appealed to, she being thought likely to know the probabilities, inasmuch as "she went out sewing;" but

Anne, a quiet young woman of some thirty-odd years—how many odd it had been a good while since Anne had said—did not know anything about it; she never sewed for Mrs. Wolfe—she could not sew well enough, she supposed; and as Anne said this, her needle refused to penetrate up through the cotton of the quilt, and with a nervous jerk she broke it in two; upon which Mrs. Weed, looking very hard at her quilting, but slily touching the elbow of Mrs. Speed, said she guessed somebody remembered how somebody got the advantage of her with a certain Mr. M. W——, many years ago as it was. Mrs. Weed lowered her eyes to the quilt, and putting her voice into one of those questionable tones, neither whisper nor anything else, said she believed if there was ever true love in the world, somebody felt it for somebody even yet; and she went on to say, that she remembered when Mr. M. W. was lively as could be, and in all ways as promising a young man as could be found in the meeting-house of a Sunday. Perhaps Anne felt the talk was of her, and determined to let them know she did not care for Moses Wolfe, and never did; for she said, with some asperity, that "likely Moses had bent together, and Mrs. Wolfe was waiting to straighten him up before she came." There was a laugh, which subsided with the tapping of Mrs. Wolfe's fan on the side of the door-frame, and the shining of her black eyes on the company as she gathered up the silk flounces of her dress and revealed a variety of tape-trimmed and frilled petticoats. The feathers of all the ladies drooped at once, though in the absence of competition they had felt that they looked pretty smart; not a dress in the house had cost so much as the lace on Mrs. Wolfe's cap, to say nothing of her Leghorn bonnet, vail of three yards in length, ivory-handled parasol, and boughten fan—all the other ladies having fans made of goose-quills gathered in their own meadows.

Anne Hadly looked thoughtfully down at her own washed and ironed gingham gown; and Mrs. Weed whispered to Mrs. Speed, that the tears almost came into her eyes as she did so. She glanced at the heavy lace of the cap, and almost disdainfully pushed back her own abundant tresses; and with a sigh, which she did not mean any one should hear, quilted on very fast, though she had done already, Mrs. Fundy said, as much as any two other women at the quilt.

All were so glad that Mrs. Wolfe was come; for her fine dress gave *éclat*, as it were, to the quilting party; and all were so anxious to know why she had not come sooner, that Anne was quite forgotten presently—and quilted, and quilted, and quilted, in the saddest silence.

All the papers that held garden-seeds, or other things, in Mrs. Fundy's house, were untied, and the torn and wrinkled pieces pressed smooth with a hot iron and carefully stitched together, in order to serve for the patterns of Mrs. Wolfe's dress and cap and cape. She was not allowed to work at the quilt—not she—they all wanted her to tell about what she had seen in town, and what she had got, and what she was going to get; and besides, she was not used to work, and must sit in the big rocking-chair and rest, and be an ornament.

So Mrs. Wolfe sat in the arm-chair, her flounces and frilled petticoats filling it quite full; the rings glittering on her white hands, which she locked indolently together, as she paid back the admiration she received in genial and instructive talk; for Mrs. Wolfe had more newspapers in her house than Mrs. Fundy, and read them all. She had been born and bred in a city, and had seen more of the world than most of the persons with whom her lot was cast. No one asked whether Mr. Wolfe had come, or was coming; for Mr. Fundy had a frolic as well as his wife, and the woods were noisy with the chopping. No one expected him to come; indeed, Mrs. Fundy was quite sure, now that she came to think of it, that Mr. Wolfe had not been invited—if any one thought of him at all, it was to wonder what in the world Mrs. Wolfe ever had him for.

Three happy, sunny hours, began to draw shadows after them as they went down, and the blood mounted red into Anne's cheeks as she lifted her blue eyes from the quilt, not so much because Mrs. Wolfe was asking her if she could come and sew a month for her, as because she saw Mrs. Speed and Mrs. Weed both look at her as though they thought she would reply very drily in the negative; so, perhaps to disappoint them, perhaps to puzzle them, or, it may be, merely to satisfy her own curiosity, she said, smiling, she

was quite at liberty, and would be glad to go, asking, with apparent innocency, if it was shirts Mrs. Wolfe wanted made. It was not shirts, but work for herself—she hardly knew what—she was going to town next week to get a good many things, and she would be glad to have Anne come the next day, if she could, and do some mending and be company; for Mrs. Wolfe said she would as soon be in prison as at home with nobody there but Moses. All laughed, even Anne, perhaps because the rest did; and all thought Mrs. Wolfe was an exceedingly funny woman; as for what Anne Hadly thought, nobody could see through the shadow that rested on her face to tell. Twenty years, since she was a spinning girl for the mother of Moses Wolfe, seemed only a day to her!

"Well," said Mrs. Weed, "I think Anne is a right nice sort of body, if she *is* an old maid. I wonder," she added, directly, "if she never could get anybody to have her?" and answering herself, continued, "I think not, judging from appearances, for I never knew of her having a beau."

"It's 'most a pity," said Mrs. Speed, "that Moses would n't have her, seeing that he has turned out so." Mrs. Weed said "Yes," abstractedly; and so they arranged the table, feeling as sorry for Anne as they could feel for an old maid—counting by their own ages what hers must be, and repeating two or three times that it was almost a pity for her, inasmuch as Moses had turned out so bad, and she was not likely to get anybody, while Charlotte would have got twenty husbands, any one of whom would have suited her better than Moses, who was not half the man she thought she was getting.

"Anne is a good sewer, and a very nice housekeeper," resumed Mrs. Weed; "I think she must be thirty-five."

"Yes, there are a good many fine qualities about Anne," replied Mrs. Speed; "she is good in time of sickness, and when there is a death she brightens up the house like a sunbeam; almost every one speaks well of Anne, but she must be thirty-seven or thirty-eight—I wonder what she would say if a body should ask her how old she is?"

"Well, I do n't know as I care," said Mrs. Weed; "I should not be surprised though, if she was forty; old maids always will disguise themselves with dress and one thing and another, and it appears as if some of them look just about so for ten or a dozen years; she never was sick, nor had anything to break her constitution."

So the two women talked and guessed and surmised, called up old memories, and added one to another, saying often how good Anne was, and how well they liked her, at the same time keeping in vivid recollection her many winters, and the disgraceful fact that she was not married, nor likely to be.

The tears are falling on the last stitches of the quilt border as she is recalled to the present by hearing Mrs. Fundy say, "Come, Anne, come right down to supper now." Anne goes to the window to put a thread in her needle, she says; but she dries her eyes while she threads the needle, and when she appears at the supper-table she smiles and talks with Mrs. Smith about the new school in which she has placed her children, the fashion of summer dresses, and the prospects of an abundant apple-harvest; and Mrs. Smith regards Anne with a sort of tender compassion, and insists that she shall visit at her house. "Poor Anne," she says to herself, "she has not anybody to care for her."

The choppers are all there; merry, even boisterous, laughing loud; for they have been drinking something stronger than the tea, occasionally, during the afternoon. Anne glances timidly down the long table at first, afterward fearlessly; she does not see him she looks for; Moses is not there. Mrs. Wolfe sits at the head of the table, complacently dispensing smiles and agreeable nothings; she does not look for Moses; she knows well enough where he is and what he is doing; he is at home milking the cows; how he will get his supper she does not think; she supposes he will find something in the cupboard. When Mrs. Wolfe goes home, one brings her shawl, and another ties her bonnet-strings; one gives her her fan, and another some flowers; nearly all have something to do for her except Anne—she do n't seem to see anything she can do for Mrs. Wolfe, but she promises to go on such a day and do the sewing. Passing over time and events till that day, let us accompany her.

It is midsummer, and the days are long and hot and weary; long and weary to Moses Wolfe, for he is up early and works late, and no one says to him, Are you tired? or, Do n't do so much; or, I am

sorry—those phrases so magical to lighten burdens and shorten time.

It was after breakfast when Anne appeared at Mrs. Wolfe's door, with basket and scissors, and thread and thimble, and dressed with more care than at the quilting. Why should she not be? No one there would care what she wore; for at such parties she is expected to come early and work late, and go home before the fun, or make herself useful in the kitchen, for who wants old Anne Hadly in the play-room, or wants to go home with her? Of course, nobody. Now she was dressed with more care than she had been for years, for nothing so stimulates the ambition and pride of a woman as the thought that her little efforts please somebody; solely for herself she cares to do nothing, and only in another's pleasure can she find her own. She has put her hair in quite a girlish fashion to-day, and the walking or the fast beating of her heart has sent the blood to her cheek, and taken the look of many years away. She opens the gate noiselessly, and treads on the grass softly, for there is no paved walk leading to the door; and she half fears to attract the attention of Moses, whom, though she has spoken to, she has not talked with for twenty years.

Why she has taken such pains to look well; why, indeed, she has come to the house at all, she hardly knows; it may be to avenge herself; it may be from curiosity; it may be from sympathy, for she has seen Moses growing old and bent and careworn before his time; and though she never could quite forgive him for forgetting to walk with her because of Charlotte Flumsy, still she has been sorry. She is an old maid now, going from place to place sewing. Moses is an old man, who has perhaps forgotten that he ever loved her. At any rate, she has come to work for his wife, and, judging from appearances, willingly and cheerfully.

Mrs. Wolfe wears no flounces nor frills at home, Anne finds; indeed, she is careless to slovenliness. "What is the difference when nobody sees me but Moses?" she says. "I don't think he knows a cotton frock from one of silk;" and Anne finds her sitting on the door-sill, her hair uncombed, and her dress most untidy; breakfast dishes standing unwashed on the table, beds unmade, flies thick as swarming bees, and a variety of unnecessary litter about the carpet, which is ragged and faded, and so dusty that to walk across it raises quite a cloud. The carpet had been a good one. Anne did not remember to have seen so expensive a one except in the city, till then, but it has been spoiled with abuse more than wear; the breadth next the fire-place is half burned up, and holes have been torn in it here and there, which, for the want of mending, have grown to twice their original size. Costly furniture is scattered about the house, anywhere and everywhere but in the proper places, and so broken and rubbed and scratched, that it makes Anne's heart sick to see it, for she has been used to be careful with what she had, and has always found pleasure in making the most of little.

Mrs. Wolfe does not rise from her seat, and scarcely looks up from the novel she is reading; but tells Anne to look about the house and see what she can find to do; "I guess you will find something to make or mend in some of the drawers or closets; enough to keep you busy till I finish this chapter."

Anne saw enough to keep her busy without stirring an inch from where she stood, enough to keep her busy for a week, and for more than a week she thought, as she saw the double curtains of spider webs over the windows, the paper hanging from the wall in patches as it had from time to time scaled off, the garden run to weeds, and the door-yard with its pools of dish-water and fragments of broken earthenware and china, where green grass or cool paving stones should have been. Laying aside shawl and bonnet, she opened the bureau as directed, and found such a medley as in all her life she had never seen; worn-out shoes and stockings, fine lace caps and old and new ribbons, dirty dresses, aprons, towels and table-cloths, crashed together, and scattered among articles that would otherwise have been clean. One or two silk dresses, too much torn or greased to wear, in close proximity to new materials for dresses, of the most delicate hue and texture; and as for the worn-out and torn stockings and gloves, there was no end of them. There, too, she found Moses's trowsers, just as they had been worn in the plowing; shirts past all hope of mending, made, Anne noticed, of the coarsest material, and, as it seemed, by little girls who had left their dish-washing for the purpose. Having emptied the

drawers of one bureau, she began to adjust and repair, working on from hour to hour, till it was long past noon. Still, in the doorway, the sunshine streaming over her frouzy head, sat Mrs. Wolfe, reading on and on. Every moment Anne expected Moses to come in from the field; wondered she saw no preparation for dinner; and began to grow nervous at her work. One o'clock, and two o'clock, and three o'clock, came and went, and with a yawn Mrs. Wolfe closed the book, saying she could not put it down till she had read the last word. Now, thought Anne, there will be something done; and while she thought so, Mrs. Wolfe threw herself across the unmade bed, and was soon fast asleep. Hearing some noise in the kitchen, Anne threw down her work to see what it was: the doors stood wide open, and a dozen chickens were on the table eating the last of a loaf of bread that had been left there; a dog lay asleep in one corner, and a pig looked in at the door; the floor seemed not to have been washed for six months; there was nothing to be seen to eat, except the bread which the chickens were finishing; the stove was rusted and broken, and the fire dead. "Dear me, O dear me!" sighed Anne, "no wonder Moses looks so old!" and she walked into the back-yard to see if she could find anything more cheerful or hopeful. Plenty of dead trees she found, and these she had seen many a time before; some tubs of water, which appeared to have been standing a month; rough ground which the pigs had plowed with their noses, and a few rose and currant bushes, which seemed to have been killed by having hot water thrown over the roots. As she was about to return, having seen nothing to encourage her, a little girl of fourteen, perhaps, started up from a heap of sand on which she had been playing, and accosted her in a familiar and rude manner. She was wretchedly untidy in her dress, and in all ways most unprepossessing, Anne thought; nevertheless, she was Mrs. Wolfe's housekeeper, and a fair specimen of the fifty she had had during the twenty years of her married life. When asked why she had not been at work? she replied, that she did her work when she pleased and as she pleased; and that if Mrs. Wolfe did not care, she was sure no one else need to be troubled about it. "But is it not dinner time?" urged Anne, looking across the field where Mr. Wolfe was at work in the sun, digging briers. "As for dinner-time," said the girl, laughing impishly, "we don't have no time mostly, unless we have visitors; Mrs. Wolfe takes luncheon when she feels like she wanted it, and that 's the way of it."

"And don't Mr. Wolfe eat anything?" asked Anne, looking toward the briery hillside again. "Mr. Wolfe!" repeated the girl, tossing the sand high in the air in foolish glee: "Old Moses, if you mean him, eats what he can get, and when he can get it. I wonder if you think a body would work a body's self to death for the like of him."

When first his footsteps came, wearily, along the path to the door, Anne's heart beat so loud she thought Mrs. Wolfe would surely hear it; but she did not; probably she did not know that hearts beat louder at one time than another. "What shall I say, or how meet him?" thought Anne; but it was easy enough to do, when he had made a simple and friendly recognition, and sat down at the table without more ado. In silence he partook of the scanty repast, making only one or two common-place remarks about the weather or the crops. He was changed in heart, as well as appearance, Anne thought, and had likely forgotten that he had ever cared more for her than for any other woman. Once, when she alluded to the spinning time at his mother's house, she found that he remembered it; but whether the memory gave him pleasure or pain she could not tell—he betrayed neither.

Every day Mrs. Wolfe added to the list she was making of articles to be bought when she went to town, and in all the long list not one trifle was for Moses. "I must have a hundred dollars on Saturday," she said to him one evening, "and you must carry me to town."

"I don't know how I can spare more than twenty," said Moses; "I need a good many things about the farm, and you see how badly off I am for boots and clothes—really, I don't know what I am to do."

"Did n't you expect to provide for me when you married me?" asked Mrs. Wolfe sharply.

"Yes," said Moses, meekly.

"Very well, then," replied Mrs. Wolfe, "what are you making a poor mouth about?"

"Nothing," said Moses; "I suppose I must sell my best horse, if you can't do without the money; but then I can't take you to town, you know, with my one horse: and sighing heavily he went out of the house, and sat alone with the moon and the winds.

And the horse was sold, and Mrs. Wolfe wore the new cuffs, and went to town in the public coach; everybody said it was strange Moses could not take his wife to town in a private carriage, but he had become a strange man and could not be expected to do as other folks did.

Mrs. Wolfe did not come home in the coach: the horses were frightened, ran away on the way to town, and she was thrown from her seat and killed.

Those who wish to read the particulars of this frightful calamity, will find them all recorded in "The Incorruptible Democrat," the editor of which applied to the subject the moving rhetoric with which he painted the ruin of his country, in case of his party's defeat, and printed his article with an abundance of exclamation points, italics, small and large capitals, and other sensational indications, as was perfectly proper. I will not here dwell upon so melancholy a catastrophe.

"I wonder if Moses will not reflect on himself now," said the neighbors. They were curious to see how he would get along, now that he had nobody to help him. They supposed he would break quite down and very soon follow his wife. In all the country no one had ever so large a funeral as Mrs. Wolfe, or was so generally and so deeply mourned.

Many came to condole with Moses, telling him he must cheer up and be comforted; he had good friends still, though he could never hope to supply the place of his angel wife.

And Moses Wolfe did cheer up, and he was comforted; not till after a season of deep affliction, it is true; yet earlier than he ought, people said, he began to think his home not altogether desolate; and he was no sooner seen to smile, and to wear a new hat, than it was thought he was "sprucing up" for a new wife. If he could have sunk lower in the estimation of his neighbors than previously, he would have done so now; but that was quite impossible.

Passing by his house one afternoon, Mrs. Speed saw Moses whitewashing the fence about the yard; she saw that the dead trees were gone, and that some new shrubbery had been planted. That night she and Mrs. Weed drank tea together, and said many things about Moses Wolfe and Anne Hadly, which I need not repeat. Mrs. Speed did not see Anne as she passed the house, but she knew well enough from the looks of things she was there; she thought, too, Moses was growing younger every day, and she did not think it looked very well for a widower to smile and bow as he did. Of course, neither Mrs. Speed nor Mrs. Weed cared one straw what Moses Wolfe did, nor what Anne Hadly did; it was none of their business; but really it did look too bad. They talked of Anne's age again, and this time established it to their entire satisfaction that she was forty-five and a half years old.

The apples were red in the orchard; it was September, and it was his own orchard now—the farm was paid for. The young housekeeper was gone: Anne had learned that it had been her habit to carry home, without leave, sugar, coffee, tea, butter, &c., enough to supply a family of five persons. No wonder Moses had not got along! she thought. The horse Moses had sold so reluctantly, had been bought back again; the corn was ready to gather, the wheat and hay harvest had been good, and the house was as clean and orderly as a house could be. Two lighted candles were on the table, where baked apples and milk, and broiled chicken and steaming tea waited the coming in of the master of the house. Walking quite erect, and looking more as he did when a young man than she had seen him for years, Anne thought, Moses came in; but she looked thoughtful and felt sad.

When Moses inquired what she was thinking of, she answered, looking thoughtfully at her plate, "You must get a housekeeper." Moses looked thoughtful, too, for a moment, left the table in silence, unlocked an old chest, and taking from it a bunch of withered flowers, laid them in Anne's lap, saying with such tenderness and seriousness as I cannot write:—"Twenty years ago, dear Anne, I went a mile out of my way, when the work was done, to gather these flowers for you: you would not take them then, and in spite and vexation I —— But no matter: will you have them now?"

Anne bent her head lower and lower

over the flowers, and Moses bent lower and lower over her, to hear what she would say, till his lips quite touched her forehead. I need scarcely say her sighs ended in blushes and smiles, and that that supper was not the last by a great many which they ate together.

When the neighbors once became reconciled, they said, one and all, they wished Moses and his wife happy, and thought the marriage prudent; but of course there was no love in the case. Anne, they said, was a poor old maid who wanted a home, and Moses a widower who needed a housekeeper, and who would have had anybody who came in his way.

So much for appearances.

[For the National Magazine.]

DERIVED MEN AND RADICAL MEN.

VIEWED as actors in society, men may be divided into two great orders, in one of which each individual, as to all the essentials of character, is found to be many times repeated; while, in the other, every man stands out by himself as a bold, earnest, and self-possessed unit. In other words, society is made up of derived men and radical men. Of the first order, a single example may be taken as a representative of the whole, and a single picture will contain all the features that belong to it. But of the other, there need to be just as many separate pictures as the order contains individuals; since every radical man possesses a peculiar personality or self, which cannot be repeated in any other man. These two sorts of men have figured as cotemporaries at every stage of human history, and have exerted their respective influences on the world. Let us spend a little time in discovering the leading characteristics of each.

By a derived man, we mean a man who has no firmly-rooted manhood. He is, in a true sense, not a being, but merely an imitation of being. He has no fixed and impregnable self. He is more a manikin than a man. His character, in all its capital features, is, in fact, not his own, but is the result of innumerable decimations and copyings. He is an induced, rather than an educed man. He thinks other men's thoughts. His own soul never feels the birth of an original idea. His view is limited entirely to the surface-world. His mind feeds on appearances mainly. His theories take their whim from the images made upon the retina of his eye, and the vibrations communicated to the tympanum of his ear. He is a faithful reverencer and commemorator of the past, and, to his view, distance lends a powerful enchantment. He dreams vividly of classic Greece, and olive-growing France, and wild Switzerland, and sunny Italy; and in his childish veneration for the antique and the distant, he fancies that a respectable man on this side of the ocean can never be a genius until he has picked up some relic of barbarism in the old Vatican of Rome, or snuffed musk-melon perfumes along the Nile.

He is, besides, a bookish man. He will name over to you his chosen authors; but you find that his circle is made up of such as impose the lightest tax on the intellect of the reader. He writes down on paper only what he has read from paper. Every period he reels off would convict him of plagiarism. He has no settled style of his own, writes fast, blots but little, and thanks his stars for the quotation privilege. He worries his reader with a long, drizzling rain of rhetoric, unenlivened by a single flash of keen, quick-thrilling lightning, and unbroken by a solitary peal of grand and hearty thunder. His works are soon out of the way and forgotten.

He speaks affectedly, and with no native force. You tire under his spiritless elocution, as under the tedious monotony of revolving machine-wheels. He stirs you with no blunt spontaneities of manner, overwhelms you with no rich hurrying gushes of extemporary eloquence. His forced gesticulations and speechless eyes soon betray the unsuccessful man-mimic, and you retire from his presence with disappointment and disgust.

His actions are alike spiritless and still-born. He is a moving automaton—a ceremony on feet. His best deeds smack of the fashionable etiquette of the day, just as the preserves of harvest-fruit do of sugar and lemon. He dresses according to fashion, talks according to fashion, studies according to fashion, votes according to fashion, goes to church according to fashion, gives alms according to fashion, believes, prays, and preaches according to fashion. He is a man of fashion from head to heart, and from heart to limb; from the quality of a thought to the cut

of a finger-nail. Such is the derived man.

Let us notice now some of the characteristics of the radical man. He is, as the term implies, a man from nature. He has an innate and indomitable self or soul on which he relies, whatever be the occasion. This immovable self is his genius. By this is he nerved and sustained, made indefatigable in labor, defiant of opposition, and brave in the hour of conflict. Self-development is his aim and his education. Like Milton, he calls the faculties of his being not his, nor another's, but *him*. His thoughts are new and strange thoughts, that come leaping hot from his inmost soul, like shouting victors from a battle-field. He is a desperate thinker. His books go down to posterity over the ruins of libraries of tinsel tomes. One word of his can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. He writes not for money, not for stupid praise. He writes his own great self down on paper to be read by the world. His peerless soul glows and gleams there on every leaf. These are his own thoughts, his own beliefs, his own ideals of truth. He scorns to copy; he despises plagiarism. To walk, and commune, and wrestle with nature, is his highest ambition, and the very joy of his existence.

He is no blusterer, no fanatic. He goes forth to his work with a calm forehead and a still, small voice, yet with steadfast hope and invincible courage. Other men faint with despair, and forsake their purposes; but he presses on in spite of all obstacles. Other men joined hands with Luther; but no one, save Luther, was sufficient for the Protestant Reformation. Other men suffered with the Puritan pilgrims, but they only had courage to dare the deep, and pilot toward the land of deliverance.

It was this same radical man who invented the telescope, and the compass, and the printing-press, and the lightning-rod, and the steam-engine, and the magnetic telegraph, and every other great instrument of human improvement. He is the great Napoleon of human progress. On his stout and stubborn manhood the nations lean like little children on a father. All that is strong, and enduring, and excellent in civilization, bears the marks of his fingers, and partakes of the power of his genius. Just in proportion to the number of such men in society, does society always present the elements of true greatness and strength. The man of intense personality communicates himself to all about him, more or less. He rules by the power of surprise. Men go out of his presence with a mighty spell on them. His words have to them an unaccustomed sound. He is strangely simple and commandingly unfashionable. He sets every assertion on fire with his flashing eyes. His tongue moves with an unearthly eloquence. Thus no one knows, but every one feels his greatness and power. The original man makes the very air around him tremble.

His thoughts and feelings, and often his beliefs, pass into other men, and become a part of their very being. Above all, does he communicate his heroism. Thus Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle, and Epicurus, each gathered about him a sect, every man of whom thought his thoughts, felt his feelings, believed his beliefs, and partook of his heroism. Thus, too, Napoleon, as he often boasted, picked his generals up out of the mud, and made them Napoleonic; and thus Washington came to be surrounded, in the revolution, by an army of Washingtons. The radical man, in some sense, even possesses the whole world with his spirit. Death is not the end of this man's life. Though scarcely appreciated, it may be, in his day, yet, as Lord Bacon said of himself, his name and memory will surely be treasured up "after some time be passed over." The sweep of revolutions, and the coming in of new economies, cannot efface the record of his genius. After men have buried him up beneath the ground, he lives on in human tradition. But few men have ever read Shakspeare; yet who does not know his name by heart? Who does not feel that Shakspeare is a part of his very being? That great man's memory has become an eternal presence. His spirit, like an imponderable agent, envelops the whole world. The blood of every generation of men that has existed since his own has been instinct with his genius; and were it possible to blot out every shining word he wrote while living, Shakspeare would still live on, and his memory would be fresh a thousand years hence.

It has been a growing fault of all the later ages of the world, that men have exhibited too little pride in true radicalism

of character. Now, it would seem, that there are but a very few genuine men left to stand up between the past and the present, in the glory of their God-given manhood, like those grand old mountains of the world, whose lofty tops have never been striated and scoured down by drift-agency. And these few surviving examples of the olden heroism, you will to-day hear spoken of out in the world, under the title of "eccentric characters." The phrase has a deeper meaning than most men are wont to suppose. In these days of fashionable man-mimicry, one can bear no truer honor than to deserve the name of being eccentric. Eccentric men are the very bone and sinew of society. If to be a deep and self-relying thinker, and a heroic, out-spoken declarer of one's thoughts; if to have courage to defy and shame down a popular wrong, at the risk of scorn, and ridicule, and reproach; if to retire with disgust from the surface-world, where pride, and avarice, and affectation, and deceit are rampant, and with a noble ambition to elevate and improve mankind, to seek the solitary walks of life, and struggle there alone with great purposes; if to be a bold, rugged, undaunted, unique man at all times and in all places; true to nature and true to nature's God honest, though the heavens fall; unswerving from duty, as the sun from its course; never stooping to do an unmanly deed, or speak a false word, or think a base thought—if to be, and to do thus, is eccentric, then eccentricity is the highest style of manhood, and an honor that cannot be bought at too dear a price.

The sixteenth century gave birth to two Englishmen, who were born only eight years apart, William Prynne and John Milton. Both these men were graduates of college, and inheritors alike of all the learning and refinement of their time. But they were not the same men. Milton possessed strong radicalism of character, Prynne had none. Nothing can be more full of interest and instruction to the student of human nature than to notice the figure which each character made in the world.

It is almost needless to speak of the career and fame of John Milton. The force, and greatness, and sublimity of that genius which encircled his whole being, like a halo of ethereal glory, and showed itself, in all his aims and actions, while he lived, have only been renewing the wonder and admiration of mankind through every succeeding generation. The name of Milton has passed into an eternal remembrance. Every system of moral philosophy, and every Christian's ideal of paradisiacal bliss that has been formed since he wrote his great work of works, has incorporated more or less of the maxims of his sublime wisdom and the divine visions of his lofty soul.

But what of his cotemporary Prynne? Away back, in one corner of D'Israeli's "Calamities of Authors," you will find the name and career of this singular man, honored, if honor it be, with a brief notice, under the significant title of "A Voluminous Author without Judgment." He wrote more than two hundred works, and was a martyr to his pen, ink, and paper. The chief work of the long lifetime of this ineffectual scribbler was a quarto, of eleven hundred pages, containing his arguments against theatrical exhibitions, and entitled the Histriomastix—a book which was seven years under the hand of the writer, and four years in press. Lord Cottington, amazed at this paragon of voluminosity, was provoked to the declaration, that "Prynne could not have written that work himself: he either assisted the devil, or was assisted by him." And a wit of his time, affected with like disgust at his habits of indefatigable application and research, without any appearance of genius or originality, made the significant remark of him, that "Nature makes ever the dullest beasts most laborious, and the greatest feeders."

Such was the career of a learned man, without any radicalism of character; or to speak, perhaps, more appropriately in the language of him who has rescued Prynne's abortive life from complete oblivion, "Such is the history of a voluminous author, whose genius was such, that he could write a folio much easier than a page; and who seldom dined that he might quote squadrons of authorities."

It cannot be said, in truth, that William Prynne survived his own generation. He left no lasting marks of his influence upon the world. His memory comes down to us of to-day; but as a solemn warning against presuming upon a life of great usefulness and enduring fame, on the ground of vast learning, unaccompanied by genuine radicalism of character.

GUINEA TRADERS.

THE wealth of the natives of Africa from the earliest ages down to the present time has consisted exclusively of the natural productions of their burning clime. With the exception of Egypt, no nation in that vast, mysterious, and wonderful division of the globe, has ever become so civilized as to produce by manual skill articles of commercial value to sell or barter with other races of men. It is supposed that the "ivory, apes, peacocks, gold," &c., brought to King Solomon by the "ships of Tarshish," were obtained from Africa. From that remote period till now, it is highly probable that the intercourse, based on the traffic in question, between Europeans, Asiatics, and Africans, has continued year by year without any interval of suspension; nor do we think there has ever been any material difference in the manner of trading.

We purpose describing the mode of doing business which prevails at this day in the Gulf of Guinea, a locality which has always been eminent for traffic beyond any other part of the western coast. We are enabled to gather ample and reliable information for our purpose from a book, entitled *Trade and Travels in the Gulf of Guinea*, written by a gentleman named Smith, who made several voyages as ship's surgeon and "trading-captain"—as the natives call the supercargo or agent for the European merchant.

A ship having arrived at any of the little ports or trading-towns, is moored as closely to the shore as may be safe or convenient, and then the trader goes ashore to pay or compound for "comey" or custom-dues with the king of the place. These duties are paid in goods in proportion to the ship's tonnage. The crew meanwhile strike masts and yards, and clear the hold for stowing palm-oil, &c. The goods brought by the ship are sent ashore, and placed under a temporary shed on the beach, under charge of two or more African Kroumen—for it would be certain death for white men to sleep ashore—who watch them day and night, and are accountable for them.

Custom having been settled with the king, the ship hoists her colors and fires a gun, as a signal to open trade. Forthwith, the vessel is boarded by crowds of natives, who "crack fingers" with the Europeans, and flatter them to the top of their bent. All this has a very palpable object; and if the reader supposes that the white trader, by aid of his superior faculties and education, takes advantage of the ignorance and simplicity of the poor black, he greatly errs, for although this may occasionally happen, yet, as a general rule, the reverse is rather the case, for the chief natives are as keen men of business in their way as any man on Liverpool or Glasgow 'Change. If the white man can so manage that he is not cheated himself, he may rest content. The African *bakhshish* is termed "dash." "Making *dashes*, or presents, has become part of the trade from usage, and to know how to make presents judiciously is a very important branch of the knowledge of it. When the negro trader comes to look at your goods, he asks for a dash; when he brings you goods, he wants one; and when he receives payment, another. The head slaves look for dashes; the pilots, both in bringing you in and taking you out of the rivers, independent of a fixed payment, receive dashes; indeed, whatever the occasion of a black man's coming on board may be, a dash is always solicited. Nothing connected with trade tires your patience so much as their importunities for presents."

It is astonishing to what an extent some of the native chiefs and large traders are intrusted with goods. "With the utmost confidence, a fellow nearly naked will ask you for three or four, or even five thousand pounds' worth of goods on credit, and individuals are often trusted to that amount. I have trusted more than one man with goods, the returns of which were worth between two and three thousand pounds." Not one in ten, however, who asks for credit, is worthy of it; and trusting to any amount whatever entirely depends on circumstances. The character a negro trader bears, and the size of his house, and the number of his slaves and wives, are the criteria of his worth as a man of business. Some of the chiefs are said, by Mr. Smith, to be splendid merchants. They are hard, he says, in bargaining; but the agreement once made, they conscientiously adhere to it, and they are as exact in their payments as their European brethren.

The articles which the English trader takes out with him to barter are exceedingly multifarious. There are all sorts of

gaudy cotton-prints from Manchester; guns, iron bars, copper and brass rods, knives, buttons, beads, and hardware of all descriptions from Birmingham; musical instruments, silks, gunpowder, rum, &c. All goods paid to the natives are called *bars*, derivable from the custom that once prevailed of making an iron bar the standard of value. The value of goods is reckoned (almost nominally) by the manilla—which is a piece of copper, worth about five cents. Rum, tobacco, cowries, &c., are sold wholesale, and the smallest quantity of oil received is a puncheon. The articles which the African gives in exchange are principally palm-oil, ivory, gum copal, and small quantities of gold-dust. Some of the ivory tusks are of great size and weight. They vary from thirty to seventy pounds-weight each tusk, but our author has obtained one of a pair that would weigh together above two hundred and ninety pounds. We learn without much surprise, that the black man is quite as roguishly expert at adulterating his goods as his white brother can possibly be. He, for instance, mixes sand and copper-filings with gold-dust; pours melted lead into the cavities of elephants' tusks to increase their weight; and mixes palm-oil with chopped plaintain-sucker, mud, water, calabash, &c. "Every conceivable mode of deception is resorted to," says Mr. Smith, "to cheat you. Some of them are not indifferent coopers, and with the cooper's tools they have stolen from ships, cut off the chimes of the casks with which they are supplied to put oil in, and make new ones; or knock down the cask entirely, and take out a stave or two ere putting it together again; or nail pieces of wood to the inside of the heads of the casks." But at the large and beautiful island of Fernando Po—situated about a score of miles from the mainland in the Bight of Biafra—a far more primitive and satisfactory mode of barter still prevails, although it is mainly confined on the part of the natives to a supply of edibles. A line is drawn on the beach—the natives remaining on one side of it, and the Europeans on the other. The former lay down their yams, or whatever they wish to sell, and the latter place beads, tobacco, or whatever they are willing to give in exchange. Should the native be content, the two contracting parties mutually cross the line, and each takes possession of his newly-acquired property.

Bartering in the Gulf of Guinea is tedious enough; but it is far worse to the southward, where the native holds out merely for the love of higgling and disputing, although he may have made up his mind from the first to accept what you have offered. When the Guinea negro has made the very best bargain he can, and has at length paid for it with the articles agreed, he then torments the trader for the usual dash. "He first wants a valuable article—such as a gun, or a piece of high-priced cloth—which if he does not get, nay, whether he does or not, he nexts solicits an article of less value, such as a knife; then a night-cap, then a mug, afterward a plate, and lastly a tobacco-pipe."

Of course the priests are by no means backward on their part in begging, or rather demanding dashes; and it is highly advisable, if not altogether necessary, to propitiate them, for they possess sufficient power over both chiefs and people to put a stop to trading under certain circumstances. A remarkable instance of this is related. On one part of the coast, the guana—a sort of huge lizard—is *ju-ju*, or sacred, and is regarded as a tutelar divinity. It happened that one of these creatures crawled on board a ship, and one of the coopers, not aware of the consequences of the act, cruelly cut about a foot off its tail. "Several scores of natives were on board at this time, and were so alarmed, that they all instantly betook themselves to their canoes in the greatest trepidation, every moment expecting the ship would sink, or be struck with lightning, for his having dared to offer such an indignity to one of their gods. Formal demand was made by the priests, through the king, for the perpetrator of this awfully sacrilegious act, to be given up to them for punishment, which would certainly be death; and every native was interdicted trading with the ship, or even going on board, under the heaviest penalty. This is called 'putting mark for ship.'" Under these circumstances, the traders found it necessary to open a conciliatory negotiation with the priests and natives; and ultimately, on paying the latter a large quantity of goods, the *tahpo* was removed from the ship, the cooper forgiven, and all things resumed their usual course.

The chiefs and rich native traders buy all descriptions of elegant and costly European furniture—including sofas, fauteuils, ottomans, mirrors, gold and silver cloth, damask table-covers, carpets, &c., as well as many refined luxuries, such as musical boxes, pianofortes, &c. Now, all they care for about these things is the mere fact of possession—the ability to boast of having articles not possessed by the majority of their countrymen. As to putting them to use, that is out of the question. Hundreds of pounds of valuable goods are lumbered together in a large hut and left to rot; or the more portable articles are packed in boxes and buried in the ground, where the insects and reptiles make short work with them. A chief will give anything for a novelty, no matter what it is, or whether he even understands its use, and will half ruin himself sometimes rather than a rival should outbid him for the coveted article. Thus we see human nature the same at bottom all the world over. The native huts, it may be added, are exceedingly liable to be burned, and in this way large stores of European commodities are continually being destroyed.

When a ship has sold all her cargo, the upper masts are sent aloft again, as a signal that the vessel has done trading, and is now waiting the settlement of all outstanding accounts; and now the worst trials of the trader's patience come on. If the negro merchant has fairly pledged his word to pay on a certain day, he generally redeems the promise; but more frequently he puts off payment on all sorts of pretences, or perhaps tries cajolery and threats alternately, until, the white man's patience being exhausted, the debtor yields to necessity, and sends the stipulated quantity of oil, or what not, on board the ship. It is interesting to learn how the natives manage to keep accounts with their numerous customers or creditors. "The principal chiefs of Old Calabar are acquainted with the arts of reading and writing, which they apply in their business transactions. The inhabitants of the other rivers trust entirely to their memories, which necessity and use have enabled them to cultivate and strengthen to an extraordinary degree. Although they trust to their own memories, they will not trust those of Europeans; neither will they trust to their books: they have more confidence in themselves than they have in you, and in the artificial assistance you have at command. Receipts for elephants' tusks, oil, &c., are given in writing. Agreements of all kinds, and promissory-notes, and orders upon the officers of the ship, are also given under your hand, on scraps of paper, which they fold carefully up, and tie in the corners of their handkerchiefs. A native trader doing business with ten or fifteen ships at the same time, whose transactions extend to every article of commerce they have, has an incredible number of written documents or books, but I never knew a wrong book presented. Their head slaves and wives assist in arranging, taking care of, and remembering them."

Whatever the Guinea trade may be to the ship's owner, owing to the deadliness of the climate, it is a most unpleasant and dangerous one for the crew. Then the voyage is invariably a long one, owing to the time occupied in "housing" the ship—which is absolutely necessary, for the heavy rains begin in May or June, and continue without intermission for several months—preparing the goods, trading them away, and getting in the return cargo. The coast is also liable to tremendous tornadoes, attended by awful thunder and forked lightning, blazing from every point of the compass at once. The ship is shaken to her very keel by the thunder, and is frequently struck in either masts or hull by the lightning; and what renders this liability more appalling is the fact, that a Guinea ship has often as much as thirty or even forty *tons* of gunpowder on board, for the purpose of barter, and it is therefore no wonder that ships are occasionally blown to atoms. Some years ago, the captain of a ship lying in Old Calabar deliberately stuck a lighted cigar in a barrel of powder, and blew the vessel up, a Krouman being hurled through one of the cabin-windows to a great distance on the water unhurt.

THE true secret of living at peace with all the world is to have an humble opinion of ourselves. True goodness is invariably accompanied by gentleness and humble-mindedness. Those people who are always "sticking on their dignity," are continually losing friends and making enemies, and fostering a spirit of unhappiness in themselves.

A VISIT TO THE DEVIL-WORSHIPERS OF ARMENIA.

IT was a great disappointment to me on first reaching the banks of the Tigris at Jezirah, to find that the great annual festival of the Yezidis was to take place on the next day. It thus became evident that by no exertion could I hope to reach the sacred valley of Sheikh Adi in time to witness the mysterious rites which, until vindicated by the testimony of modern travelers, had stamped this strange people with a character of systematic profligacy, and had aided to give rise to the report that the object of their adoration was no other than the arch-enemy of mankind himself.

But although I was thus unable to seek initiation into the ceremonies peculiar to the feast-day of their prophet, I was determined not to quit the country without at least having made a pilgrimage to the shrine of their faith, and in some degree satisfied my curiosity with regard to them. During my stay in Mosul I became acquainted with the chief or prince of the Yezidis, Hussein Beg; and I was fortunate enough to return one day from Nimroud in time to meet Sheikh Nasr, the spiritual head of the sect, on his visit to the town. They both promised me the most unbounded hospitality if I should enter their territories, and I was glad to avail myself of so good an opportunity of extending my travels to the lower chains of the Armenian mountains.

We accordingly broke up our encampment, which had lain beneath the great rock-sculptures hewn by Sennacherib upon the cliffs of Bavian, and proceeded to scale the steep sides of the mountains which hem in the valley of the Gomel. We soon reached the little Kurdish village of Mousacàn, where, invited by a neatness and cleanliness unusual in the East, I had pitched my tents some days before. This time we only skirted the place, and rode past the burial-ground, which lay outside the village. It, too, shared in the general neatness; and many of the graves were dressed with marigolds—the only flowers which are cultivated and valued in the country—while the piece of red cord which adorned each headstone was new, and of the brightest color.

As we continued our way over a rocky and difficult path, I had time to notice the dress and equipment of the man we had brought as a guide from Bavian. He was a very fair specimen of a Kurd—a fierce, cut-throat-looking fellow—but with more intelligence than is usually found among this people, so noted for their surly stupidity. On his head was a conical cap of brown felt, with a packing-needle stuck in it, and a dark blue handkerchief wound round the bottom. Over a shirt, of which the sleeves were very large and slit on the inner side, he wore a sack—for coat it could not be called—of brown goat's hair, sewn conspicuously with red worsted, and with sleeves which reached to the elbow; wide, white trowsers, drawn in at the ankles, and gazelle-skin sandals, with a piece of coarse matting tied over the instep, completed his dress. Round his waist he wore a belt furnished with a brace of huge, unwieldly pistols and a cimeter; and from his side hung a leathern tobacco-pouch, embroidered, and studded with cowries. A long gun was slung at his back, and he carried in one hand a sort of alpenstock, and in the other the indispensable chibouque.

In about half an hour we reached the village of Mangouli, and we here entered a narrow gorge in the mountains, through which a torrent, fringed with a perfect thicket of oleander and wild pomegranate, burst its way to join the Zab in the plains below. I had sent on my tents and the greater part of my servants to Baadri, the chief town of the tribe, as I knew the aversion with which the Yezidis view the entrance of Mohammedans into their sacred valley. My dragoman, and a groom who was qualified to act as interpreter in Kurdish, of which the dragoman was ignorant, alone accompanied me.

I could well sympathize with the delight which must be felt by those Yezidis who have made their long pilgrimage across the desert, on reaching this green and well-watered valley. But I felt certain that no votary from the north, who had only journeyed among the valleys and streams of Armenia, could hail with such pleasure the mountains, and trees, and living waters which surround the tomb of his saint, as I did after dwelling for months among the scorching plains of Mesopotamia.

The gorge at first was narrow, and confined between steep cliffs; but it soon opened out into a sort of amphitheater, in which four beautiful and well-wooded val-

leys converged. The greenest and the best-watered was that to the west; and in a few minutes we caught sight of the white spires of Sheikh Adi, rising from the trees at the head of it.

Our path lay along the banks of the brawling stream, and was shaded by magnificent groves of plane-trees and oak, which stretched to the summits of the surrounding hills. Here and there the white front of a khan, or resting-place for pilgrims, stood out from among the trees, and strongly relieved their dark foliage. At a little distance the road we had been following suddenly entered a massively-built tunnel, which evidently led to the sacred precincts. I was unwilling to go further without permission, lest I should shock the feelings of the priests by suddenly intruding upon their ceremonies; but as, after a little while, our shouts had failed to bring any answer, I pushed on through the archway.

After riding a little way in the dark I emerged upon an open space in which were several fountains and springs of the purest water, surrounded by stone slabs and seats. I was here accosted by a fakir, one of the lowest order of priests, who seemed to be ordering me off the premises; but when my interpreter came up, and I was able to explain that I was a Christian from the far west, and that I came with the permission of Hussein Beg and Sheikh Nasr, his tone changed at once, and he gave us a most hearty welcome. I was at once established in a guest-house close to the temple, and several priests and priestesses vied with one another in supplying my wants.

But I was anxious to explore the temple, and on proposing to see it at once, and to return afterward to the dinner which they were preparing, a venerable old sheikh readily led the way. He was a fine-looking fellow, with a long gray beard, and robes of spotless white which swept the ground. His turban was black, and round his waist he wore a girdle of a red and green check-pattern. The priestesses wore robes of the same check, which much resembled a Highland tartan, and scarfs of it were fastened upon their shoulders with large buckles. The fakirs were entirely clothed in black, and they appeared to be employed in the menial offices of the temple, such as trimming the lamps and carrying wood.

The open space which I have described seemed to be the only level spot in this part of the valley. It was but a few yards across, and from it the mountains rose steeply on either side. In one corner was the mouth of the tunnel by which we had entered, and in the other corner of the same side was the portal which led to the outer court of the temple. On the southern side, and close under the hill, was a large fountain fed by a copious stream that flowed from a smaller temple, dedicated apparently to the sun. The remaining sides of the area were inclosed by stone seats and fountains, or by the boundary wall of the temple; and the boughs of several large mulberry-trees spread a mystic gloom over the whole.

I followed the sheikh through the archway I have mentioned into the outer court of the temple. The walls were built of massive masonry, disposed in regular courses, and the stones around the entrance were sculptured with cabalistic signs. Among them I noticed the figure of a bird—perhaps the king of the peacocks himself!—a hatchet, a hooked stick, a comb, and double triangles, within circles, after the manner of Freemasons' signs. We took off our shoes to enter the inner court, along one side of which the temple itself stands, and descending a few steps, found ourselves in front of a low and curiously-ornamented arch, beside which were most conspicuously painted in black the hooked stick, the comb, and a serpent.

The temple was very dark, and it was a few minutes before we could make out the form of the building. At the entrance there was a spout and a tank of the beautifully clear water which abounds throughout the valley, and, as our conductor made some signs about it that we did not understand, I thought it expedient to follow his example, and to wash my hands and face; as I knew that it was the custom of the Yezidis to perform ablutions before approaching their holy places. We then went on into the temple. It was a plain building, divided in the center by a row of massive columns, which, as is usual in the churches of the East, were tapestried with gay cloths and large handkerchiefs. On the northern side hung a gold-embroidered curtain, which, on being drawn back, disclosed the so-called tomb of Sheikh Adi—a mere frame-work of lath and plaster, covered with a green cloth; and probably

only revered as the altar on which the Melek Taous, the religious symbol of the Yezidis, is exposed. A burning lamp hung before the curtain. A little further on was another recess containing a somewhat smaller box or altar, which is called the tomb of Sheikh Hussein. The curtain in this case was not so richly worked, and the lamp was smaller; the shrine being evidently of a secondary rank. We now descended a few steps into the second division of the building, which exactly resembled the first in construction, but it was empty and unornamented. At the end was a door which brought us out to the court again. The sheikh assured me that I had now seen the whole of the sacred edifice, and finished by conducting me over the buildings set apart for the more distinguished pilgrims, and their horses, which adjoin the temple.

The Yezidis have of late years been brought somewhat before the notice of the public through the travels of Mr. Layard and Mr. Badger; but as, unfortunately, these gentlemen seem unable to agree either in their books or out of them, the world is not much the wiser as to the real tenets of this singular people. In fact, the principal point in their religion seems to be to conceal their doctrines from the uninitiated, and for this purpose every kind of falsehood is resorted to. To a Mohammedan, a Yezidi will say he believes in Mohammed; to a Christian that he believes in Christ; and among Mohammedans they circumcise their children, while among Christians they baptize them. It seems certain, however, that, if possible, every member of the tribe makes a pilgrimage once in his life to the sacred valley of Sheikh Adi, and is immersed in its waters.

With regard to their worship of the devil, it is now evident that at most they but endeavor to propitiate him. I have been told by those who, more fortunate than myself, were present at the great festival in the year of my visit, that the word Yesdan constantly recurred in their sacred songs, and the priests themselves acknowledged that this was the name by which they adored the Supreme Being. Their reverence for fire is very great, and it is considered sinful to spit into it, or to scatter it upon the earth. They have, too, a small temple in the valley of Sheikh Adi, which bears the name of Sheikh Shems, or the sun; and although it has been alleged that it is merely the tomb of a man of the name of Shems, such a report would be one likely to spread by the Yezidis to conceal its real import. In fact, so far as their doctrines are known, they present an extraordinary resemblance to those which long were held in Persia, when the precepts of Zoroaster had been corrupted by admixture with a grosser Sabæanism.

The Yezidis have many peculiar customs which separate them from the other inhabitants of Armenia and Mesopotamia. One of their greatest grievances was being enrolled in the Turkish army, by which many of their prejudices were shocked. Their uniforms were blue—a sacred color—and one which no Yezidi can conscientiously wear; they were compelled to eat lettuces and other vegetables forbidden by their religion; and they were forced to go to the public baths with Mohammedans, which is the height of abomination: for although as a people they are very cleanly, yet their ablutions must be performed apart, and, if possible, in a running stream. However, now, through the exertions of Lord Stratford, they are permitted to pay a fixed sum annually, which secures their exemption from military service.

Fish, too, is a forbidden article of food, and appears to be held sacred; a superstition which reminds one of the tanks of sacred fish which are maintained in India at the present day, and of the account of the reservoir filled with them in the great temple of the Syrian goddess at Hierapolis.

At a distance a Yezidi may at once be known by his shirt, which is closed at the neck, instead of being left open like those worn by the Kurds and Arabs; and on nearer approach it is impossible to mistake their large noses and strongly-marked features. They are evidently a distinct people from their neighbors, and the purity of the race is kept up by stringent laws, which excommunicate any person who marries out of the tribe. They are industrious and warlike, and were it not for the constant persecution they suffer from the Mohammedans, they would be far more prosperous than the other inhabitants of these provinces.

Every creed in the East has its kubleh, or sacred point to which to turn in prayer, and that of the Yezidis is toward the north. The common people do not appear to pray

at all. They leave that duty to the priests, who occasionally meet, and perform mystic dances, at the same time chanting verses in honor of Yezdan and Sheikh Adi. The dead are buried with their faces toward the north.

On the evening before the new year the Yezidi villages present a very gay appearance, as the door of every house is decorated with bunches of scarlet anemones, and on feast-days the people wear these and others twisted into their turbans.

PROTESTANTISM IN GERMANY.

THE mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Germany, yet in its infancy, is nevertheless exerting a most salutary influence. The erection of a church in Bremen, by the liberality of Christians in the United States, is an event of great importance; and the circulation of books, evangelical in their character, is an omen of great good. Considering the indebtedness of the Church to the land of Luther, and the present low state of religion in that country, we regard the missionary field there as one of the most important, and likely to be one of the most successful in which the Church is engaged. The following account of the present state of Protestantism in Germany will be read with interest. We condense it from the Church of England Magazine for May.

It must always be a painful subject of thought to the Christian world that the country which gave birth to the great reformers should have gradually lapsed into a state of religious decay. I propose in the following paper to take a slight review of the present religious condition of Germany, and the hopes we may form from it for the future.

The thunders of Luther against the Romish religion, and his prominent defense of that grand doctrine of justification by faith, have, it is well known, been superseded by an utter indifference to true religion, in many of the clergy, and in almost all the people.

If you enter a church in one part of Germany, you will perhaps be surprised to find that ceremonies are going on, so similar to a Roman Catholic ritual as scarcely to be distinguished from it. The candles are burning before the altar; the priest is bowing to it, turned away from the people; pictures and images are all around you. This is a Lutheran church. In another part you will find cold, gray, bare walls, a service entirely unadorned: a hymn, one of those simple, yet grand expressions of love and faith descended from the days of Luther, is sung: a prayer is offered, and a sermon preached. This is the Reformed church. But in both the congregation is scanty, chiefly composed of women and children: all is lifeless; and the sermon, far from rousing or warming the feelings, is of a milk-and-water sort, coldly moralizing, without that exhibition of the love of Christ which is the only effectual stimulant.

The Germans generally are not orators; and even the best are tame in their pulpit efforts, in this respect standing far behind the French preachers, who are characterized by much affectionate earnestness. There are among these clergy many men of great benevolence and goodness, whom it is impossible not to love and admire in their home circle, where the affectionate and sincere manners of every member of the family present the most lovely aspect of German character. But in the minds of all the men, doubt and irreligion have the ascendency. Not that they are, or can be, happy in this state of things: far from it. There is a wide-spread dissatisfaction, a longing for change, and a looking forward to they know not what, expending their strength of mind in trying to solve endless problems in politics and religion, and thus completely reducing the moral powers of their nature.

Of our Sabbath they can form no conception: it is a day, they say, intended for rational recreation, and the enjoyment of nature: so, after the service in the morning, which but few attend, they take a long walk into the country with their children, desiring to make the day one of rejoicing to the young. This is what the better and more religious part of the community do: as for the mass of the people, they do not look upon it in a religious light at all, but meet to smoke, drink beer, and play at nine-pins, or attend the theaters; as if it were an ordinary holiday.

Everywhere you hear in private conversation the clergy regretting deeply the want of religious faith and motive of action in the young: Rationalism seems universally spread among the thinking portion

of the population. No charity is excited by religion: nothing is done or suffered for that sacred cause. Consequently, you find none of those noble and disinterested efforts for the poor and helpless, which excite every mind, more or less, in England and America. There has lately, however, been a little reaction in this way, which is spreading among the higher ranks of life, and principally among the ladies, who, desiring a purer and more active piety, are the leaders in many excellent institutions. One lady of rank, in Berlin, is the superintendent of a hospital: several, both in that city and in Hamburg, are usefully engaged.

There has also been much conversation lately upon what is called the "inner mission;" which is intended as a strong protest against Rationalism, and an endeavor to gain a firmer hold of the minds of the people in favor of religion. The leaders of this mission say their desire is to Anglicize Germany; to restore the Sabbath to its true position, as a day consecrated to God; and to obtain for the ministers of religion a respect and attention which is almost entirely lost.

Herr Wiehern, well known as the founder of the Rauhe Haus, a most successful reformatory institution for the young, near Hamburg, is the leader of this movement. He has traveled over all Germany to promote its object, and holds a high place in the esteem of many of its rulers and kings. The King of Prussia, who, though so vacillating as a monarch, has yet many virtues, supports and desires the success of this mission. The young men, who are at the head of each Rauhe Haus, are imbued with its doctrines; and, as they are sent for into all parts of the country to conduct similar reformatory institutions, they carry with them the praises of Herr Wiehern and the "inner mission;" and the apprentices who leave the Home, and who are received with open arms by the masters, though gathered from the dregs of the people, so complete is the reform effected, are all converts to the same doctrines.

It is difficult to say what will be the result of this effort. Disappointment may be the portion of many of its enthusiastic advocates; but, at any rate, it is rousing from lethargy, and will awaken some to a higher sense of their social and religious duty.

The great disappointment which has been felt about the movement of Ronge, which at the time of the pilgrimage to Trèves it was hoped would prove a second Reformation, obliges us to be cautious in forming another judgment. His sect of German Catholics still remain in Prussia. They have been exposed to bitter persecution everywhere, and entirely suppressed in Vienna, owing to their democratic tendencies; not fearing, even from the pulpit, to speak of the oppression of the rulers, and want of freedom among the people. They are, in fact, the only people who speak out in Germany. Their leader was obliged to fly to England to escape imprisonment; and many wild doctrines have now spread among his followers. They believe that the spirits of the good, instead of having a separate existence in the world to come, will be absorbed into the essence of God; and many of the members refuse a belief in Christ as divine, or in the inspiration of the Scriptures. As a religious party it will soon die out; but its influence upon politics may be extensive, containing, as it does, the only elements of freedom in the country.

I think, then, we may gather that, upon the whole, there is some ground for the hope that among all these jarring elements of religious belief, a brighter day of pure religion and worship will arise for Germany—when dreaming and speculation are reduced to practice, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them, we come nearer to the life of Christ, and are more likely to obtain the wished-for results, than from all the philosophers who hope to penetrate by the light of reason into what was only intended to be discerned by faith—and that, where the morning star of the Reformation was first seen, the Sun of Righteousness will again shine with redoubled brightness, and shed healing from his wings.

CHARLES IV. AND THE WATCHES.—After his abdication, Charles amused himself in his retirement at St. Juste by attempting to make a number of watches go exactly together. Being constantly foiled in this attempt, he exclaimed: "What a fool have I been to neglect my own concerns, and to waste my life in a vain attempt to make all men think alike on matters of religion, when I cannot even make a few watches keep time together!"

SPLENDID MISERY.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

MARGARET, or, as she preferred to call herself, Marguerite, the late Countess of Blessington, rose from one of the lowest stations in life to the possession of wealth and all the enjoyments that wealth can purchase. She was surfeited with the pleasures of the world; flattered and caressed, almost idolized, but yet never happy. Her history carries with it a profound moral lesson, and is as strange and improbable as the novelist could portray; the scenes of her life are as full of marvelous and striking contrasts as the dramatist might venture to imagine. We meet her first in a plain, middle-class Irish home, in the obscure village of Knockbrit, when about five years old. Her family removed to the little town of Clonmel, where the father followed first the business of a corn-merchant and butter-seller, which was afterward relinquished for that of proprietor of a local paper—a change which proved ruinous to his fortunes. This father, Edmund Power, is bad and repellant enough for any tale. Abroad, he is considered a handsome, thoughtless, jovial fellow; with pleasant manners—a sufficiently merry and agreeable companion; at home, he is perfectly brutal—a man whose very presence carries terror to his wife and children. Now and then, too, the savageness of his temper bursts out beyond the domestic circle. A magistrate he must needs be; and, albeit he is a Roman Catholic, he chooses to distinguish himself by the fierce zeal with which he hunts for supposed rebels. On one of his excursions he shot mortally a poor innocent lad, and was tried for the murder, but acquitted.

As years passed on, the home of the Powers at Clonmel became more and more wretched. Increasing poverty and embarrassments irritated the father's temper to fury, and his outbursts of rage became more frequent and more terrific. It was an awful place for the training of young hearts; yet three of the daughters of this misery-stricken house lived to wear a coronet—Marguerite, Countess of Blessington; Ellen, Viscountess Canterbury; and Mary Anne, Countess de St. Marsault.

Provincial gayeties now and then somewhat relieved to the girls the sadness of their gloomy home. Their father had all an Irishman's love of company; and, though very young, his graceful daughters were reigning *belles* with the military and other gentlemen who frequented the Clonmel balls. It is curious to find these girls, notwithstanding the unpropitious environments of their home, and the training of their very commonplace mother, exhibit, when almost children, a rare elegance in dress and manner—native elegance it may well be called. Ellen was then the fairer of the two; but Marguerite charmed all by the vivacity of her conversation and the fascination of her manners. Ere she was fifteen the poor child had the misfortune to receive two offers of marriage. The gentlemen were both officers, both men of good family—either a great match for the daughter of a worthless, ruined man. One, Captain Murray, was favored by the young lady; the other, Captain Farmer, she held in the utmost dread and abhorrence. Yet he was the richer of the two; and the heartless, mercenary parents hesitated not to sell the unhappy child, in spite of her passionate remonstrances, to a man she detested, and whom they knew to be frequently insane. With this husband she lived three months, during which time "he frequently treated her with personal violence; he used to strike her on the face, pinch her till her arms were black and blue, lock her up whenever he went abroad, and often left her without food till she felt almost famished."

Bad as was the Clonmel home, this was worse; and the miserable girl-wife escaped to her father's house. But there she found no welcome; "her father was unkind, and more than unkind to her." She was considered as standing in the way of her sisters' prospects, and ere long she again left the paternal roof. At little more than fifteen, Marguerite Farmer, with a living husband and a living father, is thrown on the world, an outcast from both the homes which nature and law had given her, and utterly unprepared by sound moral training to meet the perils of such a position. No fear and love of a heavenly Father had ever been inculcated on the child; respect for her earthly one was impossible. Naught that was high and noble, good or worthy, had she ever been taught by precept or example. The world,

miserable as to her it hitherto had been, was all she had been taught to think of from her cradle; to snatch such of its shallow joys as were within her reach was all the solace she had learned to expect.

A long gap now occurs in the history of her life. Whither she wandered, or how she employed herself, for a period of about a dozen years, we know not. In 1816 she is resident in Manchester-square, London, with a brother, and has renewed her acquaintance with the Earl of Blessington. She had met this nobleman, as Lord Mountjoy, long before in Clonmel, when he was there with a regiment of militia. After that time he had married. In 1814 his wife died, and the disconsolate husband chose to display his grief by the most costly funeral honors. The body lay in state in his house in Dublin, and some four thousand pounds were required to defray the expenses. On the 16th of February, 1818, he married Mrs. Farmer, she having become a widow four months previously by the death of her husband, from an accident which befell him in a drunken revel.

The newly-wedded couple repair to Dublin. A party of his lordship's friends are asked to meet them. Some of these knew nothing of the marriage, which had been kept a secret, till Lord Blessington "entered the drawing-room with a lady of extraordinary beauty, and in bridal costume, leaning on his arm, whom he introduced as Lady Blessington." Then they remembered that when in that room before, it was draped in the emblems of mourning, and contained the lifeless remains of another Countess of Blessington, in her life beautiful and pleasure-seeking, like the fair lady now entering on the same paths, but all-forgetful that at length she must reach the same goal.

In her husband's magnificent mansion in St. James's-square, Lady Blessington commenced her London life of fashion. What though she be but the daughter of an Irish trader, she will not submit to be looked coldly on as a *parvenu;* she is now a countess, nay, she will be more than an ordinary countess; she has grace, and talent, and energy, and she will aim at fashionable leadership, of the most flattering kind too—leadership in the world of aristocratic intellect. And she accomplishes her object. Holland-house and Charleville-house had each its own attractions for political and literary men; yet Lady Blessington speedily succeeds in filling her saloons with as distinguished a circle as any to be found in the metropolis. "The Blessingtons' splendid mansion in St. James's-square," writes Dr. Madden, "in a short time became the rendezvous of the *élite* of London celebrities, of all kinds of distinction; the first *literati*, statesmen, artists, eminent men of all professions, in a short time became habitual visitors at the abode of the newly-married lord and lady."

"Two royal English dukes condescended, not unfrequently, to do homage at the new shrine of Irish beauty and intellect in St. James's-square. Canning, Lord Castlereagh, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Scarlett and Jekyll, Erskine and many other celebrities, paid their devoirs there. Whig and Tory politicians and lawyers, forgetful of their party feuds and professional rivalries for the nonce, came there as gentle pilgrims. Kemble and Matthews, Lawrence and Wilkie; eminent divines too, Dr. Parr, and others; Rogers, Moore, and Luttrel, were among the votaries who paid their vows in visits there, not angel-like, for theirs were neither 'few nor far between.'"

Brilliant as this life was, my lord soon got tired of it. He had pursued pleasure so long that the chase itself had become wearisome, and the goal naught. A sad story was his. Born to a fortune of £30,000 per annum, with the large capacities for good and the many objects of interest open to a great land owner, with good abilities and an amiable disposition, he yet passed through life with no thought of responsibility, no one worthy aim. He lived to amuse himself; and, while yet in the prime of life, had the horror to find that he was no longer amusable. When grasped, all his delights fell into ashes in his hands. Still he would pursue the same weary, fruitless road, only try another of its many paths. Fresh excitement must be sought abroad, and a long continental tour was determined on. His lordship travels in magnificent style; and nothing which John Bull could wish for comfort, or aristocratic pride demand for show, is wanting. All arrangements are made in Paris, and my lord and lady are *en route* for Italy, accompanied by her ladyship's youngest sister, Miss Mary Anne Power, Mr. Matthews, the cele-

brated comedian, then a young man, studying architecture, and Count D'Orsay.

In Naples our travelers remained upward of two and a half years. Part of this time they rented the palace Belvidere on the Vomero, "one of the most beautiful residences in Naples, surrounded by gardens overlooking the bay, and commanding the most enchanting view of its exquisite features. Within, we have marble terraces and pavilions, gilt ceilings, walls literally covered with pictures, doors with architraves of oriental alabaster and the rarest marbles, tables and consoles of the same materials—a sumptuous background to the graceful figure of the beauteous lady who here, as elsewhere, surrounds herself with the most brilliant society the neighborhood affords. And just at this time Naples had several English residents highly distinguished in science and art, from whom her ladyship obtained valuable assistance in her efforts—and they were diligent ones—to increase the store of her mental accomplishments.

About six years having been spent in Italy, our travelers return to Paris. The splendid mansion of the Maréchal Ney, in the Rue de Bourbons, is taken and furnished "with princely magnificence." Her ladyship's bed and dressing-rooms are fitted up after my lord's directions, and when all is ready she is ushered into them to be astonished, used to magnificence as she is, by the splendor and elegance of all around her. "The bed," she writes, "which is silvered instead of gilt, rests on the backs of two large silver swans, so exquisitely sculptured that every feather is in *alto relievo*, and looks as fleecy as those of the living bird. The recess in which it is placed is lined with white fluted silk, bordered with blue embossed lace, and from the columns that support the frieze of the recess, pale blue silk curtains, lined with white, are hung, which, when drawn, conceal the recess altogether." Dr. Madden very justly remarks, that Lord Blessington, when fitting up the hôtel Ney in this sumptuous manner, was coöperating very largely indeed with others of his order—equally improvident and profuse—in laying the foundation of the Encumbered Estates Court Jurisdiction, in Ireland.

Ah! little did this gay couple, while thus decorating their mansion, think of the unwelcome visitor whose shadow was even now resting on it! Their plans were being laid for a new career of that thing which they called pleasure, though they knew it was not happiness. But the grim monarch, whose rule with its gloomy adjuncts must be ignored in these brilliant *salons*, may not be shut out himself. Suddenly he comes, and claims the master. While out riding, Lord Blessington was seized by apoplexy. He was carried home, and never spoke again. On the 23d of May, 1829, he terminated his earthly course.

The spring of 1832 found the widow established in a house, furnished with her usual taste and magnificence, in Seymour-place. Then commenced her second London career, which extended over nearly twenty years, and by which she is best known to the public. Now, as before, she aims at sovereignty in the world of fashion, and of fashionable literature. Her *soirées* will be the most brilliant, her *réunions* none may surpass. For this purpose all her graceful talents and attractions are tasked. And not in vain. "The *salons* of Lady Blessington were opened nightly to men of genius and learning, and persons of celebrity of all climes, as well as to travelers of every European city of distinction. Her abode became a center of attraction for the *beau monde* of the intellectual classes—a place of *réunion* for remarkable persons of talent or eminence of some sort or another; and certainly the most agreeable resort of men of literature, art, science, of strangers of distinction, travelers and public characters of various pursuits; the most agreeable that ever existed in this country."

In 1836 her ladyship removed to Gore-house, where she resided for thirteen years. This same Gore-house had formerly been the residence of the excellent Wilberforce, who thus writes of it in his diary: "Walked from Hyde-park Corner, repeating the 119th psalm in great comfort. We are just one mile from the turnpike-gate at Hyde-park Corner, having about three acres of pleasure-ground around my house, or rather behind it, and several old trees, walnut and mulberry, of thick foliage. I can sit and read under their shade, which I delight in doing, with as much admiration of the beauties of nature—remembering at the same time the words of my favorite poet, 'Nature is but a

name for an effect, whose cause is God,' —as if I were two hundred miles from the city."

Strangely different are the associations of Gore-house now. A brilliant course Lady Blessington's is called; yet compare its real joylessness, its heart desolation, with the glad seriousness, the fullness of domestic bliss, and of all which renders life a beautiful and harmonious thing, which that of the God-fearing man exhibits, and who will venture to characterize the one as a life of pleasure in the genuine sense of that word—the other as a life of gloom?

The establishment at Gore-house was sustained in a style of even greater magnificence than that of Seymour-place; its *soirées* more influential and of greater pretensions, congregating "a higher class of men of great intellect" than used to assemble in her rooms. She received company every night from ten till half-past twelve; and there she sat, "the Minerva of the shrine, whom all the votaries of literature and art worshiped." "The swinging of the censer before the fair face of Lady Blessington never ceased in those *salons;* and soft accents of homage to her beauty and talent seldom failed to be whispered in her ear, while she sat enthroned in her well-known *fauteuil*, holding high court in queen-like state—'the most gorgeous Lady Blessington.'"

Amidst all this adulation, Lady Blessington's old friends could observe increasing traces of care, disappointment, and dissatisfaction. And alas! she had ample cause for such feelings. Hitherto we have glanced at the current of Lady Blessington's life, as it sparkled in the drawing-room and to the public eye. But there were various under-currents of a very different hue.

At her husband's death she found herself reduced from $150,000 of their former income, to a jointure of $10,000. This sum was altogether insufficient for the cost of such an establishment as her ladyship determined to keep; and, besides, she had a host of needy relatives to provide for, her exertions for whom is one of the brightest spots in this strange history. More money she must have; and authorship, formerly resorted to for pleasure or fame, was the only mode open to her of procuring it. On her second settlement in the metropolis, she applied herself to the work as a profession, and a regular means of support.

Her "Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron" was published in 1832. In 1839, her "Idler in Italy," in three volumes, was given to the world; and was succeeded by her "Idler in France." Novel after novel, verses, reviews, whatever would sell, proceeded from her pen with more rapidity than suited her publishers at all times. But the *prestige* of her rank and name, and fashionable notoriety, procured for her wares a market and price which assuredly their merits could not have secured. To novel writing she added the editing of illustrated annuals; these were the palmy days of such pretty books. "The Keepsake," Heath's "Book of Beauty," and "Gems of Beauty," all claimed for their title-pages the name of this noble and fair lady. For some years her literary income is supposed to have amounted to $10,000, or even more. At length, however, both novels and annuals began to fail her; the public were wearied of her tales, and of the whole tribe of gilded and decorated inanities which issued with the dying year. Then her ladyship, fertile in resources, turned to the newspapers. The "Daily News" was started in 1846. Lady Blessington was engaged "to contribute, in confidence, any sort of intelligence she might like to communicate, of the sayings, doings, memoirs, or movements in the fashionable world." $4,000 per annum was the writer's estimate of the value of her services; the managers were disposed to give $2,000 only, for a year certain, or for half a year at the rate of $2,500. This arrangement was accepted, but at the end of six months her ladyship closed the engagement. Her last work of fiction first appeared in the columns of a London *Sunday* paper!

Sadly fagging and harassing were these literary toils. No servant in her establishment had half such hard work as the mistress. A friend describes her as writing away like a steam-engine. In a letter to Landor, she says:—"I have been very unwell of late. The truth is, the numerous family of father, mother, sister, brother, and his six children, that I have to write for, compels me to write, when my health would demand a total repose from literary exertion." In five weeks one of her novels was written. Writing to Dr.

Madden on the 4th of March, she says:—"When I tell you that I have six hundred pages to write and compose between this and the end of the month, for a work which, unless completed by that period, I forfeit an engagement, you will understand why I cannot read over the story you sent me, and which, I am persuaded, is like all I have seen from your pen—graphic and full of talent." Again we have her complaining: "I am so constantly and fatiguingly occupied in copying and correcting, that I have not a moment to myself." And further: "I am literally worn out. I look for release from my literary toils more than ever a slave did from bondage. I never get out any day before five o'clock. I am suffering in health from too much writing."

Of the character of her works it is needless to speak now. She had flatterers, indeed, who ventured on the enormous absurdity of comparing her with Madame de Staël, whereas she really occupies a very low place among our modern female writers. The award of the public is given in a rapidly approaching, if not already consummated oblivion, so far as her literary productions are concerned.

Those who saw her only in the brilliant drawing-room, surrounded by the flash of wit and the blaze of genius, could form but an imperfect estimate of the corroding cares that gnawed within. Distant observers viewed her in one light, but those who stood behind the scenes regarded her in another. Her maid, for instance, has thus described some of the anxieties that preyed on one who, to all external appearance, had the elements of complete happiness within her reach:—"Laboring night and day at literary work, all her anxiety was to be clear of debt. She was latterly constantly trying to curtail all her expenses in her own establishment, and constantly toiling to get money. Worried and harassed at not being able to pay bills when they were sent in, and seeing large expenses still going on, and knowing the want of means to meet them, she got no sleep at night."

Then, apart from these pecuniary embarrassments, there was a loneliness of heart amidst flattering crowds, an utter want of all real peace and satisfaction, a wretchedness which might not be cheated by any outward show. She knew well the heartlessness, the hypocrisy, the selfishness, of that world for which she was sacrificing all true happiness. "How goes that great lubber, the public? and how fares that mighty bore, the world?" writes one correspondent to her. "I believe, my dearest friend," says another, himself a distinguished author, in reference to a report that he was dead, "that you were shocked with the report, and would in your kind heart have grieved for its truth. So would four or five others; and the rest would have been pleased at the excitement; it would have been something to talk about before the meeting of parliament." Yes, they all knew how insincere and worthless the professed regard of "the great lubber," "the mighty bore," was. Yet, for its smiles they must live and toil on. Of Lady Blessington, Dr. Madden writes:—"For years, if the truth was known, she was sick at the heart's core of the splendid misery of her position—of the false appearance of enjoyment in it—of the hollow smiles by which it was surrounded, of the struggle for celebrity in that vortex of fashionable life and luxury in which she had been plunged, whirling round and round in a species of continuous delirious excitement, sensible of the madness of remaining in the glare and turmoil of such an existence, and yet unable to stir hand or foot to extricate herself from its obvious dangers."

But her own language is more affecting than aught else. It is awful to follow the brilliant enchantress from her drawing-room, where, decked in smiles, she has seemed all joy, and find her writing in her chamber such words as these, almost ere the sound of her guests' carriage-wheels have died on her ears:—"My heart is like a frozen fountain, over which the ice is too hard to allow of the stream beneath flowing with vigor, though enough of vitality remains to make the chilling rampart that divides its waters from light and air insupportable."

For two years Lady Blessington lived in constant terror of having an execution put into her house. During all this period the most careful precautions as to the admission of persons, both at her outer gate and hall-door entrance, were taken. While she was entertaining her brilliant company, her servants were watching her gates. A most pitiable condition! Yet pity is turned into displeasure when we read of her ladyship's unpaid bill of

$20,000, for Indian shawls, silks, and laces. At length the inevitable crash came. A sheriff's officer obtained admittance in a ludicrous disguise. A fortnight afterward, on the 14th of April, 1849, Lady Blessington and her two nieces departed for Paris, honorably enough leaving all to her creditors. Thus ended, "in a flight effected with privacy, most painful and humiliating," this most wonderful career of gayety and magnificence.

Early in May, her beautiful mansion was thrown open to the public, and all her hoarded treasures were sold by auction. The sale realized upward of $65,000, and after paying her ladyship's debts, $55 were lodged with her banker.

At this period Louis Napoleon was president of the French Republic. In the days of his exile in London, Lady Blessington's house had been a home to which he was at liberty to resort at any time. She expected much from him; but a single dinner invitation was the only token of remembrance vouchsafed. It was conjectured that the president was apprehensive of being supposed to be advised or influenced by any of his former intimates.

Lady Blessington had now nearly completed her threescore years. She had been educated a Roman Catholic, but afterward conformed to the English Church. It mattered not indeed to what communion she professed to belong. Is it any want of real charity to say, it was but too evident that, in the Scriptural meaning of the words, God and religion were far from her thoughts? In her distresses she had recourse to such miserable comfort as the worldly maxims of Rochefoucault afford; the consolations of God's word were never sought by her. Her utter thoughtlessness of all which concerned the soul and eternity appalled some of her friends, accustomed as they were to the frivolities of fashionable life. "A British peeress," we are told, "wrote to her at Paris, reminding her of a promise that had been extorted from her, and entreating her to remember her religious duties, and to attend to them." Such advice was readily and even gratefully received. But she entertained no serious idea of abandoning her mode of life, though vague intentions were expressed of *some time* turning to religion, and making amends — vain thought!—for her long neglect of its duties by an old age of retirement from society, and the withdrawal of her thoughts and affections from the vanities of the world. Of death she had a great dread; and ever with her, for the present, all thoughts of it must be precluded.

Most sad is it to find the aged woman in Paris make preparations for just such another course of life as that she had run in London. She projected future works; she was to write memoirs of remarkable women, and to read up diligently for them; and she busied herself in making arrangements for the reception of the *beau monde*. She took a residence near the Champs Elysée, and spent several weeks in furnishing it, with her accustomed elegance and luxury. It was a beauteous June evening, the third of the month, seven weeks from the time of her leaving London, that she and her nieces moved into their new home. That night she was seized with illness, but presently felt somewhat relieved. No thought of death approached her; the dreaded word was not whispered in her hearing, but the thing might not be stayed. In a few hours, all unconscious of her state, she passed into eternity. Her remains found a resting-place at Chambourcy.

Such was the Countess of Blessington. That she had many kind and amiable qualities is evident from her memoirs; that she possessed considerable literary powers, and that she enjoyed, in a rare degree, opportunities of intellectual converse and refinement, will be evident from what we have written. Yet all these accessories were insufficient to preserve her happiness from a disastrous shipwreck. Surely, then, we utter no truism when we point our readers to dependence on a higher source than earth and mere created good for their felicity. There is nothing in true Christianity adverse to the enjoyment of the elegancies and amenities of literature; but even these, when pursued without reference to the glory of the Creator, prove but vanity and vexation of spirit.

When the afflicted pray with fervor, they sometimes feel an unexpected calm pervade their souls: doubtless God comes more particularly to give peace to those whose confiding spirit has claimed his pity.—*Draz.*

[For the National Magazine.]

THE ANGEL'S CHOICE.

AN earthly Sabbath was dawning, bright, cloudless, and beautiful, when Zophiel, fairest and brightest angel of light, laid aside his harp, and on swift, but noiseless wing, sought the confines of earth. A moment he poised himself upon his light pinions as he neared this

"Little orb,
Attended by one moon,"

choosing, perhaps, his direction, and whither to speed his flight; then, with one glad, exulting burst of song, he spread again his radiant wings, and furled them, till in the house of the Lord, in the sanctuary of the Most High, he murmured, "Peace be within thy walls!" Then, all unseen by mortal eyes, he folded his strong, tireless pinions, took his stand beside the sacred altar, and watched the multitude who thronged those courts. Then spake the angel, but very softly—*so* softly, that no human ear might catch the words—yet in tones strangely—ravishingly sweet; and though the language was unheard upon earth, it was heard in heaven, and the harps around the throne echoed it back: "With the most beautiful will I take up my abode," said the angel; and the golden harps replied: "With the most beautiful—with the most beautiful, O Zophiel, take up thine abode."

Eagerly, intensely, did the angel look about him, with careful eye noting each form and face that passed the portal; but the quietly-gathering crowd moved in and on, each to his respective place, nor knew that an angel's eye was on him.

Now, a fair lady comes in at the open door; "fair is she and young," and, to mortal seeming, strangely, brightly beautiful. But, alas! the light in her dark eyes is a proud, earthly light; and the heart which beats beneath those queenly vestments, is, to Zophiel's eye, black and hideous, for passion and pride hold tyrant sway therein. What wonder that the angel sighs and turns away!

Up the broad aisle, fronting the "altar," walks a man of noble mien, of lordly bearing. The multitude look up with reverence and affection. He is a man of learning, of wealth, of benevolence, of piety. Every generous sentiment, every holy impulse, dwells in his breast. So says the world; so the crowd believes; but Zophiel shuddered, for *he* saw what mortals could not—down deep, deep into the soul, into the wild warring strife waged there; where selfishness, and heartlessness, and ambition, and discontent, and hypocrisy, and every unclean thought, held carnival.

Yonder is a child—he is wondrously beautiful. Look at the golden hair, curling and floating about his shapely forehead! and the soft, meek, dewy eyes, and the full, rich lips parted by that heavenly smile; and the dimpled, snowy arms! If that form were etherealized, spiritualized, he might be thy younger brother, Zophiel. Haste thee! take thy station beside him. But Zophiel mournfully shook his head, for he saw a horrible deformity there. In the soul tenanting that beautiful house, lay the germ of hatred to the Eternal, whom Zophiel loved, and worshiped, and served.

The angel's wings drooped sadly; but presently, through the vaulted temple swelled a voice so full, so rich, so clear, that Zophiel's eyes flashed with the burning light which was wont to thrill the seraphim. Then they sought the minstrel, a woman, who, standing high above the multitude, with uplifted eyes, and rapt, seraphic countenance, seemed pleading with the Majesty of Heaven. The crowd, as if moved by some mighty impulse, arose in act of worship. But Zophiel fearfully lifted his wings to fly away; for his sight was not the dull vision of mortality, but rather the clear, comprehending gaze of a pure spirit; and he saw that the multitude worshiped the creature more than the Creator, and, alas! that the heart of the singer was the hateful abode of vanity, and deceit, and pride. He lifted his wings to fly, and murmured sadly: "Is there no one—*no one* of all the crowd who is beautiful? The Eternal commissioned me, saying: 'Seek out the beautiful spirit, and with it abide; tenderly fold thy wings about it; soothe, and comfort, and guard it, till I send for thee.'"

Staying his pinions yet a moment, with one searching glance he scanned each member of the great congregation. Suddenly a heavenly radiance burned upon his countenance, and the quick light of joy and glad surprise illumed his drooping eyes; and his wings, plumed for heaven-

ward flight, mysteriously attracted earthward, softly closed around the beautiful one, while his voice, exultingly clear and fervent, arose to heaven, bearing the tidings: "I have found—I have found—have found the beautiful spirit!"

Clothed "in miserable garb of widowhood," a woman entered the sanctuary unnoticed, save by the eye of disdain or pity. She was poor, and friendless, and sick; her form was bent and attenuated; her eyes, glassy and sunken; her hair, thin and gray; her skin, shriveled; her hand wasted, and bony, and trembling. There was no outward beauty, or comeliness, or grace there; yet around that tottering form Zophiel folded his white wings, and pressed the aching head close to his radiant bosom, as a father his weary child, and soothed the anxious heart, and whispered to it language of comfort and peace. Yes, his quick, clear, angel eyes saw through the thin, worn, faded, flimsy vail of mortality, and caught sight of the glorious, heavenly spirit shrined there, less bright and shining, but scarcely less beautiful than the spirits which wait round the throne, set in gems and pearls, each a crystallized tear, not fully polished as yet, but jewels of purest ray, already sparkling in the light which beamed from the angel's eyes. Yes, with this spirit, not expanded yet, like the spirits of heaven—not yet, like them, deeply skilled in the knowledge and the sublime mystery of godliness, yet having the same capacity for development and growth, and all washed and purified in the atoning blood of the adorable Redeemer—did Zophiel take up his abode.

Lonely and unattended, that humble saint entered the sanctuary; but not thus went she out, for the angel was at her side, and his arm was about her. The cold eye of scorn and contempt was still upon her, but she felt it not, for an angel was between her and it. The rich, and the proud, and the beautiful of earth passed her with an inward sneer; but the angel, who shuddered to look at them, only folded his wing closer about her; and never before beamed the eye of Zophiel with so tender, so chastened a light. Now, the shafts of contempt and scorn spent their force in vain; for what matters the reproach, the derision, the harshness, the unkindness of earth, to those with whom the angels walk?

THE STORY OF AN INVENTOR.

THERE lived in London, at the commencement of the present century, a monomaniac, about sixty years of age, who was accustomed to repair every morning, exactly at sunrise, to one or other of the graveyards of the metropolis, and there gather whatever fragments he could find of partially decayed bones and coffin wood, together with the leaves, and sometimes the roots, of the various plants that grew upon the graves. Having collected as many of these as he desired, he used to hurry with them toward his home, which was a ruinous dwelling in the neighborhood of Saint Giles, of which he was the sole inhabitant, and in which he buried himself for the remainder of the day. There, with his coat thrown off and his shirt-sleeves rolled up to the elbows, he carefully examined the strange articles procured so strangely, and then subjected them to various chemical operations. The wood he calcined, that he might analyze its ashes; the bones he exposed to the action of strong solvents; while the leaves he submitted to that of the alembic. The true nature of the end he sought was never known till after his death, which took place in January of 1803. It was then for the first time discovered, from his papers, that the object of his pursuit had been indeed one of the dreams of the old alchemists—no other, namely, than the elixir of long life.

Yet, though thus, to a certain extent, insane in his later years, this modern disciple of Albertus Magnus was an eminent *savant*, and the author of one of the most valuable improvements in the art of lighting which was ever made before the discovery of coal-gas. Previous to his day, whenever a good artificial light was required by those who could not afford to burn wax candles, recourse was obliged to be had to the old oil lamp, the light of which, though comparatively powerful, was so yellow and unsteady as materially to injure the eyes of those who worked by it, while it gave forth smoke and other vapors in such quantities, as to be very seriously detrimental to health. By a simple contrivance—for simplicity is the characteristic of all great inventions, as it is of all the processes of nature—he obviated all these disadvantages, causing the oil lamp to consume the greater portion of its

own smoke, and enabling it to give a light little inferior in brilliancy and steadiness to that of gas. These objects could be only effected by some means which should supply the interior as well as the exterior of the flame with oxygen, and thus secure the more perfect combustion of the oil; and these means were found to lie in the arrangement of the wick of the lamp round the circumference of a circle, whereby the flame was made to take the form of a hollow cylinder, through the interior of which the addition of a glass chimney could cause the constant ascent of a current of air. This principle of construction will be recognized as that of the "Argand lamp." The name of our monomaniac was Aimé Argand.

He constructed his first lamp in England, about 1782, and shortly afterward repaired to Paris with the purpose of endeavoring to make his invention benefit his fortunes. There, however, he had the grief to find that he had been forestalled, one Bonadventure Lange, who had procured one of his lamps in London, having previously brought it to Paris, and claimed the invention as his own. Lange was a man of business talents, which Argand was not, and he had made public his asserted discovery in almost every possible way. He had even laid it before the Academy of Sciences, and had been in consequence elected an associate. All the world was uttering his praises; for the Argand lamp, comparatively, was as great an advance upon all former methods of obtaining artificial light as gas and the electric light have been in our own days, and money was rapidly flowing into his purse.

Argand was greatly mortified at thus seeing himself despoiled of the honor of his invention and of the profit he had hoped to derive from it; so he challenged Lange to fight a duel, but the latter refused to accept the challenge. Argand had no money, or he would have carried the matter into the courts of justice. As it was, his poverty was so extreme, that in the course of a few months he was reduced to the miserable necessity of either starving outright, or accepting an offer which had been made to him by Lange, and which was to the effect that he and Argand should enter partnership, and divide alike the honor and the pecuniary proceeds of the latter's invention. Humiliating as it was, to save his life he accepted the last alternative; and, accordingly, in January, 1787, letters patent were issued by the French government, which spoke of Lange and Argand as the *joint* inventors of the Argand lamp, and granted to them exclusively the privilege of manufacturing it for the next fifteen years.

Before two years had passed, an immense number of the old lamp-makers petitioned against this privilege, asserting that it had utterly destroyed their trade, since no one would any longer purchase lamps of the old construction. They also instituted processes in the law courts, endeavoring to obtain the annulment of the patent which they said had ruined them, upon the ground that Lange and Argand were not the real inventors of the patent lamp; an assertion which they said was proved by the quarrels upon the subject which had formerly taken place between them. But the courts of justice were not allowed time to decide the question. The revolution broke out and abrogated *all* patents; so of course that granted to Lange and Argand were lost among the rest.

All men were now free to manufacture the Argand lamp; and among the most remarkable of those who availed themselves of this freedom was one Quinquet, who slightly altered the shape of the patent lamp, called it by his own name, and gave himself out as its inventor. He was an able man of business, and managed to get nearly the whole of the manufacture into his own hands. Upon all the lamps he made he stamped the name he had bestowed upon them; and in France, Argand lamps have been called "quinquets" ever since. He had painted upon his hat the inscription, "I am Quinquet, the inventor of quinquets!"

Argand's reason gave way under this last blow. He became a monomaniac, impressed with but one idea—that of discovering the elixir of long life. His reason did not fully return to him till the day of his death, but it did then. On his death-bed he smiled at the foolishness of the pursuit which had engaged the latter portion of his life, and he died stretching his hands in supplication toward Him who could alone bestow the true elixir of immortality, and who has declared that to all those who ask aright it shall be given.

FATALISM.

ONE of the popular tales current among the Servians—which we take from a collection made by Wuk Stephanovitsch Karadschitsch—emphatically illustrates a well-known Oriental doctrine, and suggests how stern a curse such doctrine becomes to the people among whom it is once admitted.

Once upon a time there were two brothers who lived together. One was industrious and did everything, the other was lazy and did nothing except eat and drink. Their harvests were always magnificent, and they had plenty of oxen, horses, sheep, pigs, bees, and all else. The brother who did everything said to himself one day, "Why should I work for this idler? It is better that we should part." He said, therefore, "My brother, it is not just that I should do everything, while thou doest nothing but eat and drink. I have decided, therefore, that we ought to part." The other sought to turn him from his purpose, saying, "Brother, let not that be so; we prosper as we are, and behold all things are in thy hands, as well those which belong to me as those which are thine. Thou knowest also that whatever thou wilt thou doest, and I am content." But the elder persisted in his resolution, and the younger yielded, saying, "If it must be so, yet I will have no part in this act. Make the division as thou wilt." The division was then made, and each brother took what was his portion.

Then the idler hired a herdsman for his cattle, and a shepherd for his sheep, another herdsman for his goats, a keeper for his swine, and yet another for his bees; and said to them all, "I intrust my property to you, and may God keep you." Having done that, he continued to live as before.

The worker, on the contrary, continued to exert himself as he had always done. He kept no servants, but himself attended to his own affairs. Nevertheless all went wrong with him, and he became poorer every day, until at last he did not possess even a pair of shoes, and was obliged to walk about barefooted. Then he said to himself, "I will go to my brother and see how it is now with him."

His way was over land covered with grass. He saw a flock of sheep feeding there unattended by a shepherd. Near them sat a beautiful girl, who was sewing with a golden thread. After having saluted her, he asked to whom the flock belonged; and she answered, "To whom I belong, these sheep also belong."

"And who art thou?" he inquired.

She replied, "I am the Genius of thy brother."

Then was this man's soul filled with rage and envy, and he said to her, "But my Genius—where is she?"

The girl said, "Ah! she is far from thee."

"Can I find her?" he asked.

She answered, "Yes; after long travel."

And when he heard this, he went straightway to his brother; who, when he saw his wretched state, was filled with grief, and, bursting into tears, said to him, "Where hast thou been so long?" And when he had heard all, and knew that his brother wished to go in search of his far-distant Genius, he gave him money and a pair of shoes.

After the two brothers had remained some days together, the elder one returned to his own house, threw a sack upon his shoulders, into which he put some bread, took a stick in his hand, and set out to walk through the world to seek his Genius. Having traveled for some time, he found himself at last in the midst of a great wood, where he saw, asleep under a bush, a frightful hag. He strove long to awaken her, and at last, in order to do so, put a snake down her back; but even then she moved with difficulty, and only half unclosing her eyes, said to him, "Thank Heaven, man, that I am sleeping here; for had I been awake thou wouldst not have possessed those shoes."

He said, "Who, then, is this that would have prevented me from having on my feet these shoes?"

And the hag replied, "I am thy Genius."

When the man heard that, he smote himself upon the breast, and cried, "Thou! thou my Genius? May Heaven exterminate thee! Who gave thee to me?"

And the hag replied, "It is Fate."

"And where is Fate?" he asked.

The answer he received was, "Go and search for him." And the hag disappeared.

Then the man went in search of Fate. After a long, long journey, he again entered a wood; and, in this wood, found a hermit, whom he asked whether he could

tell where Fate was to be found. The hermit said, "Go up that mountain, my son, and thou wilt reach his castle; but, when in his presence, do not speak to him. Whatever thou shalt see him do, that do thou, until he questions thee." The traveler, having thanked the hermit, took the road which led up the mountain.

But when he had arrived at the castle, he was much amazed at its magnificence. Servants were hurrying in all directions, and everything around him was of more than royal splendor. As for Fate, he was seated at a table quite alone; the table was spread, and he was in the act of supping. When the traveler saw that, he seated himself, and ate with the master of the house. After supper, Fate went to his couch, and the man retired with him. Then, at midnight, there was heard the rushing of a fearful sound through all the chambers of the castle; and, in the midst of the noise, a voice was heard crying aloud, "Fate! Fate! To-day such and such souls have come into the world. Deal with them according to thy pleasure!" Then, behold, Fate arose, and opened a gilt coffer full of golden ducats, which he sowed upon his chamber floor, saying, "Such as I am to-day, you shall be all your lives!"

At the break of day, the beautiful castle vanished; and, in its place, stood an ordinary house; but a house in which nothing was wanting. When the evening came, Fate sat down to supper, and his guest sat by his side; but not a word was spoken. When they had done supper they went to bed. At midnight the rushing sound was heard again; and, in the midst of the noise, a voice cried, "Fate! Fate! Such and such souls have seen the light to-day. Deal with them according to thy pleasure!" Then, behold, Fate opened a silver coffer; but there were no ducats therein, only silver money, with a few gold pieces mingled. And Fate sowed this silver on the ground, saying, "Such as I am to-day, you shall be all your lives!"

At break of day this house also had disappeared; and, in its place, there was one smaller still. Every night the same thing happened, and every morning the house became smaller and poorer, until at last it was nothing but a miserable hovel. Then Fate took a spade and dug the earth, the man doing the same. And they worked all day. In the evening Fate took a piece of bread and broke it in two pieces, and gave one to his guest. This was all they had to eat; and, when they had eaten it, they went to bed. During all this time, they had not exchanged a word.

At midnight the same fearful sound was heard, and the voice which cried, "Fate! Fate! Such and such souls have come into the world this night. Do unto them according to thy pleasure!" And, behold, Fate arose, and opened a coffer, and took out of it stones, and sowed them upon the earth, and among the stones were small pieces of money. This he did, repeating at the same time, "Such as I am to-day, you shall be all your lives."

When morning returned the cabin had disappeared, and the palace of the first day had come back again. Then, for the first time, Fate spoke to his guest, and said, "Why camest thou here?" The other told him truly all the story of his journey, and its cause, namely, to ascertain why Fate had awarded to him a lot so unhappy. And Fate answered, "Thou didst see how, on the first night, I sowed ducats, and what followed. Such as I am in the night wherein a man is born, such will that man be during all his life. Thou wert born on a night when I was poor, and thou wilt remain poor all thy days. As for thy brother, he came into the world when I was rich, and rich will he be ever. Yet, because thou hast labored hard to seek me, I will tell how thou mayest aid thyself. Thy brother has a daughter named Miliza, who was born in a golden hour. When thou returnest to thy country take her for thy wife. Only take heed that of whatsoever thou shalt afterward acquire, say that it is hers,—call nothing thine."

And the man, thanking Fate, departed. When he had come back to his own country, he went to his brother, and said, "Brother, give me Miliza; for thou seest that without her I am alone." The brother answered: "I am glad at thy request. Take her, for she is thine." Therefore he took her to his house; and, from that time, his flocks and herds began to multiply, so that he became rich. But he was careful to exclaim aloud, every day, "All that I have is Miliza's!"

One day he went to the field to see his crops, which were all rustling and whispering to the breeze songs of plenty; when, by chance, a traveler passed by, who

said to him: "Whose crops are these?" And he, without thinking, replied, "They are mine." Scarcely had he finished speaking, when, behold, the harvest was on fire and flames leaped from field to field. But when he saw this he ran with all his speed after the traveler, and shouted, "Stop, brother! I told you a lie. These crops are not mine—they are my wife's!" The fire went out when he had spoken, and from that hour he continued to be—thanks to Miliza—rich and happy.

THE EPIGRAMMATISTS.

A THOROUGH acquaintance with any one branch of knowledge will give a man an insight into others; for in tracking this knowledge to its source he will often chance, as that hunter did, who, climbing after his game, discovered the silver mines of Potosi, to alight upon something valuable and excellent. This we may bear in mind, in a short scamper through the numerous epigrams which remain to us; for we shall find that a rhymed trifle, difficult indeed to make, brilliant and easily remembered but as easily forgotten, will often light up a passage in history, or illustrate the manners of an age, better than would a dry historical treatise.

The origin of the epigram may be traced in its name—a sentence written upon some stone or monument. Thus, it was first applied to tombs, of which examples in the Greek Anthology are not wanting. We may instance the one which Ion inscribed upon the tomb of Euripides, and which Ben Jonson has plagiarized and applied to Poly-Olbion Drayton:—

> "And when thy ruins shall disclaim
> To be the treasurer of his name,
> His name, which cannot fade, shall be
> An everlasting monument to thee!"

There is such an easy playful exercise of wit in the epigram; such sparkle, glitter, and surprise in it, if successful, that the employment of these trifles to amuse their friends, by very sober divines, must not be wondered at. Bearing this in mind, we shall not be surprised at that right reverend prelate, Bishop Atterbury, making an epigram upon a lady's fan; though we may be glad to hear that the fan belonged "to Miss Osborne, afterward his wife." Atterbury was the friend of Pope and Swift, and seems to have caught some of their grace and wit in turning this epigram, only the conclusion of which we shall quote. The fan, he declares,

> "Directs its wanton motions so,
> That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
> Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
> To every other breast a flame."

We appeal to the reader if this be not very neat for a bishop? But another Churchman certainly excels him in wit, if not in compliments—we allude to Dr. Edward Young; a poet whose genius was of so full and pregnant a nature in wit, that in regard to that quality but one name in our whole gallery of poets can come near it, and that name is Butler.

Courtship brightens any one's wits. Young wishes to marry, and pays court to a noble lady whom he afterward marries, wedding "discord in a noble wife." But at the time of courtship this discord is concord; and the grave poet, playing at bowls with his lady-love in the garden at Welwyn, is called away by a servant. With a backward glance he departs, sees the visitor, and returns with the following:—

> "Thus Adam goes, when from the garden driven,
> And thus disputed orders sent by Heaven.
> Hard was his fate, but mine's still more unkind;
> *His* Eve went with him, *mine* remain'd behind."

In the same garden at Welwyn was afterward erected a statue to Sleep, under which the doctor, then a married man and wishing for rest, inscribed one of the most beautiful epigrams in any language. It is in Latin; we give the original, and also add a translation for such ladies as have not matriculated at the "Ladies' College."

"AD SOMNUM.

> "Somne levis, quanquam curissima mortis imago,
> Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori.
> Alma quies, optata, veni, nam sic sine vita
> Vivere quam suave est, sic sine morte mori."

> Light Sleep, though Death's cold image, prythee give
> Thy fellowship while in my couch I lie;
> O! gentle, wish'd-for Rest, how sweet *to live*
> Thus without *life*, and without *death* to die!

The grace of the Latin, the sweetness of its numbers, has escaped us; the point alone is preserved. To quote the whole of Young's epigrams would be to quote the whole of his works: the "Night Thoughts" alone furnishing more epi-

grammatic turns than any book in the language. We will, therefore, pass on to another Churchman, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, a Lincolnshire rector, and father of the celebrated John of that name. He was but an indifferent poet; but the editor of his works, with a sort of wild justice, commits an epigram himself when he declares "*that the virtues of his sons, John and Charles, will atone for his poetical crimes.*" The following is pointed, but, like Young's, depends for its point upon a Scriptural simile:—

"ON BUTLER'S MONUMENT.

"While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him, when starved to death and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown—
He ask'd for *bread*, and he received a *stone*."

We must not linger upon the epigrammatists of unknown names and of fugitive poetry books. Those thick old volumes which Tonson indulged in, those miscellanies of verse by "gentlemen of quality and other eminent hands," abound in them. Some are good, some are very bad indeed; we therefore follow our subject to fresh fields and pastures new in the pages of two illustrious men, Pope and Swift.

The first was an epigram in himself, and a devoted admirer of them in verse, presuming that verse was epigrammatic. But even his direct epigrams are by no means contemptible, and they have a turn which belongs to them alone. Who does not know that peculiarly insolent one on the collar of a dog presented to His Royal Highness?

"I am His Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, Whose dog are you?"

This, however, seems to be but borrowed; for in Sir William Temple's Heads for an Essay on Conversation I find the following:—"Mr. Grantham's fool's reply to a gentleman who asked whose fool he was?—'I am Mr. Grantham's fool: *pray whose fool are you?*'"

That "upon one who wrote long epitaphs," is true of most performances of that funereal kind; and when we recollect that the gentleman addressed was Dr. Robert Friend, the pun on the name gives piquancy to the verse:—

"Friend, for your epitaphs I'm grieved,
Where still so much is said:
One half will never be believed,
The other never read."

These are all we shall quote of Pope, the most polished, the most musical and silvery of our decasyllabic verse-writers: his name not only recalls the host of brilliant wits with whom he was associated, but also that of one of the most courageous, bold, witty, and unwomanly women whom we meet with in literature; and when we have said that, we have said a great deal. Wit, poet, accomplished letter-writer, (and deeply-thinking philosopher, as her last letters to the Countess of Mar testify,) it was perhaps to be expected that our literature should have been enriched by the epigrams of this lady; but, with the exception of the one we quote, we shall not find one passable production in her works. The one usually quoted is *not* an epigram; but the following is admirable, both for itself, and also for the bitter sneer at the treatment of ladies by their lords. It is entitled

"A SUMMARY OF LORD LYTTLETON'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY.

"Be plain in dress; be frugal in your diet:
In short, my deary, kiss me—and be quiet."

Swift's epigrams are exceedingly plain-spoken; two of them upon windows—diamond-pointed pencils were then common; and Mr. Pope turned a pretty compliment with one of them, both curious and good. Of course, the window written on was that of an inn, some of the glass of which would, with such an autograph, fetch a good price in the market of curiosities.

"ON AN INN-WINDOW.

"The glass by lover's nonsense blurr'd,
Dims and obscures our sight;
So, when our passions Love hath stirr'd,
It darkens Reason's light."

The doctor always had something to say against love. The second preserves a hit against another mistress whom he hated—the Church:—

"ON AN INN AT CHESTER.

"The church and clergy here, no doubt,
Are very much akin;
Both weather-beaten are without,
And empty both within."

In the batch which follows, some of our readers will find old friends. They are, indeed, the most pointed which we have.

"You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, *there's nobody at home.*"

FROM THE FRENCH.

"Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool;
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet."

ON A CHILD'S DEATH.

"My friend complains that God has given
To his poor babe a life so short.
Consider, Peter! he 's in heaven;
'T is good to have a friend at court."

Dr. Abel Evans wrote some curious trifles. His smart versicles on Sir John Vanburgh, the architect, are worthy of quotation:—

"Lie heavy on him, earth; for he
Laid many heavy loads on thee."

And so also is the couplet on that enormous fat fellow, Dr. Tadloe:—

"When Tadloe walks the streets, the paviors cry,
'God bless you, sir,' and lay their rammers by."

Dr. Johnson, sitting at a party at Mrs. Thrale's, mentions a certain "Molly Aston;" she was "a beauty, a scholar, a wit, and a whig, and she talked all in the praise of liberty; so I made this epigram upon her:—

"Liber ut esse velim, suasisti, pulchra Maria:
Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale!"

"She was the loveliest creature," says the doctor, with enthusiasm, "that I ever saw." "Will it do this way in English?" said Mrs. Thrale, repeating her translation:—

"Persuasions to freedom fall oddly from you;
If freedom we seek, fair Maria, adieu!"

"It will do well enough," replies Johnson; "but it is translated by a lady, and the ladies never liked Molly Aston."

But the present writer, not thinking the version close enough, although it may do "well enough," begs to retranslate it:—

TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY WHO SPOKE IN PRAISE OF LIBERTY.

"Freedom you teach; so, burning to be free,
Adieu, lest I should be enslaved by thee."

We must offer another by the doctor, principally on account of its being very unlike his pompous style, and being exactly what one might expect from Gilbert Abbot A'Becket, in "Punch;" or from light-headed-and-hearted Albert Smith:—

"Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray,
Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell
What is bliss, and which the way.

"Thus I spoke, and, speaking, sigh'd,
Scarce repress'd the falling tear,
When the hoary sage replied,
'*Come, my lade, and drink some beer.*'"

The doctor's translation of Benserade's lines, "*à son lit*," is also very fine:—

"In bed we laugh, in bed we cry;
And born in bed, in bed we die:
The near approach the bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe."

No book of, or paper on, epigrams, would be complete without a fling at the Scotch. We naturally include that among the Scottish rights; and Scotchmen laugh at it, braw boys that they are, as naturally as they do at the Earl of Eglintoun and his partisans. Come forth, therefore, John Cleveland, with your two lines from the "Rebel Scott;" a poem which has been saved, mainly, we are inclined to think, by those two ill-natured, but pungent lines:—

ON SCOTLAND.

"Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom;
Not forced him wander, but confined him home."

How Dr. Johnson must have chuckled over that bit of satire! We will be bound that he often gave it, *ore rotundo*, to the obsequious Bozzy.

Lord Chesterfield wrote, on seeing a whole-length of Beau Nash between the busts of Newton and Pope, in the rooms at Bath, the following:—

"Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth than here you 'll find;
Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a joke
More cruel on mankind.

"The picture placed the busts between,
Gives satire all its thought:
Wisdom and Wit but little seen;
But Folly at full length."

Goldsmith has left one very elegant specimen on a beautiful youth struck blind by lightning:—

"Sure 't was by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate."

But we must hasten toward the crowd of unknown epigrammatists, who have

left us some of the best of these performances :—

ON A PALE LADY WITH A RED-NOSED HUSBAND.

"Whence comes it that, in Clara's face,
The lily only has its place?
Is it because the absent rose
Has gone to paint her husband's nose?"

A very pompous overdrawn compliment is that upon Pope's translation of Homer :—

"So much, dear Pope, thy English Homer charms,
As pity melts us, or as passion warms,
That after ages will with wonder seek
Who 't was translated Homer into Greek."

Curious also, in its repetition, is this one, on the death of the Earl of Kildare :

"Who *kill'd Kildare?* who *dared Kildare to kill?*"

Death answers :—

"I *kill'd Kildare*, and *dare kill* whom I will."

And rich in its satire is the one on that head of a college at Oxford, who starved his horses. The doctor had set an undergraduate the task of making verses on the theme, *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. And these, so the story goes, were the result :—

"Averse to pamper'd and high-mettled steeds,
His own upon chopp'd straw Avaro feeds :
Bred in his stable, in his paddock born,
What vast ideas they must have *of corn!*"

In our own days, *Punch* and other satirical publications have been the outlet for epigrammatic writers, and some of these productions have been of the most brilliant and forcible kind. But a feeling has gradually arisen that the versified epigram is old-fashioned, and therefore the prose style is now more indulged in than before. In this, Douglas Jerrold is unrivaled; and one of the most beautiful in the language by this author is to be found in "The Hermit of Bellyfulle," the finest and most philosophic of this writer's works; a writer, by the way, whose wit is too fine ever to reach extreme popularity. The Hermit is preaching patience. "Do you know," said he, "what patience did?" "Patience *wanted* a nightingale, patience waited——*and the egg sang!*" The ellipsis is there perfect; the space between the small egg and the singing-bird charming; the silence of the listening night is something of the sublime.

But from even an essay short as our own, upon this subject, one should not omit the name of that poet, dear to all lovers of humor as of poetry, Thomas Hood. We have but space for one of his productions; but that is a good one; neither has it a melancholy cadence. Our sparkles shall not be touched with a lurid light; let, therefore, even the German tourist who, accompanying Prince Albert from "Vaterland," made this mistake, laugh at the epigram :—

"Charm'd with the drink which Highlanders compose,
A German traveler exclaim'd with glee,
Potztausend! sare, if this be Athol *Brose*,
How good de Athol *Boetry* must be!"

So ends our Gallop: we must pull up now, and let the reins hang upon the neck of our tired steed. We have seen that these small darts of wit can be serious or jocose, inimical or friendly; that they can give us a hint upon love, upon war, or even upon religion. Connected with this we shall find, that even in the small space of an epigram we have perhaps the best definition of the most sublime idea which ever entered the brain of man—need we say,

ETERNITY?

"Reason does but one quaint solution lend
To Nature's deepest yet divinest riddle;
Time is a *beginning* and an *end*,
Eternity is nothing but a *middle*."

This is from the pen of the author of "Alethea;" verily, after reading it, let us hope that the general reader will say, that, even from our imperfect sketch, "there is much in an epigram."

A YOUNG ZOUAVE, who had entered the army as a volunteer, excited the greatest astonishment and admiration among the English officers by his gymnastic powers. He attempted the most extraordinary feats, and always succeeded. An English captain asked him one day why he had entered the army voluntarily, when in a circus he could earn ten times as much as in the army. The Zouave, in a tone of wounded pride, replied, "Because I hope to die a French general, and not a riding-master: the French soldier looks to something besides money." Then, plunging his hands into his pockets, he took his departure; but from that day nothing would tempt him to give any specimen of his powers before an English officer.

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SEPTEMBER, 1855.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER TO BISHOP SIMPSON.

CONDITION OF THE MINISTRY—WANT OF ABLE MEN—THE DEMAND FOR THEM—WHAT DOES IT INDICATE?—HOW SHALL THE WANT BE MET?—WHAT IS THE RANK OF THE METHODIST MINISTRY?—MINISTERIAL SUPPORT—LOCATIONS—MINISTERIAL EDUCATION—VARIOUS SCHEMES—IMPORTANCE OF THE LOCAL MINISTRY.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—In the conversation, alluded to in my first letter, I replied to your question respecting the condition and prospects of Methodism in the United States, that its greatest difficulty seemed to be, at present, the want of able men. The city appointments are clamoring for "men of talent;" country appointments, in thriving villages, join in the demand. The academies, colleges, Biblical schools, and new "special agencies" repeat it. You well know that it rings in the ears of your cabinets everywhere. It is a natural demand; and it is an old one in some form or other; but it is peculiar in its present form—a result of the circumstances of our times. We evidently are not working our system up to its maximum capacity, and the fact is owing largely to *the want of able men*. The presiding eldership, as I have shown, is an example, though in this respect we are fast improving. Our laymen, in the cities especially, complain of the difficulty of getting able men—men who can place their Churches abreast of those of other denominations. Excuse the apparent invidiousness of the remark—it is too well known to be evaded.

And yet it is not really invidious. It is far, too, from being discouraging. On the contrary, it is to me a very gratifying indication; for what is the real origin of the fact? Is it not manifestly owing to the rapid prosperity of the denomination? We have, in our popular success, outgrown our official capacity. It is easier to gather and to train popular societies, than to gather and train professional bodies of men. I repeat that the evil, if such it can be called, is an encouraging one: we have no right to croak over it; our Churches must jog along as well as they can, under it, giving thanks to God that it is so fortunate a difficulty, and feeling assured that it shall, from its peculiar nature, cure itself, if they will have a little patience, and adopt the improvements that offer themselves.

But let us understand the matter more fully. You know my estimation of the Methodist ministry too well to suppose that I admit that it is inferior to any other clerical body in the country. Were I compelled to answer categorically the question, What is the rank of Methodist preachers? I should not hesitate a moment to say the first, "take them as a whole." I know the disadvantage of overstrained language, but so I should characterize them. I know of no ministerial body that excels them in *natural talent*, or in that sort of *education* which circumstances give. The fathers of the ministry were the *legio fulminea* of the new world; and their sons are not unworthy of them. Original talent, effective habits of preaching and of pastoral labor, sensible and forcible presentations of the word of God, skill in the management of human nature,—who denies these talents to them?—who denies them preeminence in these respects? But the progress of popular intelligence has raised a demand for something more. Original talent will not now-a-days satisfy the congregations of cities and large towns, unless it comes with the additional recommendation of education. Take the most original genius you can find, and put him in a "respectable" city pulpit, and let him there, with his brilliant traits, mix up *outré* qualities, rhetorical defects, grammatical blunders, &c., and you will not find him clamored for the next year; or if he is not such a genius, with such marked defects, but a sound, sensible man, with sound, ordinary talents, still will he not be thought to compare with the neighboring clergyman of another denomination, who, with no really greater intellect, has the general style and bearing of an educated man. In other words, not merely talent, but talent with "respectability"—that's the word—is the great demand. Education itself will not meet it—some of your educated men are the least acceptable—nor talent without education, unless it be in those cases, not now unfrequent among us, in which men who have never seen the inside of a college, have, by self-culture, acquired the strength and bearing of educated men. It is marvelous how many of this class of real intellectual noblemen stand now in the ranks of Methodism. They bear its banner in the very first rank of the Protestantism of some of our large communities. But the difficulty is, that they are not half numerous enough for the actual wants of our overgrown cause. Besides them, we have hosts of substantial, *good* preachers; but how often, at the end of their first year, do you bishops hear their "official men" say, on the thresholds of your cabinets, that they are "good, but not superior,"—that "superior" men must be sent to them—that they have built a new church, and must have a commanding man, or sink under their new burdens—that many new and intelligent families have moved into the placé, and will sustain Methodism if a "superior man" can be sent them—that such and such denominations have such and such strong men in the neighborhood, and we must fail if we cannot compete with them? Such reasonings, doubtless, exist in other sects, but they have become clamors in ours; for the fact is, that we, who were in the lowly vale of contentment a little while ago, and allowed them all to look down upon us there, have wrought our way up to them, and have become desperately impatient, not only because we cannot compete with them in some things as well as in others, but because we cannot leave them out of sight in all things. Let us be careful that we lose not our breath in the egotistical chase!

Now the question is, not whether this sort of "respectability"—growing out of a given sort of popular intelligence, and demanding a given combination of education and original talent—

is a good thing. I have my own opinion on that point, but it is irrelevant here. The question is, How, seeing it does exist, shall we adapt the really great resources of talent which we possess, as a Church, to the necessity of the case? It will not do to say that it is false or whimsical, and, therefore, we may defy it. That was not St. Paul's maxim of "becoming all things to all men that he might save some." It will defy you, if you defy it. In not a few important communities our responsible laymen complain (whether rightly or wrongly) that the Church suffers continually for want of suitable men to meet the difficulty; that many of our converts sooner or later retreat to the more "respectable" ministries; that where we originally prepossessed the ground, other Churches, coming in, take from us the lead of the public mind, &c., &c.

Doubtless a little more patience is one of the most necessary things for us under these circumstances. Our social position, as a Church, has changed greatly; we have not been able to reach all the necessities of our rapid advancement, but we are meeting them fast. The prospect is anything but discouraging. You recollect, sir, (I do, at least, though there are but few gray hairs on my head,) when there was not an institution of learning within our pale? I recall the time when my feet, now in but midmanhood, crossed the threshold of the first academy belonging to the Church—when there was not a single D. D. in our ranks (but never the worse were we for that)—when there were but two collegiate graduates in all our ministry. Now our academies are almost in danger of casting their shadows upon each other, and our multiplied colleges of eating each other up. Since that day hundreds of graduates have entered our ministry; our whole system of chapels has been renovated and better placed; the social *status* of our people *revolutionized;* and the finances of our cause—may we not say—*created?* Let us give thanks, then, and have patience. But can we do nothing else?

One means of improving our ministry *will be to improve its support.* I state this opinion with emphasis, because I think it has been a somewhat unpopular one among us. "The laborer is worthy of his hire;" our ministry has never got its legitimate hire, and in this respect the Church has (until late years, at least) been unworthy of it. God has a controversy with us for the sufferings of our fathers, and we should make haste to settle it. Until within a few years our strongest men were continually stepping aside into the local ranks to provide for their families. Of six hundred and fifty who had been on the Minutes by the end of the last century, *about five hundred died located,* and many of the remainder had to retire temporarily. The evil has existed ever since; it prevails largely even at this day in sections of our work. And even in its most prospered portions, our ministerial support is so meager as doubtless to be a serious drawback on the increase of men of talent among us. It is easy to say that men called to preach ought to brave such drawbacks; they ought, when it is practicable, but they remind themselves that it is said, on divine authority, that he "who provides not for his own, * * * hath *denied* the faith, and is *worse* than an infidel."

In all other denominations the complaint is made that the low compensation of clergymen is diminishing the ministry. The late Protestant Episcopal convention passed emphatic resolutions on the subject; it looked upon the evil as threatening the ministry with alarming peril. Other religious communities have spoken a similar language. Can we affect that our moral superiority lifts us above the same adversity? Is it not probable that we have, and are suffering at this moment, vast loss by it? And if we are disposed to condemn the men who are kept out of the ministry by it, should we not be first disposed to remove the temptation out of their way? We do not average the salaries of most other denominations. Is it probable that we suffer less, then? In many of the states we cannot find men for our annual wants; the evil is becoming almost unmanageable in some conferences—conferences, too, in which we have abundance of educated families and capable young men—how far does the silent influence of the fact now before us affect the case?

The average salary of clergymen in these northern states is less than four hundred dollars per annum—the average salary of Methodist preachers is less than three hundred—the deficit on what they should receive, in comparison with men in other business, makes them the largest charitable contributors for the welfare of the Church that the nation possesses. The compensation of men of similar, if not inferior rank, is far beneath theirs. Here are some ascertained examples—

Professors in Colleges	$1,500
Lieutenant in the Navy	1,500
Captain in the Army	1,500
Clerk in a Department (U. S. Government)	1,500
Surgeon in Navy	2,700
(First Class) Engineer	3,000
Methodist Preacher	300

I have not compared them, here, with doctors, lawyers, and men of other pursuits, considered—however erroneously—somewhat above them as professions, but with a class of occupations which certainly ought not to be better supported. How does the comparison look? What a sacrifice!—what a contribution from his support does the Methodist preacher give annually to the public in behalf of religion! The male school teachers of the country average full five hundred dollars—two-fifths more! The Methodist preacher annually contributes at least an average of five hundred dollars to the religious public in this manner!

We must reform this evil—we *must* reform it, or be assured our ministry will show its disastrous effects more and more. Were our people poor, as they once were, it would be endured heroically; but it cannot possibly be borne under their present circumstances.

We have much ground for hope in this respect; but we have need that the subject be presented before the Church with the sternest urgency.

Another thing to be done, according to many among us, is the better *education of the ministry.* There can be no doubt that (whether for good or ill) we are destined to have, as an essential part of our denominational system of education, theological or Biblical schools. Already the far East and the far West salute each other

on this ground. The seminary at Concord, N. H., has had notable prosperity, and promises, it is said, soon to become the first institution of the kind (numerically) in the Union. The one at Chicago starts, it is reported, with a financial foundation of *a hundred thousand dollars* from a single patron. I do not propose to argue here the question of the propriety of such institutions. The following summary, from the Methodist Quarterly Review, shows in brief the ground taken by their advocates. They complain that they have hardly had a fair hearing through our organs; we allow them to speak in this extract, in their most ardent terms:—

"Such institutions were not considered by the founder of Methodism to be foreign to its genius and interests. In the very first conference he ever held, he himself proposed such a measure; the proposition was repeated in the second session, and was never lost sight of by the Wesleyan connection during the long interval that elapsed before its resources enabled it to embody the design in its present noble seminaries. The success of the measure has demonstrated its wisdom. . . . . Have not our circumstances as a Church changed? Are we not able to afford our ministry the intellectual qualifications which once they could not obtain but by special endowment? And is it not clear, from the whole history of Providence, that when such ability exists, its special interposition ceases? It would be a curse on the world for Divine Providence to supersede the necessity of our self-dependence as individuals, or as communities. Our fathers are passing away. Providence supplies us no more with such men, and thereby clearly indicates our duty to qualify our ministry according to the means which he gives us. He will still call men to his work, but we must open the way for them. We propose not to *make* preachers of his word, but only to aid those whom he has evidently called to preach it. Who dares object to such a proposal? Providence has led us along from one improvement to another, until now this great want stands in our way like a mountain, with its summit glorious with light. We cannot pass round it; let us, then, go over it, that our ministry may, like Moses, come down to the people with their brows radiant with its brightness. . . . . Under our old system the repetition of a few well-studied subjects could take the place of fifty under the present arrangement. This is no detraction from the old system—it was one of its best points of adaptation to an uneducated ministry. But now we fix untrained men in small stations, amid the closest competition, where they are overburdened with pastoral duties, which were unknown to our fathers, and expect them to maintain our cause with success among a population the most enlightened on the globe. How is it possible for a young man without discipline, without a knowledge of books or of men, to furnish instruction for two years under such circumstances? A few of our most vigorous minds may nerve themselves for the necessities of such a position, but the mass of the ministry must necessarily fall into the rear of the educated ministries of other sects. . . . . It is objected that education will pervert our young men. This is one of those vandal sentiments which I hardly know how to discuss. Is it a question, in this day, whether education is favorable or injurious to virtue? Why, then, have we not waited for its decision before establishing our academies and colleges? Are we afraid that Methodism in particular cannot consist with intelligence? Then it cannot be true, and the sooner we discover our delusion the better. Methodism is compatible with intelligence. Some of the greatest intellects have grown up under its influence; its glorious theology and mighty system are suited to the highest minds, and in no other Church can a great mind have freer scope for its powers. But how does this objection agree with fact? Have our learned men been perverted? Have they not been among the holiest and most useful men in our Church? Did learning corrupt Wesley, Fletcher, Coke, or Benson? Whose memory is more sacred among us than Fisk's? And was he perverted by learning? Was Ruter, who left the presidency of a college for the sufferings of a missionary, one of the examples from which this objection is drawn? Was Emory another? Our most learned men have been our holiest men. They have been the staunchest friends of our doctrines and our discipline, because their capacious minds have the better comprehended their excellence. And is not this the case with the young men who come into the ministry from our learned institutions? Where do you find better pastors and more devoted preachers than they? It is mortifying that Methodism should still be trammeled and enervated by such petty prejudices. We Methodists do not yet comprehend the sublimity and promise of our cause. We have been deluded by the impression that ours is a particular, and not a general system—that it is applicable to a particular class, but not to all classes. Methodism is universal in its adaptation. We are bearing up unconsciously before the world the ensigns of the Millennium. Our doctrines and measures have been transforming other sects; they are to reach the savage and the sage, the slave and the sovereign. We believe it, because we believe they are the truth. Give, then, to Methodism a free action. Let it appropriate to itself all auxiliaries, especially learning. Its gigantic plans are suited for gigantic powers. Throw the energies of a sanctified and educated ministry into its potent system, and it will produce results which we have not yet imagined. . . . . Once more: it is asserted that 'the history of theological schools, in all ages, shows their influence to be corrupting.' If we object to theological schools because they have been abused, we may also object to nearly every other great measure. Episcopacy was abused in the early Church as much as theological schools; must we abandon it on that account? The press has been foully abused; are we therefore to turn it out of our Book Concern? Religion has been perverted in every detail; shall we therefore turn atheists? The reason of the corruption of theological schools was the corruption of all knowledge. Theological, like all other schools, will, of course, be affected by the intellectual state of the age in which they exist. It was the general prevalence of the New Platonism that introduced error into the Alexandrian school. But it introduced it everywhere else also. It infected Philo the Jew, and Longinus the Pagan, as well as Origen the Christian. It was the introduction of the Aristotelian dialectics that produced the metaphysical absurdities of the schools of the middle ages; but they infected every other department of knowledge, alike with theology. They were the intellectual characteristics of the times, deluding the monk in his secluded meditations, as well as the student in the school. But we live in a different age; science is now more thoroughly verified; a new mode of inquiry has been introduced, which will never allow a similar confusion of knowledge. There may be new corruptions in theology, but they cannot originate as did those upon which the objection is founded; they will be such as will be more likely to be prevented than favored by knowledge. Theological schools have, indeed, like all other good institutions of religion, been corrupt; but, like all others, they have also been blessed. It would seem, from history, that Providence has wedded religion and knowledge, and signalized their union in most of the great events of the Church. The first rays of returning daylight, after the dark ages, streamed forth upon the world from the cloisters of the University of Wittemberg. It was from its gates that Martin Luther came forth, with the Bible in his hands, to summon the world to its moral resurrection. It was from the University of Geneva that Calvin, at the same time, was sounding the alarm among the Alps. And where did the next great revival of Christianity take place? It was among the theological students of Oxford. Yes! Methodism, now so fearful of ministerial education, first awoke in the cradle of English learning. It sounded its first trump, and commenced its march over the world, from the gates of a university. Where did the first conception of foreign missions from the American Churches, originate? Within the walls of a theological school: and from that school have gone to the pagan world a greater number of devoted men than from any other source in our land. The one at Geneva is now the chief instrumentality in restoring the principles of the Reformation to Switzerland and France. The great defenders of religion have nearly all been educated theologians."

After this long insertion, we hope there will be no charge of timid partiality on the question, against this journal at least. The extract certainly has ardor enough, if it has not an excess of argument. We leave our readers to judge of the latter. They are as competent as ourselves to distinguish between its logic and its rhetoric.

It is due to the advocates of this measure to say, that they are of various opinions respecting it. Some of them think that departments of theological instruction, suitable for the preparation of ministerial candidates, can be connected with our academies and colleges. Others, and doubtless the greatest number, propose separate seminaries, on the plan of the "Wesleyan Theological Institutions," which shall be adapted to the actual wants of the student, whatever may be the deficiencies of his education, and shall combine with their intellectual advantages thorough training in such social and pastoral habits as may especially befit his future office: they would have them be "schools of the prophets,"—ministerial households, maintained under a strictly-religious regimen, and excluding the perverting influences and invidious prejudices which they allege would affect our young candidates in common academies or colleges. Such is the experiment now being made among our brethren of the Eastern States. Others, though very few, we suppose, advocate a high theological seminary, modeled after the best in other Churches, and requiring considerable preparatory, if not collegiate, training—a proposition which appears to us practically absurd in the present circumstances of our ministry.

Against this last project we should all protest. It must exclude the largest proportion of our ministry for generations. It would provide education only for the educated—those who least need it. I am astonished at the singularity of the proposition in view of the actual circumstances of the Church. Do not its advocates know whence come most of our young preachers—that they enter the ministry from the workshop, the farm, the counting-house? Do they not know that for generations its extending ranks must necessarily be thus recruited—if, indeed, the time can ever come in which they can all be graduated at college, as with the English national Church? What, then, can be the reason for advocating an institution of such high character that none but already educated men can enter it—what but the affectation of being like other sects, whose circumstances quite distinguish them from us? Let us be above this folly. Let the value of such measures, as of all others, with us, be their *practical utility*. And if we find extant models unsuited to our wants, let us bend them to us, not bend ourselves to them.

One thing especially should we guard against in our zeal for education, viz., such an exaltation of it as may discourage uneducated but capable men, who have not the means or the time for it, from entering the ministry. Let us be assured it can never be a *sine qua non* with us, without the overthrow of our very mission as a Church. Our destiny is too urgent for delay; we are in the mêlée of the world's moral battle-field, and must fight as best we can, with such forces as we can command. While we can train some of our most favorably situated men—unquestionably we must, for an indefinite time, recruit our ranks as we have heretofore. It is feared by many that the interest for education, now so rife among us, is discouraging men who cannot obtain it, and who have begun to think that without it they cannot succeed in the ministry. This is the abuse of a good thing. Let such young men throw the fallacy to the winds and rally to the field where, often, the great Captain of our salvation "chooses the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty."

I am prolonging this letter; but admit one view more. We are erring, I fear perilously, in the disuse of our *old method of preparing, of graduating preachers*, through the grades of exhorters and local preachers up to the itinerancy. It was in this manner that we recruited our ministerial forces in those days when "there were giants" among us. In some sections of our work, such a thing as a *License to Exhort* is hardly known any more. In some sections a pernicious prejudice is deepening against Local Preachers. How are we to obtain our preachers, then, hereafter? Are they to spring up and appear at once in the conference ranks, without any previous training whatever? Are we to find out their capacity by intuition? or by the slight indications of a class-meeting "testimony," or a little familiar religious talk in the prayer-meeting? Be assured, dear sir, this subject is vital to us; be assured that the arrangement which has so wonderfully recruited our pulpits heretofore cannot be dispensed with in this urgent day. We should be on the constant look-out for the evidences of youthful talent; we should encourage it, and train it in the licensed offices of Exhorter and Local Preacher, and urge it thence along into the higher work.

Independently of this preparatory character of the local ministry, I deem it capable of being made a mighty arm of service in our great field. It is so in England, where it is worked systematically and continually among Churches older and maturer than ours. Why, then, can it not be so here? Where is it more needed than just here, where it is most discouraged, amid the accumulating moral desolations of New-York? I wish I could speak with a trumpet-tone to the Church on this subject. I would remind it of what I have proved at another time in these columns—the utter impossibility of meeting the prospective moral wants of the country by the usual ministerial provisions—of the necessity of pressing into the service of the Church all available lay talent—of the advantages of our local ministry as a recruiting process for the itinerancy, and of the special advantage of early enlisting our young men into it, that they may be the better prepared for those special demands of which I have spoken in this letter. One thing I am assured of, that whatever may be the value of Biblical seminaries, the local ministry must be for ages, if not till the end of time, the great theological school of Methodism. I would even venture to be a little personal here and say that our bishops are somewhat responsible for the almost general declension of this part of our Church agency. They might remove much of its unpopularity in the Annual Conferences. They could rally and lead on the local laborers of our larger communities by occasionally assembling, addressing, and organizing them. The bishop who shall perseveringly attempt to restore the efficiency of our local ministry will do a work which the future historian of the Church will distinguish above any other achievement of the Episcopal administration. Yours, &c., A. STEVENS.

Editorial Notes and Gleanings.

TRINITY CHURCH.—The corner-stone of a Methodist Church in Thirty-fourth-street, in this city, was laid recently with appropriate ceremonies. It is to be in a superior style of architecture, with a steeple and clock—the seats to be sold or rented. It bears the name of *Trinity*, whereat a correspondent takes offense, and asks—"Does it not evince very bad taste to call it by a name so long appropriated by another denomination? Everybody in New-York knows where *Trinity Church* is, and ours will necessarily require an additional adjective to designate it—the Little Trinity, or the Methodist's Trinity, or something of that sort."

FREE SEATS.—The system of free churches has now many advocates in the Episcopal Church, exemplifying again the old adage respecting the meeting of extremes. The Bishop of New-Jersey has declared most unequivocally in its favor. And the Bishop of North Carolina, at the late convention, declared the system of renting pews a positive hinderance to the progress of the Church.

LIFE INSURANCE.—The Cherokee Presbytery, Old School, have adopted resolutions recommending to the Churches in its connection to insure the lives of their ministers, as the most convenient method of making provision for their families after their decease.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE CHILD.—A philosopher once asked a little girl if she had a soul. She looked up into his face with an air of astonishment and offended dignity, and replied, "To be sure I have." "What makes you think you have?" "Because I have," she promptly replied. "But how do you know you have a soul?" "Because I do know," she answered again. It was a child's reason; but the philosopher could hardly have given a better. "Well then," said he, after a moment's consideration, "if you know you have a soul, can you tell me what your soul is?" "Why," said she, "I am six years old, and do n't you suppose that I know what my soul is?" "Perhaps you do. If you will tell me, I shall find out whether you do or not." "Then you think I do n't know," she replied, "but I do; it is my THINK." "Your think!" said the philosopher, astonished in his turn; "who told you so?" "Nobody. I should be ashamed if I did not know that, without being told." The philosopher had puzzled his brain a great deal about the soul, but he could not have given a better definition of it in so few words.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES are becoming of increasing frequency in all branches of the Church. A religious paper published at Andover, says that the instability of the pastoral relation is becoming a subject for serious consideration, if not of alarming interest to all who have the moral and religious welfare of the community at heart. We are told by a member that in the "Andover Association of Congregational Ministers," embracing eighteen Churches, fifteen of the number have dissolved their pastoral connections within less than five years, and four of them have changed twice within the same period. Six vacancies have occurred during the past four months; and the only three ministers remaining undisturbed amid the general perturbation are Rev. Messrs. Blanchard, of Lowell, Clark, of Chelmsford, and Phillips, of Methuen.

Ministeral changes are also of increasing frequency in the Protestant Episcopal Church. The *Church Review* for July, referring to this subject, thus accounts for it:—

"There is no doubt a restless spirit abroad. We live in an age which demands excitement, novelty. And there are evils in the working of a voluntary system. But the fault is not all on the side of the parishes: for the clergy share in no small degree, in the restless spirit of the times. Very many of the clerical changes occur, where there is no fault on the part of the parish, and where there is every wish and effort to retain a beloved pastor. Many of these changes are but the natural course of things. They result from the principle of adaptation. A young man begins his ministry in a small parish. Enlarged experience, ripened judgment and learning, developed powers of composition and delivery, gradually fit him for a wider sphere of usefulness. It is natural and right that he should seek such a sphere, at least that he should not resist its call. Other cases occur where either with or without the fault of the minister, a state of things has arisen where all interests will be promoted by a removal. Other cases, again, spring from mere restlessness and a vague desire on the part of clergymen to better their condition. But there is yet another cause of the instability of pastoral relations, in which the parishes have our cordial sympathy. In a numerous body of clergy there must be at all times a considerable amount of impracticable and worthless material. This goes floating over the surface of the Church, from diocese to diocese, swelling our exchange list, and victimizing our feebler parishes."

Bishop Whitehouse, not long since consecrated to the superintendency of the diocese of Illinois, has already become uneasy, and publishes his reasons for throwing up his commission and renouncing his sacred vows. The bishop finds himself not well-adapted to the wants of the West, and says in a letter to the clergy of the diocese:—

"BRETHREN IN THE LORD: So far as my convictions of duty and propriety dictated, I could have addressed you at an earlier period. But the importance of the step I mean to take, to myself as well as to the Church, demanded great caution, lest my judgment and conscience should be swayed by transient impulse rather than guided by sobriety and truth. It is a case where it is hardly possible to reach a result fully satisfactory even to myself, and far less practicable to give sufficient reasons for the decision to the Church at large; yet, in most respects, whether led by obvious facts or groping my way among obscure inferences, I am now calmly satisfied that it is the best course for you, for the Church, as it certainly is for my own peace, that I should retire from the jurisdiction of the diocese of Illinois.

"The facts which convince me that this retirement, which I earnestly desire, is not inconsistent with my duty as God's and the servant of the Church, are too much extended through my public, family, and personal relations, to be even imperfectly stated without a protracted narrative, which seems to me neither necessary nor expedient. I prefer to withdraw in silence, rather than originate a discussion which might wound the peace of the Church, and lessen the favorable consequences from action, which, as far as I am concerned, it would not probably modify or arrest.

"I am satisfied, by painful experience, that I am not well adapted to the present social and moral condition

of the West. I believe that the state of the diocese before my election, the incidents of that call, the local disquietness which were my unfortunate heirloom, the disloyalty and faction which grieved and assailed my venerable predecessor, cloaked, but not abated, have wrought effects which in me and for me are irremediable."

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RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE.—The endeavors of the clergy and nobility of England, by their application to the French Emperor, in behalf of the religious liberty of his subjects, do not yet appear to promise success; no favorable result has been reached. Protestant Churches are still held "in durance vile," and forbidden the inestimable right of public worship agreeably to the dictates of conscience; and even in the anniversary meetings of benevolent associations, the speakers and framers of the reports are kept in awe by the presence of spies and informers who are ready to speak evil to the government of the things they know not.

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A CENTURY PLANT TWENTY-SIX FEET HIGH.—There is now to be seen at Savannah, Georgia, an aloe tree, otherwise called a Century Plant, twenty-six feet high, and containing more than a thousand buds, all of which are ready to bloom. This remarkable tree is a native product of Wilmington Island. Of its history the first fifty years of its existence we are not informed. Since 1804, when it was transplanted upon the island, it has been thriving, the admiration of all, on the farm of Colonel Hunter.

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ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS PREMIUM.—The Directors of the American Reform Tract and Book Society offer one hundred dollars premium for the best manuscript of a Religious Anti-Slavery Sabbath-School Book, of sufficient length to make not less than one hundred nor over two hundred printed pages 18mo.

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The Austrian government requests the directors of the railways in the empire to plant young trees of a description indicated, at convenient distances along the lines, intending them to replace eventually the posts upon which telegraphic wires are at present affixed. Can not our telegraph companies profit by this hint.

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A volume, entitled "Anti-Slavery Recollections," by Sir George Stephen, has just issued from the London press. It gives a detailed account of the measures by which was effected the abolition of the slave-trade, and sketches the character and services of those more prominent in the anti-slavery controversy during the memorable ten years from 1824 to 1834. Of the character of Wilberforce the author gives the following, to us new, and doubtless correct delineation:—

"Wilberforce had his defects, and though others have valled them, I shall not. A man's excellence, especially when a public man, cannot be appreciated apart from his feelings, as the primary colors lose their brilliancy when deprived of contrast with their complementary tints.

"His essential fault was that of busy indolence; he worked out nothing for himself; he was destitute of system, and desultory in his habits; he depended on others for information, and laid himself open to misguidance; he was too fond of an animated dictionary; he required an intellectual walking-stick. From this habit sprung another failing of no trifling importance in a public man—he was indecisive; he wanted the confidence which he might have justly placed in his own judgment. It was a common saying of him, so common that you must have heard it, that you might safely predicate his vote, for it was certain to be opposed to his speech. The only other weak point to which I will refer was singular in a man of his refinement—he loved the small gossip of political life, and politically educated in the tone of the last century, felt, perhaps unconsciously, too much deferential regard for rank and power, irrespective, not of the morality, but of the sterling worth of their possessors.

"In a man of less strength of principle than Wilberforce, these faults, though venial, would have impeded all his utility, even if they had not reduced him to the level of the common herd; but he possessed qualities that neutralized their tendency; in religious duty, taking the expression in its most comprehensive sense, he was resolute and inflexible; it was a resolution founded no less on intelligence than feeling; he knew what was his duty to God and man, better than the most orthodox divine that ever adorned the episcopal bench; and what he knew, he practiced and he loved. This was the real secret of that deep veneration with which all men regarded him. In the conflict of party, in the excitement of debate, or the tumult of political strife, men might doubt about his vote on minor issues, but where the interests of morality, or humanity, or religion were involved, there Wilberforce's perception of what was right appeared intuitive, and his vote was certain: neither rank, nor power, nor eloquence bewildered him for a moment then. All the honors, all the wealth, all the seductions that the world could furnish, would not have tempted him to offend his conscience by even a momentary hesitation; he at once rose above all infirmities of habit, firm as a rock upon the spiritual foundation on which he rested. Now am I not right in beginning with his faults? do they not show his noble virtues in yet bolder relief?"

Our author gives us an opportunity also to correct our estimate of the character of the great agitator:—

"You must not be startled when I name O'Connell as the other to whom I must render justice. Never was man so abused, never was mortal so abhorred by a section of the community, as O'Connell. His moral character was unexceptionable even in the judgment of his opponents; his political character was revered by his friends and reprobated by his enemies. I have nothing to do either with the one or the other, but I have occasionally seen him in his domestic character, and there I have seen abundance to love and admire. At present I only refer to him as an abolitionist, and as such he well merited the esteem and veneration of all our party.

"He did us great service by his speeches; so did many others: he was accessible at all hours, and under all circumstances, to the lowest as well as the highest, on abolition matters; so was every member in 1833: but Mr. O'Connell did what no other man could do. He lent the whole of his powerful influence to keep the Irish public, as well as the Irish members, steady to the cause; he brought all his political weight to bear upon it. Ireland needed no agitation on abolition; from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, Ireland was an abolitionist in heart and in action, irrespective of party feeling, whether in politics or religion; and much, nay, most of this was due to Mr. O'Connell. He did it disinterestedly; he made no bargain for reciprocal support; he was content to fight his own battles with his own forces. I believe that, as a general rule, the parliamentary abolitionists seldom divided with him; but he always voted for them, and led on his followers, and compelled them to attend."

The volume will doubtless be republished in this country.

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A writer in the California Pioneer says that, on the plank road near Southwick's Pass, an inn or hotel is kept by a native American Irishman, whose sign exhibits the harp of Ireland encircling the shield of the United States with the mottoes:—

"Erin go Unum."
"E Pluribus Bragh."

CHANGES IN THE ECONOMY OF METHODISM.—The Canada Wesleyan Conference has adopted a regulation which makes provision for allowing a minister, when requested by the people, to remain *five* years in the same appointment. The New-York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church adopted, at its last session, a resolution requesting the General Conference to modify the rule which restricts the pastoral relation to two years, and to abrogate "the invidious regulation" with regard to cities.

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HEREDITARY DISTINCTIONS. — The London *Literary Gazette*, in a review of Irving's Life of Washington, adverts to the author's long and tedious account of the pedigree of the father of his country, tracing up the genealogy of the Washington family to an old English stock, settled in Durham as early as the Conquest. The *Gazette* naïvely remarks, and the remark is truthful, if not creditable to our boasted independence and sturdy pretensions to universal equality:—"In America, hereditary distinctions, *when they can be made out*, are made more of in biography than with us in England."

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ARITHMETIC APPLIED TO THE CHURCH.—The author of a volume entitled "Twenty Years' Conflict in the Church, and its Remedy," is of opinion that "the reason why peace and unity have forsaken the Church is, that while science has been reformed, religion remains unreformed; and the reason why one party does not prevail over the other party is, that there are faults on both sides." The author proposes his suggested reforms under the arithmetical terms of addition and subtraction. "The additions are:—the Right of Private Judgment, or the Authority of Reason and Conscience—Free Will—Responsibility—and Man's Power to Perform Good as well as Evil. The subtractions are:—Apostolical Succession—the Supernatural Efficacy of the Sacraments—Justification by Faith—Original Sin and Predestination."

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INTERESTING CUSTOM IN THE ANCIENT CHURCH.—The first Christians kept the first day of the week in memory of their Master's resurrection,* and the customs of the day were such as well befitted a season of glad triumph. No posture of humiliation should sully it or careworn countenance derogate from it. Six days in the week—unless in so far as Saturday was excepted among Oriental Christians—might a man bow in devout adoration before his God, or postrate himself in the agony of contrition, as he recollected his follies, his errors, and his sins. But on the first day of the week no Christian knee was permitted to bend in prayer, nor was a Christian countenance to be anxious. On that day, as the deacon called the assembly to their devotions, it was with the admonition, "Let us stand perfectly erect," and when the recurring year brought with it the anniversary of the Master's resurrection, his followers for the space of fifty days maintained the same upright position in their prayers.

* "We observe the eighth day joyously, on which Jesus rose from the dead and ascended into heaven." Epist. of Barnabas, c. 15. (XIII. 10.)

CAMOENS.—The dust of the minstrel of the "Lusiad," who, in 1595, perished in a hospital, as every child familiar with "Anecdotes of the Poets" knows, has lately been sought for in the Church of the ancient Convent of St. Anne, of Lisbon, beneath the high altar of which it was reputed to be deposited sixteen years after his decease, in a brick cenotaph, by Don Gonçalo Continho; and on its being found, a solemn service was performed, on the 15th of May, in the presence of many high and noble persons. The remains were placed in a rich coffin, and confided anew to the keeping of the nuns of St. Anne, till the monument, which will be prepared for their reception, can be completed.

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BRITISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.—A minister of this body writing to the *Canada Christian Advocate*, under date of June 8th, says that the Annual District Meetings, preparatory to the Wesleyan Conference, have just concluded their sittings, when statistics are taken, and the way prepared for the decision of all questions by the supreme court, the conference. Many had ardently hoped that we should have been able to report this year an augmentation of numbers; but the painful fact is but too evident that instead of an increase we have a falling off of about three thousand members. This is the fifth year in succession that the connection has retrograded; and during these five years nearly one hundred thousand members have been lost; notwithstanding, the conviction is all but universal that the connection is in an improved state of spirituality, and there is a less depression than there has been since the reform agitation commenced in 1849.

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ONLY ONE BARNUM.—Fanny Fern's exceedingly absurd biographical novelette, entitled Ruth Hall, has been republished in Great Britain. It is noticed at some length in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*. The witty reviewer commences his article in the following complimentary strain:—

"America is determined to keep us amused. We are never left for long together without a 'startling novelty' from the 'almighty republic.' 'Keep your eye fixed'—said one of her 'newspaperial' bards—

> "'Keep your eye fix'd on the American eagle,
> Whom we as the proud bird of destiny hail;
> For that wise fowl you can never inveigle,
> By depositing salt on his venerable tail.'

But the advice was hardly necessary. What with the Great Sea-Serpent, and Spirit-rapping, and 'Uncle Tom,' and Barnum, we are kept, *nolens volens*, at the full stare; and, as for 'inveigling that wise fowl,' why, really, we haven't the leisure to think of such a thing, so long as the divine (or, as we ought to say, Jupiterial) animal keeps us on the defensive. Let him turn tail for a minute or two, and give our celebrated Lion time to find his salt-box, and we will see what can be done. But we can't promise him a Barnum—we haven't the article in stock, and don't know where to look for it."

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THE CHINESE.—Two volumes, entitled *The Chinese Empire*, have recently been published. They are from the pen of a Romish priest, formerly, as he styles himself, Missionary Apostolic in China. His opinion on the Christianity of the present Chinese rebellion is, perhaps, modified by his own Roman Catholic predilections; it is, however, worthy of attention:—

"We do not give the slightest credit to the alleged Christianity of the insurgents, and the religious and mythical sentiments expressed in the manifestoes inspire us with no great confidence. There exists in all the provinces a very considerable number of Mussulmen, who have their koran and their mosques. It is to be presumed that these Mohammedans, who have already several times attempted to overthrow the Tartar dynasty, and have always distinguished themselves by a violent opposition to the government, would have thrown themselves with ardor into the ranks of the insurrection. Many of these must have become generals, and have mingled in the councils of Tien-te. It is therefore not wonderful to find among them the doctrine of the unity of God, and other ideas of Biblical origin, though whimsically expressed. The Chinese have also for a long time had at their command a precious collection of books of Christian doctrine, compiled by ancient Christian missionaries, which, even in a literary point of view, are much esteemed in the empire. These books are diffused in great numbers throughout the provinces, and it is more than probable that the Chinese innovators have drawn the ideas in question from those sources, rather than from the Bibles prudently deposited by the Methodists on the sea-shore.

"The new faith proclaimed by the insurrectional government, though vague and ill-defined, does, nevertheless, it must be acknowledged, indicate great progress: it is an immense step in the way to truth."

THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.—Two volumes of the memoirs of this clerical wag, well known as one of the originators of the *Edinburgh Review*, and one of the best prose-writers of his day, have been recently published. They are full of good things, and represent him as an amiable and conscientious clergyman, as well as a politician and a wit. We cull a few extracts for the amusement of our readers. Like the sturdy Johnson he had, or affected to have, a great contempt for the Scotch. In treating of them he said:—

"It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into the Scotch understanding. Their only idea of wit, or rather, that inferior variety of this electric talent which prevails occasionally in the North, and which, under the name of WUT, is so infinitely distressing to people of good taste, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals. They are so imbued with metaphysics that they even make love metaphysically; I overheard a young lady of my acquaintance, at a dance in Edinburgh, exclaim, in a sudden pause of the music, 'What you say, my lord, is very true of love in the *abstract*, but—' here the fiddlers began fiddling furiously, and the rest was lost."

Of his own fits of absent-mindedness, and those of one of his friends, he says:—

"The oddest instance of absence of mind happened to me once in forgetting my own name. I knocked at a door in London; asked, 'Is Mrs. B—— at home?' 'Yes, sir; pray what name shall I say?' I looked in the man's face astonished:—what name? what name? ay, that is the question; what is my name? I believe the man thought me mad: but it is literally true, that during the space of two or three minutes I had no more idea of who I was than if I had never existed. I did not know whether I was a Dissenter or a layman. I felt as dull as Sternhold and Hopkins. At last, to my great relief, it flashed across me that I was Sydney Smith.

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"Lord Dudley was one of the most absent men I think I ever met in society. One day he met me in the street, and invited me to meet myself. 'Dine with me to-day; dine with me, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you.' I admitted the temptation he held out to me, but said I was engaged to meet him elsewhere. Another time, on meeting me, he turned back, put his arm through mine, muttering, 'I don't mind walking with him a little way; I'll walk with him as far as the end of the street.' As we proceeded together, W—— passed: 'That is the villain,' exclaimed he, 'who helped me yesterday to asparagus, and gave me no toast.' He very nearly overset my gravity once in the pulpit. He was sitting immediately under me, apparently very attentive, when suddenly he took up his stick, as if he had been in the House of Commons, and tapping on the ground with it, cried out in a low but very audible whisper, 'Hear! hear! hear!'"

Speaking of Macaulay the historian, he said:—

"Yes, I take great credit to myself; I always prophesied his greatness from the first moment I saw him, then a very young and unknown man, on the Northern Circuit. There are no limits to his knowledge, on small subjects as well as great; he is like a book in breeches."

Somewhat similar was his description of Daniel Webster. "He struck me much like a steam-engine in trowsers." And of a Yankee lady to whom he had been introduced, he remarked: "She has the true Kentucky twang through the nose, converting that promontory into an organ of speech."

Of his friend and coadjutor Jeffrey, he writes: "He has been here with his *adjectives*, who always travel with him." He disliked the use of expletives, and had a horror of redundant words. On that subject he said, with an allowable hyperbole:—"In composing, as a general rule, run your pen through every other word you have written; you have no idea what vigor it will give your style."

In a discussion of the merits of the Inferno of Dante, he thus disported himself:—

"'He may be a great poet; but as to invention, I consider him a mere bungler—no imagination, no knowledge of the human heart. If I had taken it in hand, I would show you what torture really was; for instance, (turning, merrily, to his old friend Mrs. Marcet,) you should be doomed to listen, for a thousand years, to conversations between Caroline and Emily, where Caroline should always give wrong explanations in chemistry, and Emily in the end be unable to distinguish an acid from an alkali. You, Macaulay, let me consider?—O, you should be dumb. False dates and facts of the reign of Queen Anne should forever be shouted in your ears; all liberal and honest opinions should be ridiculed in your presence; and you should not be able to say a single word during that period in their defense.' 'And what would you condemn me to, Mr. Sydney?' said a young mother. 'Why, you should for ever see those three sweet little girls of yours on the point of falling down stairs, and never be able to save them. There, what tortures are there in Dante equal to these?'"

On the subject of female education, and in view of the partiality of his countrywomen for the military, he writes:—

"Ah! what female heart can withstand a red coat? I think this should be a part of female education; it is much neglected. As you have the rocking-horse to accustom them to ride, I would have military dolls in the nursery, to harden their hearts against officers and red-coats. * * Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value; her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown, or a becoming bonnet, and if she has five grains of common sense she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth."

The following extract from a letter to a little girl blends beautifully simplicity and soberness:—

"Lucy, Lucy, my dear child, don't tear your frock, tearing frocks is not of itself a proof of genius; but write as your mother writes, act as your mother acts; be frank, loyal, affectionate, simple, honest; and then integrity or laceration of frock is of little import. And Lucy, dear child, mind your arithmetic. You know, in the first sum of yours I ever saw, there was a mistake. You had carried two, (as a cab is licensed to do,)

and you ought, dear Lucy, to have carried but one. Is this a trifle? What would life be without arithmetic, but a scene of horrors? You are going to Boulogne, the city of debts, peopled by men who never understood arithmetic; by the time you return, I shall probably have received my first paralytic stroke, and shall have lost all recollection of you; therefore I now give you my parting advice."

He disliked the Dissenters; and, because he knew no better, wrote many foolish things about the Wesleyans. He was equally severe, perhaps more so, upon the High Church party. In answer to a letter, dated according to the custom of the Puseyites, upon the eve of some Saint's day, he dated his answer—*Washing Day—Eve of Ironing Day;* and in a letter written in 1841 he says, and with the extract we must close:—

"I wish you had witnessed, the other day at St. Paul's, my incredible boldness in attacking the Puseyites. I told them that they made the Christian religion a religion of postures and ceremonies, of circumflexions and genuflexions, of garments and vestures, of ostentation and parade; that they took up tithe of mint and cummin, and neglected the weightier matters of the law—justice, mercy, and the duties of life; and so forth."

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CANONS IN THE WAY.—A writer in the *Church Journal*, referring to the lack of episcopally ordained and educated ministers in California and Oregon, speaks very plainly on the subject in this wise:—

"It is wonderful, and at the same time painful, at least to those who take your view of this matter in relation to the extension of the Diaconate, to see how the very best minds, both of bishops and clergy, are hampered and bound by the traditions and customs descended to us from the English Church. How utterly impossible it seems to be for our bishops, and especially the missionary ones, to leap the fearful gap between us and the primitive Church: to cut away all the traditions of the middle ages, and dip once more at the fountain-head. Our country presents many features of similarity, in a religious point of view, to the times of the first announcement of the Gospel, with this immense advantage to us, however, that the people believe already in the Saviour, and stand ready to be brought into the fold.

"Now let us see how the matter stands in California and Oregon. Bishop Kip concludes his report by saying, 'It is strange to me to witness the insensibility displayed toward the ultimate interests of the Church in this country. A few years hence California will have expanded into a power with which none of the Western States can compare. By that time other forms of faith and error—or worse, infidelity itself—will have occupied the ground. But let the Church concentrate some generous efforts on this State for only three years, and the Church here will be able to stand alone.' This is precisely what I say. Bishop Kip, his clergy and laity, constitute the Church there: by all means concentrate your efforts.

"But that remark is intended for us. Are we wholly responsible in this matter? Let us see—and in doing so, I propose to view the question from 'primitive ground.' What said St. Paul to Titus—'For this cause left I thee in Crete, that thou shouldst set in order the things that are wanting, *and ordain elders in every city, as I appointed thee.*' Here is the whole secret of success in apostolic times. The ministers were selected directly from the people to whom the missionary bishops were sent. Ah! yes, but the Californians are a dreadfully bad set. Well, what were these very Cretans? One of themselves says, 'the Cretans are always *liars, evil beasts, slow-bellies.*' Are the Californians worse than these? The bishop says, 'The town of Coloma contains between six hundred and seven hundred inhabitants. . . . . There is no place I have visited where there seems to be more interest felt in the Church. Its services have never been performed here, nor is there a single place of worship, *of any kind*, in the town. There is, however, a little band of Churchmen from the East, who are showing here the happy influence of their early training, having raised a handsome sum for a Church. . . . Could they obtain a clergyman?' Now just here is the point—why have they not one? Do you suppose that if St. Titus had that field he would have left those saints without an elder? Could not the bishop, from this 'little band,' have found at least a deacon? Ah, but the canons will not permit the ordering. Then let them go—a greater authority than the canons is here—the constitution of the Church: the sole rule of faith is above canons. But it will be said, if the canons were not in the way, yet you cannot make a preacher so quickly. Just so; here comes in the miserable tradition again. Now I do not believe I can be gainsayed, when I assert that there are at this moment, and have been anytime these three years, at least five hundred devout laymen in California and Oregon, fit to do the Church's work as deacons, after the primitive pattern. Nay, I will say more. Every principal city could have long ago had its presbyters and deacons, provided *Scriptural* qualifications only had been demanded of them. Now I am by no means averse to a highly educated clergy; but that the whole body of the clergy were classical scholars, in any national Church, from the apostles' day to the present, I deny. It was not required in the apostolical Church, and is not necessary now."

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ETIQUETTE.—Mr. Jerrold, in a volume recently published, entitled "Imperial Paris, including New Scenes for Old Visitors," puts into the lips of a Frenchman the following sarcastic, but truthful delineation of the tyranny of fashionable etiquette in London:—

"In England everything is '*shoking.*' Nothing is etiquette. It is not etiquette to use a handkerchief—to spit—to sneeze. What is to be done? Is it etiquette to have a cold? It is not etiquette to speak loud, even in the houses of parliament; to walk in the middle of the street; to run in order to escape the wheel of a carriage. Prefer to be run over! It is not etiquette to close a letter with a wafer, because this is to send people your saliva; nor to write without an envelope. It is not etiquette to go to the opera with the smallest sprig upon the waistcoat or the cravat; to take soup twice; to salute a lady first; to ride in an omnibus; to go to a party before ten or eleven o'clock, or to a ball before midnight; to drink beer at table without giving back your glass at once to the servant. It is not etiquette to refrain a day from shaving; to have an appetite; to offer anything to drink to a person of high rank; to appear surprised when the ladies leave the table at dessert time—that hour which is so charming with us. It is not etiquette to dress in black in the morning, nor in colors in the evening. It is not etiquette to address a lady without adding her Christian name: to speak to a person, on any pretext, without having been presented: to knock at a door quietly; to have the smallest particle of mud upon the boot, even in the most unfavorable weather; to have pence in your pocket; to wear the hair cut close; to have a white hat; to exhibit a decoration or two; to wear braces, or a small or large beard—to do any of these things is to forget etiquette. But that which violates etiquette in England more than anything else is—want of nerve to ruin yourself—run into debt—nobody will wonder; but, above all, be a spendthrift. If, when a foreigner arrives in London, it becomes known that he lodges in one of the economical hotels near Leicester Square, he is lost to certain society. Never will an equipage, nor even the card of a lord, wander thither. The respectability for which the English contend means simply material advantages—it has no relation to moral qualities. In France worship is paid to mind—to talent—to genius; in Italy and Spain it is paid to pleasure; in other places to ambition and glory; in England gold is the presiding deity! As the middle class always envies the upper class, the commercial people spend considerable sums of money in endeavors to rival the ostentation of the aristocracy."

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OPEN-AIR PREACHING.—Open-air preaching is beginning to be recommended by the English clergy as being the best means of reaching the minds of many of the people. The Bishop of Winchester recommends it to all the clergy of his diocese.

Book Notices.

The Preaching required by the Times. — At the request of many individuals, and in compliance with resolutions adopted by the Providence and the New-York Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the editor of this Magazine has carefully modified and enlarged the series of articles published in these pages last year, entitled "The Christianity Required by the Times." In connection with them he has also revised his Essays on Preaching, which graced the columns of the *Methodist Quarterly* in 1852. The whole are now issued in a neat duodecimo volume by *Carlton & Phillips*.

With regard to the merit of these essays, in a literary point of view, we may be permitted to say, in the absence of the author, that we subscribe to the unanimous verdict of all capable of appreciating pure English, neither overloaded with ornament nor lacking in vivacity. We will add too, what we should not be allowed to say if he were within hailing distance of the proof-reader, that Mr. Stevens has consecrated to one of the benevolent institutions of the Church the entire profits arising from the sale of the volume. It will, of course, have a large circulation, and take its place among our standard works. From that portion of the volume which has not appeared in these pages, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting a passage or two on a subject just now attracting much attention, and of vital interest to both clergy and laity:—

"Many of the best minds among us think the time has come in which the Church should require higher literary prerequisites, and provide means for the better *education of candidates*, or at least of such as have not themselves the means. The cardinal religious denominations of the country have such provisions in the form of "Education Societies." They are important features in the philanthropic finances of some of these denominations. It has been complained that, though no Church has more promising claimants of such aid than ours, and none needs it more, yet none has shown less disposition to provide it. Men now in our own ministry, it is said, have been compelled to receive assistance from the Education Societies of sister Churches. If the comparative paucity of our resources, or the urgency of other interests, have heretofore excused us from this claim, it is contended we cannot plead the excuse any longer. We now abound in resources, and it cannot be doubted that any financial project, sanctioned by our leading minds, and proposing an obvious advantage to the Church, can command any necessary liberality from it: its popularity and success will indeed generally be proportionate to the generosity and greatness of its designs. Has the time come, then, for the formation of an "Educational Society" among us, for the better preparation of our ministerial candidates; a great, a denominational society, which shall take rank by the side of our leading financial schemes? This project need not involve the question of theological schools, nor any particular standard of ministerial training. It could, like similar societies in other Churches, provide merely a given annual appropriation for the support of candidates in our academies or colleges, subject to few and general restrictions. Personally we are not prepared to say how far such an institution would be applicable to the present circumstances of the denomination; so strong, however, is the demand for educated, or at least intellectual men, for the pulpits of our Atlantic churches, that it is believed our people would take no ordinary interest in it, provided it were projected on a scale of commanding proportions."

The author's sentiments as to the importance of higher literary qualifications in the ministry, whether acquired in a theological school or elsewhere, are frankly avowed:—

"There is, we fear, still lingering among us, and only half latent, a fallacious apprehension that intellectual improvement, pushed to any considerable advancement in our ministry, would be hurtful to its old purity and energy. We forget that Methodism, like the Reformation, like modern missions, and like almost every other great movement of the evangelical world, had its birth in an institution of learning. 'It sounded its first trumpet,' says some one, 'and commenced its march over the world from within the gates of a university.' Most of its great leaders were learned men. Wesley, its founder and legislator, was the Fellow of a college; Charles Wesley, its psalmist, was a collegian in the same university; Coke, its first American bishop, and the founder of its missions, bore the highest title of the learned world; Benson was a university student; Fletcher was the president of a theological school; Clarke was a student of universal knowledge. Among our own great names are those of Ruter, Emory, Fisk, Olin, and others of the dead and living. Were these men unfitted for the demands of Methodism by their intellectual culture? Were they less devoted, less useful, less faithful to the peculiar duties of our system than their uneducated fellow-laborers? And would a ministry generally composed of just such men be unsuitable for even the hardest demands of our work? No, no; mental capacity does not imply moral incapacity. Methodism is compatible with large minds, as well as large hearts, and can employ them on the sublimest scale of their powers. We soberly believe that such minds, imbued with the evangelic spirit, can find nowhere else a more congenial sphere of self-devotion and self-development. Men of less capacity have been signally useful among us, but it has been appropriately asked, 'What would be the standing of Methodism at this moment, if the mass of our ministry had added to their natural powers the acquired talents of such men?' Its banners would in all probability be waving over most of the world."

From the "Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tennessee," we have a well-printed duodecimo, entitled *Progress: considered with Particular Reference to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.* The author, the Rev. William J. Sasnett, is, if we may judge from his book, quite a young man; inexperienced at any rate in the art of composition. He has many good thoughts, and offers several suggestions that are worthy of consideration, especially by the ministers of the Church for whose benefit they are made public. He is, however, so full of iteration, his ideas are so dim, and so vaguely expressed, and his sentences are so involved that the reading of his volume is hard work.

It is divided into sections denominated, successively, the Educational Function, the Literature Function, the Eleemosynary Function, the Missionary Function, and the Spiritual Function. With regard to Education, he contends, that it should be wholly in the hands of the clergy. Laymen are no longer to be entrusted with this "Function," and local preachers he ignores utterly:—

"The ministry are the leading representatives of the Church in her organic capacity, everywhere, and especially in Methodism; and their immediate management of any agency as appointed to it by the Church, through her constituted authorities, is necessary to secure the most perfect and intimate connection of the Church with it. The fulfillment of this condition at once determines it to be a constituent part of Church operations—it at once gives to it the *imprimatur* of the Church—and allying it everywhere through the connectional bond of the ministry with her function-

arias, makes it, in the most intimate sense, an integral part of her system."

This seems very much like "progress" backward. We rejoice rather when pious laymen, men who have not solemnly vowed to devote themselves wholly to the work of the ministry, are found in academies, schools, and colleges, guiding the studies of the young. Revolving round the same idea, Mr. Sasnett continues:—

"Methodism may enact her regulations, expressive of her sense of the value of education and of her confidence in particular institutions. She may even contribute her means and patronage, and while all this may powerfully promote the interests of education as such, yet as long as she withholds her ministry, whose business it is understood to be to manage all her organic operations, from the immediate conduct of her educational operations, she, in that very policy, discredits and repudiates education as one of her own legitimate functions. She lowers and degrades it from the position of an integral element of the system of the Church, and denies herself consequently of the highest capabilities to make her educational operations tributary to her own advancement."

Mr. Sasnett has a very high opinion of the superior sanctity and wisdom of the ministry, and so mean a one of the laity, that he repudiates with great horror and at great length all idea of any participancy of the latter in the management of Church affairs. He says:—

"The very fact that ecclesiastical government has its origin directly in God, and is made for the people and not by them—the very fact that it is theocratic in its character—furnishes an argument, that it is not to be popularized by a general participancy of the masses in it; but rather that it is to be exclusively in the hands of the ministry, that its theocratic character may be maintained. When the masses participate in the government of the Church, their very conscious power to fashion and control it, reduces it to their own level, and divests it of its sanctity and awe; but when in the hands of the ministry, the very sacredness of the trust thus reposed in them tends to inspire them with an awful sense of its character and their own high responsibility, while the removal of it above the laity and the commitment of it to those whose office and position they regard with peculiar reverence, contributes greatly to the respect they entertain for it, and to the cultivation of a right sense of the dignity and authority of God's law."

In discussing "the Missionary Function," Mr. Sasnett gives some very good advice to slaveholders. He assures them that slaves "have immortal souls," and asserts what many of them did not know before, and certainly we did not, namely, that "the very reason of the distinctive organization of the Methodist Church, South, grew out of her unwillingness to relinquish her privilege to serve the slaves of the South."

Lest, however, he might be thought to be tainted with unpopular and Christian sentiments upon the subject, he takes occasion to declare that "slavery, both abstractly and concretely, is defensible on the ground of both philosophy and Scripture;" and, looking away beyond the pitiful handful of fanatical abolitionists, he seems to suppose the whole world is arrayed against that favorite institution of the southern states. He says, and with this extract we must conclude:—

"The *world* may vent their fanatic spleen, and spend their time in vain and hollow rantings in behalf of the southern negro, while the thousands of the destitute in their own midst are perishing in squalor and moral wretchedness; but let us, conscious of the superiority of the condition of this people above that of all others of like grade in any society—conscious of the abstract right and moral propriety of the institution itself—more earnestly than ever address ourselves to the work of their salvation, and prove ourselves their best friends, by our direct efforts to elevate their moral condition and promote their real welfare."

Corsica: Picturesque, Historical, and Social, with a Sketch of the Early Life of Napoleon and an Account of the Bonaparte, Paoli, and other principal Families, translated from the German of Ferdinand Gregorovius by Edward Joy Morris. *Philadelphia, Parry & M'Millan.* Mr. Morris, to whom we are indebted for this translation, was formerly United States Charge d'Affairs at Naples. The work had, indeed, already been done into English, by Alexander Muir, and was published in Constable's Miscellany of Foreign Literature. From a hasty comparison of the two, we incline to give the preference to the version of our own countryman. They are both perhaps equally faithful, but that of Mr. Morris appears the more spirited.

As to the work itself, it is the only accessible source of reliable information relative to a part of the world full of interesting associations. Its practical history and social customs, its heroic struggle for independence, the patriotism and devotedness displayed by the Corsicans in the bloody contest with Genoa, its geology, botany, and statistics, are all treated with sufficient minuteness; and the account of the author's tour through the island in the year 1852, abounds with graphical descriptions and illustrative anecdotes. Some new facts in the early life of *the* Napoleon are given, and a glowing tribute is paid to the memory of Paoli, of whom we have an admirable likeness:—

"His memory," says our author, "is held in the highest reverence by his countrymen. The Corsicans are proud of Napoleon because he was their compatriot; but, at the mention of Paoli's name, their eyes kindle like those of a son when allusion is made to the virtues of a deceased father. It is impossible for a man to be more honored and beloved after death than Pasquale Paoli; if posthumous fame be a second life, then this, the greatest man of Corsica and Italy, yet lives in the freshest bloom of existence in the hearts of the old men who saw him face to face, and in those of the Corsican children who are stimulated by his example to lofty deeds and patriotic inspirations. There is no higher title than that of Father of his Country; it has often been misapplied and perverted by sycophantic adulation, but in Corsica I recognized its full force and truth. Paoli presents a fine contrast to Napoleon, love of man against self love—no curses of the dead to blight his name. At Napoleon's nod millions were slaughtered to satisfy his lust of fame and conquest. The blood which Paoli shed was poured out for liberty. The glory of no battle-field encircles his memory; but the foundation of a public school appears to me more honorable and meritorious than the bloodstained laurels of Marengo and the Pyramids."

We have not space for further extracts, and lay down the volume with reluctance. It deserves a place in every respectable library.

The *Messrs. Wood* of this city have published, in a neat octavo, Dr. Bedford's *Lectures on the Diseases of Women and Children.* The lectures are not of a scientific character merely, but designed equally for the profession and the private citizen. They embody the results of the doctor's long and varied experience, are full of practical advice, and written in a most attractive style. Take, as a specimen, the following as introducing his subject, and the spirit with which he enters upon his work:—

"Woman, from her infancy to old age, is an object of constant interest; and it is not strange that a being so tender, and yet so full of endearments, should have

called forth the admiration of the philosopher and the fervid praises of the poet. Her history is but the narrative of good deeds. In health, she is our pride; in disease, our solace; and, in the faithful discharge of her duty to society, she is the idol of all hearts. Like a ministering angel, she soothes us in affliction; and, under the depressing influences of adversity, she inspires hope, and incites to new effort. Who has not felt the cheering influence of her smiles, and the encouragements of her eloquence, in the dark hour of despondency? Abandoned by friends, and left to the cold charities of a selfish and heartless world, the husband of her bosom then knows how to appreciate the depths of her love and the sincerity of her vows.

> "'There, drink my tears while yet they fall;
> Would that my bosom's blood were balm;
> And well thou knowest I'd shed it all,
> To give thy brow one minute's calm.
> Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
> Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—
> The one, the chosen one, whose place,
> In life or death, is by thy side?'

"As wife, mother, sister—in a word, in every situation in life, virtuous woman is the kind and fast friend of man. Is it, therefore, not due to this self-sacrificing being, that we, who know so well how to value her excellence, should labor assiduously to diminish the sufferings and assuage the sorrows incident to her sex. The duty of instructing you how to assuage these sorrows, and rescue her from the perils by which she is surrounded, devolves on me; and I need not say that I will endeavor most faithfully to perform this office."

Theism: the Witness of Reason and Nature to an all-wise and beneficent Creator, by the Rev. John Tulloch, D. D., &c.

A Scotch merchant, by the name of Burnett, left, by his will, a certain amount of money to be given, at intervals of forty years, in two premiums for the best essays on the Evidences that there is a God; that he is good, wise, and all-powerful, &c. For these prizes there have been two competitions. At the former, forty years ago, the first prize was awarded to Dr. Brown of Aberdeen, and the second to Dr. Sumner, now Archbishop of Canterbury, for works already almost forgotten. At the competition in the present year, the first prize, (£1,800) was awarded to the Rev. R. A. Thompson, of Lincolnshire; and the second, (£600) to Dr. Tulloch, for the volume now before us.

Mr. Thompson's essay has not yet reached us; but the *Messrs. Carter*, of this city, having obtained an early copy, have given to the American public, in a beautiful volume, the successful candidate for the second premium. It is divided into four sections, treating respectively of the principles of inductive evidence, illustrative evidence from a great variety of sources, moral intuitive evidence, and difficulties regarding the divine wisdom and goodness. Each of these points is elaborated with skill, and the full strength of the argument is brought out.

A Refutation of the Theological Works of Thomas Paine, not noticed by Bishop Watson in his Apology for the Bible, by Thomas O. Summers, D.D. This little book (eighty-four pages, 18mo.) is from the press of the *Methodist Episcopal Church, South*. It is not exactly a refutation of "the Works," but of some statements in the Works of Paine not noticed by Bishop Watson. The author truly observes: "The cause of truth never loses anything by the courteous manner in which it is defended. The meekness and gentleness of Christ are well adapted to disarm opposition to the Bible, and secure a candid attention to the arguments adduced in proof of its divine original." Unfortunately, however, in his "Refutation of Paine's Works," he treats Paine himself with anything but courtesy; and, unlike the good bishop referred to, exhibits none of the meekness and gentleness of Christ. Judged by his own standard, therefore, his little book is *not* well adapted to disarm opposition and secure candid attention to his arguments. Paine is accused of "the foulest ingratitude and the most diabolical malignity;" of "an atrocious libel;" of "acting the part of a consummate hypocrite;" of "corrupt and abominable principles:" and on the authority of one who professed to know Paine in his lifetime, Dr. Summers spatters his pages with the epithets "dishonest," "a liar," "a beastly drunkard." The charges may be all true enough; but we submit that they have nothing to do with the strength or weakness of the infidel's arguments, and are sadly out of place in the pages of a minister of Christ, whose object is not to blacken character, but to defend truth and win over the deluded votaries of error.

Which: the Right or the Left? From the press of *Garrett & Co.* A novel, or rather a series of highly wrought and overdrawn improbabilities, designed to serve the cause of Christianity; but by no means likely to effect that object. The author is of the monochromatic school, and paints each of his characters with one color only; the black is of the blackest, the white without a shadow, and the red of the bloodiest hue, laid on with a thick brush and an unsparing hand.

The Life of the Rev. Robert Newton, D. D., by Thomas Jackson.—"In labors more abundant." To the subject of the memoir before us may be applied this language of the apostle with greater propriety than to any other man since the days of John Wesley. He entered the ministry at the age of eighteen, and for more than half a century, with unparalleled diligence, labored in the Lord's vineyard. During this whole period he traveled from six to eight thousand miles annually, and on an average was engaged in public services twelve times a week. In the different circuits to which he was appointed he had, usually, a younger minister as an assistant, upon whom devolved the week-day labors and pastoral visitations, while Mr. Newton was left at liberty to attend missionary meetings, dedications, and other special services in various parts of Great Britain and Ireland; always so arranging his work as to be with his own people on Sunday. He preached, says his biographer, more sermons at the opening of chapels, and at chapel anniversaries, than any ten men in the connexion. From three to four thousand chapels were erected during the period of his extraordinary popularity, and and at the opening of the greater part of them he was present and rendered his efficient aid. Some one having expressed a hope that Mr. Newton kept an account of his almost innumerable journeyings, sermons, speeches, and addresses, he replied: "If I did, no one would believe it." It was once observed, in his presence, that he addressed from year to year a greater number of people than perhaps any other living man; to which he replied, after a pause, "The greater is my responsibility." And this, amid all the incense of praise fanned by the breath

of an unparalleled popularity, was the prevailing and absorbing sentiment of his soul—his responsibility to his God.

Of course the life of such a man cannot be otherwise than deeply interesting. Mr. Jackson had something to write about—ample materials; and it is to his credit that he has not followed the track of most of the biographers of the present age who aim, apparently, to make as big a book as possible, and palm upon their unhappy readers page after page of matters irrelevant and unimportant. In this respect our author deserves well of the public. He has condensed a narrative extending over a period of half a century into the moderate compass of little more than four hundred duodecimo pages, and our enterprising publishers, *Messrs. Carlton & Phillips*, have lost no time in giving us the volume in a style of befitting elegance.

Emma; or the three Misfortunes of a Belle.—*Harper & Brothers.*—Jacob Abbott, well known as a writer of story-books for children, has advanced to a higher, if not more useful walk of literature, and with considerable success. Emma is really a nice little novel. She has her three misfortunes; but in the end is married to a "gentleman of considerable fortune, and a very agreeable man in his person and manners." All the other prominent young ladies are also happily married in the course of the story, and good advice is given to misses who may be matrimonially inclined. Bashful young gentlemen, too, may learn how to go through the dread ordeal of what is called "popping the question," without fear of a rebuff. Mr. Vernon, a very shrewd Yankee lawyer, writes a letter to his inamorata, which very adroitly puts the responsibility upon her. Instead of offering himself directly, he says in effect—"My dear, if you will have me I will make you an offer." Here is his letter. It is certainly a model in its way:—

"My Dear Miss Caroline,—The inclosed note which I have written for you is of a highly confidential character. If you are engaged to be married, or if for any other reason you prefer not to receive a confidential communication from me, please return it to me unopened, either with or without a reply to this from yourself. Whether you receive the note, or decline to receive it, I shall be sure you act from some good and substantial reason, and my friendship for you will continue as strong as it has ever been.

"Very truly yours, Edward Vernon."

This is an age of biographies. Memoirs of the dead and of the living swarm around us and keep up an incessant buzzing. A wag suggests the propriety of editorial announcements as to who is not engaged on an autobiography; or whose memoirs are not in the course of preparation; and there is a precedent for this negative kind of information. We read under the telegraphic head of a daily paper—"The *Atlantic* has not arrived," as we did from week to week some time ago; but the joke is somewhat stale now, "Sebastopol not yet taken." But to the subject of memoirs. We have had Barnum, done by himself, and Greeley magnified by a friend. We have now *James Gordon Bennett and his Times, by a Journalist*, from the press of *Stringer & Townsend*. Until enlightened by this closely-printed duodecimo, of nearly five hundred pages, we had not the most remote idea of the virtues of this man's character. His honesty is described as incorruptible; his benevolence, we are assured, is excessive; and his general morality is painted in colors absolutely startling. Bennett says of himself:—

"Conscious of virtue, integrity, and the purest principles, I can easily smile at the assassins and defy their daggers. My life has been one invariable series of efforts, useful to the world and honorable to myself—efforts to create an honorable reputation during life, and to leave something after my death for which posterity may honor my memory."

All this, and a great deal more, the biographer proves, apparently to his own satisfaction. True, his hero has been charged with almost every conceivable vice—falsehood, slander, smuttiness, levying black-mail; has been fined by the courts, and horsewhipped in the streets; but he smiles as he wraps himself in his self-complacent mantle, and the writer of his memoir grins with him as he declares that "All men have rejoiced when he (Bennett) has taken sides with them. No man, society, sect, enterprise or institution exists, that is not made proud when met by his (Bennett's) favor, or that does not feel reproved and rebuked by his criticism." If not applicable to the efforts of the biographer, then, certainly, to the treatment his victim has thus far received from an ungrateful public, we suggest as a motto for the next edition, Falstaff's ejaculation—"How this world is given to lying!"

Higgins & Perkinpine, of *Philadelphia*, have sent us *A Voice from the Pious Dead of the Medical Profession.* It consists of brief, and, for the most part, well-written memoirs, of eight eminent physicians and surgeons, who exemplified the beauty of the Christian religion in their lives, and in their departing hours illustrated its sustaining power. The work is from the pen of a physician, Dr. Henry J. Brown, who favors us also with a preliminary dissertation on "The Cross as the Key to all Knowledge." We commend the volume to the general reader, while, in the language of the preface, "To medical men of every class these memoirs come with singular force, involving, as they do, the modes of thought, the associations, and the difficulties common to the medical profession. Their testimony is as the united voice of brethren of the same toils, proclaiming a heavenly rest to the weary pilgrim. It comes, too, unembarrassed with any considerations of interest, or mere purpose of sect or calling."

The Missing Bride; or, Miriam the Avenger, (*Peterson, Philadelphia,*) is a tale by Mrs. Southworth, said to be founded on fact. We have not read it, having been able to get no further than the description of the heroine, which, believing it to be a fair sample of the work, we copy:—

"Edith's nature and the style of her beauty was very refined. Her form was of medium size and perfect symmetry. Her beautiful head set upon her falling shoulders. Her complexion was of the purest semi-transparent fairness, seen in the white sea-shell. Her forehead was shaded by fine, silky, black ringlets, so light as to be lifted by every breeze, and threw wavering soft shadows upon her pearly cheeks. Her eyes were long-shaped, dark, veiled, and drooping—her countenance the most dreamy and spiritual you ever saw. Her beautiful bust was daintily carved and her graceful limbs delicately rounded and tapering."

Literary Record.

THE REV. DR. WHEDON, of the New-York East Conference, one of our regular contributors, is engaged, as we are happy to learn, in the preparation of a Commentary on the New Testament, designed to be practical in its character, and adapted to family reading and the use of Bible classes. We anticipate a work of great merit.

The Rev. Andrew Manship, a Methodist minister of the Philadelphia Conference, has, in course of preparation for the press, a volume, entitled "Thirteen Years' Experience in the Itinerancy."

"Moredun, a Tale of the Twelve Hundred and Ten," said to have been written by Sir Walter Scott, has been republished in this country. It is not even a successful imitation of Scott's style: at least so say the critics who have examined it; and one of them, a writer in the *Athenæum*, declares that it could not possibly have been written until some years after Scott died. Here is the proof. Chapter iv of vol. i begins: "In one of the narrow streets which wound up tortuously from the Sandhill to the Castle of Newcastle-upon-Tyne—some traces of which still resist the improving hands of time, money, and Granger—a man, &c." This passage offers us a date. The story must have been written *after* Mr. Granger had commenced rebuilding Newcastle, and probably was written after he had finished his task. Now, Scott died in 1832. Mr. Granger made the purchase which ultimately led to the vast alterations in Newcastle in August, 1884. It is therefore absolutely impossible that "Moredun" could have been written until some years after the death of Scott.

Junius, Letters of.—The following paragraph appeared in the *Bengal Hurkaru*, published in Calcutta on February 19th last:—

"The *Englishman* [a military newspaper published in Calcutta] states that there is a gentleman in Calcutta, who possesses 'an original document, the publication of which would forever set at rest the *vexata quæstio* as to the authorship of the *Letters of Junius*.' The document, which we have seen, is what our cotemporary describes it to be, and bears three signatures: that of 'Chatham' on the right-hand side of the paper; and on the left, those of Dr. Milmot, and J. Dunning, afterward Lord Ashburton. The paper, the ink, and the writing, all induce us to believe that the document is genuine; and we understand that the gentleman, in whose possession it is, has other documentary evidence corroborative of this, which still further tends to clear up the riddle which so many have attempted to read with small success."

Autograph Letters.—At a recent public sale in London, a short original letter, written by John Wesley, brought £3 3*s.*; a letter of Joseph Addison, £2 8*s.*; a letter of Robert Burns, £4 15*s.*; one in the hand-writing of John Calvin, £9 9*s.*; and two of Oliver Goldsmith, £15 12*s.* We know not how it may be in England, but the forgery of pretended autographs has been carried to an almost incredible extent in Germany; and letters from Weimar state that the literary committee engaged in investigating the forgery and sale of autographs attributed to Goethe and Schiller have received from various parts of Germany twelve thousand manuscripts, the owners of which distrust their genuineness. A young man, one of the attendants of the Grand Ducal Library, and formerly a shoemaker, has been arrested, and confesses that for two years he has devoted himself most assiduously to meet the public demand for autographs of the poets at a reasonable rate. Arrests of venders are going on in the Grand Duchy of Weimar, in Hanover, and in Prussia.

M. Cortambert, First Secretary of the *Société de Géographie*, has published a map of the celebrities of France, showing the distribution of talent over the country by indicating the birthplaces of the great men. It appears, from this map, that the district of La Manche has produced the greatest number of poets, historians, philosophers, and artists;—that the part of the country near the North Sea is the cradle of most of the great warriors;—that orators, naturalists, physicians, and inventors, were mostly born in the regions of the Mediterranean;—and that the number of politicians and lawyers is fairly balanced between the Mediterranean and La Manche.

The Town Library of Trieste is said to possess seven hundred and seventy-two different editions of Petrarch's Poems, and one hundred and twenty-three of the works of Pope Pius the Second, (Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, Bishop of Trieste.) The Library contains at present twenty-four thousand volumes, mostly works on commerce, navigation, geography, &c. Last year twenty-two very rare editions were added to the collection of the works of Petrarch and Æneas Sylvius.

A *Biblical and Theological Dictionary*, on an enlarged plan, is in course of compilation, by Professor Strong, of Flushing, Long Island, assisted by Dr. M'Clintock.

The Dramas of Shakspeare.—To the already almost innumerable editions of the great poet, another is in course of preparation by Mr. Halliwell, of Loudon. It is to be published in folio, and to be more perfect, and accompanied by more notes and illustrations than any of its predecessors. The editor has issued a circular, soliciting the communication of early editions of the plays of the poet. He offers to pay for them liberally, and will give a hundred pounds sterling for a perfect copy of the first edition of *Titus Andronicus*, and a proportionate sum for other rarities.

The famous controversialist, Dr. David Strauss, of Ludwigsburg, (author of 'The Life of Jesus',) has retired, we are told, from theological polemics, and has devoted himself to literary pursuits of a more peaceable nature. He is making minute and valuable researches as to the lives of the older poets and artists of his Suabian fatherland; and after having published some years since a very interesting biography of Schubart, the patriotic prisoner of the Hohen-

Asperg, he is now preparing a work on the old Wurtemberg poet, Frischlin, who, after having been incarcerated for his various vehement writings in the Castle of Hohen-Urach, tried to escape, but in scaling one of the high walls broke his skull, and died in the attempt. Revolutionary characters, it appears, are still most attractive to the learned doctor, even after having retired himself from the scene of agitation. Monographies of this kind, however, cannot fail to be of the greatest use to the history of German literature in general.

Professor Agassis announces the publication of a truly great and noble contribution to science. It is to be embraced in ten quarto volumes, of about three hundred pages each, and each illustrated by some twenty plates. It will contain the results of the studies of his life, and especially of his embryological investigations, embracing about sixty monographs from all classes of animals, especially those characteristic of this continent; also descriptions of a great number of new species and genera, accompanied with accurate figures and anatomical details. If the subscription shall warrant the undertaking, a volume will be published yearly in the best style of typography and lithography, each volume being complete in itself. Five hundred subscriptions (at $12 each vol., payable on delivery) will be necessary to ensure the cost of the enterprise.

Rev. William Hunter.—This gentleman, formerly editor of the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*, has been elected to the Kramar Professorship of Hebrew and Biblical Literature in Allegheny College. Mr. Hunter is reputed to be a very thorough Hebrew scholar.

The first number of a New Quarterly, entitled *The National Review*, has made its appearance in London. Its publishers make large promises. The following are the contents of the initial number:—1. The Administrative Problem; 2. William Cowper; 3. The Planets; 4. Ewald's Life of Christ; 5. Novels and Poems by the Rev. C. Kingsley; 6. Romanism, Protestantism, and Anglicanism; 7. Goethe and Werther; 8. International Duties and the Present Crisis; 9. Summary of Theology and Philosophy; 10. Books of the quarter.

Arts and Sciences.

Sculpture in the United States. — At the commencement of the American Revolution there stood in the Bowling Green, New-York, a statue of George the Third; and, during the retreat of the Americans before the advancing British army, the indignant populace decapitated the statue and demolished the pedestal with every mark of resentment. From that day to a period little short of half a century nothing in the nature of a statue was seen in the Union, if we except that of Washington (by Houdon) in the capital of Virginia. This glorious statue, so fully representing the majestic dignity of the original, may be as truly termed the *father* of American sculpture as the subject of it is the "Father of his Country." It struck the first blow at that prejudice in the American mind which blinded it to the usefulness and noble mission of an art which gives to virtue a pedestal, and to patriotism a permanent form and place before the eyes of the millions whom they have blessed with freedom and happiness. The spacious halls of the capitol at Washington were almost destitute of sculpture till within a very few years. In the Hall of Representatives were a colossal plaster figure of Liberty, and a fine marble one of History, adorning the clock; in the Rotunda, a series of panels, containing miserable *basso-relievo* scenes from American history; and in the tympanum, over the east front of the capitol, a very *low* relief allegoric group. All these were by Italian hands. In 1847 the Greek Slave was placed on exhibition in New-York. A painter-friend of the sculptor went over from Italy and undertook the enterprise entirely at his own risk and expense; and notwithstandiag the strong repugnance that existed in many minds to the public exhibition of a *naked* statue, it was so judiciously conducted as in some measure to disarm serious opposition. Enthusiastic and reiterated appeals were made on behalf of the sculptor, cramped for the means of pursuing his studies in a foreign land, and his right to a generous reception of his first statue among his countrymen. The national pride and sympathy were thus aroused to such a pitch as to postpone to some future day the duty of impartial criticism upon the merits of the work itself. Under such favorable auspices the statue was taken through the States, everywhere received by the masses as a work of almost miraculous power, and giving to thousands for the first time the opportunity and pleasure of looking upon a statue in marble. The result to the artist was celebrity and money, and numerous valuable commissions from states and individuals — placing him at once in an easy, if not independent position. Since the year 1846, Mr. Powers has sent from his workshop no less than five Greek Slaves, three Fisher-Boys, one Eve, one Calhoun, one Washington, all full-sized statues; forty busts of Proserpine, several of Diana, Psyche, Washington, Fisher-Boy, and Slave, and a large number of portrait busts, still having on hand, in various stages of progress, a great many works of a similar kind. It may be truly divined that posterity will not have to go a-begging for a sight of his works. Many artists, for a much less recompense, would cheerfully embrace an exile to such a country as Italy; few, however, there will be who will find the two together. The increasing patronage of sculpture in the United States is not now limited to this one of its professors; others are beginning to receive that to which they

have shown themselves entitled. Crawford, at Rome, is executing for the state of Virginia a magnificent monument to Washington and other citizens of revolutionary renown. Washington is represented upon a spirited steed—beneath and surrounding the pedestal stand his civil and military associates in that day of trial. The figures are all to be of bronze. When completed, it will be one of the most striking monuments of modern times in general effect and artistic power. The sculptor has received during the past year a highly complimentary and lucrative commission from his government to fill one of the pediments of the enlargement of the capitol. It will give scope to his abilities in the highest departments of his art — invention, composition, action, and expression, and the lucid rendering of his story. His long and severe studies in Rome, and his past productions are the surest guarantees of success. By this great work his name may be favorably known as long as the capitol stands.

Copying Paper, or Manifold Writer.—Mix well together until it forms a uniform paste, lampblack and lard; rub this mixture over a good absorbent paper, until it is thoroughly impregnated; then wipe of the superfluity with a soft rag. When writing, place this copying paper under the sheet to be written upon, and over another sheet whereon the copy is desired; as the writing is performed, a faithful copy will be impressed upon the bottom paper.

The Monument to Pius IX, and the Immaculate Conception.—The corner-stone of the monument which is to commemorate Pius IX. and his decision of the Immaculate Conception, "is now a fixed fact." Cardinal Fransoni, prefect of the Sacred Congregation, conducted the ceremonies in presence of the professors and pupils of the several colleges, and the resident dignitaries of the Church; Archbishop Cullen of Dublin, the Archbishops of Australia, Armenia, Canada, &c., who proceeded processionally to the site in the Piazza di Spagna, chanting the hymn Ave Maria Stello. A parchment memoir of the dogmatic decision, and the coins of the Holy See, are among the memorials of the day confided to the leaden socket in marble. The pope did not participate, of course, in these solemnities, plausive of his pontificate. The colossal obelisk excavated by Pius VI. in 1777, from the ruins of a Benedictine institution, is to be appropriated on this occasion. It will be erected upon a broad octagon pedestal twenty-four feet in height, on which are to stand the marble statues of the prophets who have spoken in a special manner of the Virgin, that is to say, of Moses, Isaiah, David, and Ezekiel, and the several sides of which are to be ornamented with symbolic basso-relievos: the arms of Pius IX. and his memorable decree being conspicuously displayed in bronze. The column itself is four feet in diameter and twenty-six in height, without including the capital, a beautiful composition, designed for the occasion, comprising the initials of the Virgin interwoven with the lily as the sign of purity, and the olive as the symbol of peace. On this will rest a platform for four figures of the Evangelists supporting a globe, as the footstool of a bronze Virgin, thirteen feet in height, with a coronal of stars, in the act of thanking Heaven for the new glory added to her name by the pontifical decree, and imploring peace on earth. The whole height of the monument will exceed seventy feet.

Statue of Beethoven.—This splendid work of art, which Mr. Charles C. Perkins, a devoted admirer of the great composer, has caused to be cast at the Royal Foundery of Munich from a model furnished by one of our most eminent sculptors, has recently arrived in Boston, and is now on exhibition in the sculpture gallery of the Athenæum, where it constantly attracts delighted crowds. Mr. Perkins, with elegant munificence, has destined this splendid work to occupy a niche in the Boston Music Hall, and Boston may now claim to possess the only statue of Beethoven in existence, except that erected in Bonn, and probably the best ideal representation of him ever attempted. The departure of the statue from Munich for America was celebrated by a grand musical festival, at which the king and the royal family participated.

Colonel Rawlinson has arrived in London from Bagdad, having brought to a close the excavations in Assyria and Babylonia, which he has been superintending for the last three years on behalf of the Trustees of the British Museum. The results of these excavations have already in part reached the Museum, but the most valuable portion of them are still in transit.

Increasing the Size of Flowers. — A horticulturist of the suburbs of Versailles, in studying the physiology of the vegetable kingdom, conceived the idea that the smallness of certain plants—the violet, for example—was owing to an atmospheric pressure too great for their delicate organs. Having fixed this idea in his mind, the florist conceived the notion of putting his idea into practice. Providing himself with a small balloon, rendered sufficiently tight to prevent the escape of any gas, he lanched it into the air, having attached to it a silken cord twelve hundred meters long. Instead of a car, the balloon sustained a flower-pot of Parma violets. This experiment has been going on about two months with the most wonderful results, in the shape of violets as large as Bengal roses. It is expected that the above experiment may be turned to some account.

Mr. Donn Platt, the Secretary of the American Legation at Paris, has written a letter to his friends in Cincinnati, Ohio, urging them to raise $2,000 by subscription, for the purchase of an original portrait of General Washington, which is now offered for sale in Paris, and which he thinks would adorn the new State House in Ohio. He says:—

"It was painted by the celebrated Wert Muller, in 1795, at Philadelphia, who went to the United States for that express purpose; and has not only the merit of being a magnificent painting, but the only portrait of him taken at that period, at a time before age had left its marks—indeed, in the prime and vigor of his life. The picture was at one time taken to Washington, when the price was held at $10,000, while now it can be had for $2,000. I should think a subscription, fixed at $1,00 each subscriber, would be soon taken up, and this valuable painting secured to our state. The government of Russia has, through its minister at Brussels, made an offer; but I have got the owners to hold on until I can hear from the patriotism of my native state."

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1855.

BISHOP SIMPSON.

BISHOP SIMPSON has been before the Methodist public, in various important capacities, for nearly a quarter of a century, and in none of them without distinguished success. He is at present considered one of the very strongest representatives of the denomination.

He is a native of Cadiz, Ohio, and was born June 21, 1810. His parents were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Their house was the home and preaching place for the traveling ministers, a fact which (as in many other cases) had much to do with his subsequent religious tendencies; we have already shown that another living bishop of Methodism owed the direction of his career to the same cause. When about a year old, his father died, and his education devolved upon his mother, who yet lives in the city

of Cincinnati, and upon an uncle of very considerable and varied learning, who was for years in public life, either on the judicial bench or in the state senate of Ohio, and who was also an active member and a devoted friend of the Methodist Church. His intellectual training commenced very early, and he gave evidences of that precocity of mind which has characterized, more or less, most men of extraordinary powers. True mental greatness must be inherent; it is therefore, in its essential attributes, original with the man, and can be discerned more or less under any disadvantages or obscurations of his youth; its peril is the physical precocity and correspondent physical decay which usually accompany it. If this can be averted by a suitable physical education, no evil will be likely to ensue; the mind can never fail through its own activity, however early or however continuous that activity may be; the physical stamina alone can suffer under it, and thereby disable the mental activity. Dr. Simpson's western life and hardy habits saved him from this dangerous liability. While early and assiduous in study, he also laid the foundation of permanent and strenuous health. In addition to the ordinary branches, at *eight years* of age he began the study of the German language, and *read the German Bible through in the following year.*

When about twelve years old he commenced the study of Latin and Greek, first privately, and then at an academy in his native town. To these languages he added the study of French, and an extensive mathematical course. When between seventeen and eighteen years of age he became a student in Madison College, then superintended by Drs. Bascom, Elliott and Fielding, and received the appointment of tutor. During his stay in this institution he pursued the study of Hebrew, which he had previously commenced.

In 1829 he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and immediately engaged in active religious duties as a Sabbath-school teacher, and shortly afterward as a class-leader. His health suffering, notwithstanding his care and good constitution, he turned his attention to the study of medicine, and having completed the usual course, was licensed as a physician in 1833. But feeling it to be his duty to preach, he was licensed as a local preacher, and recommended to the annual conference about the same period. His first circuit was West Wheeling. The second year he was stationed in the city of Pittsburgh, under the charge of the Rev. T. M. Hudson. The third year, the station being divided, he was placed in charge of Liberty-street Church in that city. The fourth year he was appointed to Monongahela city. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Roberts in Pittsburgh, in 1835, and elder in Steubenville, Ohio, in 1837, by the same bishop.

At the close of the fourth year he accepted the professorship of Natural Science and the Vice Presidency in Alleghany College, where he remained ten years, and in 1839 was elected President of the Indiana Asbury University, which became, under his auspices, one of the strongest literary institutions of American Methodism. Here he remained until elected editor of the *Western Christian Advocate* in 1848. Shortly after his election, he was tendered, by the faculty of Dickinson College, the presidency of that institution, but would not accept it. The presidency of the Wesleyan University was subsequently offered him. Dr. Simpson received the title of A. M. from Dr. Ruter at the Alleghany College in 1835, and that of D. D. from the Wesleyan University in 1843. He was a delegate to the General Conference in 1844 and 1848. In the latter he had occasion to show his devotion to, and mastery in the business of the Church. In conjunction with the Rev. J. C. Collins, he projected the California Conference—a measure then much questioned, but now found to be full of wisdom.

As president of a college, Dr. Simpson was unusually successful; he sent out many of the most promising young men of education in the West. He retired from this useful sphere of labor, and accepted the editoral chair for the sake of a new mode of activity as a new means of self-development and usefulness. The *Western Christian Advocate* quickly showed his vigorous hand. It took a decided stand on some of the most important public questions of the day. It incurred the animadversion of the secular press for its attention to the moral bearings of political movements and measures, but vindicated itself always with a resistless logic and vigor. The action of Congress on slavery received special attention from Dr. Simp-

son, and his articles on that vexed subject did much to produce the state of opinion respecting it which now prevails throughout the West, not only in the Methodist conferences, but in the community at large. There was as much courage as ability displayed in his discussions of the subject.

We are not aware that Bishop Simpson has given to the public any other products of his pen than his editorials. His talents are evidently those of the preacher and the practical workman. His style, as a writer, shows no extraordinary traits; his power with the pen is purely that of strong sense and clear decisive logic. He has not probably *practiced* much the art of "composing," with a view to the elegancies or effectiveness of style—attributes which, though but secondary to such intellectual vigor as his, are nevertheless indispensable to any extended and permanent literary success. Methodism is so practical, so exigent in all its tendencies, that it hardly allows any of its sons to seek the kind of culture which secures influence and sway to the pen. The times are changing with it, however, in this respect, and there are indications that before many years it will take a leading place in the rapidly developing literature of the country.

Dr. Simpson's face is expressive of calm decision, of persistent energy and discriminating sagacity. He looks as if he ought to be a capital business man, a shrewd and safe manager, and a first-rate presiding officer. A writer in one of the Church papers thus rudely drew him, in charcoal, during the session of the Boston General Conference, some days before his election to the Episcopacy:—"He is editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, and sits a few pews in the rear of his *confrere* of New-York. The doctor, like our humble self, may very appropriately thank Dr. Watts for that sublime stanza,

'The mind 's the standard of the man,' &c.

"There are a great many fond temptations playing about our editorial heart to 'puff' him, but we must 'give in' respecting his face and head; he must consent, unconditionally, to take his seat among the respectable class of 'homely' men, with, however, the relieving consciousness that he is in the majority. He is rather slight in form, but evidently lithe and strenuous; his mien is not commanding; he stoops a little; his facial contour is a sharp, small triangle; his forehead is a *cap*-ital refutation of phrenology. In fine, the doctor is one of those characters whom all men of unfortunate faces glory in as living vindications of their whole class, for he is unquestionably a man of decided intellectual strength. He has delivered sermons and speeches in Boston which have excited no little interest." He was very popular, it is said, among the farmers in the far west during his presidential days—nearly as much for his coarse or uncouth clothes, as for his powerful talents. In his peregrinations through the country they flocked to hear him with enthusiasm, and delighted to recognize him as "one of themselves."

The superiority of Bishop Simpson is of that intrinsic character which marks a great man in anything that he undertakes. He is generally very effective in the pulpit—sometimes transcendently so; and he is so in spite of some very obvious defects. His voice is not good, and it usually assumes a shrill monotone, (the result, apparently, of too high a pitch,) which would be pronounced, by any critic in oratory, utterly incompatible with true eloquence; yet is he eloquent in defiance of the critics. The monotonous, declamatory tone, so common in the pulpits of Methodism, and one or two other of the most zealous denominations of this country, is the greatest detraction from their otherwise powerful ministrations. It would be laughed down, without ceremony, in the legislature, or any other assembly than the Church. Its mischief is, that it is *unnatural*—a bad habit; and on that very account usually an inexorable one. "Action," said Demosthenes, "is eloquence;" but the "action" of the voice—its natural modulations—must be included. Once get on a high declamatory monotone, and you lose the possibility of right, variable modulations. A public speaker should be as natural as in conversation—the vocal manner in which he would address a small group of friends around him, extended in force or loudness enough to be heard by a large group, that is by a public assembly—that is the true oratory; and it should be conducted with all possible ease, self-possession, and naturalness. The bishop's manner is fixed, unalterable, we suppose;

and we are not certain that it does not arise, partly, from a natural or constitutional (but yet defective) peculiarity; still, as bishops are usually models for imitation among the younger clergy, the latter may properly enough be advised of some of their liabilities. It would be well for them to recollect that Cicero tells us of a great cotemporary orator who, notwithstanding his superb powers, had some very grotesque grimaces, &c.; and that the young oratorical aspirants of the day, in endeavoring to imitate him, copied all his faults, but none of his excellences. Nature takes delight sometimes in resenting, with ridicule, the mental coxcombry of men who would be great, as monkeys would be men, by putting on the mere external dress of their superiors.

In spite, we repeat, of his peculiar defect of voice, Bishop Simpson is one of the most powerful preachers now extant among us. He follows the old plan of "homiletically" dividing and sub-dividing his subjects; his "skeletons" or "plans" are usually very thoroughly defined, and the parts taken up *seriatim* with nice precision. His verbal style is clear, direct, and rather plain; he throws abundance of apt and brilliant illustrations over his subject; (this is, in fact, one of his most striking excellences;) his emotions kindle and glow, brightening the declamatory monotone of which we have spoken more and more, and sweeping over the audience like an increasing gale on the bending grass of the prairie. There is a heart-subduing emotion with it also, that gives it a profoundly devout effect; the hearers, from the first, look eagerly at the speaker; they soon begin to wipe their eyes; and before he is through, you will be very apt to hear not a few outspoken, spontaneous responses to the stirring appeals of the preacher — especially in a western audience.

His neglected and inferior personal appearance adds, by contrast, to the strong impression of his discourse. The newspapers report that some time since, traveling east, he arrived in Lancaster—a place in which, personally, he was unknown—on Saturday evening, and being unwilling to travel on the Sabbath, he remained until Monday. On Sunday morning he set out from the hotel to find the Methodist Church. On his way he happened to inquire of one of the members going to it. As they were walking together, this brother discovered that he was a preacher, though, from his appearance, he supposed a local one from the country. On arriving at the church, he introduced him to the pastor, Rev. William Bishop. Although Mr. Bishop heard the name, he never for a moment thought who it was. Hesitating whether to ask him to preach, lest he should be ashamed of the effort of one whom he supposed to be a country farmer, he at last gave the invitation, and the bishop consented. All fears of him were dispelled while he offered his first prayer. During the sermon he enjoyed peculiar "liberty," and such a heavenly influence rested upon the congregation that almost every soul was melted, subdued, or carried away on a tide of exultant joy. Mr. Bishop was perfectly astonished. Soon after the bishop had taken his seat and the intensity of feeling had a little subsided, the pastor said to him:—

"Are you a traveling preacher, brother?"

"Yes; I have been an itinerant for several years, and now travel a very large circuit."

"What conference do you belong to?"

"I did belong to the Pittsburgh, but I cannot say that I am now attached to any particular conference."

"What did you say your name was?"

"Simpson."

"Simpson! Simpson! not Bishop Simpson?"

"Why, they call me bishop sometimes," was the reply.

In the excitement of the moment the pastor sprang to his feet and informed the congregation that they had had the pleasure of listening to Bishop Simpson. The day will not soon be forgotten by the Methodists of Lancaster.

But we have not designed to prolong these sketches. Dr. Simpson ought never to have been elected bishop. We helped by our own vote to make him such; but we have twinges of conscience whenever we think of the fact. If our repentance could undo the wrong we then did him, we would vote down our old vote; but, alas! some sins are irrevocable. The doctor is not at all the man for such a place; but so grave a charge requires proof, and we cannot detail ours here; we must defer it till our sketch of Bishop Ames, against whom we must bring the same charge in our next number.

CASA WAPPY.

WHAT a wonderful effect the pet names of children has on the fond parent! How tenaciously the endearing manner in which the little one answered your call clings to the memory, and how fondly yet sadly all his little sayings and doings are recalled, none but those who have experienced the loss of a sweet child can realize. Satisfied though you may be that the one whom you so tenderly loved is in a brighter habitation than the wealthiest of monarchs, who dwell here below, can possess; that his companions are angels and himself an angel, still it is natural to mourn the demise of one whom you had loved with a father's love or cherished with a mother's holy affection. It was this fine feeling that induced the sweet poet, Moir, to write the beautiful poem which we here present to our readers, on the death of a child whose pet name was "Casa Wappy," and whose early departure was a source of deep grief to the poet.

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy—
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy?
Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;
Even by its bliss we mete our death,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;
Tears of our anguish may not tell
When thou didst die;
Words may not paint our grief for thee,
Sighs are but bubbles in the sea
Of our unfathom'd agony,
Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight
To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to our sight,
A type of heaven;
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine own self than a part
Of mine and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy!

Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight:
There dost thou glide before me still—
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek—
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak—
Till O! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow,
In buoyant health:
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
Thy dimpled cheek carnation'd bright,
Thy clasping arms so round and white,
Casy Wappy!

Thy bright brief day knew no decline—
'T was cloudless joy;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy:
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay;
That found thee prostrate in decay;
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled;
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear sweet child!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat, thy bow,
Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball;
But where art thou?
A corner holds thine empty chair;
The playthings, idly scatter'd there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

Even to the last thy very word—
To glad, to grieve—
Was sweet as sweetest song of bird,
On summer's eve;

In outward beauty undecay'd,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And like the rainbow thou didst fade,
Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee when blind, blank night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee when morn's first light
Reddens the hills:
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All, to the wall-flower and wild-pea,
Are changed,—we saw the world through thee,
Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
An inward birth;
We miss thy small step on the stair,
We miss thee at thine evening prayer,
All day we miss thee, everywhere,
Casa Wappy!

Heaven were a coinage of the brain,
Religion frenzy, virtue vain,
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above;
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy!

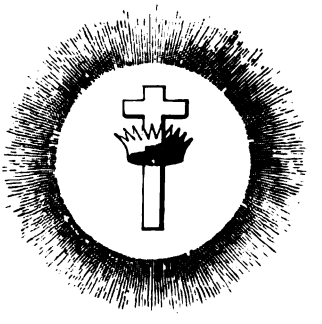
Yet 't is sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, fairest boy,
That heaven is God's, and thou art there
With him in joy;
There past are death and all its woes,
There beauty's stream forever flows,
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy!

Farewell, then—for a while, farewell—
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart:
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;
And, dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I 'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
In life's spring bloom,
Down to the appointed house below,
The silent tomb.
But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo, and "the busy bee,"
Return—but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

'T is so; but can it be while flowers
Revive again,
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain?
O! can it be that o'er the grave
The grass renew'd should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save?
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery, thought were woe,
And truth a lie;



THE MANOR HOUSE AT STOKE.

THE TOMB OF THOMAS GRAY.

IT was a lovely Sabbath morning, before summer had quite finished her sojourn among us, and when autumn had barely touched the topmost branches of the trees with her golden wand, that we determined on a pilgrimage to Stoke Pogis, and left the pretty hill of Clewer at an early hour to go to church,* at the place rendered immortal by the poet who wrote so little, and yet so much. We passed through the ugly scrambling town hanging on the skirts of royalty, as a tattered parasite around a lordly tree; and over the bridge, which Eton youths may not cross, into the town of the *boy-college* where the poet was educated with his friend West: and though West went to Oxford, and Gray to Cambridge, their friendship only terminated with the life of the former.

Eton lies so very low that it is well the lads have long vacations, though all look happy and full of life, and in the very spirit of health. The previous day we had seen scores of them playing foot-ball in the meadows appropriated to their amusement—recalling one of the most finished poems of our most finished poet—

"Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?"

But now, on the Sabbath, all was still—the dew, unmarked by a single footstep; the shadows—shadows which are to the eye what echoes are to the ear—lying heavily upon the grass! We passed too (though somewhat out of our road) "the ivy-mantled tower" of Upton Church.

It added to our enjoyment to visit the scenes of the poet's early days on our way to his favorite village; to look upon the old walls within whose sanctuary he imbibed that classic taste, perfected at Cambridge, and the fruit of which seemed the chief solace of his life. It is impossible to read his *few* poems and *letters* and journals without feeling that his affections were circumscribed within a very small compass—and all under his control. We could not imagine him betrayed into an emotion, or shaken by a sympathy. And

* The altar-tomb seen near the church, beside which two figures stand, covers the grave of Gray's aunt and mother; it was erected by him, and the concluding words of the epitaph simply, but most touchingly, record his sense of that most melancholy bereavement, for which the world can offer no substitute—a mother's love. The poet's name is not upon the tomb; but he also lies with them in their grave, and it is recorded on a tablet fixed in the church wall: "Opposite to this stone in the same tomb upon which he has so feelingly recorded his grief at the loss of a beloved parent, are deposited the remains of Thomas Gray, the author of the Elegy written in a Country Churchyard, &c. He was buried August 6, 1771."

yet he was so thoroughly right, so elevated and ennobled by genius, that while you doubt the possibility of his reviving or exciting enthusiasm or affection, you venerate and admire him as a true poet and an admirable man.

His friend Mason, at the commencement of the collected edition of his poems and letters, makes the trite observation — that the lives of men of letters seldom abound with incidents; and perhaps no life ever afforded fewer than that of the poet to whose grave our pilgrimage is made — that is to say, of what people of the world consider "incidents," but to the poetic temperamant, things having neither name nor habitation, yet existing — shadows of thoughts and feelings, revivals of past times, or the creations of the imagination, supply not only "incidents," but become *events*; so that often a life has been full to overflowing of such as cannot be recorded; or if it were possible to record them, they could not be understood. Mason may most justly describe Gray as a "virtuous, a friendly, and an amiable man; indeed, his truth, uprightness, and sincerity, rendered him peculiarly adapted for the highest friendship: it was the atmosphere in which he lived—

"Neither too hot nor too cold"

STOKE POGIS CHURCH.

for his moral constitution. There is in the volume we have read one letter to his friend West, who was evidently an erratic genius, fond of change of scene, and the luxury of no employment, or who perhaps called his day-dreams occupation: the letter is to be found on the one hundred and eighty-seventh page of Rivington's little edition, with a frontispiece and vignette

THE IVY-MANTLED TOWER.

by Mr. Uwins, designed before the accomplished painter went to Italy and returned to delight all who look upon his pictures—the letter, as we have said, on the one hundred and eighty-seventh page, is a model of refined feeling, practical sense, and earnest, hardy, disinterested friendship, evincing the extent of his discretion and the soundness of his judgment at the age of four-and-twenty. It is much more philosophic than poetic, and proves that the excitement of foreign travel (he dates from Florence) did not in the least throw his mind off its well-poised balance. Indeed, nothing can be more matter-of-fact than Mr. Gray's account of his lengthened stay abroad: "We went there, and saw that, and then visited the other." There is little more in his descriptions; and yet he is so clear, that you see all he wishes you to see. He is rarely, if ever, roused into enthusiasm; his warmth is that of a Greek statue; his eye is of stone rather than of fire. At Rome he met "The Pretender" and his two sons; the peculiar character of Gray prevented his giving any sympathy to this crushed branch of the house of Stuart; and his account of Charles Edward in age singularly contrasts with that of the Charles Edward either of history or imagination, when, in his young days, he held court at Holyrood, and enlisted the warm sympathies of many a high-hearted man and pure-souled woman. The fallen fortunes of the prince might have excited the enthusiasm of the poet; but Gray was a remarkable example of poetry without enthusiasm.

The letters and journals are, however, full of interest, and models of a close and yet graceful style; of rare value now-a-days, when writers elaborate words rather than thoughts. His *morale* also was of the highest. He was, certainly, of a musing, melancholy turn, not likely to move the affections of any except those who knew him in his earlier years, when the yielding heart readily receives strong impress from light matters; for in one of his letters he complains bitterly of living for a month in the house with three women, who did little but laugh from morning to night, and would concede nothing to the sullenness of his disposition. Again, and in another, he says seriously, "Cambridge is a delight of a place, *now there is nobody* in it. I do believe you would like it if you knew what it was without inhabitants."

As we drove along we talked over what we had read, until we remembered that the calm dignified classic poet, who loved Cambridge only when it was without inhabitants, was born amid the bustle of Cornhill, on the 26th of December, 1716, and was educated at Eton under the care of his mother's brother, Mr. Antrobus, who was at that time one of the assistant-masters, and also a Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, to which Mr. Gray removed, and was admitted as a pensioner in the year 1734. His friendship with Horace Walpole commenced at Eton and was continued at college; Walpole was fond of asserting, in his keen epigrammatic way, what seems to be very true, that "Gray never was a boy." Gray's correspondence with this trifler in great things is very interesting. He accompanied Mr. Walpole abroad, and though their acquaintance was dissevered, Mr. Mason says Mr. Walpole laid the blame on himself. The poet had all the sensitiveness and mistrust of self which accompanies true genius; and there is something to excite a smile in his nervous anxiety touching his "misfortune," as he expresses it, "of receiving a communication from the 'Magazine of Magazines,'* for the time being—saying that an *ingenious* poem, called 'Reflections in a Country Churchyard,' has been communicated to the editor, which the editor is printing; and begging, not only the writer's confidence, but the honor of his *correspondence*." Like all persons of narrow views, the proprietors of the "Magazine of Magazines" thought they conferred an honor on the author of the Elegy by bringing him into *notice!* Gray so instinctively shrunk from this, that he wrote a most simple and earnest letter to Walpole, entreating him to get Dodsley to print the "Elegy" forthwith anonymously, *and to print it without any interval between the stanzas*, giving as a reason, that the sense is in some places

* This journal was originated by a speculative bookseller, and it was intended to combine in its pages the pith of its various monthly cotemporaries, in the same way that the "Gentleman's Magazine" had first done by the newspapers. The success of the last-named miscellany, which was begun by Cave in 1731, soon led to the establishment of the "London Magazine;" and the success of both to a host of imitators: and their number led to the establishment of this "Magazine of Magazines," which was to condense the best articles from all.

continued beyond them.* Being thus relieved from his nervousness, he continued tolerably tranquil until—at an after time—informed that it was in contemplation to publish his portrait with his poems. This threw him into a fresh agony. He again wrote another letter to Mr. Walpole, in which he said:—

"Sure you are not out of your wits; this I know, if you suffer my head to be printed, you will infallibly put me out of mine. I conjure you immediately to put a stop to any such design. Who is at the expense of engraving it I know not; but if it be Dodsley, I will make up the loss to him. The thing as it was I know will make me ridiculous enough; but to appear in proper person, at the head of my works, consisting of half-a-dozen ballads in thirty pages, would be worse than the pillory. I do assure you, if I had received such a book, with such a frontispiece, without any warning, *I believe it would have given me a palsy!*"

We had thought of visiting Burnham, where the poet's uncle resided, if it were only in memory of the description, half serious, half absurd, which he gives of a spot famous for its beauty and its beeches; but the summer had passed without our putting our design into action. Much as Gray loved and venerated his mother, and respected the aunt (Miss Antrobus) who, to remedy his father's extravagance, joined with her in the establishment of a warehouse for the sale of "Indian goods" in Cornhill, there is a tone of well-bred mannerism and respect in his letters to his mother, rather than the outpouring of warm affection. In all his memoirs there is no trace of his having formed an attachment, or, as it is called, "fallen in love" with anything more mortal than a classic Muse; and while we loitered through the beautiful drive which, as we approached Stoke Green, became perfectly umbrageous, we could not recall a single line of Gray's that bore evidence of inspiration by the "tender passion."

The repose of a Sabbath morning was over the country; we passed, and met groups of persons, and hordes of little children "dressed for Church;" the bells had not yet commenced sending forth their summons; and the elders of the people were standing beneath the shadows of their homesteads, or looking after the "young men and maidens," the heritors of their toil and their dwellings, with as much pride as pleasure. There had been a long continuance of rain previous to our excursion; so that the sunshine made this Sabbath one of more than ordinary beauty and happiness: the leaves clung to their parent trees, and the verdure was more bright and fresh than usual for the season; the swallows "hawked" rapidly through the air; the cattle stood sleepily in the ponds fringed by graceful willows; many hard-worked horses felt that this, even to them, was a day of rest, and looked, we fancied, with pitying eyes on those who experienced no freedom from labor; the dogs winked in the sunbeams, and the dignified hen stalked triumphantly at the head of her full-grown brood. Few spots in England can boast of anything more lovely than the park and lane scenery immediately in the neighborhood of Stoke Pogis; the church, in its intense retirement, forming a portion, and a most beautiful and hallowed portion, of the domain, does not stand, like ordinary churches, by the way-side or in a village, but, like the church at Great Hampden, amid time-honored trees, shedding a halo on the residence which has lately found a new proprietor—one who is entitled to all respect, and who is worthy to be its occupant.

All matters at Stoke Pogis are better cared for than at Great Hampden: you drive through a pretty gate-way guarded on the left by a lodge covered with climbers; on the right an embowered path leads to the monument, and the parterre which surrounds this memento of respect and admiration is kept in as perfect order as any flower-garden can be; it is separated from the meadow, through which the carriage-road continues after passing the lodge, by a sunk fence, and you see, to great advantage, the church, with

"Those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,"

* Gray's "Elegy," like all his other poems, appears to have been much elaborated in thought, and subject to great supervision. At the sale of some of his books and papers, at the end of the year 1845, the original manuscript was sold for $500. There was a curious instance of this supervision of the lines which now stand—

"Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may rest,
Some *Cromwell* guiltless of his country's blood."

They had originally been—

"Some mute inglorious *Tully* here may rest,
Some *Cæsar* guiltless of his country's blood."

The alteration is curious, as it shows Gray's love of classicality; ultimately overruled by the dictates of a sound criticism, which would make such allusions out of place in a poem so eminently full of pure English simplicity.

YEW-TREES.

backed by ancient plantations.* We have never visited a scene more suggestive of calm and serious thought; its effect was increased by the winning voice of the church-bell, fraught with its divine message, swelling above the landscape; the mingled congregation moving on noiselessly, the rich and poor, the old and young, might have been imagined an array of pilgrims, bound for the sacred temple. "Imagined!" Were they not so? Are we not all pilgrims, toiling onward; working our way through anxieties and tribulations, now led forward by hope, now lured aside by temptations, now driven back by disappointment—all pilgrims—all troubled—all unsafe—all uncertain of success; whose ears hear the church-bells, though their promise may not strike upon the heart? Pilgrims, and weary and profitless pilgrims are we all, to ourselves and others, until we find the right path; and keeping our eyes fixed upon the bright star of salvation, hold out both hands to help onward our fellow-men; knowing and believing that, despite the hardest the world can do unto us, there is a living and eternal hope which never fails!

O what glad tidings of great joy are brought to every faithful heart by these musical church-bells! In groups, or one by one, the congregation entered the porch. And yet the scene had so inspired us with meditation, that we still lingered within the inclosure.*

The bell ceased—the only living creature lingering on the path was a pretty,

* The reasons which induced our English ancestors so constantly to plant yew-trees in churchyards have been variously stated. Some affirm that it was to insure a supply of yew-bows that the young men of the parish might practice archery, when enjoined by law. But Brady, in his *Clavis Calendaria*, says: "Among our superstitious forefathers, the palm-tree, or its substitute box and yew, were solemnly blessed on Palm-Sunday, and some of their branches burnt to ashes and used on Ash-Wednesday in the following year; while other boughs were gathered and distributed among the pious who bore them about in their numerous processions, a practice which was continued in this country until the second year of Edward VI." Caxton, in his Directory for keeping the festivals, also shows that the yew was substituted for the palm in England:—"But for that we have non olyve that beareth grained leaf, therefore we take yew instead of palm olyve." The melancholy shade and evergreen tint of the yew afford a good type of immortality, which may have also been another reason for their constant appearance in our churchyards, many of which contain yews of many centuries growth.

* In the olden time the church porch was the gathering-place for the villagers; and here marriages were solemnized. The reader of Chaucer will remember the Wife of Bath's declaration:—

"Husbands at chirche-door have I had five."

At that time stone porches were usual, which, with the room over them, termed *the Parvis*, became a sort of little chapel, having a piscina. Fire-places are frequently found in them. In these rooms it was not uncommon to keep the church chests, within which the various writings and other valuable properties of the church were kept. Some few of these still remain; as at Newport Church, Essex, where a very remarkable one exists.

gentle-looking girl of ten or eleven years old, using every possible art to tranquillize a child whose wailing voice seemed strangely at variance with the quiet beauty of the scene.

Before we entered the church (whither the little girl, having won the child to tranquillity by her caresses, had gone before us, and as if fearing the renewal of a disturbance, to which she was most likely accustomed, had crouched down just inside the door) we turned for a moment to look at the tomb, consecrated by the poet to the memory of his mother and also marking his own resting-place—

THE PORCH OF STOKE POGIS CHURCH.

"Upon the lap of earth."

We could hear the *tone* of the minister's voice, and almost fancy we could distinguish the words; but there was no mistaking the "Amen" of the congregation, so earnest, so solemn, rolling round the building—the fervent "So be it" of a Christian Church, a deep-hearted solemn aspiration that thrilled the very heart, inspiring resignation and hope, and all the meek yet mighty virtues of our exalted faith. Those country churches are wonderful landmarks of history and religion; the aged and low-bending trees that have stood the storms of centuries, the massive ivy, the gray, stern, steady walls, tell a state's history, as well as one of a higher

GRAY'S MONUMENT.

and holier origin: for ourselves we feel strangely moved when we see the spire of the village church pointing to the heavens, or hear the faintest sound of the distant church bells float above the landscape.

The accompanying sketch of the poet's monument was made before the ground around the testimonial was arranged as a parterre. Here it appears uncultivated, whereas it is exquisitely arranged, and contains numberless flowers, breathing incense to the poet's memory.

The interior of the church is picturesque and well cared for, and after service, which was performed throughout with dignified simplicity, and completed by a sermon sufficiently plain to be comprehended by the unlettered, while its graceful language and unaffected piety carried the listener beyond this world to the happiness rather than the terrors of the next; we were shown the private entrance-porch from Stoke-Park, and the pew appropriated to the use of the family—the old seats, the richly-stained glass, the subdued light, the beautiful domain beyond, the overhanging trees, the full-bosomed melody of the birds, the murmurs of the half-whispered greetings and retreating footsteps of the congregation as they passed out, the manner of our guide, whose attention increased in proportion to the expression of our sympathy with the scene—are all vividly impressed upon our memory.

"The churchyard was full, very full," our guide had said, "and a wonderful quantity of persons visited it and read the epitaphs, and even *scratched* their names on the church walls, though it was forbidden, and took away bits of the yew and wild flowers. It was," he thought, "a pleasant churchyard to be buried in. Not too full, but not lonely;" and indeed he said truly, for in those country churchyards — once at least each week — the children's children of the silent dead pass beside their graves; the modest headstone and the light waving grass seem more akin to humanity and human feeling than the dungeon-like vaults, or huge "slabs," pressing so heavily upon what we loved so well in the churches or churchyards of our towns. Again we stood beside the poet's grave, read the epitaph on his mother, and cast many a "longing, lingering look behind," while leaving the churchyard immortalized by the most perfect elegy in our language.

HAGAR, IN THE WILDERNESS.

Amid the wilderness, alone,
When noon with burning splendor shone,
Beneath her sky serene
Two mournful forms were seen—
A sad and anxious mother there,
Who wept, in wild and deep despair;
And near her, in the shade,
A pallid boy was laid.
With care her weary feet had sought
Each channel, that she fondly thought
Might hold some trace of rain,
But ever sought in vain.
And bravely had she borne till now;
But death was on that youthful brow—
No water-spring was nigh,
And he—her child—must die.
She turn'd away—she could not brook
On that beloved face to look—
And hid her weeping eye.
"Let me not see him die!"
Alas! my own, my 'cherish'd one,
What has thy mournful mother done
That thou shouldst thus be reft,
The only treasure left?
How many streams and fountains bright
Are flashing in the golden light,
With music sweet and clear!
But none, alas! are near.
O for one draught from some sweet spring,
Upon its bright course murmuring!
O for one silver wave,
Its drooping brow to lave!
O God, to thee I turn, for thou
Alone canst aid and comfort now;
Hear in this lonely wild
A mother for her child!
How can I bear to see him die!
How can I watch his glazing eye!
Yes, I have err'd—but he—
O spare him yet to me!"
Then from the far-off azure sky
A silv'ry radiance gleam'd on high,
As through its portals blue
A swift-wing'd angel flew,
And gentle words of kindest cheer
Fell on the weeping mother's ear:
"Look up, for help is nigh!
Look up, he shall not die!"
And lo! a fount of waters bright
Flash'd on the grateful mourner's sight,
Who brought the healing wave
The pallid lips to lave.
For God had watch'd his wandering child
E'en in the desert lone and wild,
And life and joy were there,
Where late had breathed despair.

Pilgrim, whose mournful footsteps stray
O'er life's forlorn and rugged way;
Though worn with grief and pain,
Think not thy toil is vain.
Still looking from the midnight sky,
Behold a heavenly watcher nigh;
Droop not in doubt and fear,
The water-spring is near.
Though throbs thy heart with anguish strong,
Though grief's sad reign endureth long,
Dark as thy lot may be
Hope's waters flow for thee.

P. J. Owens.

THE FRENCH CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE magnificent edifice in Paris, erected for the display of the world's best specimens of art and manufacture, is called, after its great prototype in London, to which by the way it bears no sort of resemblance, The Crystal Palace. The French themselves call it the *Palais de l' Industrie*. It is a substantial oblong building, one hundred and ninety-two meters (French yards) long, and forty-eight wide, having lateral galleries twenty-four meters in width; above which are galleries of precisely the same dimensions. Although the sides of the edifice are of stone and metal, the roof being of glass, there is no want of light anywhere; the galleries of the ground-floor, which are covered by the flooring of the upper galleries, are also lighted by two hundred and eight windows, opening on the Champs Elysées, in addition to the arches which open upon the nave; added to which there are openings in the flooring of the upper gallery at certain distances to let down light and air.

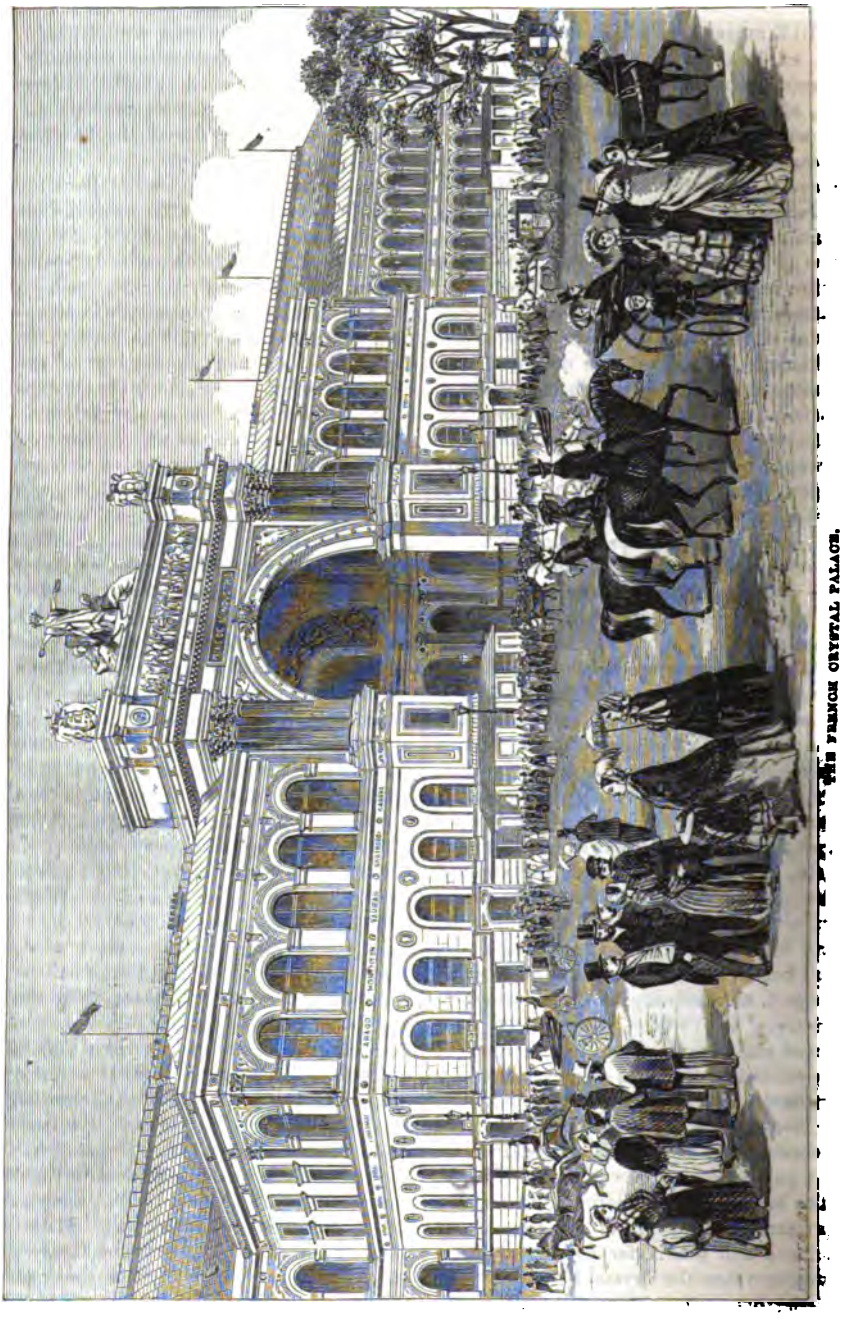
The grand entrance to the palace is surmounted by a group, representing France crowning Industry, Commerce, and Arts. To the right and left are other sculptures surmounting Corinthian pillars, and consisting of cherubs supporting the escutcheon of the Emperor. Below the central group, extending the whole length of the gate, is a frieze, representing Industry and the Arts offering their productions to the "Universal Exposition." On the right and left of the arch are figures of Fame, and beneath the arch is sculptured a grand subject, also relating to the arts and industry. The whole design is at once grand and imposing—a fitting entrance to an exhibition of human skill and ingenuity gathered from all parts of the world.

Not only is the monumental entrance imposing, but the general appearance of the palace is magnificent in the extreme. The building, being destined to become a permanent repository of the trophies of science and art, is far more solid in its structure than the Crystal Palace of Hyde Park; but the durability of the edifice has in no way affected the general beauty of design which pervades all parts. While it has enabled the architect to construct spacious staircases of solid materials and noble landing-places of great architectural beauty, it has also given to the upper galleries, as well as to the whole building, a general aspect of grandeur and elegance, combined with a feeling of durability, strength, and comfort, which, without lessening in any degree, the general light and brilliancy, adds materially to the effect of the whole.

The machinery gallery, which lines the Quai de la Conférence—the ancient Port aux Pierres—is most remarkable for its great length. It extends, indeed, twelve hundred meters in a straight line under a vault of glass seventeen meters in elevation. Within, two galleries have been constructed, one on the borders of the Seine, the other on one side of the Champs Elysées, each of which is six meters in width, and by which the whole extent of the perspective may be embraced at once.

One of the most difficult and delicate tasks which had to be performed was the appropriation of space to the various nations from which articles were expected for exhibition. Room, of course, was not wanted for Russia, and how much the United States would need it was not possible to say. In this matter no fault can be found with the directors of the exhibition. An English journalist from whom we quote, admits that France has been more liberal than we were upon a similar occasion; with a building little more than half the size of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, more space has been granted to Great Britain than was given to the French. Half of the ground-floor and two-thirds of the galleries are given up to strangers.

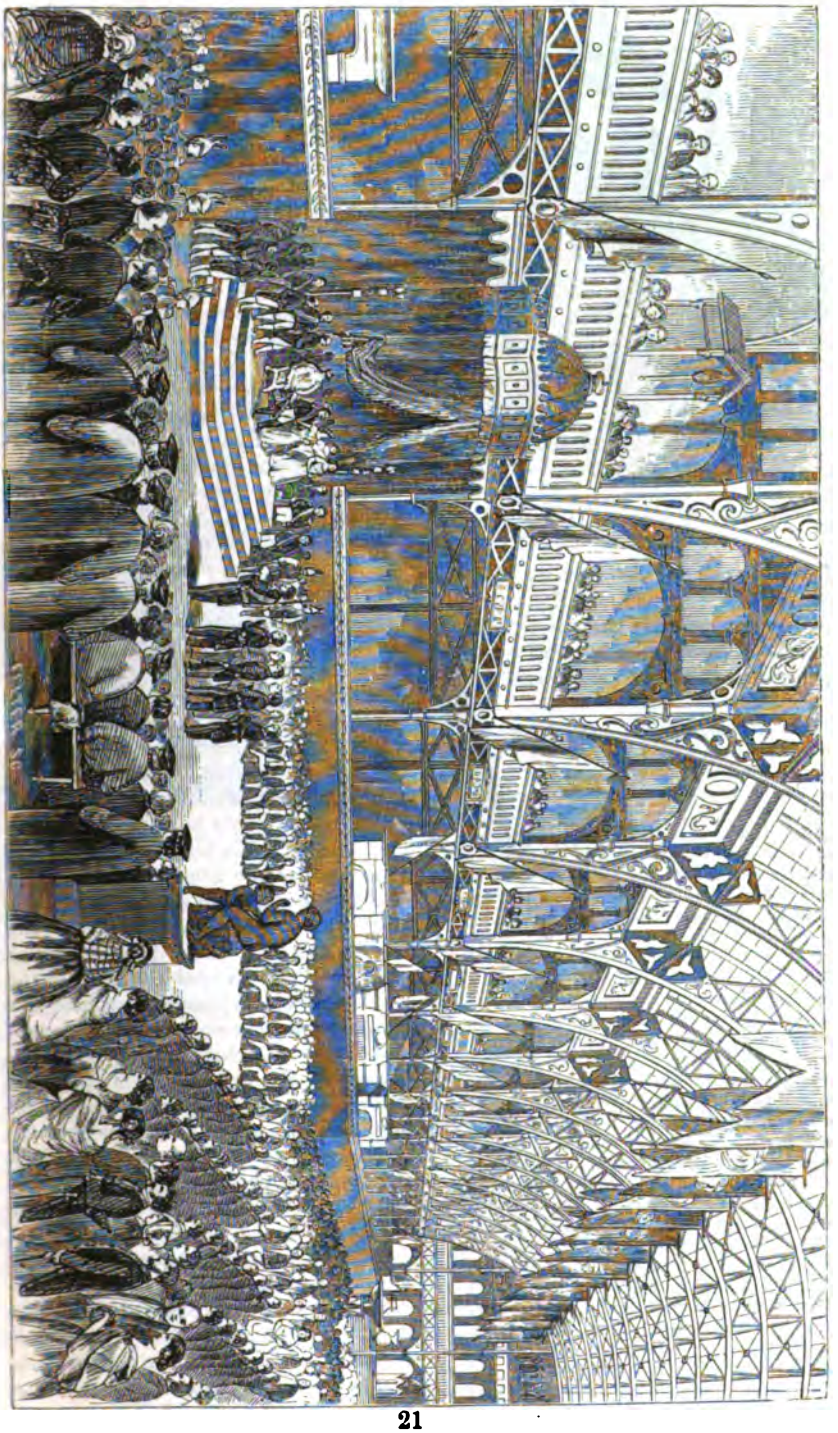
To the south, going from east to west, we meet first with the English, then the Americans, next the Belgians, then the Austrians, and, lastly, the Zollverein. In the galleries to the east we have Persia, China, Turkey, Egypt, Tunis, Greece, and the Italian States; to the west, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Holland, Switzerland, Spain and Portugal. England has allotted to her a space equivalent to 8,470 meters; the Zollverein, 4,499; Austria, 2,694; Belgium, 2,412; the United States, 2,286; Switzerland, 1,099. China, Greece, and Persia united, only cover a space of 262 meters. Most of these nations have spaces both below and above; but some, whose contributions are of minor importance, have only space allotted to them in the galleries. But in such circumstances the contributions are always so arranged,



THE FRENCH CRYSTAL PALACE.

that a certain amount of frontage is obtained toward the balustrade, from whence the national colors are to be suspended.

The building, differing from the London Palace in extent, in its fairy-like proportions, and seemingly interminable vista, presents an air of solidity and majestic grandeur to which the celebrated structure of Sir Joseph Paxton made no pretensions.



OPENING OF THE FRENCH CRYSTAL PALACE BY THE EMPEROR.

THE CAPTIVITY, AND ITS MEMENTOES.*

THE appointed destiny of the Hebrews was not to exhibit valor, not to teach philosophy, but to be ministers of true religion. Instead of this, however, they plunged into all the absurdities and crimes of idolatry. Because of this it was that God appointed them to an ordeal of captivity and chastisement. The *reason* of their captivity is as plainly declared as the fact of the captivity itself. And it is to this great event in sacred history that the present article is devoted, in which our object will be not only to unfold the Scripture account of it, but also to point out how that account is confirmed and illustrated by recent discoveries.

In a former paper, we remarked how in the eighth century, before the Christian era, Assyria and Egypt were the two great eastern powers contending for the mastery of the world, and that, as Palestine lay between them, there was the great battle-field where the question of lordship was to be settled by the issues of war. That fact is a key to the relations subsisting between the Jews and the Egyptians on the one hand, and the Jews and the Assyrians on the other. The story of the Captivity brings us into contact with the last of these. For some account of their extraordinary character, exploits, civilization, and monuments, we refer to the paper already mentioned.

As early as 771 B. C. we notice Menahem, king of Israel, in a position of dependency upon the empire of Assyria. "And Pul," we are told in 2 Kings xv, 19, 20, "came against the land: and Menahem gave Pul a thousand talents of silver, that his hand might be with him to confirm the kingdom in his hand. And Menahem exacted the money of Israel, even of all the mighty men of wealth, of each man fifty shekels of silver, to give to the king of Assyria. So the king of Assyria turned back, and stayed not there in the land." From this passage it appears that the Assyrian monarch invaded the Israelitish frontier, probably for the express purpose of levying tribute on it, and that Menahem, in paying it, sought his friendly protection and help. It implies that his government was feeble, and his position anything but independent; and though this is the earliest allusion in the sacred volume to any connection between Palestine and Assyria, Mr. Layard observes that "the Jewish tribes, as long suspected by Biblical scholars, can now be proved to have held their dependent position upon the Assyrian king from a very early period; indeed, long before the time inferred from any passage of Scripture." This invasion,

* In this narrative, the autobiographic form of which has been chosen as that which admitted of the greatest condensation of fact and implication, in union with the greatest amount of interest, the writer, under the general guidance of Professor Lepsius, has combined the substance of what may be learned alike from Manetho and the monuments, from Herodotus, Diodorus, Pliny, and other Greek and Latin authorities, together with the inspired and invaluable records of the Pentateuch. The antiquity and reliableness of the latter divine records come into prominence the more carefully and thoroughly they are compared with other sources of information, and without them it would be impossible to reproduce, in living outline, the age of the Pharaohs of the nineteenth dynasty. The best justification of the narrative now submitted to the reader is to be found in its consistency. If these parts so combine as to form a living whole, we may regard that whole as representing a reality that once passed over the stage of the world. The view which underlies the signs and wonders of the narrative is strictly the Biblical view—namely, that the plagues were inflicted by the very hand of God, and that the doings of the magicians were bungling attempts, manifest failures, and, so far as they had any accomplishment, the results of merely superior scientific skill. Believing in the Bible, the author believes in miracles, and consequently is not forced to any idle endeavors to bring about a compromise between supernaturalism and naturalism.

THE ASSYRIAN KING ENTERING NINEVEH.

then, in the days of Menahem, may have been only to enforce the payment of a tribute imposed before, as repeated expeditions against the same country simply to exact revenue, neglected or refused, form a staple subject of history in the sculptured records of Nineveh. But, however this might be in regard to Israel, we find Pul plainly enough treating that kingdom, at the time just noticed, as a lord would his vassal. The beginning of the Captivity was now at hand. The verse just quoted rings the death-knell of the nation.

In a cursory review of the past history of the world, we often compress into a point, or generalize in one emphatic statement, some grand event which it took many years to evolve. Thus, for example, we give one fixed date to the fall of the Roman empire. We refer to the taking of Rome by Alaric; whereas a long succession of incidents must be included in any just view of that catastrophe. So the taking of Israel and Judah captive is often noticed as if it were a single occurrence, whereas it was in reality a transaction which spread itself over a century and a half.

In pursuing the subject, our first purpose is to notice the successive deportations of the Jewish tribes which took place during this extended period. It does not appear from the Scripture narrative that any of the Israelites were carried away captive by Pul, when he made his inroads on the territory of Menahem. Immunity, in that respect, seems to have been purchased by the payment of tribute. The earliest account of the people being carried into exile occurs in the history of the

reign of Pekah, who succeeded Menahem, next but one. Pekahiah, the intermediate monarch, who occupied the throne but two years, received the crown in 761, and formed an alliance with Rezin, the king of Syria, against the royal house of David. A war ensued. Elath, a town in Judea, was seized by the Syrian king. Pekah gained a great victory over his brethren of Israel, and led multitudes away captive. These wars were fratricidal. Brothers were slaying brothers; but nature and religion, at least for a little while, subdued the cruel passions of jealousy and revenge, when, in consequence of the humane and pious appeal of the prophet Obed, the Israelites took the captives, "and from the spoil clothed all that were naked among them, and arrayed them, and shod them, and gave them to eat and drink, and anointed them, and carried all the feeble of them upon asses, and brought them to Jericho, the city of palm-trees, to their brethren."

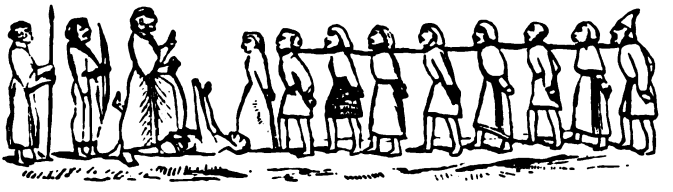
This event was a prelude to another captivity, unalleviated by such touches of tenderness. Ahaz, king of Judah, and his people, trembled before the alliance of the monarchs of Syria and Israel, like "the trees of the wood moved by the winds." He sought the aid of the king of Assyria, Tiglath Pileser. These two smoking firebrands were soon quenched by the great power under whose protection the frightened prince of Judah thus heedlessly placed himself and his people. As one of the results of the collisions that ensued, a large number of Pekah's subjects were carried away captive. They were chiefly inhabitants of Gilead and Galilee. The former were of the tribes of Gad and Reuben, the latter of Zebulon and Napthali. Lying on the east of the Jordan, and to the north of Samaria, they were among the most exposed of the Israelitish population. Chiefly of pastoral habits, addicted to feeding their flocks on the banks of the river so dear to their tribes, and on the slopes of the mountains so hallowed in their country's songs—they were simple and helpless, and unable to defend themselves against the military forces which swept over their territories: nor had they that firm faith in the Divine Ruler of Israel, which was Israel's only true protection; for long had they been debased by their intermixture with the idolatrous Canaanites. As to the portion of the captives dwelling in the northern cities or towns, they must have been a poor and miserable class of men, at least in the eyes of the victors; seeing that Solomon so readily offered those cities or towns as a gift to Hiram, king of Tyre, and he so unwillingly received them. "They pleased him not," we are informed in the first Book of Kings: and he said, "What cities are these which thou hast given me, my brother? And he called them the land of Cabul;" that is, the land of *dirt*. Such were the people who were first carried into foreign exile, out of Palestine; and it is to their calamities that Isaiah alludes when speaking of the vexation which debased the land of Zebulon and the land of Napthali.

Twenty years after the first deportation of Israel, a far more serious one took place in the reign of Hoshea. In 721, Shalmaneser invaded that monarch's territory. He had withheld his tribute, as seems to have been common with the dependents upon the Assyrian throne; and the Assyrian king, as was also his wont, forthwith marched an army against his recusant vassal. Hoshea had sought alliance with Egypt, the great rival of Assyria—a circumstance which increased the exasperation excited by the neglect of the accustomed payments. So the great eastern sovereign came and wreaked his vengeance on Samaria, shutting up Hoshea in prison,

and carrying away, in all probability, the court and the flower of the people into Assyria, where they were placed in Halah and Habor, by the river of Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes. This was the end of the Israelitish monarchy after it had lasted nearly two hundred and seventy years. Amos, who had fulfilled his inspired ministrations about half a century before, had foretold this final catastrophe, which was to demolish the commonwealth of Israel. "The Lord God," he exclaimed, "hath sworn by his holiness, that, lo! the days shall come upon you, that he will take you away with hooks, and your posterity with fish-hooks; and ye shall go out at the breaches," or, according to the Syriac and Chaldee, toward the mountains of Armenia: and again, "Therefore will I cause you to go into captivity beyond Damascus."

The figure here drawn from the practice of the angler is very striking. But there was more than a mere figure here. It was customary with the Assyrian conquerors to put hooks or rings through the lip and nose of their captives, of which there is an example in a bass-relief from Khorsabad; and other representations, while they testify to the Assyrian habit of removing large portions of the people in a subjugated territory to another and distant part of the dominions, also enable us to picture the melancholy scenes witnessed when the monarch with his nobles and inferior subjects were dragged away from the gates of Samaria. We see the victorious monarch, attended by his eunuchs and other officers, seated on a throne in a conspicuous spot within the walls of the captured city. The chief personages among the prisoners prostrate themselves before him, and receive his lordly foot upon their necks, in token of surrender and subjection. Inferior captives appear with their feet in fetters, and their hands laden with manacles. Their sluggish march is hastened by their new masters, who goad them on with their spears and swords. Women are carried away in carts, accompanied by thin miserable children, who vent their agony by tearing their hair, and throwing dust on their heads. Scribes are meanwhile employed taking an inventory of the spoil. There they stand by the gates, writing down on leather the booty that is brought out, and the number of sheep and oxen as well as prisoners. The whole of the mournful spectacle is revived; and mourning, lamentation, and wo, seem to gush out afresh as we ponder these old Assyrian sculptures, coeval with the times when the daughter of Israel was cast down by God for her idolatries, and given into the hands of her enemies for chastisement.

Sir Robert K. Porter discovered some sculptures on the rocks of Be-sitoon, in the vale of Merdasht, on the borders of ancient Assyria, which he thinks refer to the captivity of the ten tribes by Shalmaneser. A chain of captives is represented brought before the king. The skirts of the garments are covered with arrow-headed characters, and the last of



the series has a flowing beard and a mitered cap, like a son of Levi.

The kingdom of Judah survived that of Israel more than one hundred and twenty years. Soon after the exploits of Shalmaneser, the ambitious Sennacherib invaded Judea, in prosecution of his plans against Egypt. The siege of Lachish, and the wonderful judgment which befell the great king of Assyria—as illustrated by the monuments of Nineveh—have already been noticed. The proud warrior did not take Jerusalem, as he himself confesses; but the sacred historian, in the eighteenth chapter of the second Book of Kings, states that he came up against all the fenced cities of Judah—those round about Jerusalem—and took them. This is in agreement with his own account, as preserved in the inscriptions at Kouyunjik; only that there he speaks of having led the people away captive—a circumstance very probable in itself. "And because Hezekiah"—so Rawlinson reads the inscription—"still continued to refuse to pay me homage, I attacked and carried off the whole population, fixed and nomad, which dwelt around Jerusalem, with thirty talents of gold and eight hundred talents of silver, the accumulated wealth of the nobles of Hezekiah's court, and of their daughters, with the officers of his palace, men slaves and women slaves." Perhaps this may be a very exaggerated account of the number of the captives, but it may be received so far as it points to the fact of a captivity effected by Sennacherib from among the people around Jerusalem. Possibly hostages also might have been given by Hezekiah for the payment of tribute. Not only at this period, if we are to believe the Kouyunjik inscription, were some of the people of Judea taken captive to Assyria, but we are certain from the divine records that many were carried into exile by the Syrians, the Edomites, and the Philistines, and were even sold as slaves. This went on in the reign of Ahaz, so that when Hezekiah succeeded to the crown, he poured out his lamentations, saying: "Lo! our fathers have fallen by the sword, and our sons and our daughters and our wives are in captivity for this."

Though Jerusalem escaped the fury of the oppressor, there must have been many parts of Judea laid waste by the march of the imperious invader. Indeed, the country to the north and to the east, over which the scourge from the great city of Nineveh swept, must have been reduced to a state of great confusion and distress. Accordingly, we hear Isaiah—most likely in reference to the embassadors whom Hezekiah had sent to Sennacherib—exclaiming, "Behold, their valiant ones shall cry without; the embassadors of peace shall weep bitterly. The highways lie waste; the wayfaring man ceaseth." So is it still in the east. "The tribes," says Layard, "who had been attacked and plundered, were retaliating upon caravans and travelers, or laying waste the cultivated parts of the pashalic. The villages were deserted, and the roads were little frequented, and very insecure." A time of great sorrow and perturbation was that, when the camp of Sennacherib stood not afar off from Jerusalem. While there was peril without, there was corresponding confusion within. The Book of Isaiah throws light on the internal politics and social agitations of the city at this mournful period. We there learn, that at the time when the faithful Eliakim and a minority were exhorting the people to trust in God, their true king, Shebna and a majority were counseling submission to Sennacherib; thus engendering a spirit of faction during a national emergency, when concert and unanimity were of the highest possible importance.

We may here just add, in passing, that in the Book of Isaiah we read much of Babylon, but nothing of Nineveh—a circumstance which has considerably perplexed commentators. But "the king of Babylon," and "the king of Assyria," are used as convertible titles; and it is remarkable that Sargon, in the inscription of Nimroud, describes himself as king of Assyria and lord of Babylon. Here the remains lately discovered serve—as in many other cases—to clear up a difficulty; and, moreover, it may be observed, that as Babylon was one of the cities from which inhabitants were supplied for the depopulated towns of Israel, and to which, in turn, some of the Israelites were taken to occupy their place, there was a special reason for speaking to Jews of that sister capital, even to the neglect of Nineveh, with which, at present, the people of Palestine had not been brought much in contact.

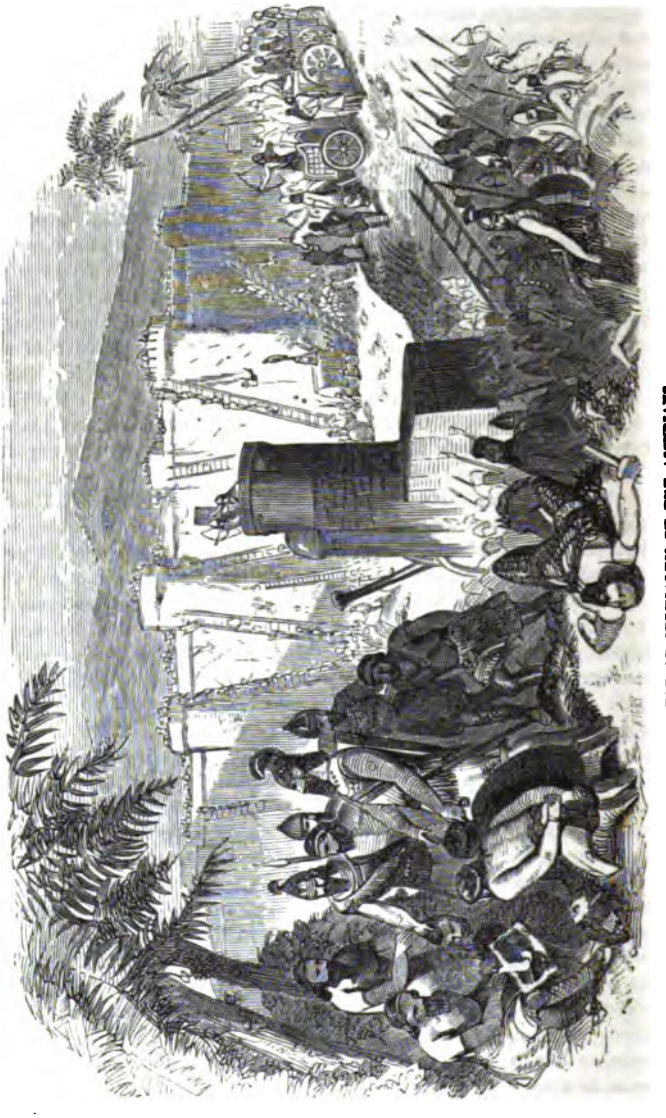
Manasseh, who succeeded Hezekiah,

was carried captive into Babylon in 675, twenty-two years after his father's death. This was a chastisement from the Almighty for the flagrant iniquities of which he was guilty; but during his exile his heart was softened, and he returned to his own dominions an altered man. This circumstance, however, though it is proper to be mentioned here, must not be reckoned among the deportations of the Jewish tribes, as it does not appear that any number of the people accompanied him into his exile.

Forty-five years after this event, Judea was again assailed by its old eastern enemies; but a great change had taken place in their condition by that time. In 606 B. C. Nineveh fell, and the Assyrian supremacy was transferred to Babylon. From that city came Nebuchadnezzar to besiege and take Jerusalem. He had rebuilt his capital, though not, perhaps, on the old site; and the ruins of that magnificent center of ancient civilization—so very different, as yet explored, from those of Nineveh—have been recently visited by Mr. Layard. Enough exists to identify the spot where once stood this wonder of the world, in its power and pride. There is an isolated mass of masonry, described by that enterprising traveler, which he considers to be a portion of some magnificent terrace connected with those famous hanging gardens which we have at times been ready to banish from belief, and consign to the region of oriental fables. Nor are testimonies wanting, in the remains brought to light, to prove that Nebuchadnezzar was the builder of the new city, as represented in the Book of Daniel. The Babylonian inscribed bricks long excited the curiosity of the learned, and gave rise to a variety of ingenious speculations as to their use and meaning. By some, they were believed to be public documents; others saw in the writings, dedications to the gods, or registers of gifts to temples. The question has now been entirely set at rest by Dr. Hincks, that almost every brick hitherto obtained from the ruins bears the same inscription, with the exception of one or two unimportant words, and that they record the building of the city by Nebuchadnezzar. The city succeeded to the position occupied by Nineveh, and soon almost equaled her old rival. The bounds were extended; buildings of extraordinary size and magnificence were erected; her victorious armies conquered Syria and Palestine, and penetrated into Egypt. Her commerce, too, spread far and wide from the east to the west, and she became a land of traffic and a city of merchants.

The kingdom of Judah was brought to an end by Nebuchadnezzar. There were three deportations of captives effected by him and his army. The first was in 605 B. C., just after the overthrow of Nineveh, and when Babylon was beginning to rise into its brightest glory. Amid the shifting alliances of Jerusalem, in which she appeared in a position of abject dependence—for she had lost the spirit of courage because she had lost her reliance upon God—Jehoiakim and his court just then, in a moment of revolt against Assyria, were leaning upon the broken reed of Egypt. Soldiers from Chaldea, from Syria, and from Moab, came into Judea under the banners of the mighty oriental prince, and ravaged the country and chastised Jehoiakin, who, however, was left upon his throne a humbled vassal of the Assyrian crown. The sons of some of the most distinguished families in the city were among the captives led away on this occasion, and they were intended, most likely, to serve as hostages for the future submission of the conquered state. It was at this time, probably, that Daniel and his three companions were removed from the land of their fathers, to be placed in positions, and to undergo trials, in the scene of their exile, which have rendered them, to all subsequent ages, illustrious and animating examples of faith and virtue. According to the account we have in our copies of the Book of Jeremiah, three thousand and twenty-three Jews were taken to Babylon in this first captivity.

The second deportation was in the reign of Jehoiachin, seven years afterward, B. C. 598. The immediate political cause of this calamity is not apparent; the moral cause, however, is plainly stated. The king "did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord." Nebuchadnezzar came against the city and besieged it; and what a stroke of pathos there is in the record of the second Book of Kings, xxiv, 12, in connection with this assault on the city of Jerusalem: "And Jehoiachin the king of Judah went out to the king of Babylon, he, and his mother, and



SIEGE OF JERUSALEM BY THE ASSYRIANS.

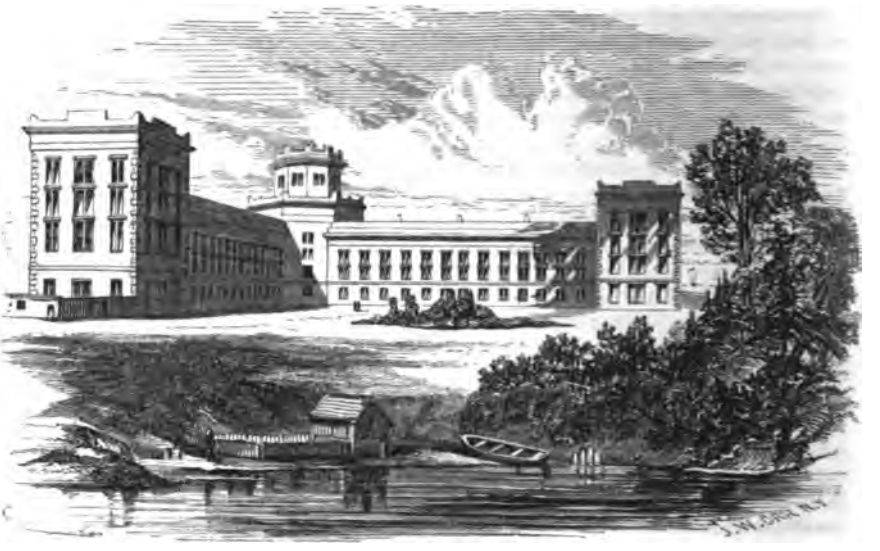
his servants, and his princes, and his officers." The historian thus makes the melancholy train pass before us, in which we specially single out for pity the venerable old Jewess, weeping over her son decrowned and doomed to exile. We fancy it is some alleviation to her that she is to accompany him. Warriors too, in large numbers, (there were seven thousand of them,) according to the Book of Chronicles, swelled the procession of captives; craftsmen and smiths also, on the same authority, amounting to a thousand, accompanied their brethren; perhaps specially included by Nebuchadnezzar, with an eye to the progress of the works going on in his new city. Zedekiah, the uncle of Jehoiachin, was placed on the throne by the conqueror, to serve him, of course, as his liege lord. But he rebelled—encouraged to do so by the king of Egypt. This was in the year 588. Nebuchadnezzar, accordingly, again marched against Jerusalem and besieged it. An Egyptian army came to its succor. These allies, however, were repelled by the hosts of

Babylon, who, immediately after chastising them, returned to the siege.

In connection with this fresh calamity, we have graphic details in the biblical annals. "The city was besieged unto the eleventh year of king Zedekiah. And on the ninth day of the fourth month the famine prevailed in the city, and there was no bread for the people of the land. And the city was broken up, and all the men of war fled by night by the way of the gate between two walls, which is by the king's garden: (now the Chaldees were against the city round about:) and the king went the way toward the plain. And the army of the Chaldees pursued after the king, and overtook him in the plains of Jericho: and all his army were scattered from him. So they took the king, and brought him up to the king of Babylon to Riblah." What a series of stirring pictures pass before us as we ponder these few strong graphic words! Famine in the city—no bread—men, women, and children pinched with hunger—their countenances thin and pallid, and their bodies wasting away with disease and want. Anxious inquiries are heard in the streets: "How long will the siege last?" while despair, and tears, and death lurk within doors. The child is breathing its last in its mother's bony arms, or she is lifeless with her little one on her cold breast. Then there is the hurried night escape; the old gate; the walls by the king's garden; palace-like houses; trees mapped in shadow under the bright stars; and the monarch and his men creeping stealthily along, and going round to avoid being seen by the sentinels of the Assyrian camp. And then we have the surprise, perhaps in the morning, the fugitives pursued, and, fleeing from the face of the brave soldiers of Babylon, hiding in clefts of the rocks and concealing themselves among trees on the Mount of Olives; the poor miserable monarch in the mean time captured and dragged in chains to Riblah, to receive upon his neck the foot of his enraged master. And then, to finish the military drama, his eyes are put out, and his sons are slain. We think, involuntarily, while all this is going on, of one holy man within the walls, who weeps day and night for the slain of the daughter of his people. The destruction of the temple and city speedily followed. Nebuzar-adan, the Babylonish general, "burnt the house of the Lord, and the king's house, and all the houses of Jerusalem, and every great man's house burnt he with fire; and the army brake down the walls." All who remained of any account, after these sanguinary measures, were carried off by the conquerors; and only a few poor vinedressers and husbandmen were left scattered over the land, to sit and mourn over the desolations, and to gather a scanty subsistence from the fields and vineyards which war had spared. Such was the third grand deportation, signalized, too, by the abundance of spoil which was conveyed to Babylon; for it was on this occasion that the golden vessels of the temple, and the pillars and ornaments of brass, and even the great brazen laver itself, were piled up and carried off.

As to the siege of Jerusalem, we may gather illustrations of it from Ninevitish sculptures, Babylonish coins, and Egyptian monuments, in which we have abundantly represented the common oriental methods of fortification and modes of attack prevalent in those days. We see battlemented walls and towers, with parapets, crowded with men, bow and spear and shield in hand, while a banner crowns the lofty keep. We have barred gates and fosses both without and within the walls, filled with water and crossed by bridges. Then we notice the assailants placing their scaling ladders against the fortifications, and some swimming over the ditch, to be met by a party sallying from the gates. The besiegers are provided with large shields to ward off the missiles shot from the walls. There are also testudos—large frames to cover and protect the advancing soldiers. Battering rams are also employed. Men may be seen climbing up rocks by the aid of metal spikes; doors are being hewn down with axes; while heralds are seen coming out to treat with the enemy. The brief notice in the Bible of the fall of Jerusalem, under the army of Nebuchadnezzar, when read in the light of these curious military antiquities, suggests to us some such picture of engineering tactics, of strife and violence, of battle and death, as must really have constituted the scene of misery and desolation at that awful period in Jewish history. In our next we shall notice the location and condition of the captives.

(*To be continued.*)



LUNATIC ASYLUM, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

AMONG the many public buildings testifying to the greatness and benevolence of the city of New-York, there is none to which she can point with a juster pride than to her Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island, a representation of which is given above.

This noble edifice, commenced in 1835, was completed in July, 1839, at a cost of about half a million of dollars. The material is of the common blue building stone taken from the quarries of the island. The plan, as may be seen above, is that of a main octagonal building, eighty feet in diameter, with two wings two hundred and forty-five feet each in length running from it at right angles westerly and southerly. The height of the octagon and cupola is seventy-two feet, and that of the wings forty-three feet—the latter are occupied by lunatics, the former mostly by the officers of the institution.

In each wing upon each of the three floors is a corridor, ten feet wide, running the entire length of the wing, opening into which, on either side, are the rooms for the patients, bathing, dining-rooms, &c. Croton water is distributed to all parts of the building, being carried from the main shore by means of a gutta percha pipe laid in the bed of the river. The heating, washing, and culinary arrangements are located at the extremity of the western wing. It is in contemplation to erect a separate building adjacent to the main one, to be devoted especially to these objects.

The substitution lately effected of hired and responsible persons, instead of prisoners transferred from the penitentiary and workhouse, to do the necessary in and out door labor of the institution, and to attend to the patients, as had previously been the system, is one, the good effects of which are already strongly marked in the better order, better care, and higher moral tone that now obtain throughout the institution. At the distance of about one hundred and fifty feet from the main building stands "the Lodge," a building fifty-nine by ninety feet, with a veranda on either side of ten by eighty-seven feet, inclosed by glass. In this building are placed all patients of a noisy, violent, or unmanageable character, who, as they improve, are transferred to the different halls in the main building, regard being had to a proper classification.

The asylum, a branch of the alms-house department, under the control of the "ten governors," has been for the last nine years under the immediate medical superintendence of Dr. M. H. Ranney, who is aided in his duties by two assistant-physicians, Drs. Lansing and Smith. About

six thousand patients have been admitted into this charity since 1839. During the term of office of the present resident physician, there have been received three thousand eight hundred and eighty-two insane persons, and one thousand eight hundred and twenty discharged recovered, showing the amount of recovery to be nearly fifty per cent. At present the inmates number six hundred, being a much larger number than in any other hospital for the insane in this country. Five-sixths of this number are foreigners.

Much reliance is placed on medical treatment during the first year of the existence of insanity; but after that period, the principal hope of recovery is from moral treatment. This last consists mainly in the correction of improper habits, a healthy occupation of mind and body by properly selected labor, reading, and amusements, such as dancing, music, games, &c.

To one who has drawn his ideas of a lunatic asylum from works of fiction, or from accounts of systems followed in such institutions years ago, it would be a matter of wonder to find among so large a number of insane as are here gathered together so few requiring confinement or restraint. In fact, it may be stated as a general rule, that the greater the personal liberty enjoyed, consistent with good judgment and safety to the patient, the more quiet, manageable, and orderly he will be.

No healthier or more beautiful location for an asylum could have been chosen than the one occupied by the subject of our sketch. Good air, good drainage, easy access to the city, seclusion from the outside world, a flowing river on each side, enlivened by passing steamboats and white-winged sailing vessels, a surrounding country made picturesque by green woods and jutting river points and growing villages, render it all in this respect that could be desired. The same remark made by a celebrated engineer that lakes and rivers were made for canals, might be extended to Blackwell's Island, that *it* was made for the public institutions of New-York city.

The city government is exceedingly fortunate in having at the head of this important institution, so capable and gentlemanly a superintendent as Dr. M. H. Ranney.

NIGHT VIEWS FROM MY WINDOW.

LUNAR SCENERY.

AS I draw back the curtain, a flood of pale, silvery light streams into the quiet room where I take my post for a good portion of the night,—to me ever a period of the purest, the most peaceful, and, I may add, profitable enjoyment. And now the window is open, and there is nothing between me and heaven but the dark sky, and the brilliant moon and stars, the work of God's fingers, unobscured by a cloud. It is strange what a difference there is between an open and a closed window. When thus gazing upward, glass—even the clearest and the purest—always gives a sensation of restraint, more or less. You feel there is something material still between you and the boundless depths above,—the mighty expanse into which you look, and where you would fain wander; but, that once removed, and an undefinable sense of liberty—freedom from all physical restraint—is experienced, and you may soar away at will. The mind becomes endowed, as it were, with an angelic power and desire, which, although it is for the present denied to the body, will, no doubt, be one day permitted to both to exercise far more fully than at present; such a sensation, possibly, as St. Paul experienced in anticipation when he was "caught up to the third heavens," with feelings so strange that, as he avers, he could not tell whether he was "in the body or out of the body."

With a telescope for at once my guide and my bark, I launch forth through the silent night into the dark ocean of space above me. I strike out into the remotest regions of the universe—I transport myself at will to worlds whose light would never reach the retina of my eye, save through the wonderful instrument whose field it illumines. Thus prepared, then, I take my post, I keep my watch to-night.

There is something at once soothing and exciting in this midnight, breathless stillness of the terrestrial world, and the calm, divine repose of the celestial regions, whither I am about to journey. The air is so still that the least sound becomes audible. I hear the midnight chime of the bells from the distant city; and now, as the sound dies away, the roar of the surf as it breaks with softened murmur, tossing its green waves and glittering spray in

the clear moonlight upon the neighboring shore: but naught else, save now and then the gentle rustle of a withered leaf as it falls without, or the impatient chirrup of the little bird whose sleep I have disturbed in the clustering passion-flower that hangs in dark masses from the window. I direct my telescope to the heavens, and, passing it slowly from star to star, I at length fix it upon that bright moon, now in her first quarter. I apply my eye to the glass, and now—what do I see? It brings that beauteous globe so near that I am absolutely upon it; but what a strange metamorphosis! No one who has been accustomed to see it from the earth would recognize it. Like a face which appears beautiful at a distance, but is found full of wrinkles and imperfections when close to it; so our lovely satellite, whose beauty has lent inspiration to the poet's verse, and her charm to the painter's landscape, loses her perfections in a moment. She is no longer the soft, tender, liquid, silvery thing, whose familiar face we love, and whose beams we hail, whether breaking through the sea of clouds among which she sails, or whitening the gray ruin, or shining on the placid lake, or the waveless sea. No; I perceive a huge bright mass, full of holes, rents, and fissures; it is a strange-looking country, indeed, that we have arrived at—a wonderful place, unlike anything we could have imagined, so different indeed from the expectations usually formed by those who (hearing of mountains and valleys in the moon) long to see them, that, to prevent disappointment, some explanation is necessary to enable such persons to understand what they see, and teach them what to look for and how to find and appreciate the objects of interest there. To such of our readers, then, as are unaccustomed to telescopic observation, I would say, there are a few obstacles in the way of appreciating lunar scenery which you must be prepared for beforehand. For instance, at the first moment your eye is applied to the telescope, (say, with a power of 120 upon it,) you will find yourself within two thousand miles only of the moon; in fact, you will see it precisely as you would if you were removed bodily and placed upon a planet separated from it by that interval: short, indeed, when compared with the actual distance of the moon from the earth, (two hundred and forty thousand miles,) or with other astronomical intervals, and yet still very considerable, as can easily be understood by thinking what a distance two thousand miles is with reference to any terrestrial object—it is, in fact, equal to a fourth part of the diameter of our globe, or one entire diameter of the moon from herself. At such a distance here, were a bird's-eye view possible, how little could be discerned! At this distance, indeed, it is plain no minute object could be seen; but yet it is astonishing how much is visible, and the general features of the lunar surface are at once quite perceptible to the practised eye. But there are three striking effects in particular which this proximity immediately produces. The first is increase of brightness, as when a lamp or candle is brought close to the eye. The second is increase of size, or the angle subtended at the eye; and the third, distinctness of shape, both as to the general figure of the moon herself, and the objects discernible upon her surface. The first

of these is intense, and even painful to the eye not accustomed to it, so that an inexperienced observer sees but comparatively little at first from the glare. If we wait a little, however, the eye soon accommodates itself to the brightness, as it does to the darkness. It is, however, a good plan with powerful telescopes, (as there is always abundance of light to spare,) to shut off a portion of it by a diaphragm upon the object-glass, which likewise has the effect of increasing the distinctness.

The second effect, increase of size, is not so perceptible as might be imagined; and there are few telescopic effects in which the eye is deceived more than in forming an estimate of the size of objects. A power such as I have mentioned would increase the size of the moon superficially one hundred and twenty times, so that in the portion of the lunar surface before the eye, all comprised within the space, say of a four-inch achromatic, such as I am now using, you have an image of the moon magnified one hundred and twenty times, or one hundred and twenty times larger than as seen with the naked eye. This amount of magnifying power will have the immediate effect, not of swelling the dimensions of the moon accordingly, which the ignorant or inexperienced might expect, but which a moment's reflection will show to be impossible, as the space you can see must be limited by the actual size of the aperture, but it will have the effect of enabling you to see a *small portion only* of the body made so much larger by optical power, that it cannot fit, as it were, within the small aperture through which you look, and only presents a small portion of its surface at a time, leaving to your imagination the remainder of a huge moon to be examined in its various parts in succession, by simply traversing or moving the telescope over it. The extent of surface, therefore, which you can see upon the moon, will diminish with the increase of magnifying power; just as in approaching a large city from a distance, at first you obtain a *coup d'œil* of the entire, but as you draw near to it, you see only a street, and at length a single house is sufficient to occupy the entire field of view. So with a power of about 90, you may see the entire disc of the moon at once; but increase the power to 250, and little more than a single crater, with its adjoining neighborhood, is visible.

The third effect necessary to be prepared for is with reference to the objects which, under telescopic power, become visible distinctly on the lunar surface. Many of these you have never seen anything like before; you are at once led therefore to compare them with, or find a resemblance for them in, something that you *have* seen. This is likely to mislead by conveying a false impression; the color, for instance, which resembles plaster of Paris, or the innumerable holes or excrescences, which look like bubbles floating upon oil, or caused by fermentation or decay: all these comparisons, which are derived from terrestrial things, are false and must be dismissed; in fact, you see a perfectly new and strange object, unlike anything terrestrial that could convey to your mind a true resemblance of it. And then, when you have got over all this, and found that the mountains and valleys of the moon you have heard of are not like our valleys, or mountains, or soil, and you at length have succeeded in realizing the fact that that great glaring thing covered with holes and spots, is really a vast planet or world, there remains the difficulty of realizing the size of the separate objects which you see so distinctly, together with the vast distances over which the eye can travel in an instant. A prospect, in fact, is opened to you which could never be seen on earth—even from the loftiest mountain in the world—namely, an extent of two thousand miles, or an area of seven millions of square miles, stretched beneath you; a plain of fifteen hundred miles appearing but a little patch as in a map, and mountains rivaling the Alps or Andes as a boundary or shading slightly elevated. And yet this, too, can be overcome by a little patient observation, by minute attention to each separate object; marking not only the object itself, but the shadow it casts. When once the secret of telescopic observation of the moon is thus acquired, there is nothing more delightful than to wander through its grand and terrible scenery, and no more effort will be required than is necessary to accommodate the gigantic proportions of *our* Alpine regions to the diminutive representation of them by the artist in a picture one foot square.

And now, where are we to-night? A more beautiful or picturesque portion of the lunar country we could not have fallen

upon. We have dropped from our terrestrial sphere right over Copernicus; and from one of the lofty peaks of a cluster of mountains a little to the southward of that remarkable crater—down into the very mouth of one of which, indeed, I can partially see—let us take our position. What a scene is here! Beneath our feet, some thousand feet below, spreads the vast plain of the Mare Imbrium, or Sea of Showers; it is shining in the glare of the fierce light that beats upon it from the rising sun of a lunar morning—whose day will not end for a fortnight—and whose long, black shadows are projecting from a thousand mountain-peaks, whose tops shine like silver, and are scattered over the plain here and there, some in lonely grandeur, others like the well-defined and dark semicircular chain of the Apennines, extending like a continuous craggy coast-line for six hundred miles, forming the extreme boundary of the solitary desert they inclose.

But what of the plain? It is called the Sea of Showers. It seems a vast plain of sand—a sterile desert like the Great Sahara of Africa, or any of our own terrestrial flats. To me, at least, it has a soft and smooth look that conveys irresistibly the idea of sand, or something analogous to it. Certainly no water is there to cool or moisten it now, whatever may have been its former history; and no change whatever has been observed upon its surface such as would be caused by the movements or works of living creatures. After sixteen years' frequent observation, I can say with truth, that nothing could be more perfectly changeless than the face of that silent, ghastly plain. I remember, when first I commenced lunar observations, looking many a night with intense eagerness in the hopes of discovering (and thus immortalizing myself by so doing, as I thought) some change, however slight; but no—no cloud, however faint, dimmed it—no shadow stole over it. On the same spots the same marks, shadows, and craters, reappeared in their silent calmness and majesty, or silvery beauty, or desolate wildness; but nothing moved, nothing changed: and were I there, I feel convinced I should find that nothing breathed or stirred, nor has stirred for ages—that perfect silence reigns over its desert shores—and motionless, noiseless, breathless, windless nature broods over that arid waste; and yet, I must acknowledge, it looks very like the bottom of a dried-up ocean of former days. Mysterious wavy irregularities creep over its surface like sand-hillocks, thrown up by the action of water, or perchance of wind, but more like the former. The different lights and shades, too, seem to indicate different depths of bottom, as is experienced with the sounding line; and its boundaries or shores, as we may call them, bend into curved bays, run into creeks, and jut out into promontories, just as we find on the shores of our terrestrial oceans, washed away as they are by the perpetual beat and thunder of the waves.

What are we to conclude, then, as to these dry seas or basins which stretch their immense superficies over the lunar surface? Evidently there can be but two hypotheses concerning them, either that they are a preparation for *future*, or the old dried-up basins of *former* oceans. Astronomers have hitherto been inclined to the former opinion as being the more probable; chiefly, indeed, from the abrupt and precipitous manner in which the mountain-chains descend to the seas, the slope being generally toward the land side, while a steep wall of rock is presented to the plain. This would imply the absence of all abrasion or attrition by the power of water against the lunar shores. Closer observation, however, together with the possession of more perfect instruments, has removed, in a great measure, this objection; and Professor Phillips, at a late meeting of the British Association, gave his testimony most strongly in favor of the latter opinion; viz., that, although it is probable not a drop of water exists now upon our satellite in the shape of oceans, it is not so clear that it may not have existed there once; and that the dry plains we behold are, in fact, but the beds of oceans now no more.

My own observation concurs fully with this; in fact, I cannot see the soft, wavy outline of those shores, with their sinuous bays and rounded promontories and creeks, and their apparently soft and billowy, sandy surface, together with the undulating character of their scenery, without being deeply impressed with the conviction that water once rolled over them, and waves tossed high their lunar spray as they dashed against those rugged and dreary, but now silent coasts.

IMPRESSIONS OF TRAVEL IN FRANCE.

THE French are a gay, perhaps a frivolous people, with little seriousness, and, it is supposed, not much more "moral sense;" but in "good taste" they excel all other nations, and their good taste supplies, largely, their lack of good sense or even moral sense. The traveler, passing from the coast inland—say from Havre to Paris—is struck by the universal aspect of neatness and good arrangement which the farms, the people, all things, present—except the interior of the houses, of which, however, he gets glimpses too slight to justify an opinion. The scenery is not remarkable, now that the Seine is deserted for the railroad; but a quiet, rural charm is thrown over it, by the exterior beauty and comfortableness of the thatched and arbored homes of the peasants, and their thoroughly cultivated fields. Fences, whether your northern straight bars or Virginia zigzags, are hardly known here. The fields are defined by varying stripes of cultivation, which lie gracefully side by side, extending sometimes over acres, along the plains, down into the valleys, or up the hill-sides. They produce a beautiful effect, their mathematical uniformity being usually relieved by frequent clumps of forest, by the natural variations of the surface, and the different degrees of growth or the various hues of the crops. Cattle, of course, cannot go at large without fences; but grazing is very limited in France, and where it does exist at all, gives to the scenery the additional charm of the shepherd with his crook and dog, and old idylic associations.

The public roads along these farms are kept in the best condition. They are usually shaded and beautified by parallel lines of trees, which form the only protection, if such it may be called, to the adjacent fields. A Yankee with his native recollections of orchard-thieving, and mischievous fruit-loving boys, can hardly credit his eyes when he sees these rich fruit fields and gardens verging on to the public road, and defined from it only by a few of the road-side trees or their own luxuriance. Will you believe me when I affirm that I have walked joyously with joyous friends (feeling the very hilarity of the scene and dreaming of the golden age) along miles of vineyards, grain-fields, olive-groves, and strawberry-beds, whose vines, gemmed with the luscious fruit, hung quite out upon the side-walk?—miles of comparative solitude, where any amount of depredation might be easily committed. The tempting strawberries, from three to four inches in circumference, unprotected by wall, hedge, or fence of any kind, creeping to your very feet among the grass of the road-side, lie untouched save by rightful hands. And this too in the very vicinity of Paris. Let the traveler accompany us in some of our favorite walks to Bourg-la-Reine, and thence through the teeming fields of Fontenay-aux-Roses, (a village as beautiful as its name,) of Sceaux, of the Vallee-aux-Loups, (sacred by the memory of Chateaubriand,) everywhere, even to within ten rods of the pleasure houses of "Robinson Crusoe,"—the gay resort of all the neighboring population and of Paris itself—will be found these tempting but unprotected fields, safe from depredations. Only where they wish to protect themselves from observation—to enjoy the gardens around their houses unobserved—do the French wall them in, and then they do it thoroughly, with masonry fit for a prison.

How is this? do you ask. Have the French a nicer sense of right and wrong than we orthodox Yankees? Certainly not, but they have a nicer sense of politeness. It would be meanness for any one to abuse the confidence with which property is thus exposed. Were it less confidently exposed, it would probably be more liable to depredations. "Trust a man if you would have him trustworthy," some one has said. It is, in other words, not conscience but custom that maintains the sacredness of this kind of property in France. Everything goes by fashion here, and it is not fashionable—it is decidedly in bad conventional taste—for a Frenchman to gratify his taste for grapes or strawberries by the meanness of petty pilfering.

The farm-houses look very pretty, at least in the distance at which you pass them on the highway. They are reached by lanes of stately trees, never economically direct, as with us, but gracefully winding. They are usually inclosed, house, out-houses, barn, stables, and all, in a square or circle of trees, which incloses them with the regularity, but with none of the exclusiveness of a wall. I have many a time, when observing this beautiful landscape feature of France,

resolved to recommend it to my own countrymen. On our prairies especially it would have a charming effect. It is not a grove or forest, such as we sometimes have about our prairie farm-houses, but a simple inclosure, designed with the precision of a fence or wall. A forest is not the place for a house; it is too exclusive and gloomy even on a prairie. Approaching the French farm-house by the gracefully curving alley of trees, you enter at last into this arbored circle or square. You find it incloses an acre or more, according to the size of the estate. Where there is a wealthy proprietor with several peasant families, his own mansion or chateau occupies the principal site, and the thatched chaumières of his laborers are placed in picturesque groups or lines among the trees behind it; while at the further angles or points of the inclosure are the out-houses, barns, and stables, half hid in the foliage. Sometimes the kitchen garden itself is within the inclosure.

The effect of this arrangement is really beautiful, and it is also convenient and comfortable. The trees are so arranged as not to interfere with the crops by their shade. They break the fierceness of the winds. They are usually the tallest kind of fruit trees, deprived of their lower branches, in order not only to open a clearer view to the inclosed buildings, but to give a more upward growth to the remaining boughs and to enrich the fruit. They are far enough apart to admit whatever amount of light or sun may be desirable for either the houses or the gardens. Some of the out-houses are circled about by secondary inclosures of smaller trees, which add greatly to the beauty of the picture. Picture I call it, for it really is such; and I am frank to admit that the French people excel us as much in their good taste for such picturesque effects, as we do them in the energy and skill of our agricultural industry. If it is vandalism to disregard or destroy the monuments of taste and art, it is certainly no less a barbarism to treat, in like manner, the monuments and adornments of nature. I have seen not a few nations in my day, but I have seen nowhere more thoroughgoing vandalism of this kind than in the United States. In some of the states, however, an era of good taste has commenced; it shows itself especially in the improvement of our villa and cottage architecture. I take the liberty of suggesting this beautiful example of French ornamentation to my countrymen. It is susceptible of many fine modifications, and of any modifications which may be necessary to adapt it to utilitarian conditions. Planted with fruit trees, it would supply at once an orchard and an ornamental boundary.

However dear other associations of our American rural homes may be, recollections of their appearance become very tame among the picturesque exteriors of European cottages and chateaux. We build the strictest, straightest, most mathematical, most ugly, most comfortable farm-houses on the earth—with rigorous angles, parallelogram doors and windows, and chimneys courageous and defiant in their grim stiffness. And then our universal superabundant white paint—how it begrimes our houses and our scenery! In our interiors, to be sure, we have comfort, for we have contrivance, as a people, if we have not taste; but comfort, in one sense of the term, is not the whole of *enjoyment*. On the contrary, as there is more enjoyment in the sentiments than in the senses, so is there more happiness in the demands of taste than in those of mere convenience. But the two are compatible, and hardly separable. We Americans nevertheless contrive, as of set purpose, to separate them. The lowliest houses of men, nearly everywhere else, show some regard to the picturesque. Look at the Swiss cottages, famous over the world for their charming, though sometimes fantastic irregularity; the peasant houses of France and Germany, all bearing their peculiar style, expressive and striking in their way, however humble; the cottages of England, with their thatched roofs, latticed windows, and woodbine and eglantine. Even the wigwam of the Indian is more picturesque than our whitened, stiff New-England exteriors. How would a little more curved work here, a slight projection there, a rounding off of this angle or the extension of that one, some other form than a rigid parallelogram for the casements, or of a naked mathematical square for the chimney—how would a little more taste and liberality in any of these respects add to the beauty of our country homes?

"But it would not be economical." That may be doubted, good sir; but suppose it costs a few more dollars, is it only

to inclose ourselves that we build our homes? Is it economical to spend only on our accommodations? Are not gratifications legitimate demands of our nature —and stronger demands even in some respects than conveniences? More useful too by their elevating influence upon our better susceptibilities. The purest utilitarianism of nature is in the beautiful, and in a certain sense the same can be affirmed of art. Nature, that is, in better words, God himself, everywhere refutes and defies our rigid and false utilitarianism. He scatters ornament and beauty over all things; studs the heavens with stars, and decks the earth with flowers and beautiful outlines, its internal rocks with gems and precious stones, and even the depth of its seas with shells as varied and beautiful as the flowers of the field. Over all the other demonstrations of wisdom and goodness in His works, everywhere the beautiful shines, and first appeals to the observation of men. The most obvious lesson taught us by His works is to unite the beautiful with the useful, or rather to crown all humbler utility with the higher utility of the beautiful—to perfect the provisions for our necessities by provisions for our tastes. Old Plato uttered an admirable saying when he declared that "Beauty is the essential splendor of truth."

Of our universal white paint it is necessary, I know, to speak considerately, if not respectfully. I must beg pardon of our good Eastern housewives for impeaching so favorite a predilection. No type of it can be found in nature, except in the hidden quarries, the wintry snows, a few of the flowers, and the sheep's back. It includes all the elementary rays of the sunbeam, the philosophers tell us; but nature disguises it with other hues, even in light itself. No picture by a great artist ever presents a white cottage; it would be unpardonable, it would confound his ideal; it would be looked at askance by a plowboy from the whitest of the white cottages of New-England, as, some how or other, unnatural in a fine landscape. Natural tints are what genius always and instinctively selects for rural buildings on canvas. If we will not adopt a better architectural style in our cottage buildings, let us, at least, choose a better color.

There is a noticeable love of neatness among these French people; it arises, I suppose, from its intimate alliance with "gracefulness," which is an idiosyncracy of the national mind. Personal cleanliness is seen everywhere, even among the lowest classes. Women unable to buy a bonnet wear the cap; it is often an hereditary article in the family; its style is sometimes grotesquely antique, a part, it may be, of the costume of five hundred years ago. You see it in some places mounting above the head in a cambric turret at least two feet in height, or flapping above the ears in fans a foot square; in most cases, however, it now assumes the snug, coquettish modern style, but never, not even among the huckster women of the market or the streets, do you see it soiled; that, to a French woman, would be next to a soiled reputation, and even worse in some instances, perhaps.

The foreigner is puzzled in Paris to know what becomes of the poor—the suburban outcasts which seem inseparable from all other great cities. He sees nobody in rags. The blouse is, to be sure, a convenient cover for a multitude of such sins against Parisian good taste; but then the women do not wear the blouse, and the women are everywhere—and nowhere in rags. The fact that they are everywhere is a good reason, perhaps, why there is so little apparent poverty, or its usual English and American ragamuffin uniform. A hundred kinds of business done in other countries by men, whether in doors or out of doors, here belong to the women. They are clerks in the largest and the pettiest mercantile establishments. A Parisian merchant's wife is often his chief book-keeper, and knows his affairs a little better than he does himself. Don't look equivocally at the fact, dear madam, for she is sometimes not only the truest man of the firm, but the accomplished Parisian lady as well as chief clerk—presiding at her husband's dinner parties, and in her evening saloon, with the grace of a countess. When we democrats from America enter the counting-houses, and whisper in the ear of the subordinate but fortunate husband our astonishment at this feminine surveillance, he shrugs his shoulders with still greater astonishment, and whispers back that it is the reason why there are fewer failures in France than in America; and that if we were reasonable enough to adopt it there would be fewer not only in America, but in France also.

The government even employs female clerks I am told, and I have seen women in Rouen cleaning the streets, and always "tidy" too, for you must accept the affirmation (though I know it is absolutely incredible, to a New-Yorker at least) that the streets of French cities are cleaner than the side-walks of Broadway. I assure you, good reader, that I have not written a more soberly truthful line in this article than that assertion. I mean precisely what I say. You have at least dust, fragments of paper, and other flying remnants on your Broadway side-walks; but excepting the slightest, most unavoidable modicum of the first, there is soberly nothing of the kind here in Paris. The streets are nearly white in their bleached cleanness. Besides the labors of the city street-cleaners, the *chiffoniers* (rag-pickers) seize every fragment of paper, or of almost everything else, as soon as it appears. As the paving stones are not pebbles, but square blocks, you can walk upon them almost as well as upon the side-walks; and owing to their absolute cleanness, the people hardly choose between them, except where there are many carriages. I know not the city regulations on the subject, nor the mode of street cleaning here; and the mystery is, that in Paris at least I can never, from daylight to midnight, catch a glimpse of a street-cleaner. I leave all these matters to the inquiries of his honor the mayor of New-York; but were I before him "on oath," I could deliberately declare that in any five miles that I have walked in the streets of Paris, there could not be found the amount of garbage and filth which could be seen before I left New-York, in hundreds of instances, within twice as many rods.

I have no doubt that this external neatness, this very cleanness of the streets, has as much to do, morally, with the tastes and habits of the people, as it has physiologically with their health. It is a great municipal education to cleanliness. A Frenchman, with his extreme sensitiveness to fashion or custom, could not, of course, have his house-yard, or court-yard, or "interior," less neat than the open streets themselves. The result is, that wherever my gaze has penetrated I have seen no garbage: where it goes to and how it goes, are questions respecting which I remain in mysterious but "blissful ignorance."

I have said that there was little extreme poverty seen here. It exists, doubtless, but it does not show itself as in other countries. Among us, especially, it luxuriates in its rags, and tears, and whining obsequiousness. I have been in France several months, and have not seen three beggars. Disabled persons—the blind, lame, aged—have a way of getting alms, but it is not by the disgusting obtrusion of their sufferings and imploring complaints. That would hardly suit French taste. They amuse you into liberality by some comic performance or artifice; or, if too sober in their temperament or sorrows for this, they treat you to sweet or sad music, (*Partant pour la Syrie* is now the vogue,) and often really good music, on harps, flutes, or violins. The omnipresent organ-grinder is here, but the Parisian street musician despises him; he is an ultramontanist, an Italian barbarian, and wanders about like an outcast spirit, seeking coppers and finding none. He generally vamoses to America—the paradise toward which the eye of all European beggary squints hopefully, as it is understood that among our other essential liberties is the full liberty to beg.

Mendicity is prohibited generally in France, as it should be in all civilized states, except during periods of general scarcity or financial disaster. It exasperates only the evils of the poor. It is the most costly method by which a community can relieve its poor. It has no curative efficacy, but, like certain drugs, only relieves the sufferings of the moment—debilitating what strength remains, and aggravating the miseries of the future. The incessant applications for "cold victuals" made at our doors, in American cities, from daylight to sunset, would drive the Parisians "to arms" and a "revolution," if it were allowed by their government. You know no such annoyance here. A harp played under your window while you are rising, or in the twilight at evening, is, I assure you, a very agreeable substitute for it. A New-York family on arriving here feel emparadised in respect to this one deliverance at least.

Whatever we may consider exceptionable in the social character of France, we must accord it one truly gracious and truly great excellence—it provides, better than any other nation on earth, for the multiform infirmities and calamities of

humanity. Asylums for the poor, hospitals for the sick or disabled, retreats for old age, for little children; institutions for the insane, for mutes, for the blind, for the restoration of fallen women, for the instruction of idiots, abound here. The noble buildings devoted to these purposes alone in Paris, if put side by side, might form a city of themselves. To France, indeed, we owe most of our scientific ameliorations of these evils. I stumbled by accident, the other day, against an obscure tomb in Père-la-Chaise. Its tablet was small, but it needed no monument, for the name it recorded is inscribed on thousands of grateful hearts throughout the civilized world. It bore the illustrious name of the Abbé Sicard, and the alphabet of the dumb. It was erected by his pupils, and in one sentence spoke a whole oration, whose eloquence made the tears spring to my eyes: "He has made us men!"

We owe to France, too, the initiation of the new treatment of the insane. The French were the first to change the *prisons* of these sufferers into *homes*—to disarm madness of more than half its horrors, by showing that it is among the most curable of diseases. The facilities they have provided for the education of the blind are known to all the world; and as for their hospitals for the sick, these, like their medical researches, are divided and subdivided into "specialities"—they are the most extensive and the best endowed in the world; and we may affirm, without a word of qualification, that the foremost medical skill on the earth now stands around the sick beds of the poor in the Parisian hospitals. It owes its supremacy to the fact that it is there.

But these are all very favorable "Impressions," certainly; are there no contrasts? Yes, doubtless; but we are not yet half through the grateful enumeration of our favorable ones. We will look at both sides of the subject at another time. Meanwhile the warm breezes are stirring the trees of the Luxembourg beneath our window—the little Parisian children are gamboling through its green alleys with their blooming *bonnes*. Yonder comes a sister of charity with her hilarious infant school. What a pity that religion should thus, among these little ones, begrim both itself and her womanly beauty by those black weeds! Yonder strolls a *gens d'armes*, in happy oblivion of his duties; and there moves a soldier of the line, dreaming, perhaps, of Sebastopol. Look at that family group, embroidering and reading under the trees; how perfectly comfortable they seem: and behold that old couple advancing, feebly, arm-in-arm, toward the garden bench; they have been married, perhaps, a half century, and yet how mutually polite they are—familiarity never diminishes respectfulness among this singular people; and how beautifully fresh and amiable old age preserves itself with their happy temperament and under their happy skies! It is a day to be abroad, and the French know well how to improve such days. See how they are thronging in at the gateways. Let us drop, then, the pen. Let us take a book and descend among them. Let us walk the shaded alleys with Chateaubriand, talking of "Attila" and "René," of the "Martyrs" and the "Génie du Christianism." Yonder among the trees is a marble statue of his "Veleda," and he walked these aisles himself in many a meditative hour.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE RAIN.

The day is cold, and dark, and drear,
For the year is on its wane;
And never a sound breaks on my ear
Save the patter of the rain—
The rain that falls
On castle walls,
And ruins old and gray;
On meadows fair,
And mountains bare,
And valleys green and gay.

The clouds around the mountains lower,
And, one by one, the leaves
Grow pale and paler at the power
Of the song the north-wind weaves:
And still the rain
Against the pane
Is pattering all the day:—
Sad memories come
Of our lost home,
When falls the rain alway.

H. L. Spencer.

GENTLE WORDS.

Use gentle words, for who can tell
The blessings they impart?
How oft they fall (as manna fell)
On some nigh fainting heart!

In lonely wilds, by light wing'd birds,
Rare seeds have oft been sown;
And hope has sprung from gentle words
Where only griefs had grown.

[For the National Magazine.]

CALIFORNIA.

CALIFORNIA was discovered by Cobrillo, a Spanish navigator, in 1542. It was first colonized by the Spaniards in 1768. It has been visited by several revolutions since the extermination of the Spanish power; and for several years previous to its occupancy by the United States troops in 1846, the authority of Mexico was very loose. It was ceded to this government by the treaty of 1848.

The nature of the country has been variously represented, according to the tastes and fortunes of describers. The unlucky have mostly abused it, while the successful have limited their praise by no bounds. No other country was ever talked of in greater extravagance. For illustration, I will relate a story which I heard concerning the life-giving power of the California climate. It was of a man who had lived in that country till he reached the great age of two hundred and fifty years! Such was the nature of the climate that, even at the end of this long period, he was in perfect health, and as supple as a boy. But he was tired of life. He wanted to die, and could not. He had thought of suicide, but the *padres* told him that was sinful; and as he was nominally a Christian, he concluded to banish it from his mind. But at last a lay friend (his *heir* perhaps) advised him to try the effects of another climate. Accordingly, he went to China and soon died. But he had previously bound his heir, under penalty of disinheritance, to remove his corpse to his own country for burial. So he was interred in California with due ceremony, the *padres* praying for his soul, and supposing it was on its way to heaven, while the heir was happy in the same conclusion. But no sooner was he inclosed in the life-giving soil of that land, with the youth-inspiring California zephyrs blowing over his grave, than he actually came to life, and, being endowed with Herculean strength, burst through the precincts of the tomb, and made his living appearance to his chop-fallen heir! The old man, finding himself unable even to *stay dead* in California, quietly submitted to his fate.

Such extravagances, though absurd, have left impressions on hundreds of minds. Indeed, many of them, if not all, have their beginning in something real. I heard General Vallejo, when endeavoring to portray the loveliness of Sonoma valley, declare it was the place where our Saviour was born!

Abating all that is necessary for the exuberance of lively imaginations, there is yet enough left of reality in California to invest it with the glory of a semi-celestial land. We, who have been acquainted with its growth from the first, have mostly lost sight of much, just as we fail to be daily impressed with the stupendous glories of the sun, because we see them daily. We should look at the country as the captain of the Plover is said to have done. That exploring ship arrived at San Francisco in the latter part of 1854 from the Polar Sea, where she had been ice-bound since 1847.

When she left San Francisco, seven years previously, it was a mere trading station, resorted to by a few vessels in pursuit of hides and tallow, and the village contained only a few houses. The captain and crew of the Plover expected to find the same San Francisco in 1854 that they left in 1847. They sailed into the bay without a pilot, and approached the city in the evening. But there was a strange phenomenon for which they could not account—there were hundreds of lights gleaming about the site of the old mud-town. When, the next morning, they awoke from their dream of seven years, they beheld a noble city, swarming with thousands of human beings. They had known nothing of the Mexican war, the cession of California to the United States, and the many other great events which had taken place during the time they had been locked up in the frozen regions of the north.

It was in the early part of May, 1852, that my eyes first looked on that golden land. When our proud vessel, majestically plowing the waters of the great Pacific like a thing of life, brought us alongside the shore, we all gazed anxiously and exclaimed, "This is California." The sight was by no means exhilarating. The place was rocky, sterile, depressed into ravines, and sharpened into peaks, which made it seem as the resort of owls, or the solitary residence of some Robinson Crusoe; and as the waters solemnly moved to and fro, each minute dashing against the shore, they appeared as singing the funeral dirge of a dead country, and kiss-

ing the corpse. This dreary desolation pervades California to a large extent, except where an exotic population, with good, honest, vigorous Protestant blood coursing through their veins, have imprinted the footsteps of industry.

However, winter and spring give enchantment to the appearance. Then, the immense valleys—level as a floor—stretch out in the loveliest verdure, and great patches of wild-flowers, amounting, in some instances, to whole acres, of every color and size, continually sparkling in the bright sunbeams, clothed with beauty the extended surface. Green and rounded mountain pyramids, with occasional cloud-capped peaks, afford the charms of variety.

On the 15th of December, 1852, the first snow fell which I had seen after my arrival. There was but little of it, and it all left Sonoma valley in a few hours. Yet the mountains west of us were perfectly white, only the trees growing on them did not retain the snow and were green. The remaining mountains—for mountains are almost all around Sonoma city, "as the mountains" were "round about Jerusalem"—showed the green grass, excepting some distant ones which were also white with snow. The whole valley was covered with growing grass. The variety and contrast of the scene made it singularly beautiful.

Snow is not common, except in the region of the Sierra Nevada, or, as the name imports, Snowy Mountains. In the winter of '46 and '47, many emigrants were locked up in the Sierra Nevada by snow, supposed to be ten feet deep, and lived a long time on boiled ox-hides, then on the flesh of their friends who died from hunger and fatigue.

But winter, in the region of the coast range of mountains, is not disagreeable, except in the rainy season. This usually begins in November and ends in May. The rain is not continuous, as many suppose, for there are intervals of bright sunshine, and a spring-like temperature. Sometimes it rains for a whole day without cessation, and weeks of showery weather are not unfrequent, while other days and weeks are fine specimens of the delightful. The wettest month when I was there, and perhaps when anybody else was there, was December, when nearly all the low country was flooded. Travelers on foot in the valleys might be seen slowly selecting their way, leaping a narrow pond here, backing out there, wading yonder, and pursuing every imaginable zigzag course.

The climate, for salubrity, can hardly be surpassed. The atmosphere is so pure that flesh does not readily putrefy; it is rather inclined to crumble into dust without emitting a very offensive smell. In summer the sky is perfectly cloudless, without the slightest film of vapor in the vast azure vault. The sun shines with power at noon, but it is never uncomfortable in the shade; and at night the temperature is so delightful and soothing, that he who shuts his eyes can have, in a manner not usually known by the inhabitants of most other lands, "tired nature's *sweet* restorer, *balmy* sleep."

If you confine yourself to one place the climate is uniform, but variable if you change your locality. It is said that in San Francisco the thermometer has shown a variation of only a very few degrees in a number of years. Yet the variation observed, if you visit different places, is singular. If you would see how near you can come to freezing, go up into the mountains in winter. If you would enjoy a climate reminding you of Paradise, go into Sonoma valley, and similar places. If you would like to increase the disposition of stubbornness by having constant practice, go into Bodego, and other coast regions, and push against the strong, cool, everlasting winds; and you may be allowed all summer to work with one hand, and rub dust out of your eyes with the other.

In Sonoma valley the soil is gravelly, and the general depth is about four feet. In Petaloma, Santa Rosa, and Suisun, it is argillaceous. In Bodego, the great potato-country, it is sandy, and in Nopa gravelly. The basis of the Sonoma soil is clay, and I think such is the case with all I have mentioned. The Petaloma soil is peculiar. It is alluvial, and resembles the settlings of muddy water. It is fine black clay, and must be very deep—fifteen, twenty, or even a hundred feet—but it is not very good.

The valleys and hills abound with wild oats and grasses. The varieties of grasses are greater than on the Atlantic side of the continent, and much more nutritious; they are all heavily seeded, and when ripe are as fattening to stock as the grains with which we feed cattle. There is a grass in Sacramento valley, and perhaps in other places, which is pleasant to the taste and

nutritious, and is eaten by the Indians. The clover, of which there are many kinds, deposits, when dry, such an abundance of seeds upon the ground, that they are lapped up by quadrupeds like threshed oats with us.

The acorns, which are large oleaginous nuts, afford most nutritious feed for horses, mules, and even horned cattle, during the period of transition from the dry grass to the new growth, which is about a month after the rains begin to fall.

The "soap-plant" (*amole*) is one of great service, especially to the Indians. The root, which contains the saponin of the plant, resembles the onion, but possesses the quality of cleansing linen equal to Packer's soap in San Francisco, or "Sala's chemical soap" in Pittsburgh.

The evergreen oak (*Quercus Ilex*) is the principal timber in all the valleys. It is full of knots and twists, and would be unmanageable if it were not so very porous and brittle. The trees are generally low and crooked, and at a distance they look exactly like large apple-trees; and the groves scattered about have the appearance of splendid orchards.

The red-wood, which is a species of fir, is found in abundance on the coast, and in considerable quantities on the interior mountains. It grows so tall, that those who deal in strong expressions will tell you that you must look twice to see the top of a tree. Its superior for building purposes is not to be found.

By proper cultivation, almost anything which will grow in any other part of the world may be produced in California. Nevertheless, while it may be said to be a good farming country, it cannot be regarded as a superior one. Its farmers have some advantages that are not possessed in this country, but the disadvantages there are greater than they are here. Take the gold from California, and it would be a poorer country than this. Its agricultural advantages are not such as to give it any particular prominence. Its greatness lies in its gold and commercial facilities.

Among the wild animals are the wild-horse, the elk, the deer, the antelope, the grizzly bear, the panther, and the cayote, which is a species of the jackal. Small birds are very numerous, but there is not a great variety.

I would not go far astray if I should class the Digger Indians with the wild animals. They are the real natives of California. They live, to a great extent, on roots which they dig from the earth, and from this fact are called Digger Indians; they also live on grass, but especially grass-seed, which they gather by brushing it from its stalks from one basket into another; and they live on acorns, which they pick up and pulverize, and then make the flour into bread or mush. They will even eat vermin. Yet they like bread and butter as well as other people. I visited an Indian camp one day, when I saw them eating a thin paste made out of flour and water. A basket of their own making, which was impervious to water, contained the paste. They made ladles out of their hands by compressing and crooking their fingers. The ladle, being filled with wigwam soup, was thrust into the mouth, turned upside down, and sucked empty, with a toss of the head backward, and no little noise.

These Indians are mostly well-formed, and of good stature, varying from five feet three inches to five feet eleven inches in height, with strong muscular developments. Their hair is long, black, coarse, and matted; and their complexion is very near that of a mulatto. They are unintelligent, lazy, stupid, and beastly. I never feared them any more than I would a cow, for they are too blockish to be dangerous without great excitement.

I think gold is imbedded in the California earth to a much greater extent than has yet been discovered. Its mines will not be exhausted for many years to come. It is obtained by the hardest labor. Sometimes the work is to be done by standing in water for days together. Rivers must be dug up, hills must be dug down, tons of dirt must be lifted, carried, and each handful of it carefully washed. There are several ways of separating the fine gold from the dirt. The most common, where I was, was by means of the "rocker." The "rocker" is worked on the principle of a nursery cradle, which it very much resembles. It is open at the foot, with only a small cleat nailed to the bottom, and has a coarse sieve at its head. The golden earth is placed upon the sieve, and the machine being in motion, water is poured upon the rich deposit, and the gold, sand, and fine earth are taken into the body of the machine, while the gravel is rejected. The earth, being light, is washed rapidly

over the cleat, while the gold and black sand, being heavy, lag behind. After the precious remnants are taken up and dried, the sand is blown away, and the gold, as a matter of course, is kept.

The pleasure of "rocking the cradle," with a golden baby it, has attracted men from all parts of the world. On board the vessel which brought me from San Francisco, I noticed that twenty-nine of our states had their representatives. You could hardly name a nation of whom some are not found in California. Nor could you think of any human size or shape, or grade of intellect, or color of skin, or manner of dress, or form of living language, and I will add, or of any kind of immorality, which has not its representative there.

Even in the grave-yards may be heard, almost at all times, the sound of the miner's rocker, and the hurried dashing of the water. The scenery around one to which I now refer, is wild and grand. Gold lies beneath the graves, and it is thought by some that the whole grave-yard will one day be sluiced! I looked over the place and counted seventy graves. A few of them were adorned with stones and boards, on which names, dates, and places of nativity might be read. Of these few, two were from Massachusetts, one was from Maine, one was from Vermont, one was from New-York, one was from Alabama, and one was from Ohio. Behold, in a village grave-yard, a true picture of California! Both have their inhabitants from all parts of the earth. Sleep on now, in that far-off land, ye lonely mortals, of whom not one of you had a mother, or wife, or sister, to drop a tear of affection in your coffins—sleep on, till the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised.

It is worthy of special note, that the time when gold was discovered seems to have been selected by Providence, that God's name should be glorified; for he who orders that the wrath of man shall praise him, may as easily determine that the covetousness of man shall praise him also. The gold was not hid. It was there glittering in the dust; yet men walked over it, dug it up, and did not see it. A few specimens had been found and sent to England, without awakening extensive curiosity. Now, mark the proceedings of Divine Providence. The government changes hands; the United States obtain dominion; Protestantism becomes the religion of the country; and now men's eyes are opened to behold the precious dust. The apparently accidental discovery is made by a Mr. Marshall, in February, 1848, who, while employed in cutting a mill-race for Captain Sutter, observes the glittering particles of gold in a large bed of mud and gravel. Under the protection and blessed freedom of the American flag, the nations gather to dig. What a grand field for the missionary! Such is the difficulty of communication with some nations, and such is the tyranny of some despotic governments, that he cannot now visit all places; but God concentrates the nations in California, under the benign influence of American liberty, and gives the missionary a clew to the whole world. Nor is this a new feature in the divine arrangement. Sacred history records a period when "there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven;" and the disciples of Jesus were "filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues," so "that every man heard them speak in his own language."

Glance at a single nation for one moment, and see the divine plan. China has but slightly received the Gospel, and for many years to come she will meet it with her deep-rooted prejudices, only to spurn it from her as a nuisance. But gold attracts the Chinaman to California. He is there among a new people, under the immediate influence of a new religion. He is there without his wife, for the law of the emperor prohibited his taking her with him. Had his family gone with him, his gods would also have gone; but now he has no family altar, and there is a great gulf between him and his idol-temple. It is not true that there is a temple of idolatry in San Francisco. I traversed the city and saw for myself: there is a theater and nothing more. The poor Chinaman seems to have left his religion in his native land; and, cut loose from the restrictions which a man's home must ever create, he floats out upon the sea of life, ready to be picked up by the benevolent crew of the missionary ship, while every avenue of his heart opens for the reception of the Gospel. His soul is strangely blessed. He writes the glad tidings home. God applies his words to

the awakening of his friends. Thus shall China be visited with salvation. Nor is this a fancy sketch, but one which is beautifully daguerreotyped from the realities of past providences.

The hand of God is visible in bringing the nations to one language. When he arrayed himself against the builders of the tower of Babel, he interfered with their sin by giving them a diversity of speech; one could not understand another, and their work was closed. But to carry on the work of salvation through Jesus Christ, God is blending the languages into one. All tongues in California are gradually conforming to the English. The Chinaman there is destined to quit sawing and grating with his harsh native speech, for he is learning of Americans, and he will often greet you with a very distinct "Good morning, sir;" or, "How do you do, sir," while he looks proud, and his great broad teeth shine with delight. The very Indians, stupid as they are, are learning the English language.

And what is California at this moment? A High College, endowed by Divine Providence, where the English language is taught to all the nations of the earth. Wherefore? That through this one fit channel holiness may pour its sacred streams into all lands. California is situated midway between the light of Christian civilization and the somber shades of heathenism. It is the supreme medium of conveyance by which Europe and America are to pass over triumphantly to Asia, and carry the Gospel of the grace of God to the sons of night. Is the Gospel to be preached to all nations? They are gathered for the hearing. Will they desert the country, and leave the missionary no work to do? The inexhaustible stores of gold will always attract them. The cloud of God's presence will cover that land, tinged with the varied hues of his excellent glory, and joyously, swiftly, profusely, will it spread its refreshing showers to the earth's extent.

Hasten, glad day, when from the flower-gardens of the modern Ophir shall go up odors, incense, and a pure offering to the Most High; and when from the gold of that land shall come forth a voice enchanting as the songs of angels, majestic as the heavens, and all-prevalent like the shout of God's host, saying, "Halleluiah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

LIFE IN CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

THE Cambridge University in England consists of seventeen colleges, each of which is an independent body under a common government, like the United States of America. Though the buildings are commonly called colleges, this term properly belongs to the collective body of Masters, Fellows, and Scholars, who derive emoluments of different kinds from the foundation or college property, which was given or bequeathed by various persons. The members or students only reside at college for the purpose of education. The edifices are of different sizes, and vary in architectural design and grandeur; but they generally consist of several large square courts, surrounded with uniform ranges of building. The entrance to the outer courts is through large gates, some of which are very handsome; and there are flights of stairs leading to a number of apartments, apportioned to the fellows and students. Two rooms and a pantry are the ordinary allotment for each habitant, whose name is painted at the foot of the stair, as well as on the door of his chambers, of which he keeps a key to admit himself at pleasure, a duplicate being held by the bed-maker.

The colleges are not necessarily contiguous to one another, though this is the case with some of them; they are scattered through the town, and have large gardens or walks, for the convenience and health of the members. Some of these grounds are open to the public, who have thus an opportunity of recreating themselves in pleasant places; for the walks are very picturesque, in grand avenues of lofty trees, amid verdant fields, by the side of the peaceful Cam. Such are fit places for meditation of an elevated character, and where the mind may well ruminate upon the food with which it has been in secret supplied.

The buildings of some colleges are not sufficiently large to receive all their students, and the surplus are accommodated in private lodgings, licensed for this purpose by the proper authorities. The lodging-keepers are obliged, like the college porters, to furnish a report of the conduct of the students, especially of their regularity in coming home at night. They ought to be in their chambers at ten o'clock, which is certainly a very decent

and respectable hour, before which they cannot play much mischief. After this time, they are fined so much per hour, according to the estimate which the different colleges put upon *gadding*—some valuing it at two cents, some at four cents, others as high as twelve cents an hour. But if abroad after midnight, the culprits are amenable to be called up to render an account of their whereabouts, though one college allows until one in the morning for a late supper. If this offence be oft repeated, they will be summoned before the dean, and severely reprimanded. The morals of the young gentlemen are thus apparently cared for, so that they may not spend the whole night in gay or wicked company.

Each student is expected to the present at muster three times a day—at prayers, lecture, and dinner; for, in case their young minds should be so occupied with study as to make them forget their religious devotions, the treacherous memory is assisted by a bell calling them to chapel, where prayers are read twice a-day; and, on saint's-days and vigil-eves, the students are attired in surplices, and an anthem is sung by the choristers. Each gentleman must attend these services eight times a-week, or else he is fined. This *eight* is not to be thought a mystical number, but as implying the saying or hearing of prayers once every week-day, and twice on the Sabbath. Yet in some colleges at least, the going twice on Sunday counts for three times out of the eight—according to the sailor's adage, "the better the day, the better the deed." Eminent men are successively chosen to occupy the pulpit of University Church for a month at a time, each of whom, during his period, reads a sermon every Sunday afternoon. In this capacious edifice, the under-graduates, as many as please to go, occupy the side and back galleries, in which, perhaps, half of them could be accommodated, for it is not expected that young gentlemen should be sermon-hunters. The "Heads of Houses" are supposed to be more piously inclined, and a whole gallery is reserved for their use. Graduates have part of the ground area, technically called *the pit*, allotted for their convenience or inconvenience; but, as the service only lasts an hour, they need not be nice as to the manner of *sederunt*. Among this assemblage may be seen the two proctors, in a peculiar costume, each carrying, as his badge of office, a huge volume of university statutes, strongly bound with clasps, and suspended by chains. These heavy tomes are brought to church by the proctor's *bull-dogs*, as they are usually termed—two rough-looking fellows, attired in a long cloth gown with gilt buttons, the train of which they carry over their left arm, "prepared to run." The bull-dogs, as in faithful duty bound, attend their masters when they take their walks abroad, to see how matters go in the streets, and pounce upon any unfortunate student who is found misbehaving in public, or appearing without his proper costume, consisting of cap and gown, which he ought always to wear before ten in the morning, and after dark. Some curious stories are told of these bull-dog chases, and the expedients to which a clever head has had recourse, to escape from being taken. We have heard of one who was hunted down an alley, out of which there was no other exit; but he had wit enough to run into a barber's shop, and, throwing off hat and coat, began to shave the barber's man, so that, when the pursuers entered, they did not recognize the man they had been chasing, and lost scent of their game. The proctors hold office for only one year, and are annually chosen from the graduates. They are much disliked, especially by the *sparks*, on account of the check which is put upon their natural liberty.

Lectures are delivered by the university professors, some of whom the students are enjoined to hear, according to the year of their residence; but attendance upon the others is voluntary.

Dinner is as important a part of college *regime* as the daily prayers or lecture; for the body needs feeding as well as the soul. Commons are provided for all the students, and they are expected to be present at the dinner hour. In the larger colleges, where a great many hungry stomachs have to be satisfied, a dinner scene might form a good subject for the pencil of a clever artist. The young gentlemen make a rush to the seats, each endeavoring to get as near as possible to a joint of meat. As soon as grace has been said, the successful candidate for the first slice helps himself to whatever portion of the meat suits his taste or fancy, and passes it on to his neighbor, who operates upon the joint in similar

style. It thus runs the gauntlet, suffering rude cuts of all kinds from inexperienced hands, until its substance is exhausted, and some wag perhaps flourishes the skeleton which he strives to dissect. It ought not to be forgotten, that college youths are not expected to be teetotalers, and that the Cambridge ale is of noted quality.

The Fellows and Fellow-commoners have a table to themselves, where all things are done decently and in order, and their equanimity with their own good cheer is not disturbed by the confusion which reigns around. Of the Fellows we shall presently have occasion to speak. The Fellow-commoners are students of wealth or rank, who are able to pay more for their education than other members; they are, therefore, furnished with superior fare and accommodation, and are entitled to wear gold or silver trimmings on their gowns and caps. This latter privilege is a little singular in a place where only merit should be distinguished; and it savors more of the milliner or coquette than of the severe student.

Besides dinner, the members are entitled to a certain quantity of bread and butter. For the sake of conveniently apportioning the last-named commodity, a pound of it is rolled out into a yard's length, when it is easily divided by measure into the precise number of inches which each man ought to consume. Hence butter is usually sold in Cambridge market by the yard; and the country people furnish themselves with baskets of a suitable length. Coffee, bohea, sugar, and other requisites for breakfast and tea, are procured by each student according to his liking, kept in his pantry along with the needful kettle and crockery, and consumed at the time and in the manner which suit him best, being then waited upon by no less distinguished a personage than himself — unless additional help be procured by money, which "answereth to all things."

Lectures finish at two P. M.; and from that hour till four is supposed to be a proper and sufficient time for recreation in the open air. Some walk, some ride, some drive, some betake themselves to the cricket-ground, the tennis-court, or the billiard-room; but the favorite exercise is *boating*. A few minutes after two o'clock, streams of collegians are seen hurrying down the streets which lead to the Cam, crossing the spacious common in various directions. They hasten to one of the large boat establishments, where dressing-rooms are kept for their convenience, and soon appear in the costume of their several clubs—in jackets and caps of white, red, blue, green, purple, pink, crimson, striped, &c. The boats used for diversion are of several descriptions; but the most esteem are the "funny" and the eight-oared boat. In the former, only one man can sit, and he requires to balance himself with great nicety, as the "funny" is long and very narrow, and the seat is elevated. Some men get several duckings before they can sit steadily on this frail bark, which would be overset by a wrong movement of the oar; but they row it with great rapidity, shooting like a mermaid along the quiet stream. The "eight-oar" is the favorite for races; and prizes are obtained by the successful competitors.

Before four o'clock, a stream of youthful life again sets in for the colleges; and stragglers may be seen running with all their remaining strength, to be in time for dinner, or at least for the muster-roll. It has been reckoned peculiarly hurtful to the morals of the students to go to the Newmarket horse-races, and absence from dinner on such days is altogether forbidden; the penalty being *rusticating*—that is, being sent "down" for a season. Nevertheless they do go to the races, and the penalty has usually been borne by poor horses, many of which have died from the exertions of the occasion. Newmarket is only thirteen miles off, and as the young gents who *will* go there naturally desire to remain as long as possible, they drive back at full speed. But since the railway has been opened, a special train has been run to meet the exigencies of the case; the directors not being amenable to university discipline, and more anxious to secure their own profit, than to preserve the morals of the students.

The youths who attend the university may be grouped into three classes. One of these is the "fast men," so called because they are hastening the ruin of their health and fortune, and hurrying out life by dissipation. They spend their time in day-sports and night-revelries, passing through the necessary forms of college-life, and perhaps managing to get *crammed* with enough of book-learning to take a degree of Bachelor of Arts, or at least of

Laws. Various prudential arrangements have been made to curtail the reckless expenditure of such young men while attending the university; but when they *will* spend money and get into debt, they cannot be prevented. In vain the tradesmen are obliged to send in their biils to the tutors when they reach a certain amount, or at the end of each term, that the friends of the young men may be informed when they are "going ahead" in these matters; for they can run several bills for the same kind of goods; and if this be not enough, they can procure more from London. When the tradespeople are asked why they trust them, they sometimes answer, by inquiring why they keep their shops open. If parents trust these *fast* youths away from home, they must pay the cost; though, during their minority, they are legally responsible for only such an amount as is authorized by the tutors, which is very ample. For instance, we believe that $200 is deemed enough for a tailor's bill in one year—with which opinion we certainly accord—but this is found quite inadequate to meet the extravagant wants of some young men.

Another class of students, the major class in the university, desire to pass through the ordinary curriculum that they may reputably finish their education, or be thought qualified for entering into holy orders or the legal profession. They attend prayers, lecture, and dinner; read with a private tutor or *coachy*, who directs them to the chief subjects of examination; and spend some time, more or less, in private studies; for, as they aim at nothing more than a Bachelor's degree, the needful work can be done by a man of ordinary capacity with such an amount of application as will not be prejudicial to the welfare of the body or the enjoyment of life.

The hard student is a man of a different grade. His anxious hopes are fixed upon coming out high in the class of *honors*. He probably looks forward to literary fame and promotion, and his prospects in life depend upon his present exertions. If, at the terminus of his probation, he succeed in being among the most proficient, he is sure of getting a fellowship and other scholastic emoluments. These men study with intense earnestness, and often injure their bodily constitution through unremitting application of the mind. Most of them are of limited pecuniary means; but they can reduce their college expenses to a small figure by the rewards of learning. Many exhibitions or scholarships are awarded by the university or by particular colleges to those students who are most proficient. The whole number of such endowments is seven hundred, some of them amounting in value to $250 a-year, and a few even to $500. Prizes are also given for Latin and English poems, dissertations on particular subjects, or other kinds of superiority in a particular college, sometimes amounting to $100 or $125 at a time. King's College is entirely supplied by the first scholars of Eton School, whose scholastic fortune is in a fair way of being made when they are elected to this privilege; since they receive their degree of Bachelor of Arts as a matter of course, and if they choose to remain at college are sure of soon becoming fellows.

The statutes of some colleges require the candidates for their fellowships to be natives of particular counties or districts, to come from particular schools, or to be graduates of this very college; so that they are limited to a portion of the graduates, while other members of superior learning are not allowed to compete for these honors and emoluments. Yet the fellowships of some colleges are perfectly open to all competitors, and others are nearly so. There are upward of four hundred in the university, some amounting in value to $1,500 per annum. Most of these are tenable for life, at least while the holders remain in "single blessedness," for they are all voided by marriage. But no duties are imposed upon the possessors of such benefits, and some spend many years in indolence, or uselessness to the public. These emoluments were originally intended to furnish pecuniary means for ardent students to pursue literary and scientific researches, and thus raise the scholarship of the country. In some instances this has been the case; still it is not necessarily so, but may afford a premium for literary lounging. Out of these fellows are chosen the tutors and masters of colleges, also called "Heads of Houses." Junior fellows and young graduates who are waiting for this preferment often engage as private tutors, to direct the studies, or "coach" the young gentlemen, for which they are well paid.

The masters are allowed to be married men. Some wish to extend this privilege to the fellows, which would be tantamount to providing for their families—an object altogether foreign to the design of the founders. Others, with better reason, wish the fellowships to be held for a limited number of years, and to be connected with some public duties rendered to the university. At present, they are mere sinecures, and are usually vacated by succeeding to some benefice or mastership. The ecclesiastical and other patronage of the university is considerable, consisting of more than three hundred and twenty pieces of church preferment, and fourteen public schools; besides the offices of vice-chancellor, and other university functionaries, masters and tutors of colleges, professors and lecturers.

Excepting attendance at lecture, dinner, and prayers, the students spend their time according to their own will. Most of those who wish to succeed take the help of private tutors, who know the particular course of study to be pursued. The "little go," which is an easy affair to get through, is passed after half the course has been accomplished, and the whole finishes at the end of three years. Each man works for himself, without necessarily measuring himself with his neighbors; yet in the competition for scholarships, and the college examinations for prizes, the men can form a pretty good estimate of their *comparative* merits, and guess who will stand high in the list of *honors*. All the best scholars aim at this distinction. The examination for honors lasts several days, when the candidates solve a variety of written problems and questions upon mathematical subjects. He who correctly answers most of these queries is called "Senior Wrangler," and is accounted the "first man of his year." This is not only a most distinguished honor, but virtually makes a man's fortune, as all academical places and emoluments are open to him without further trouble. Other candidates who reach a certain standard marked in the examiners' minds, are placed in the class of "Wranglers." The next class are the *Senior Optimés*, and the third are *Junior Optimés*. A competitor for honors who falls short of these is "gulfed;" he is declared unfit for honors, but is allowed to try for the common degree of B. A., along with the *Poll*, a contraction of *polloi*, the Greek word for *the many*. Yet here the *gulfed* men often fail, as the examination for honors only respects mathematical proficiency, whereas the degree of B. A. requires a knowledge of classics and other subjects, with medium attainments in mathematics. In former times, almost any person could get a degree of B. A., but the standard of examination has been gradually raised, and a great number of idlers are every year *plucked*. It may happen that some are *plucked* through ignorance of one particular branch of necessary acquirement, in which case they may go and *read hard* with the aid of their *coachy*, and come up to a *post mortem* examination held a few weeks afterward. Or, they can go home, and come up again to try their chance at a minor examination held after a few months. Some have been *plucked* several times. Other *fast men*, wisely sensible of their own defects, knowing that they did not come to Cambridge with a view to study, leave college under various pretexts before the proper curriculum is finished, and thus avoid both the examination and the disgrace of failure.

The education pursued at Cambridge has been chiefly confined to mathematics. Though mixed mathematics includes the principles of natural philosophy, yet this is generally thought to be too limited a range of study. A few men aspire after classical honors; but, in order to be examined for these they must show themselves qualified to a certain extent in mathematics, by taking a good degree; while the mathematical men are not examined in any classics after the "little go."

The conferring of the degrees makes a gala-day in Cambridge. The large hall of the university is crowded at an early hour with students and visitors, a certain space in front of the vice-chancellor's chair being reserved for those concerned in the performance. This dignitary appears in his scarlet dress—very much like an old woman in a red gown and cap. Before the affair commences, the under-graduates who throng the galleries begin to express their approval or disapproval of public men and measures by cheers or groans. One shouts out, "Three cheers for the queen!" which is lustily responded to. "Three cheers for the Senior Wrangler!" and perhaps, if he be a favorite, "Three cheers more!" The names of different masters

and professors are called out, with one, two, or three cheers, or with groans or hisses, according to the popularity or disfavor in which they are generally held. Ministers of state, bishops, newspapers, and public measures, undergo a similar ordeal. It is an animated and uproarious occasion. Sometimes there is barking. The proctors are always *groaned*. When the men of Catherine's Hall (abbreviated Cat's Hall) are presented, they are greeted with *mewing* like a cat. There is no decorous silence during the ceremony; for these indications of "life up stairs" are manifested through the whole of it, without let or hinderance.

The Senior Wrangler is first presented to the vice-chancellor, amid shouts of applause. The *test* is then read over to him, and he kneels down, and takes the oaths of his degree. Each master then presents the successful men of his own college, who next come forward in batches, and take the oaths. This test is one of the matters to be reformed. A dissenter from the Established Church cannot conscientiously take it, and he is consequently debarred from all university preferment.

THE SERF MARRIAGE.

THE following narrative is stated to be true in every particular. The *sarosta* is an old peasant, whose office among the serfs is somewhat similar to that of a driver on a plantation of slaves. But to the story.

A group of girls were collected around the door of an isba, or log hut, in the village of Gorky, belonging to General Petrovioff. They were all dressed in the national costume of the government of Toula, consisting of a long white gown, over which they wore a plaid worsted tunic, short and narrow, while a low bodice, with narrow shoulder-straps, confined a loose puffed white muslin chemise. Their hair was combed off the face in one long plait, from which hung a profusion of ribbons of all colors down their backs; a quantity of bright-colored glass-beads hung on each side of their faces, and round their necks; these formed the more ornamental items of their dress, which was otherwise only completed by a very thick and serviceable pair of leathern shoes.

By the earnestness of their gestures, and the apparent interest of their conversation, it was easy to see something unpleasant had lately occurred. After a little time, they all dispersed except two, who remained at the door of the hut spinning, between whom the following conversation took place:—

"Nadegda, dost thou really believe the master will oblige one of us girls to marry that ugly, ill-tempered fellow, Kit? What possible inducement is there? He possesses neither horse nor cow; his isba is in the worst condition of any in the village; and besides his own devilish propensities—that are only safely to be encountered when one makes the holy sign and prays to St. Sergius—he has his old witch of a grandmother and his bedridden mother for his wife to work and care for. No; most certainly not one of us girls will consent to have him."

"As to that, Katinka, thou sayest true; but from what I heard my father say yesterday, the master is determined none of the strong, hard-working lads are to be sent as soldiers; and, as thou well knowest, while single they are all liable to be taken as recruits."

"Tell me again," said the first speaker, "what said thy father. Unfortunately this news comes from good authority; who should know better than the sarosta what is doing in the village?"

"I'll gladly tell thee all I know," replied the sarosta's daughter. "Last night, when my father came home, he told us that Borisoff, the land-steward, had received letters from our master, telling him that all the family are coming here immediately to spend a year. Owing to some severe losses sustained at cards, his excellency comes down to live quiet and economize. Several of the free servants have been discharged; and for fear any of the good hands should be taken by the recruiting-party, he has sent orders that they shall all marry. Now, Peter the blacksmith is betrothed to Nadine, and they will be glad enough to get the wedding over. Paul has received the same orders; and I know more than one girl who would not refuse him. Eh, Katinka, why blushest thou?"

"Hold thy nonsense, Nadegda, and finish thy story: this is no joking matter."

"Well, the end is this, dusha mia, (my soul.) As to the other lads, they are well enough off to buy themselves wives

from the crown villages; but who Kit will find I know not, for his reputation of casting the Evil Eye is well known hereabouts, and, besides, dreadful things are told of his family."

"For heaven's sake, do not talk more about him," said Katinka, turning toward the church, and signing herself devoutly; "I shall dread going to sleep to-night for fear of bad dreams. But thou, happy Nadegda, thou hast no fear of being forced to marry against thy will: thy father, being the sarosta, will be able to screen thee; but what say I? Perhaps thou also lovest one of the lads now about to marry. Confess—art thou also betrothed?"

"O, Katinka, think not of it: it would be no worse for me to marry Kit than any other lad in the village. I love—yes; but not one in my own station—a free man. Dost thou remember Vladimir, the master's handsome Moscow coachman? Well he, God bless him! has promised to buy my freedom, and marry me." Before Nadegda had well done speaking, her companion burst into a fit of laughter.

"And art thou fool enough to believe him? Why did he not marry thee at once, instead of putting it off?"

"Because my master asked a high price for my freedom, more than Vladimir then possessed," answered Nadegda; "and also because my father could not then give me the dowry Vladimir required, for, remember, when I am his wife I shall no longer wear the village dress. I am to have a fur cloak, two silk dresses, besides a feather-bed and linen. Father has saved up three hundred roubles in money for us;" and as the young girl spoke, she drew herself up with all the pride of a serf about to become free.

They had scarcely resumed their spinning-wheels, when the sound of post-bells in the distance reached their ears. Moujiks were seen running in all directions, crying, "Here comes the master!" and as the carriages approached nearer, they all uncovered their heads, and assisted to push the heavy equipages up the steep hill leading to the house; several girls standing near also bowed their heads to the ground, saying, "Welcome, father and master. Welcome, my mistresses, among your own people. May the Lord bless your high nobility!"

As the general descended, he bowed to all around, and extended his hand for those nearest him to kiss. The ladies stopped also to speak kindly to some of the women and children, and their hands were also covered with kisses. As they passed into the house, the peasants separated to their respective homes. Nadegda alone remained loitering about until late, but she had a companion who stopped to talk with her as he passed and repassed; nay, more, once was he actually seen to kiss her. Yes, the serf-girl was happy: Vladimir was true.

That evening Borisoff was closeted for some hours with the general; and when he left him, the expression of his face was somewhat discomposed and ruffled. The subject of their conference will be learned in the sequel.

Early the next morning, Borisoff sent for the sarosta, Nadegda's father, and after giving him orders for the day's work, addressed him thus: "Sarosta, hast thou attended to the orders I gave thee respecting the young men's marriages, those named on his excellency's list? If not, see to it without loss of time, for thy master has had great losses, and needs all the good workmen; and, what is more, his temper is not improved under the circumstances, and the lads will be worked all the harder, I promise thee."

"Your honor will be pleased to hear," replied the old man, "that I have arranged that matter as well as possible. All the lads will be mated this week, except that surly fellow Kit, who, as your honor knows, is no favorite in the village, and not one of the wenches will consent to have him. Indeed, I pity the poor thing who would have to wait upon his old folks, who are no better than they should be, if all is true that one hears."

"As to that, sarosta, thou must arrange it as best thou canst; it is as much as my place is worth to tell the general his commands have not been obeyed. Remember, thou hast now received the order, and it rests entirely with thee. Hast thou held out any reward to the girls? Or, if that does not have the desired effect, hast thou promised them a flogging all round? See what that would do."

"I fear, your honor," resumed the sarosta, "it would be of no avail; for it is the belief of them all that Kit throws the Evil Eye, and even the little children run and hide from him as he comes up the village. However, I will do my best."

On their return from work, the sarosta assembled all the girls, and tried in vain the powers of persuasions and threatenings. Kit was supposed to have something devilish about him; and as the sarosta himself shared in the superstition, he determined to lay the case before his master, although not without fear of the consequences.

The next morning, as the general sat in his elegantly furnished study, smoking a troupkat, the sarosta was announced. General Petrovioff ordered him to be admitted immediately. The old man entered; and first turning to the picture hanging in the room, crossed himself devoutly, then bowed low to his master. The general returned the salutation, and then bade him make known his business.

"Your high nobility deigned to order, a day or two ago, that certain of your peasants were to marry, on account of the recruits being taken this summer. Your excellency's commands have been obeyed in all respects save one, for which I humbly beg pardon. Kit, as your excellency doubtless remembers, was always a strange surly fellow."

"But a good and steady workman," interrupted the master.

The sarosta proceeded: "None of the wenches relish the idea of being his wife; and, indeed, to be plain with your high nobility, they one and all refuse to have anything to do with him. Perhaps your excellency would be pleased to countermand the order, and let him join the recruiting-party. The whole village would rejoice to be rid of him.

"Old fool!" exclaimed the general, "dost thou think I am going to part with one of my best hands because you ignorant dogs think he is bewitched? Since when have the sluts dared to have a will of their own? It is high time, indeed, I come among you, to teach you your master's authority! Go, old dog; I'll see he gets a wife. The she-devils shall draw lots for him, and thy daughter into the bargain, to punish thee for thy disobedience; and think thyself well off that I send not for a bundle of rods for thee. Begone, dog, or I will strike thee to the earth!" So raved the general in his anger at being thwarted; the old sarosta, trembling and silent, bowed and left the room.

Borisoff, the land-steward, was next sent for, and ordered to collect the next morning all the girls above the age of eighteen. "And mind," added the general, "they are all forthcoming—the more the merrier. It will be quite an event in the village, drawing lots for a husband."

At the hour specified next day, all the maidens were to be seen slowly making their way to the house. The sarosta had hard work to make them advance, for they were all more or less terrified at the idea of Kit falling to their share. But none of them looked so pale as poor Nadegda; only the night before, everything had been settled for the purchase of her freedom. She really loved Vladimir, and was beloved by him. Occasionally, she raised her eyes to see if she could catch sight of him; but he, poor fellow, was not there; although free himself, he dared not dispute the rights of the slaveholder.

In vain did the sarosta expostulate, and try to console the poor girl, by telling her how many chances there were in her favor; but Nadegda seemed to be weighed down by a presentiment of evil, and cried bitterly; "O! why was I born? O! why did I not die before this hour of misery?"

As they approached, the general stepped out upon the balcony, followed by the wretched and unpopular Kit. No sooner did they perceive the latter, than the girls began calling him every horrid name they could think of; all but Nadegda—she had fainted. They were placed in rows in front of the balcony, and Borisoff presented the general with a hat containing the fifty pieces of paper, among which was the one with the fatal cross marked on it. The general stood on the steps of the balcony, and desiring that none should open her paper until the hat was emptied, the ceremony began. One by one the trembling girls made the sign of the cross, then thrust in her hand and drew out a paper. All were taken, one only remained, and Nadegda alone was left to take it; she approached, faintly and feebly, supported by her father. But while in the act of extending her hand to draw the lot, her father began to speak.

"Silence!" thundered the general. "Unfold your papers."

As they did so, they screamed with delight: "It is not I!" "It is not I!" and threw themselves with their faces on the ground, to thank the saints for their protection. In the midst of this general

rejoicing, a piercing shriek was heard which made them all shudder; it came from the unfortunate Nadegda. She had drawn the fatal cross—a cross which must be borne, as such was the will of her earthly master.

She threw herself at the general's feet, and in the most imploring accents besought him. "Father, have mercy upon me! Master, do with me what thou wilt; make me work night and day; put me in the meanest office, and I will not complain; but I cannot marry him!"—and she pointed to Kit. "Beat me, master; kill me, if you will, and I would thank you on my knees; but think of what you are doing. Remember, I am" —— Betrothed, she would have added; but the general roared out with rage:—

"Take her away! take her away!" And turning to the sarosta: "Teach your daughter to behave herself in future, and not to have such high-flown ideas. Mind, I will have the wedding over by to-night." So saying, he turned away: the old man lifted up his fair daughter in his arms, and carried her away, without a word; he dared not remonstrate or revolt.

The same evening, Nadegda—heretofore the pride and beauty of the village, but now pale, cold, and automaton-like—was married to Kit, the general himself witnessing the ceremony. When it was over, he turned to the husband: "Well, my lad, if the girls would not have thee of their own free-will, thou mayest at least thank thy master for the prettiest lass in the whole village."

There was no merry-making at that wedding; the peasants returned to their homes with heavy and resentful hearts; but not one slept that night until they had implored the blessing of the saints on the unfortunate Nadegda.

That day-week, the general took a drive through his domains. The driver, as usual, was Vladimir, the Moscow coachman, a man so skillful in his business, so careful, so conscientious, that when the reins were in his hands such a thing as an accident was unknown. On that day, the disappointed bridegroom, it may be supposed, was not exactly as happy as when talking to Nadegda about their marriage. At any rate, it was noticed that he was deathly pale, and that his features had a hard, rigid, stony look: but perhaps this was fancy. It may be that his feelings were not the more agreeable from the sight of Kit's isba as he drove past, and from the pale wobegone face in the interior that at the view flitted across his imagination like a specter. Whether this specter continued to haunt him during the drive, and to glide and float before the horses' heads so as to dazzle and mislead his vision, no man knows. The only thing that is certain is, that the carriage was upset, and the general, with some difficulty extricated from the shattered vehicle, mortally hurt. He survived only a few hours, and then he died in great agony.

Just before he breathed his last, he murmured: "He has cast the Evil Eye on me;" but no one understood what he meant.

ANCESTRY OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

JOHN OF IRWYN had landed possessions in the parish of Holm, in Orkney, in 1438, when the county was an appanage of the crown of Denmark and Norway. The Irvines of Sebay are frequently mentioned in the times of Robert and Patrick Stewart, Earls of Orkney, and suffered very severely from the outrages of these rapacious nobles. They became extinct in the direct male line, *tempore* Charles I.; but one collateral branch had immediately before settled in the island of Sanday, and another, the Irvines of Gairstay, in the island of Shapinshay. They lost the estate of Gairstay several generations back, and sank down into the condition of mere peasants, tenants of Quhome, where some of them reside at this day. I was there lately with Mr. Balfour, the proprietor of Shapinshay, who pointed out the old and modest house at Quhome, where was born William Irvine, father of Washington Irving. Is it not somewhat singular that Sir Robert Strange and the author of *Bracebridge Hall* can be almost demonstrated of the same blood? I *guess*, if Irving knew his pedigree could be traced step by step up to John Irwyn of 1438, he would readily claim and vindicate his Orcadian descent.—*Dennistoun's Memoirs of Sir Robert Strange.*

SOLITUDE.—Those who have resources within themselves, who can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but, at the same time, best know how to prize them the most.—*Cotton.*

[For the National Magazine.]

HASTY WORDS, AND THEIR APOLOGY.

BY ALICE CARY.

"GET out of my way!" said Luther Brisbane, pushing the gate against the little girl whose white face was pressed against it. He was just coming home from school, two miles away, and in no very amiable humor—having made bad recitations that day, and failed of receiving his customary honors.

"I thought the gate opened the other way," answered the child, modestly, and stepping confusedly aside.

"There is but one right way to do anything," replied the boy, "and this is the right way to open this gate;" and shoving it roughly against the little girl, he went hastily down the smoothly-graveled walk, without once again turning his eyes toward her.

She looked after him, feeling sorry for the offense she had given, but quite at a loss what to say; and when he disappeared round the corner of the house, her slim little fingers were pulling at one another, and her brown eyes slowly filling with tears.

"Well, my son," said Mrs. Brisbane, looking up from her work, and smiling, as he entered the room where she sat, and dashed himself into a chair, sachel in hand, and hat lowered over his brows.

He made no reply to her pleasant salutation; but fixed his gray eyes sharply and demandingly upon her. Mrs. Brisbane was well used to that ungracious demand, but she was Luther's mother, and humored the selfish caprices of her son, as fond mothers are likely to do.

She put down her work at once, and slipping the sachel from Luther's arm, hung it in its proper place, and then removing his hat, smoothed away the heavy black hair from his forehead, and said she would have the supper prepared at once, she was sure he must be very tired and hungry. "Yes, as tired and hungry as I can be," said Luther, lopping his head heavily against his mother, and never once thinking she might be tired too. He was the only son, and his parents, not a little proud of him, (and indeed there was a good deal in him to be proud of,) had given way to his naturally strong will, till it had grown to stubbornness, a stubbornness quite too hard to melt, and which, if subdued at all, must needs be broken by some terribly sharp blow. Perhaps those little fingers, in their workings, were gathering strength for it—we shall see.

Luther saw that it was a little girl's dress his mother was sewing on; but he was too proud to seem interested in little things, and without seeming to notice her occupation at all curiously, threw himself at full length on the sofa, and taking up book after book, went over the day's studies in good earnest. But it was not his nature to forget himself long, or allow others to forget him; and suddenly, without regard to his mother's preoccupation, he took off his waistcoat, and throwing it at her feet, said, "That must have two buttons sewed on," which meant, of course, "You, my mother, who should have nothing to do but attend to my wants, must sew them on."

For once she did not allow herself to be interrupted, but kept on steadily stitching the ruffle to the short sleeve of the blue dress she was making.

"I say, mother, did you hear?" said Luther, holding his book aside, and fixing his gray eyes upon her after the old fashion.

"Yes, my son," she replied, "but I can't do it just now."

"Why can't you?"

Mrs. Brisbane said simply that she was busy—perhaps Luther thought she would explain what she was busy about, and why the work was urgent; but she did not, and pushing the curtain back, further and further, as the light grew dim, and lifting the sewing a little closer to her eyes, kept on. Luther would not for the world ask his mother what she was doing—he was quite above such trifling interests, or wished to be thought so; but try as he would he could not suppress the wonder as to whether the dress was for the little girl he had seen at the gate; and, if so, why it was for her; and why, indeed, she was there. With every shadow that crossed the door he glanced aside from the page, but he saw not the little girl, if it were she he looked to see.

Presently he might have been seen coming round the corner of the house, whistling carelessly, and looking for nothing in particular—certainly not for the little girl, for scarcely did he turn his head toward her.

She was sitting on the border of grass at the edge of the walk close by the gate where Luther had left her, and with one hand was pulling the curl out of her brown hair, while the other rested on the head of the big watch-dog that lay with his speckled nose half buried in the turf at her feet.

Luther mounted the steps of the portico, and looking in all directions but where the dog was, whistled for him loudly—perhaps to arrest the attention of the little girl; but her brown eyes looked steadily at the ground; and when the dog, slipping his head from beneath her hand, trotted down the walk, she remained quiet, looking on the ground all the same, only betraying that she felt herself observed by the pulling of her scanty skirts over her bare feet.

Luther petted and scolded the dog by turns, but without eliciting any notice from the little girl; he then took his playfellow's ear in one hand, and raced up and down the walk, close to the child's feet, who, turning slightly aside, picked out the grass, spear by spear, never once lifting her brown eyes to the boy.

She had gone to the gate to meet and welcome him home; he had given her the unceremonious greeting recorded, and no second friendly overture would she make. Luther had found his match: half way down the walk he stopped suddenly, exclaiming, "O, I have found something beautiful; whoever comes for it may have it." Now, there was no one to come except the child at the gate; but he had not called directly to her, and she would not go. Luther now sat down on the bank and fixed his gray eyes on the little girl, (for he was not used to being so disregarded,) but in vain were all his looks of displeasure when she would not see them.

He was sorry in his heart for what he had said, but he would not openly acknowledge it; and modulating his voice to something like entreaty, he said, "Come here, and see what I have found."

"It is nothing that belongs to me," the child answered, for the first time lifting up her eyes.

Encouraged by the mildness of her voice, the boy added, authoritatively, "I tell you to come and see."

"I will not," answered the little girl, tossing the curls from her bare brown shoulders, and returning his gaze.

"Well," said Luther, "if you won't come for it, you shan't have it—that's all;" and he affected to put something in his pocket.

"I don't want what is not mine," the little girl replied.

"But how do you know it is not yours?" said Luther.

"Because," said the child, wiping her eyes with her hand, "I had nothing to lose."

Luther regarded her more attentively now, and saw that she did not look as if she had much to lose—her dress was faded and outgrown so much, that, try as she would, she could not make the scanty skirt stay over her bare brown feet. One by one the tears fell from her eyes slowly down her cheeks, and with each that fell the boy took a step toward her. He had not spoken as yet, however, when the gate opened, and Mr. Brisbane entered. He brushed aside the brown tangles that had fallen down the little girl's cheeks, gave her a flower which he held in his hand, and led her down the walk toward the house, saying to Luther as they came where he was standing, "This is to be your playmate hereafter, my son;" and as he spoke he joined the hands of the two little folks, telling the girl that that was his son, and his name was Luther; and the boy, that the girl's name was Almira Curtiss.

"Myrie—my mother called me Myrie," said the little girl.

"But it is not right, for all that," said the boy.

Myrie spoke not; but her fingers loosened their hold of the boy's hand, which immediately dropped away; and though they entered the house side by side, it was in dissatisfied silence on the part of both.

Thus much of the first acquaintance of the lover and lady, as they were to be hereafter. Not far away from the substantial and comfortable home of good Mr. Brisbane, (for he was a good and exceedingly benevolent man,) there had lived—and the day previous to the opening of our story, died—a widow, whose only wealth was her virtues and her little Myrie. When Mr. Brisbane had prayed at her dying bedside, she had said, "What shepherd will take care of my little lamb till the heavenly Shepherd calls her?" and he had laid his hand on the drooping head of the little girl, and comforted the mother with the

assurance that the orphan should not be forgotten.

And when the funeral was over, and the mother laid to rest—to that deep, deep rest, to which she had gone gladly—weary of the everlasting struggle and burden, and from which she would awake refreshed to such heavenly newness—the promise had been kept; and Myrie had opened her brown eyes wonderingly to feel the kiss of a stranger on her cheek.

The door of the empty and poor little house where she was born, and where all the nine years of her life had been passed, was closed behind her; and in a pretty carriage, drawn by gay sleek horses, she was carried to a new home—a very fine one, as she then thought. So came the meeting of the little folks—the poor orphan and the rich man's son.

When Myrie had been living two years at Mr. Brisbane's, she went one day to pick berries a good way from the house. When she came near the hedge where the blackberries grew, she saw on the next side-hill a boy not much older than herself, binding sheaves of wheat in the sunshine. Sometimes he stopped to pick the briers from his fingers or his feet, for he wore no shoes, and was indeed in all respects poorly clad. He did not sing or whistle as he bound up the bundles, but stooped along the hill-side as though work was his doom. Myrie stopped quite still to look at him—his patched trowsers, and torn hat, and tanned and bleeding feet, drew her sympathy; and if she had done as her heart inclined, she would have put down her basket and assisted him for an hour or two at his tiresome work.

It was so cool and pleasant where she was, for the wild grape-vines were looped from limb to limb along the hedge where the briers grew, that she every now and then turned to observe the poor tired worker in the hot sunshine.

Her basket was not yet half full when the twittering and the fluttering in the leaves overhead were greatly increased, and a sudden gust of wind turned the leaves all wrong-side out, and a heavy black shadow ran along the hill, chasing all the sunshine away. She ran out of the hedge to see if the sun was going down, it was so dark; and taking off her hood, turned her face toward the sky, where the blackness was becoming dense. There was a flash of blinding light and a thunder-peal that seemed for a moment crashing up the sky, and then went rumbling and muttering into silence.

Plash, plash in her face came the heavy rain drops.

The little boy threw down the bundle he was binding, and bending forward as he ran, came toward the hedge.

"Here, little girl," he said, as he parted the heavy tangles of leafy vines that roofed a scrubby tree, and drooped around it almost to the ground: "come in here, and the rain will never touch you."

She was quick to avail herself of the offered shelter, and in a moment the two children were sitting side by side on a mound of turf, listening, half afraid and half delighted, to the music of the rain on the broad green leaves above them.

"Do n't be afraid," the boy would say, again and again, after the subsiding of the sharp thunder and lightning: but though he said so often, "Do n't be afraid," he was greatly awed, if not fearful, and with every flash he uplifted his hands—appealing involuntarily to Heaven for protection.

Presently the rain found its way through the leafy roof, and the curls of Myrie were full of it; but the violence of the storm was past now, and little cared the children for the plashing of the bright drops on their heads, or in their faces. It was natural they should begin to talk about going home as the storm subsided, and then it was that the homes, and afterward the names of the strangers, became known to each other. Charles Robinson was the name of the lad—he had no father, nor mother, nor other friend, he said—he was lately come to the neighborhood to seek his fortune, and chanced to be at the time in the employ of the farmer who owned the adjoining wheat field. He brushed the raindrops carefully from his worn hat, saying, half sadly though jocularly, that he should be very sorry to have it spoiled.

Myrie told how poor she had been, and how poor she was then, except for the kindness of the good man with whom she lived, for she felt that her pretty bright dress contrasted with the old soiled clothes of the boy, and she knew that he felt it too, and in the gentle goodness of her heart, tried to make their positions as nearly equal as she could—for Myrie was not proud or willful, except to those who toward her were proud and self-willed.

Charley smiled, for he felt the kindness, and for a moment the dew came to his eyes; but having twisted off a handful of the grass that grew up pale and tender in that shady bower, by way of diverting his thoughts, doubtless, he brushed the raindrops from the thick curls that fell along his forehead, and parting the viny curtains, stepped resolutely out into the sunshine—for the clouds were breaking up, and hedge and wheat field, and the wet woods close by, were all shining in a flood of splendor. The birds were singing in full chorus, hopping from ground to tree, and from limb to limb, for their exuberance of joy would not let them remain quiet. "Come, Myrie," called Charley, "and I will help you fill your basket before I go back to my work."

"But you will lose the time," answered Myrie, glad of companionship, yet at the same time mindful of the lad's interest.

"O, no matter, I can work by the moonlight—I meant to do so, at any rate."

"What for?" asked Myrie.

Charley laughed gayly, and said, "To finish the field's work to be sure—what else should I do it for?"

"I thought, perhaps," said Myrie, half ashamed to place the sordid calculation beside the generous impulse of the boy,—"I thought, perhaps, you would get more money for the additional labor."

Charley laughed again, and said, "that some way or other money slipped right through his hands when he had it, and that he believed he was just as well off without a cent as with it;" and treading carefully, for the briers were sharp, and his feet bare, he made his way to where the berries were thickest, and Myrie's basket was presently heaped almost up to the handle.

On the hillside, opposite the wheat field, she turned and saw Charley bending along the stubble; he looked up directly, and, with a wave of his old hat, bade her a second and genial good-by.

"Only see, Lu, what beautiful berries!" and taking the leafy covering from her basket, Myrie ran down the walk toward the portico, where sat Luther, with a book before his eyes.

"Very beautiful!" he replied, scarcely glancing aside from the page.

"Where have you been?" asked Myrie, in good-natured surprise, bending one knee on the step at his feet, for she saw that his shoes, generally so polished, were positively muddy, and that the hems of his white trowsers were almost dripping wet, while the usually prim collar lopped damp and limberly.

Luther did not so much as lift his eyes this time, but in answer to the question of where he had been, replied concisely, "In the rain."

Myrie said not another word, but having adjusted the leaves that covered her basket, skipped round the corner of the house, provokingly indifferent.

"Did you see Luther?" asked Mrs. Brisbane, as Myrie came in; "he has been watching for you this half-hour."

"I did not think he was watching for me," replied the child; "he would hardly speak."

"Well, poor boy," said the mother, "he is a little vexed, I suppose, and no wonder; he went out with the umbrella to bring you home, and could not find you; and besides that, was caught in the rain, and soiled his clean clothes, as you saw."

"O how sorry I am!" said Myrie, and filling the cup with the berries, she hastened to offer them to Luther with the expression of her sympathy and regret.

"Where were you?" asked he, setting down the cup as though for his part he cared nothing about blackberries.

Myrie said where she was, and with whom, adding that Charley Robinson was the nicest and best little boy she ever saw.

"Dear me," said Luther, tartly, "if I had known you were so well protected, I might have spared myself much trouble, and the danger of getting cold and dying, perhaps."

Myrie laughed a little derisively, and replied, "that the warmth of his temper would be likely to keep off a chill," and sitting down on the portico, opposite him, amused herself by humming a tune. Perhaps she thought that Luther would speak to her; but he did not, and directly, as though the tune interrupted his studies, closed the volume he held, and retired to his own room, leaving the berries untouched.

"It would not be Charley Robinson that would ever be so sullen, I know," thought Myrie; and as if the thought were some retaliation upon Luther, she recalled all the pleasant interview of the afternoon,

and at last ended in a dreamy musing, forgetting Luther altogether.

With sometimes some such ruffling of the current as we have described, the lives of the little folks ran on. Many a spring they gathered flowers together along the fields and in the woods—many a morning they planned and planted the garden—and many a time picked together the white nuts from the ground, and the red apples from the trees: and so they stepped up the years, one after another, into manhood and womanhood, and the blushes many a time shone between Myrie's curls, when Luther found place for some tender sentiment, as he instructed her in French, or drawing, or music.

And during these years, Charley Robinson went tossing about the world, drifting every now and then into his boyhood's harbor, by chance as it seemed—perhaps it was so—nevertheless he was sure to come first and last to see Myrie—she always joyously, demonstratively glad to see him—he always bashfully, silently more than glad to see her.

Sometimes his pockets were well lined, and his coat glossy and new; and at other times his feet were badly shod, and the brim of his hat not much less torn than of old. Poor Charley! fortune played all games with him.

He had seen many countries, and a number of the great cities of the world, picking up some knowledge, but not much wisdom; enlarging experience, but reaping small profit—now on the sea as a common sailor, now as a traveler of money and leisure; sometimes prying stones from the hard quarry, for the sake of daily necessities, and then again coining money by this or that chance speculation: but his hands had still the old trick—the money all slipped through them—no poor man nor woman crossed his path who was not the richer for it, and often his last shilling went with the rest.

It was nothing, Charley said—he would get more some way; and so he did, but it was often some very hard way. But he seemed rather to like bad fortune, and put his shoulder to the wheel with the same desperate energy, no matter how small the benefit accruing to himself, or if, indeed, the advantage were all another's—poor Charley! there was no method in his nature—all was just as it chanced.

Up and down the world were scores of people who had enjoyed his liberality, and said, "What a good, careless fellow he is!" and forgotten him, for though a most genial companion, the impression he left was generally evanescent. There was not in his character strength and power enough to leave its impress on others, fixed and well-defined.

Luther never, with all the advantages of thorough education and studied manners, prospective wealth and respectability of position, and beloved, as he knew himself to be, felt quite easy in the presence of the self-cultured and really noble-hearted Charley. He invariably spoke of him as one so much his inferior as by no possibility to be able to come in competition with him; but when he saw him, the grace of his indolent and trusting manner compelled from him for the time an acknowledgment of social equality. It is hard to frown in the face that smiles upon us confidingly, or to draw back our hand from a cordial grasp. But he was careful to repeat to Myrie whatever stories of Charley's improvidence he could hear, doubtless with no intention to exaggerate, and yet the character of Charley never shone the brighter for his handling.

If he had ever said, "My dear Myrie, I am ashamed of the weakness; but I am pained, jealous if you will, when I see you so much entertained by the adventurous tales of Charley Robinson, for I fear the glow of his really generous nature makes my selfishness seem all the darker." If he had said this, or anything like this, Myrie would have told him frankly and truly that Charley was to her like some poor brother who had shared all the hardships of her cabin-home, and with whom her sympathy, in consequence of shared pain and poverty, was very close; that it seemed her duty as well as pleasure to be to him strength and comfort—to make, as it were, a cool and dewy morning in the weary workday of his life: for lightly as he talked, and gayly as he laughed over the struggles he had had with adversity, she knew that it was not in human nature to be insensible to suffering—that "the flesh will quiver where the pincers tear," however the martyr may suppress the groans.

But such was not the course of Luther Brisbane; he would not confess the weakness of fearing any man, but strove to make void his real fear by pretence of its

non-existence, and by the frequent assertion of supremacy and declaration of his dislike of Charley, he called out defenses from Myrie, which she would never otherwise have made; and whatever woman is required to defend, she speedily learns to love; and whatever coolness Luther showed the young man, she atoned for by a double warmth.

When Luther went away to college, it was with a heart quite at rest. Charley was gone, Heaven only knew where. When he came to say good-by to Luther, that young man had treated him with unusual cordiality—he quite received him into friendship, even to confidence—it is to be hoped he did not know the full extent of the harm he was doing, or that he was in truth but softening a heart that he might shove the thorn down deep.

As they sat under the summer-trees together, the young collegian unfolded to his pleased listener the plan of his future life, the crowning bliss of which was, of course, to be his marriage with Myrie, to whom he was already betrothed.

The next day Charley was gone from the neighborhood, no one knew why nor where. The full moon that had shone so brightly over the lovers the night past, had lighted his lonesome steps—anywhere he cared not, so it was to new scenes and new adventures; and yet every step that divided him from Myrie, stirred the thorn that was in his heart, and made it bleed afresh. Poor, poor Charley!

There is a sort of love, if love it may be called, that only lives upon opposition—it will break down every barrier, climb to every height, and descend to every depth, to obtain its object, or in other words to triumph—it is like the boy's passion for the butterfly, prompting the chase through brier and bush, up steep places, and over rough grounds—but when the treasure is captured, the passion dies — the pretty wings, handled roughly, lose all their beauty; and feeble and spiritless the insect is let go to creep and flutter as it can, admired of its captor never more. It is, perhaps, wrong to call what is only love of power, love—but I have called it so, because it is a counterfeit that passes current in most places. Selfish natures, wishing to subdue all things to their own interests, are apt, I think, to deceive themselves; and it is not that those men are hypocrites beyond all others who smile, and smile, and murder while they smile, but simply more ambitious of subjugating others to themselves. It may be that Luther so deceived himself.

After the first sorrow of separation, no bird in all the meadows was so happy as Myrie; you might hear her singing under the trees, and skipping nimbly about the garden, now telling the dog about his absent master: sometimes, indeed, she would sit in her chamber very quietly for an hour or more; but if you could have peeped over her shoulder, you would have seen that she was writing and rewriting letter after letter, and yet all the same letter; for one and all began with "Luther, dear Luther, and ended with Luther, dear Luther." She was trying to make her letter good enough to send to him—poor, sweet child!

He had not been gone three days, when she began to watch anxiously for Mr. Brisbane, as he returned evenings from the village where the post-office was; he might bring a letter, she thought; indeed, it was the most likely thing in the world, that Luther would seize the first spare moment, and perhaps from the first inn at which he should stop send back a line to say how he thought of her every waking moment, and dreamed of her every sleeping one, and pined to be back in the past, or away in the reunion of the distant future all the time. She was more troubled for Luther than for herself—she had so many comforts of which he was deprived. Could she not sit in the shade of the very tree where they had sat so often—read the poems they had read together; and were not these things the accessories of a closer spiritual communion than he could have? Ah yes! Luther had the hardest—had, indeed, all the suffering. She had flowers, dry, but very sweet, and books and walks, and a thousand things to assure her, and reassure her; but Luther, poor Luther, could see no evidence of the blessed past out of his own heart. That, she knew, was filled to aching fullness with its honeyed sweets; and she saw that the pleasure of new sensations and new experiences were his—that his zest of mere animal life was much keener than hers — that he had, too, the sustaining stimulus of prospective endeavor and triumph; but with all, and for all, Luther, poor Luther, had the worst of it.

(To be continued.)

[For the National Magazine.]

THE WAR-HORSE, AND THE POET OF THE LAND OF UZ.

THE theme is old; so the mountains and the stars are old. But does nature ever grow hoary? Is not her face ever fresh—her beauty ever young? She looks out on you as sweetly from the musty page of a thousand years as from the emotion born in the latest hour. Her voice loses not its power or its melody in coming down the steeps of the ages. Turn to that old page—old among the oldest in that oldest of all books—and see if her glow does not warm thee, (forgetting for a moment the diviner ray,) though it comes wafted to thee over the snows of all these centuries:—

"Hast thou given to the horse strength?
Hast thou clothed his neck with the thunder-flash?
Hast thou made him to leap forth like the arrow [from the bowstring]?
The glory of his nostrils is terrible!
He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength;
He goeth on to meet the armed men—
He mocketh at fear, and trembleth not,
Neither turneth he back from the sword.
The arrows rattle against him,
The flaming spears and the javelins;
He swalloweth the ground in fierceness and rage,
And [for joy] believeth not that it is the sound of the trumpet.
When the trumpets sound, he cries 'Heach!'
And he smelleth the battle afar off,
The thunder of the captains and the shouting."*

The glow that is spread over all these lines cannot be felt among the artificialities of our settled civilization. They breathe the free air of the desert. They tell of the passion—the pride and the peril—of the nomad. It is not the sleek stall-fed slave of civilization, the courser covered with trappings, harnessed to the chariot; it is the barb of the wilderness—fresh in all his lineaments, the unmarred work of God.

This is not the language of a poet throwing in a beautiful description by way of embellishment. The previous lines show the whole passage to be a *digression*, suggested by the description of the ostrich. The words are thrown out in all the negligence of passion; they burst forth spontaneously as the notes of a wind-harp. To appreciate this warmth of emotion we must remember that to the nomad the horse is a passion, and his heart glows, his words burn, as he looks on his steed "pawing in the valley." Yes—it is *his* steed, the favorite war-horse. Who cannot see that this is the language of one who has made the horse a friend, entered into all his feelings, kindled with all his emotions? It is the companion, the *friend* who has shared with him all the wild joys and perils of the desert-life—the glare of noon on the relentless sands, the cooling spring in its grassy fringe, the mirage, the bivouac, the ambush, the smell of the far-off foe, the Bedouin battle-cry, the trumpet-blast, the rattling arrows and flashing steel, the "thunder of the captains and the shouting." Ah! he *loves* the companion of his peril; he enters into all his heart!

Compare the horse of the Arab poet with that of the "classic" ages, and you feel that the noble creature has left his glory in the wilderness—there is an infinite falling off in the whole spirit and conception. *Man* has come with his arts, his arms, his civilization, and God's work is seen through the dust and smoke of cities, an appendage of his agriculture, a convenience of war and civilization. Virgil thus brings him before us in an agricultural poem. The old Mantuan finely displays the creature's grace and beauty; yet his very ardor is frigid to the soul that has glowed with the Arab's fire. To such a soul it seems the ardor of a poetic, philosophic, gentleman-farmer, applauding the graces of a favorite steed curveting in a pasture somewhere in the Mantuan suburbs. He treats him as an *animal*, gives you his "points," minutely describes *physical* characteristics. True, he kindles as he thinks of the war-horse,—

—— Si qua sonum procul arma dedere.

But he dwells mostly on *physical movements*—

Stare loco nescit; micat auribus, et tremit artus;

he fails to enter into the *spirit* which makes the limbs to tremble, and rolls the fire through the dilated nostril; and that neck! the swelling muscles, the flaky mane tossed wildly on the wind as he "leaps forth like the arrow" from the twanging bow-string; the neck "clothed with thun-

* The above translation is in accordance with the best critical authorities, though following no one exclusively.

der-flashes!" How cool is the sleek Roman's line!—

Densa juba, et dextro jactata recumbit in armo.

There is the ring of the true metal in that grand line,—

Collectumque fremens volvit sub naribus ignem.

But how far below those three burning words of the Oriental bard, in whose gutturals we hear the proud snort of the war-horse, whose aroma all exhales as we split up the nervous dissyllables, and trail along the fragments in the English line,—

"The glory of his nostrils is terrible!"

Homer gives the horse some fine lines; but it is not as the hero of the strain—the poetic vision is not fully turned upon him; he is a secondary figure thrown in to fill out the back-ground of a picture—an appendage to a human hero—and that hero Paris!

But Job's hero is no foil to set off others; he is "sufficient of himself;" he has a glory, a might, a beauty of his own—yes, and is worthy to shadow forth the beauty, the might, the glory of God!

To him the theme has dignity; this stands forth in every word. He does not stoop condescendingly toward it; he looks up to it, as every true poet does to the theme worthy to command his power. To him the horse is not a useful irrational quadruped; he is a sentient being, regarded in the moment of poetic fervor as endowed with thought, desire, enthusiasm. This bold conception lies at the basis of all the imagery; it sends a nerve through every line; it makes every epithet leap with life; it brings poet and reader into the same plane with him; we throb with his joy; shout in his triumph. This dignity is displayed in the poet's choice of epithets; in the motives, feelings, desires insinuated in almost every word. This keeps his pinion strong, his tread firm, as he scales the dizzy heights of this gorgeous imagery. For the very monosyllables flash showers of metaphors around them. The tropes leap from Ossa to Pelion.

The first stroke of the description is made with that grand word (in our version "*strength*") that is used to describe the prowess of heroes, suggestive of the mighty progeny of the "sons of God"—the word that paints the "mighty deeds" of Jehovah. The next—sketching the neck and mane—combines the flash of the lightning and the shuddering of the air riven by the thunderbolt. The "glory of his nostril" is set forth in a single epithet which elsewhere plays around the thrones of kings, and flashes down on you the splendors of the firmament. His fury, as he rushes on in the din of the battle, bursts forth in a nervous alliteration, where every consonant gnashes in "fierceness and rage."

The image of "the *horse and his rider*" first floats before the poet's vision; but as it lingers, broadens, fills his eye and soul, "the rider," symbol of humiliation and servitude, is gone, the *horse* alone is there! He is not there to act a master's thoughts, to prance for an owner's pride. "He paweth in the valley;" "he rejoiceth in his strength." He is not driven by spur and thong—a mere beast of burden to bear a warrior to the strife. No! He is the warrior! See him snuff the battle afar off! Hear him shout Heach! when the trumpet sounds. In the wildness of his joy he refuses to believe that it is the battle-call! See him "swallow the ground" in his speed as he rushes where the captains thunder! And when the "arrows rattle against him," when the spears tremble on high—when the swords leap from their scabbards—see! it is not a "rider" that goads him on; "he mocketh at fear;" "he turneth not back," but rushes fiercely on where the battle-tornado rolls smoking along the plain.

There is also a sort of dramatic regularity, here, that is not generally appreciated. We do not remember that it is noticed by any of the critics. This is a burst of poetical emotion, not to be governed by the frigid rules of art; but it has all the regularity of nature; it betrays the gradual kindling of the poet's fire as he warmed to his theme; the wave of emotion rising higher and higher, till it breaks and subsides again majestically as it rose.

The poet is convincing man of his imbecility by pointing to the magnificent displays of creative power and wisdom. In a series of bold interrogatories he calls up before the silenced objector winds, waters, "treasures of snow and hail," darkness and the death-shadow; points to the "swaddling band" of the water-floods; bids him hear the chorus of the morning stars, the shouts of "all the sons of God."

Full of his theme, he stands almost bewildered among all these grand displays of creative energy; his eye roves hither and thither: glances from the wild goat on the mountain-crags to the sea, chafing against its eternal "bars and doors;" from the "goodly wings" of the peacock to Orion's bands and the sons of Arcturus; it rests a moment on the "wings and feathers" of the ostrich, then sees the desert-bird towering scornfully above the "horse and his rider." His heart fires as he glances from the bird to the steed of the desert; the current of emotion rushes through a new channel; the horse had come upon the scene only to measure the stature of the ostrich; but as he gazes on him, the image that he has conjured up drives the thing imaged from his vision; the bird of the wilderness, with her fleet foot, proud mien, gorgeous plumage, quivering wings—all vanish as the war-horse comes "rejoicing in his strength."

First, he sees him in repose; and the poet then naturally calls attention to abstract characteristics—strength, beauty, speed—as types of the same characteristic on an infinitely grander scale, in an infinitely loftier nature.

Calm in his beauty and strength, snuffing the desert air, he is standing before the Bedouin camp. The poet, in his tent-door, beckons the doubter to come nigh—points triumphantly to that incarnate thought of God—and the pride of conscious truth mingling with stern rebuke, he hurls upon the skeptic his sudden bolts:

"Hast thou given to the horse strength?
Hast thou clothed his neck with the thunder-flash?"

And as he cries,

"Hast thou made him to leap forth like the arrow?"

the noble creature darts away to the desert; the poet gazes after him; sees him stop an instant to snuff the breeze, and "paw in the valley;" and lost in the view, forgetting the doubter, his own earnest questioning—forgetting all but the inspiring object before him, which now makes his heart to bound, and his eye to swim with emotion, he cries,

"The glory of his nostrils is terrible!
He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength."

And now the din of arms comes borne along the air, and

"He goeth on to meet the armed men."

The poet watches as he rushes fearlessly to the strife, and cries in admiration,—

"He mocketh at fear, and trembleth not;
Neither turneth he back from the sword."

As he draws nearer and nearer the nomadic battle, which sweeps like a whirlwind along the distant desert, see with what absorbing interest the poet follows every step! First from a distance comes the deadly shower of the archers, and he cries,—

"The arrows rattle against him!"

Yet he quails not—not he! he dashes on to meet the more deadly shock of

"The flaming spears and the javelins."

He is lost in the *mêlée*—but now and then the poet sees him through the rifts of the battle-clouds, rushing with such fury from side to side that

"He swalloweth the ground in his fierceness and rage."

So loves he the battle-shock, that when the trumpet-note sounds the charge, in his joyous delirium

"He believeth not that it is the trumpet sound."

But when, in the very battle-vortex, that deadly blast rings sharp and clear on every side,

"He shouts among the trumpets, Heach! Heach!"

And now the storm passes by—the whirlwind is moving to the horizon; but the war-horse, unsated, longs for the maddening joy again—

"He smelleth the battle afar off."

And at intervals there is borne to the ear along the desert air

"The thunder of the captains and the shouting."

LITTLE SINS DANGEROUS.—A little rope sufficeth to hang a great thief; a little dross abaseth much gold; a little poison infecteth much wholesome food; a little heresy corrupteth much sound doctrine; a little fly is enough to spoil all the alabaster box of ointment;—so, the smallest sin, without God's mercy, is sufficient to ruin our souls to all eternity!

[For the National Magazine.]

THE TRUTH OF THE MOSAIC RECORDS.

THE testimony of geology and astronomy to the truth of the Mosaic records, on their chronology, and their assertion of a universal deluge, will be the topics of this paper. This subject has been chosen, because several learned men of recent date,—we would name particularly Mr. Lyell,—on the science of geology, still endeavor to account for many of the most remarkable geological facts, not only without any reference to the agency of a general deluge, but on an implied denial of such an event. Chronology is concerned in this discussion, inasmuch as the theories of what is called the continental geology—theories treated with too much respect and complacency by Buckland and Hitchcock—require an age for the earth inconsistent with the Mosaic chronology.

Considering true philosophy as much disregarded in these theories, as the Mosaic records, we have selected and arranged some *facts*, which show the inconsistencies and absurdities of these theories, and throw the light and dignity of science upon those records which, independently of physical science, form the indestructible charter of man to happiness and immortality.

The first, fundamental, and unquestioned fact of geology is this, that the earth, whatever may have been the mode of its creation, or may be its configuration, is, in its superior strata, a "mass of ruins." Kirwan, in his Geological Essays, speaks strongly of the disordered condition of the strata of England and Scotland. Parkinson describes the whole of Great Britain as "having, since its completion, suffered considerable disturbance from some prodigious and mysterious power. By this power, all the known strata, to the greatest depths that have been explored, have been more or less broken and displaced, and in some places have been so lifted, that the lowest of them have been raised to the surface; while other portions, to a very great depth and extent, have been displaced." Townsend and every subsequent writer confirm this statement. All the collieries of Great Britain attest it. Between Landsdown and Severn the natural dip of all the strata is completely inverted. A very extraordinary derangement is found in the Isle of Wight. In one part, the strata of chalk and the superincumbent stratum of clay are turned up from their natural dip to a position nearly vertical. Similar dislocations are met with in the tin mines of Cornwall. Townsend remarks: "There is no mine or colliery in the whole island but what exhibits similar disruptions." Yet in all of them, the correspondent portions are as regular in the succession of their dislocated strata as the leaves and cover of a book would be if dissected and placed in different planes. The same facts are found all over the continent of Europe. So in Asia. The mountains of Dauria, in Siberia, are so dislocated that the miners are unable to calculate the direction of a vein, but are constrained to pursue their work at hazard. Some veins are horizontal, some oblique, others vertical, all much dislocated, and in many places interrupted by vast caverns. The whole Alpine region is intersected and torn by vast chasms, even in their *granite* chains. De Luc and Saussure have copiously described them. "They mark," say they, "convulsion, and show no signs of having been occasioned by attrition." Similar chasms were discovered by Townsend throughout the Pyrenees, and by Humboldt in the Chimborazo of the Andes; and every part of our own continent exhibits in its strata similar evidences of disruption and convulsion.

We proceed now to facts which attest the existence and agency of a flood on every part of the globe. The first we will mention is the presence of blocks and large masses of particular species of stone in regions where no such stone exists in its mountains and strata. They always bear marks of attrition from *agitated waters*. Thus innumerable masses of granite lie detached in the country near the mouth of the Oder, and over marshes, from St. Petersburgh to Navogorod; at the mouth of the Elbe, and over Lower Saxony. Similar phenomena are met with in Tortola. Between the Thames and the Tweed, pebbles and blocks of rock are discovered, of such a character that competent judges have supposed that they were brought from the coasts of Norway, where only similar rocks are known to exist. Mr. Phillips states, that in the diluvial accumulation on the coast of Yorkshire there are found fragments of rocks found in Norway; others in the

highlands of Scotland, and in the mountains of Cumberland, and some from the sea-coast of Durham. In proportion to the distance they have been transported is the degree of roundness they have acquired. A striking instance as proof of water in powerful motion and covering the whole surface of the earth is the fact that large blocks of granite are found on the sides of the secondary mountains of Jura, at the height of two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the Lake of Geneva. They are found on these mountains directly opposite to the granite range of the Savoy Alps, clearly proving the mountain ridges from which they came.

Another class of facts may be urged, as proving the universality of a deluge, whose currents sweeping over every region, hurried away their animal and vegetable productions, and deposited them in one and the same place.

In the limestone rocks of Dovedale, near the centre of England, and in the calcareous region called the Peake, marine shells of every description are found imbedded. The gray marble of Derbyshire is an entire mass of marine productions. In the alluvial gravel near Bath tusks of the mammoth and elephant have been discovered. At Brentford, near London, teeth of the hippopotamus and several nautili were dug up at the depth of thirty feet. Near Bath, the head of an alligator, three feet long, six feet of its vertebræ, and six joints of its tail, were taken from a quarry. At Charnmouth, similar remains were discovered. An entire alligator was found in the black marble of Derbyshire, and in an alum rock near Whitby.

Nautili, and shells of similar climates, are found as far north as Schiverin, and madraporites in Hungary. The coral lithophytes are confined, it is agreed, to the torrid zone, and uniformly within 34° of latitude; yet they are found embedded in limestone, almost as far as the granite mountains bordering on the Frozen Ocean. The plain at the foot of Mt. La Balca, near Verona, in Spain, is remarkable for its petrifactions; among which are enumerated more than one hundred species of fish, natives of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, here assembled in one spot. European and American animals and vegetables are blended together at Fez, in Africa. An interesting writer observes: "That in many northern countries productions of widely different climates are promiscuously embedded in one heap; those of cold regions are discovered in the torrid zone." In southern regions are found the teeth of the Arctic bear.

The following facts show the submersion of the highest mountains of all continents. Prodigious heaps of sea-shells were discovered by Dolmein, on Mount Etna, two thousand feet above the sea, and a stratum of clay filled with sea-shells at an additional height of nearly four hundred feet. Marine productions are found on the mountains of Siberia and the Caucasus. M. Peyrouse found marine shells on the Pyrenees, at the height of near ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. They have been found on the mountains of Libya, and petrified fish on Mount Libanus; so in Timour, by Peyrouse; so on the hills of Wager Island, and Cape Horn, by Byron. In Jamaica Dr. Clarke found immense collections of coralines on the Blue Mountains, three thousand feet above the sea. Marine productions are found on the calcareous Alps of Savoy, and on the Hartz Mountains.

As still more impressive phenomena proving a general flood, we may mention the discovery, in Siberia, of an entire rhinoceros, the skin and flesh of which were preserved in the ice; and in 1799, of a mammoth, near the mouth of the river Lena, on the coast of the Arctic Ocean. This latter animal was found imbedded in an immense mass of ice, in such a state of preservation that the flesh was devoured by white bears and dogs of fishermen. Thus two animals, since the existence of man, inhabitants of equatorial regions only, are found entire in the highest northern latitudes.

The only theory devised to elude the force of these most impressive and extraordinary proofs of a sudden and general deluge is, *that these animals were once natives of these regions, at a period when, it is assumed, they were of a temperature congenial to their nature.* The fact that the body of the mammoth was covered *with short hairs*, to fit him, as is urged, for a climate, warm indeed, but cooler than the climate in which these animals are now found, creates no difficulty; for elephants are at present known to exist near the Himalaya Mountains, *with hair.*

Again, it is answered, that the rhinoceros discovered in the same region and latitude with the mammoth of the Lena, was without hair, precisely as we find him, at this day, in the equatorial latitudes. But the unanswerable reply to the theory, that the regions round the pole—the Arctic regions—were once inhabited by the mammoth, elephant, and rhinoceros is this, that no fossil remains of the vegetable kingdom, which must have existed for their support, *have ever been found.* If trees such as those—on the buds and leaves of which such animals subsist, where they are now found—ever existed in the polar regions, why would they not be now found imbedded in the same ice or banks where these animals' remains are found? It might be added, that the fact, that their flesh has remained uncorrupted, clearly evinces that the climate must have been as cold when their bodies were deposited as it now is.

The only difficulty which for a while obstructed the rational explanation of the existence of fossils of animals and vegetable productions *of various regions* in the *same place*, by the fact of a general deluge, was, that no fossil bones of man had been found. This difficulty no longer remains. Unquestionable, admitted human fossils have recently been discovered in great numbers, and in various parts of the world. Human fossils have been found in the Island of Guadaloupe; at Danforth, in France; in grottoes in the Carpathian Mountains of Hungary; in Arragon in Spain; and in great quantities at Köstrich, in Germany. These fossils, be it remarked, are found in the same strata, are accompanied by the same circumstances, which have been admitted by Cuvier, and all succeeding geologists, to prove other fossils found with them to be of antediluvial origin and destroyed by a flood.

The conclusion, then, clearly and legitimately established by the facts we have been considering, is this—that the earth is not in the condition in which it came from the hand of its Creator. Every other object or region of his mighty works, yet discovered by us, demonstrates order, regularity, and the peaceful operations of his benevolent hand. The earth, in its superior strata, to the lowest depths yet penetrated by man, evinces *derangement, disorder, and mighty convulsions,* evidently destructive to the living creatures on its surface. No theory yet devised by those who reject the truth of the Mosaic records can account, with any degree of plausibility, for the natural and moral causes of this anomalous catastrophe.

Another plausible, though, in truth, unfounded attempt to explain the phenomena of the existence of remains of animals in the highest latitudes, which *have never been found in the memory of man, elsewhere than in the tropical regions*, and of remains of a rhinoceros and elephant with the flesh yet undecayed, found in the frozen banks of the Lena, near the north pole, is this: they *suppose* that at a remote period—they cannot tell how remote—the temperature of the Arctic regions was as warm as the tropical regions are *now*; that hence the elephant and rhinoceros lived and died in those regions; that suddenly the temperature sunk so low as to destroy these animals, and this sinking of the temperature took place so suddenly and so rapidly as to inclose some of them in ice, and thus preserve the flesh undecayed.

Now, every reader knows that the permanent temperature of the earth and the changes of the seasons depend on the degree of the *inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit.* The degree of this inclination has varied so little—as astronomers show—that it *could not possibly* affect the temperature of the zones in the slightest perceptible degree. Thus these learned gentlemen, who sneer at a belief in a universal deluge, fabricate a theory which contradicts science, and is founded on mere assumptions. They assume, that the polar regions were once as warm as the tropical, in which alone the above-mentioned animals have ever been known to exist, and can assign no means or causes of so great and *sudden* a change of temperature in the polar regions, and still less any moral reasons for a change which destroyed so vast an amount of *animal* life and enjoyment.

We pass now to the objections which have been made to the sacred chronology, as deduced from the books of Moses, and to the facts supposed to show its fictitious character.

Brydone gave, some years ago, in his Sicilian Tour, an account of the discovery of a well near Etna, in which there

were found seven beds of lava, with a thickness of soil between them, each of which, he affirmed, must have taken, if not more, at least two thousand years to accumulate. This statement Brydone received from the Canon Recupero, a very learned man, who resided near Etna. Brydone gave the canon's authority for the computation of two thousand years for each bed of soil, which would in that case have required fourteen thousand years for their existence since the first eruption.

This account and the theory were taken as true, and the falsity of the Hebrew chronology was declared as established beyond dispute. Whether Brydone misunderstood Recupero may be charitably doubted. However, the Canon Recupero, upon seeing the statement, published an indignant denial of it, and of the opinions ascribed to him. He was too familiar with geological facts attending volcanic eruptions to have made the inference as to the age of the lava beds about Etna. Independently of the denial of the facts as stated by Brydone, we have unquestioned geological facts, which prove the utter absurdity of the inference which Brydone, and numbers of writers of his school, had drawn. Sir W. Hamilton has shown that over the matter which buried Herculaneum there were six streams of lava, *with veins of good soil between them*. Herculaneum was destroyed about eighteen hundred years ago, which conclusively proves, that seven veins of good soil have been formed in eighteen hundred years, instead of fourteen thousand years, estimated by Brydone. Again, Mr. Daubeny, an experienced observer, has visited the pit at Aei Reale, to which Brydone's theory had been applied. Of this pit Mr. Daubeny says:—

"At all events, Brydone was grosely deceived in imagining that several beds of lava seen lying one above another near the spot have been sufficiently decomposed into vegetable mold; the substance which really intervenes between the beds being nothing more than ferruginous taff, just similar to what would be produced by a shower of volcanic ashes, such as naturally precedes, or follows an eruption of lava, mixed up with mud and consolidated by rain."

With regard to the very beds of Etna, of which Brydone speaks, M. Dalmein, one of the most distinguished mineralogists, says:—

"The Canon Recupero—to whom Brydone ascribed his account—died without any other affliction than that occasioned by the work of Brydone. This good man was far from admitting as an evidence against the book of Genesis pretended facts which were false, but from which, even if they had been true, nothing could have been concluded. Vegetable earths between the beds of lava *do not exist*; and the argillacious earths, which are sometimes found between them, may have been disposed there by causes totally independent of the antiquity of Etna."

Another attack bearing the appearance of science was made upon the Mosaic chronology, and for a time was declared to be an absolute demonstration against its truth. This was the discovery made by some French *savans*, who accompanied Napoleon's expedition to Egypt, of the famous Egyptian zodiacs found in the temples of Denderah, the ancient Tentyris, and of Esné, the ancient Latopolis. These zodiacs present the same figures which are now employed to represent the constellations, and, it was said, represented the state of the heavens at a very remote period. Accordingly long and abstruse calculations were made to prove, what had been first assumed, that these monuments had been constructed long before the period of Scripture chronology. These calculations were said to be founded on the sure basis of mathematics, and therefore conclusive. But doubt was soon cast over their truth by their own authors. They could not agree as to the actual time when these zodiacs were constructed. One assigns the date of the construction of the temple of Esné as far back as seven thousand years ago; another, making his calculations from the same figures, proved that this temple was built four thousand six hundred years before the Christian era, that is, six hundred years before the creation, according to the Mosaic chronology; while a third, by his calculations, showed that the temples of Esné and Denderah must have been built fifteen thousand years ago. But these mathematical sophisms, if we may so call them, were soon overthrown, both by scientific principles and by matter of fact. The constellation Libra is figured among the signs of these zodiacs, in the form of a balance exactly similar to the instrument as now used. Now this sign was unknown to the Egyptians before the time of the Ptolemies, when astronomy as a science was cultivated. Before this period, the Egyptians studied astronomy

under the form of astrology. M. Biot, a learned astronomer, has shown, that if these zodiacs were really intended as planispheres, or, in other words, as true astronomical figures, they furnish evidence within themselves, that the observations upon which their construction was based could not have been made further back than the year seven hundred and sixteen before the Christian era. But a matter of fact has rendered all mathematical calculations useless on this subject. The younger Champollion, with Dr. Young, of England, had discovered the principles of the hieroglyphic writing, by which it is as easily and accurately read as any other. Upon the return of the former from Egypt, he made known the results of his examination of these very zodiacs before they had been removed to France. He had, while in Egypt, deciphered the inscriptions not only on the zodiacs, but many on other parts of the temples from which they had been removed. On the zodiac of Denderah, he discovered in hieroglyphics, the Greek word for *emperor;* and on several parts of the temple the names and titles of the Roman Emperors Tiberius, Claudius, Nero, and Domitian; and on the portico of Esné, whose temple was considered much older than that of Denderah, he read the names of Claudius and Antoninus Pius. Thus it was conclusively shown, that these temples and zodiacs were constructed after the Roman conquest of Egypt, which commenced one or two centuries *after the Christian era.*

But by far the most plausible attack ever made through the medium of science upon the Mosaic chronology was the supposed antiquity of the astronomical tables of the Hindoos. These tables were introduced to the notice of European astronomers by M. Bailly, a French astronomer of great learning and eloquence. Great additional notice and importance were given to these tables by Professor Playfair, of Edinburgh, whose reputation as a mathematician was eminent. Both these philosophers supposed that they had discovered elements in the calculations of these tables, which showed, that they had been calculated from certain astronomical epochs *actually* observed, which carried back their antiquity far beyond the age of Moses. Indeed, Playfair, it was asserted, had proved for them an age beyond the date of the creation, according to Moses.

These were startling propositions, and led to several renewed and profound investigations. Mr. Marsden, of England, an accurate and learned mathematician, suggested the probability, from the nature of the Hindoo astronomy, that the epochs which Playfair supposed to have been founded on *observation* were *imaginary*, assumed as facts, from which the Hindoo astronomer reasoned backward and forward in such a manner as to approximate to the present *actual condition of the heavens.* Another eminently learned man, Bently, gave his vigorous mind to the study of these tables, and finally boldly announced, that Bailly and Playfair had totally mistaken the nature and principles of the Indian astronomy; a peculiarity of which was, that certain epochs were assumed as falling at a certain period, and then calculating backward. This he made quite probable, and indeed, many thought that he had demonstrated this fact. But the great reputation of Bailly and Playfair made most of the learned hesitate to concur in the results announced by Bently.

At length the great La Place, "than whom, a competent judge says, a greater name hath not arisen since the days of Newton," after two profound investigations of the astronomical tables of the Hindoos, demonstrated the truth of the theory of Marsden and Bently, that the epochs of the tables were *imaginary*, and not founded on observation; that the conjunctions of the sun, moon, and planets, in the tables, could not have happened together at the time assumed in them; and that several true elements belonging to the subject had been omitted. La Place says:—

"Everything leads us to conclude that these tables are not of high antiquity. They have two principal epochs, which go back one to the year 3102 and the other to 1491 years before the Christian era. These are linked together by the mean movements of the sun, moon and planets, so that one of the epochs is *necessarily* fictitious. I think this common epoch has been invented to give a common origin, in the zodiac, to the movements of the celestial bodies. If starting from the epoch 1491, we go back by means of these tables, we find the general conjunction of the sun, moon, and planets, that these tables suppose; but this is a result so different from that obtained from our better tables, that we cannot believe this conjunction to have taken place; and we are led to believe that the conjunction to which it relates is not founded on observation. The whole amount then of these

tables, and above all the *impossibility* of the conjunction they suppose to have happened at the same time, prove that they have been constructed or at least rectified in modern times. This conjecture is confirmed by the mean movements which they assign to the moon as to its perigee and its nodes, and to the sun. They are more rapid than according to Ptolemy; and evidently show, that the formation of these tables is *posterior to the time of that philosopher*, for we have seen, that these movements go on accelerating from age to age."

Thus, the greatest astronomer and mathematician of modern times has demonstrated the essential fallacy of the Indian tables, and has shown that their construction is posterior to the age of Ptolemy, who lived one hundred and sixty-one years *after the Christian era.*

It will be perceived, that hitherto we have been controverting negative objections to the truth of the Mosaic chronology. The result, founded on indisputable facts and incontrovertible principles of science, leaves the Mosaic chronology on unshaken foundations. But with this result we do not rest.

Astronomers had always known, that a certain remarkable epoch must, from the essential principles of the solar system, have happened. When that epoch actually happened, they never had been able to determine. At length the great La Place, after the most profound and accurate investigation, ascertained its date. This remarkable astronomical epoch is *the coincidence of the greater axis of the earth's orbit with the line of equinoxes, when the true and mean equinox was the same.* Now this state of the heavens could have existed *only* at the first moment of the creation of our solar system; for the moment the earth and the other planets began to move, the causes which altered this position of the earth began to exert their irresistible power and produce the *precession of the equinoxes.* This great epoch in astronomy, or in other words, in the history of the heavens, must have been the period of the creation of our solar system. La Place has demonstrated, that this epoch happened *four thousand years before* the Christian era, the very year in which Archbishop Usher and other eminent chronologists have deduced it, from the chronology of the Hebrew Scriptures. This agreement between this astronomical demonstration, produced by the unerring and irresistible processes of mathematics, and the chronology of Moses, could not be a coincidence of chance; for upon the known rules of calculation of chances, the probability that it is accidental is as one to millions, almost inexpressible by figures.

This, then, is the voice of the heavens, bearing testimony to the truth of those inestimable records in which alone is contained the promise of the advent of that glorious Person in "whom all nations of the earth shall be blessed;" through the moral influences of whose mediatorial kingdom not only the desert and solitary places shall be made glad, but the whole earth shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Christianity, as developed in these priceless records, challenges the homage of reason, and claims the tributes of the heart. She elicits every generous emotion, and expatiates in every sublime contemplation. She furnishes a gem for every muse, and associates with her revelations the truths of every science. With undaunted search she traces the hidden strata of the earth that geology discovers, and pondering the condition and destiny of the beings who inhabit its surface, accumulates to herself from natural theology its most wonderful analogies — presents to the philosopher, with one hand, the granite of the Alps, fit emblem of her own duration, and with the other the "wonders of ocean's depths," borne by its penal floods to the cloud-capped summits of Chimborazo—and verifies the chronology of her periods, by the epochs of astronomy, fixed by the revolution of the heavenly bodies.

"Row, Brothers, row."—Here is the scene of Moore's undying Canadian Boat-song, which he wrote on the fifth day of his descent of the St. Lawrence, from Kingston. Thirty-three years after he wrote this song, I had the pleasure of showing Moore the original manuscript, which he had entirely forgotten. He had penciled the lines, nearly as they stand in his works, in the blank page of a book which happened to be in his canoe, from whence he transcribed them at night. The sight of the original copy of these famous lines, recalling youthful days and happy associations, produced a great effect on the poet, who alluded in a touching manner to his passage down the rapids of life.—*Weld's Vacation Tour.*

[For the National Magazine.]

EPITAPHS.

I AM one of that singular class of persons who have a terrible dread of death, and yet find a strange pleasure in a walk among the tombs. An ancient graveyard, with an antique church, the pious relic of a past age, excites in me sensations of a more agreeable nature than anything which I meet in all the walks of living society. The philosophy of this apparent contradiction I shall not attempt to give, as I am seldom disposed to look much deeper than the surface of things. Both sides of the contradiction, however, are true. Though I cannot exactly say with a great moralist of the last century, that there never was a day in my life in which the thought of death was not perfectly horrible, yet I *can* say, that I remember no period when I could not sit for hours on some old gravestone, and delight myself with such reflections as the place would naturally inspire. I shall not trouble the reader with these reflections, as there is nothing in them which serious men, and fine writers, have not often published for the benefit of the great mass who are little disposed to moralize for themselves.

The purpose of the present article is to say something of EPITAPHS—a species of graveyard literature, to which my attention has often been directed in my rambles among the dead. I know not why it is, that a wilderness of marble monuments rarely yields an inscription without one or more obvious faults. In this respect, the fashionable cemeteries in the neighborhood of our large cities differ nothing from the humble country churchyard. Perhaps the reason is, that every man thinks he can do more exact justice to the memory of a deceased relative or friend, than could be done by another hand, however skillful in epigrammatic verse or prose. The ardor of affection for the deceased, not only makes us forget the defects of which we complained while they lived, but renders us insensible of our inability to write a decent epitaph for the marble that is preparing for their monuments. The inscription is commonly an expression of the writer's affection, rather than a delineation of the character, or miniature history of the dead. It pleases the author, and he fondly imagines it must please every one who may happen to pause and read it. The monuments of the rich are not generally exceptions to the remark. I have often seen the finest stone from the quarries of Italy, dressed by the most ingenious sculptors that wealth could command, sadly disfigured by bad prose, or wretched verse. This however may easily be explained: in our prosperous country, wealth often follows a neglected education, or no education at all; but pride and conceit, engendered by success in trade, will not stoop to hire the service of a poor scholar, whose pen could add worth to the costly pile. A man may be wise enough to make money, who in many other respects is quite destitute of good sense and good taste.

Agreeably to the design of this article, I shall classify the various kinds of epitaphs which I have found in books, or picked up in the field of the dead. They are the satirical, the falsely eulogistic, the sentimental, and such as are, in every respect, worthy of a Christian's life and death.

Of satirical or humorous epitaphs, the most are too grossly profane to be transcribed into a magazine which has a nice regard for the moralities of life. Indeed, any attempt at wit on the borders of the sepulchre is felt by a well-educated mind to be like snow in harvest, unseasonable and unwelcome. The province of the grave is a place entirely too serious for the sport of a humorous fancy. The first of this kind that occurs to my memory was written by Milton, on an old man whose name was Tobias Hobson. He kept a public stable in Cambridge, for the use of the university, and would frequently take the students to London himself. He made it a rule to place the freshest horse in the stall nearest the door, so that whoever wished to hire, was obliged to take this or none. This circumstance explains the origin of the proverb, "*Hobson's choice.*" When he was buried, Milton prepared for his tombstone the following epitaph:—

"Here lies old Hobson; death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath lain him in the dirt;
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He 's here stuck in a slough and overthrown.
'T was such a shifter, that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down.
For he had any time these ten years full
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and the
Bull.

And surely death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd.
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlain
Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has supp'd, and's newly gone to bed."

These miserable rickety verses are just what might be expected from a mind like Milton's, when, departing from its usual seriousness, it attempts to make merry over the grave. I remember but one other instance in which the great poet was ambitious to show himself a wit. After the first discharge of artillery by the rebel angels, the leaders fell into a "gamesome mood," and sported themselves with bad puns on the effects of their shot. Addison very justly criticised this play upon words as unworthy of the first of epic poems. It is fortunate for men of extraordinary genius, that they have no power to become foolish, without making themselves contemptible in the bargain. A dancing elephant is the awkwardest thing in nature, especially when he tries a reel among tombstones.

There is an epitaph of the satirical kind, written by Dr. Arbuthnot, and intended to transfix the character of Francis Chartres, one of the wealthiest and most infamous men of his time. Warburton gives the following account of him:—

"He was a man noted for all manner of vices. When he was an ensign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat. He was next banished from Brussels, and drummed out of Ghent on the same account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming tables, he took to lending money at exorbitant interest, and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital, into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned; but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged sixty-two years. The populace at his funeral raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs and cats into the grave along with it. It is said that in Hogarth's first scene of the Harlot's Progress, the old man who stands in the door was intended for Chartres, and is an exact likeness of him. Arbuthnot gave an unenviable immortality to his bad name in the following inscription:—

"'Here continueth to rot the body of
FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who, with an inflexible constancy, and inimitable uniformity of life, persisted, in spite of age and infirmities, in the practice of every human vice, excepting
PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY!
His insatiable avarice exempted him from the first,
His matchless impudence from the last.
Nor was he more singular in the undeviating depravity of his manners, than successful in accumulating wealth; for, without trade or profession, without trust of public money, and without bribe-worthy service, he acquired, or more properly created, a ministerial estate!
He was the only person of his time who could cheat without the mask of honesty, retain his primeval meanness when possessed of
TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.
And having daily deserved the gibbet for what he did, was at last condemned to it for what he could not do.
O, indignant reader!
Think not his life useless to mankind.
Providence connived at his execrable designs, to give to after ages a conspicuous proof and example of how small estimation is exorbitant wealth in the sight of God, by bestowing it on the most unworthy of all mortals.'"

The moral reflection at the close of this merciless pasquinade is worthy of some consideration by that large class who think that

"A thousand pound supplies
The want of twenty thousand qualities."

This age seems slow to credit it; but there really are many things, and one above all the rest, much better than money. It has long been hoped by the better sort of men, that the day will yet come when the world will see it; but if we judge by the present rage for wealth, the desired time is not yet.

It would be easy here to multiply the number of humorous epitaphs; but the most of them owe all their pungency to either an indecent or profane idea, which renders them unfit for repetition. There is one, however, in a single couplet, which at once refutes and ridicules the philosophy of Hume. It is scarcely necessary to say to the intelligent reader, that the classic historian of England denied the existence of matter, and held that the whole congeries of material things are but impressions and ideas in the mind, distinguishing an impression from an idea by its stronger effect on the thinking faculty. Dr. Beattie sufficiently exposed the absurdity; but his famous essay has nothing more pointed than the witty epitaph that somebody wrote on the marble shaft that stands over the infidel's grave:—

"Beneath this circular *idea*, vulgarly called tomb,
Impressions and *ideas* rest, which constituted Hume."

I shall venture to give one more specimen of the satirical kind, which some readers will probably condemn, as being profanely orthodox :—

"ON A SUICIDE.

"Earth'd up here lies an imp of hell,
Planted by Satan's dibble ;*
Poor silly wretch, he damn'd himsel',
To save the Lord the trouble !"

It is somewhere related by a certain tourist, that while in Constantinople he one day witnessed a riot, in which men of different nations took a part, and he was able to distinguish the Christians very satisfactorily, by the peculiar manner of their swearing. I confess that while the above lines have no tincture of infidelity, there is a harshness about them which cannot be approved by the graver sort of men. The writer's faith in future punishment is very clearly stated, but too much in the style of the riotous sailors just mentioned. While, therefore, I disapprove the tone of the verse, I must say that it is not half so bad as the solemn eulogy that Pope bestowed in some smooth lines on a young lady who committed suicide. It is better to be rough in the cause of virtue, than elegantly poetic on the side of vice. It was formerly a custom to expose the naked bodies of self-murderers to the criticism of the passing multitude, as a means of preventing others by a sense of shame from laying violent hands on themselves. In the above instance, the poet leveled his satire at the enormous wickedness of the act, the consequence of which is set forth in no delicate words. It were certainly well, if the sentiment of the last two lines would burn itself into that class of weak and wicked men, who, like Hamlet, are deterred from suicide only by the

"Almighty's canon 'gainst self-murder."

Many inscriptions are a kind of solemn satire, and though not exactly intended for irony, were known to be false by those who wrote them; while all who knew the real characters of the subjects read them with such large abatements as truth requires. Misers are applauded for their kind and humane dispositions. Termagants are praised for their amiable tempers, and drunkards for virtues they never had. Now although I respect the maxim that requires us to speak no ill of the dead, that is, when they have been dead but a short time, yet truth is a thing so sacred, that, if we speak at all, we should speak nothing but the truth. A falsehood on a tombstone is, to a virtuous mind, a more hideous sight than the decaying carcass beneath. I forget who it was that said, that "where pride is the chief characteristic of a funeral, the triumph of vice is complete;" and yet it is not so complete a triumph as when a lie is sculptured and perpetuated in monumental stone. Samuel Wesley has very justly treated this practice in the following caustic lines :—

"A monster, in a course of vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold;
Straight breathes his bust, straight are his virtues shown,
Their date commencing with the sculptured stone.
If on his specious marble we rely,
Pity a worth like his should ever die!
If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch like him should ever live!"

Of epitaphs purely sentimental there are enough, and more than enough, in every graveyard in Christendom. Most of them are manifestly labored attempts to say pretty things with as little meaning as possible. The rose is the staple figure; and we have it from the bud, through the various stages of development, until its identity is destroyed by autumnal frosts and winds. Almost every infant was a bud, broken off and carried to heaven, for no other purpose than just to show how bright a flower could bloom in Paradise. I once saw an epitaph that consisted of a description of the romantic scenery of the place—the woods that shaded the tomb, the river that wandered by, and the birds that sung in the trees; and was edified to learn that the deceased used to sit thereabouts by the hour. Others, again, betray some chronic prejudice or lurking resentment of the writer. I was one day saunntering through a cemetery where the interments were mostly from the middling and poor classes, when my attention was arrested by these lines painted on a wooden slab :—

"If life were a thing that money could buy,
The rich could live and the poor must die;
But God in his mercy has order'd it so,
That if the poor must die, the rich must go."

When I read this verse, I could not resist the reflection, that the writer must have been a political leveler of the most

* "Dibble" is Scotch, and means a garden tool.

ultra school, continually irritated because rich men can purchase many things denied to the poor; but enjoying a spiteful gratification in the idea, that all their wealth can purchase no exemption from the universal decree.

There is a class of inscriptions in which the resurrection is included as the main thought. I know of nothing more appropriate to the pious dead than this, as that event will be the next in the history of all those whose "flesh," in the beautiful language of Scripture, "rests in hope." I love to see the promise of the resurrection chiseled on the door of the sepulchre, either in the direct words of Holy Scripture, or in such other form of verse or prose as genius or affection may supply. It has so happened that of all the epitaphs written by our great classic poets, but few have adverted to the Christian's "blessed hope." The nearest approach to it is the last line of some exquisite verses by "rare Ben Jonson," on the sister of Sir Philip Sidney, and mother of the Earl of Pembroke. It is certainly the finest eulogy I have ever seen:—

"Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister—Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Fair, and wise, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!"

It sometimes happens that a homely verse possesses an undefinable charm, which makes it a favorite through successive generations. I know of one in an ancient churchyard in one of the middle states, which, though by no means despicable as a composition, has nothing in particular to recommend it but a simple expression of Christian hope:—

"Death, thou hast conquer'd me—
I by thy dart am slain:
But Christ shall conquer thee,
And I shall rise again."

I have read this so often, and on so many monuments in the old churchyard alluded to, that it has become a precious treasure of the memory, never to be lost. It is the fifteenth of First Corinthians, in the sweet style of Chevy Chase.

Samuel Wesley's epitaph on an infant is one of the best of its class. It is bold Christian poetry, without any attempt to amuse you by a pretty conceit, or a broken-down simile. It may be of service to many a bereaved parent, who may wish to find a few suitable lines for the stone that is to stand at the head of his buried love:—

"Beneath, a sleeping infant lies,
To earth whose ashes lent,
More glorious shall hereafter rise,
But not more innocent.

"When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls and bodies join,
What crowds will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine!"*

No man ever wrote a good epitaph for himself. Pope tried it with such success as is indicated in the following extract from Johnson's life of the poet:—

"In his last epitaph on himself, in which he attempted to be jocular on one of the few things that make wise men serious, he confounds the living man with the dead:—

"'Under this stone, or under this sill,
Or under this turf,' &c.

"When a man is once buried, the question under what he is buried, is easily decided. He forgot that though he wrote the epitaph in a state of uncertainty, yet it could not be laid over him till his grave was made. Such is the folly of wit, when it is ill employed."

Prior succeeded but little better; for though he made no such blunder as Johnson detected in Pope's foolish epitaph, yet what he wrote for his own tombstone is as near an approach to nothing as verse can go:—

"To me 't was giv'n to die; to thee 't is given
To live: alas! one moment sets us even.
Mark! how impartial is the will of Heaven!"

The bald substance of this, when put into plain prose, is:—I have died, you still live; but some day you will also die, and then we shall be even!

The inscription that Franklin wrote for himself has indeed the credit of an ingenious simile, and quite in the line of his business; but it will strike every one as entirely below the subject, the solemnity of which is lost in the ingenuity of the comparison. It is as destitute of seriousness as that most trifling of all human things—a conundrum—into which it might easily be turned for the amusement of the nursery. Fortunately his friends had too

* I find this epitaph in an old copy of Samuel Wesley's Poems. The book was published by subscription. The "Address to the Reader" begins with the following curious and candid paragraph:—"If these pieces should meet with any courteous reader, among those who are strangers to the writer, it is proper he should be informed, that it was not any opinion of excellence in the verses themselves that occasioned their present collection and publication, *but merely the profit proposed by the subscription.*" Few writers have shown so much candor.

much good taste to put the quaint composition on the slab that covers his grave. How ridiculous it would look!

"The body of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
PRINTER,
Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stripped of its lettering and gilding,
Lies here food for worms.
But the work shall not be lost;
For it will (as he believed)
Appear once more
In a new and more elegant edition,
Revised and corrected
By the Author."

I shall conclude this rambling essay by suggesting that some one, qualified for the task, write a little book of epitaphs, adapted to good people and infants. It would be as great an accommodation to illiterate persons at sorrowful periods of their family history, as a book of letters is to those who must needs correspond with their friends, but know not how to go about it.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE DEAD CHILD.

Vail away the summer gladness,
Shut the sunlight from the room,
Meet is now the wail of sadness,
Meet the still and voiceless gloom—
Hearts are aching,
Bleeding, breaking,
In the shadow of the tomb.

Many a flower of beauty scatter'd
Hath the household garland known,
Many an idol rudely shatter'd,
Jewels missing where they shone,
Stars benighted,
Yet relighted,
Shining in the Saviour's crown.

Fold the snowy robes around him,
Deck him for his narrow bed;
'T is a wakeless sleep hath bound him,
Well we know the child is dead;
Weep, O mother!
For another
Birdling from thy bosom fled.

Glancing o'er the green earth's brightness
With a step all gay and fleet,
O there was a mystic lightness,
Merry, musical, and sweet,
In the sounding
Of the bounding
Of the little twinkling feet.

Gently smooth the silken tresses,
As in sunny days before;
Vain are all thy fond caresses,
He may heed them *nevermore*—
Yet we could not,
O, we *would* not,
Lure him from the spirit-shore.

There will come to thee the brightness
Of the lost and vanish'd one,
And thy ear will catch the lightness
Of his soft and silvery tone,
In the morning,
In the evening,
In the night and at the noon.

On the brow so meek and holy
Ye the last fond kiss have press'd;
With a mournful step and slowly
Lay the beautiful to rest!
Death, the reaper,
Folds the sleeper
Tightly to his icy breast.

[For the National Magazine.]

AUTOGRAPHS.

ON the subject of penmanship there are two theories, each diametrically opposed to the other, and consequently it is not likely that both are correct, and indeed it is somewhat doubtful if either be true. The first is that pertinaciously held by writing-masters and those who pride themselves upon their caligraphy. My earliest teacher, I remember, was one of its most strenuous advocates. It declares, dogmatically, that anybody can write any hand he chooses, and is demonstrated by a simple logical process: thus, the forming of a letter with a pen or pencil is a mere imitative mechanical process; with a good eye and the necessary practice any one who has common-sense may imitate any shape or form set before him. That is a self-evident proposition, is it not? Why you yourself can make a tolerable straight line for a short distance, can't you? So, with a little practice, you can make something very much like an oval or a circle, and of course a semicircle or a quadrant. Then it follows that you—and if you, anybody else—may write not only legibly, but beautifully, yes, just as beautifully as you choose. The logic seems perfectly clear, the conclusion is irresistible; and yet there must be a flaw in the reasoning somewhere. Facts contradict the theory; but its advocates gravely shake their heads, and reply with the ingenious Frenchman, if they deign to reply at all: "So much the worse for the facts!"

In the absence of the editor let us examine this huge bundle of contributions for the National. You perceive they are not marked with the editorial sign of approbation, nor have I taken them from the groaning box of articles rejected. They are waiting patiently to be examined.

See what a variety of trammels and pot hooks, of curves and dots, and shapeless forms are here; from the manuscript plain as print, and neat as a newly-washed muslin dress in June, through the intermediate gradations, of the barely legible, the scrawl villainous, the guess-at-half-of-it, the chaotic, and the absolutely unreadable.

Now each of these writers has a pair of eyes and a flexible right hand. He was not required to manufacture his own tool from a goose's pinion. Steel pens of the best quality were prepared for him, his paper is without blemish, and his ink faultless. It is fair to presume that each of these candidates for immortality in the NATIONAL had a writing-master in his young days, or at the least that he had an opportunity of imitating a fairly-written copy, which in all probability most of them did faithfully try to imitate. But what a difference in the result! Should you be asked now, Is not one man as good [a penman] as another? you will be inclined to adopt Pat's answer to a similar question, "Faith, he is, and sometimes a great deal betther." But why? Possibly there are those who, like Hamlet,

> "Hold it
> A baseness to write fair, and labor much
> How to forget that learning."

And really it seems as if nothing could be so bad as some of the specimens before us without special effort and resolute determination. What is that—the manuscript on your right, tied with the blue ribbon? This? Let us see. O! it is an essay on a queer subject certainly—Fried Lobsters for You and Me. Fried lobsters! Ridiculous. Instead of Fried Lobsters for You and Me, it is Tried Counsels for Young Men! And the penmanship is by no means of the worst kind. It may be set down among the scrawl villainous; and, remember, there are three degrees beyond that.

Here now is a piece of poetry written in the guess-at-half-of-it style. Hold it at a reasonable distance, and it has rather an intelligible appearance. Bring it closer. Crack the cocoa-nut and get at the milk. This is not so bad. It wants but little guessing. Listen to the first stanza:—

> Alone toss'd rolls a tear by Moses;
> A many (or, and many) things we mourn by day;
> Tom and the shouting Indian chorus,
> And seethe their limbs at play!

Now that is sheer nonsense. It cannot be what the author means. He is no fool, if he may not aspire to be called a great poet. Let me read it for you in another version somewhat nearer to the intention of the writer:—

> I love to stroll at early morn
> (Alone toss'd rolls a tear by Moses)
> Among the new-mown hay;
> (A many things we mourn by day;)
> To mark the sprouting Indian corn,
> (Tom and the shouting Indian chorus)
> And see the lambs at play.
> (And seethe their limbs at play.)

There, that will do. Put it aside, and let the poet continue his stroll, and do not interrupt his meditations among the sprouting Indian corn by any allusion to the shouting Indian chorus.

Leaving this guess-at-half-of-it style, let us dwell a moment on the chaotic. The celebrated Baptist preacher, Robert Hall, according to his biographers, was one of its votaries. There is a curious story told of him. A manuscript of his, after the lapse of several months, when the subject had escaped the writer's memory, was brought to him with the request that he would decipher it. The friends who brought it had exhausted their ingenuity and used up their guessing powers without reaching any satisfactory result. Hall gazed intently at his own hieroglyphics. "Well, really," said he, at length, "I cannot read it. I have no idea of what it means. But stay; I have an expedient. Take it to the compositor who put my last sermon in type. He'll make something of it." This was accordingly done, and the result was very satisfactory. The printer, from his familiarity with the penmanship of the preacher, was enabled to do what the writer himself could not do, and perhaps no one else could have done.

There was some excuse for Hall, and perhaps it is not fair to cite him as an example. He was a martyr to pain of body, and wrote with great difficulty, and sometimes in extreme agony. But there are many who imitate his chaotic penmanship who resemble him in nothing else. They are the men who make printers sweat and sometimes almost swea–. If, however, they serve to teach that most useful class of men the grace of patience and the practice of perseverance, it cannot be said that their labors are altogether in vain. And then the joyous *eureka* of the toiling typo,

when, after scratching his head and bothering his neighbors for an hour or so, he drags out of the mud before him a living, kicking semblance of an idea, surely that's worth something:

"Sweet is pleasure after pain."

It is said that it is not entirely owing to luck that some men, with the same kind of hook and bait, soft clams for instance, catch fish where others do not get even a nibble. So perhaps it is not altogether to be attributed to chance that one printer fishes from incomprehensible depths an idea that others have angled for in vain.

But you think we have not demolished the theory under consideration. Bless your simple heart, reader, we did not expect to demolish it. We did not aim at any such absurdity. Who can prove a negative? To establish the position that anybody *cannot* write as legibly as anybody else is a little beyond our powers; we have satisfied ourselves that all men *do not* write alike; and if the reader will take our experience, on the supposition that his own is not sufficient, we assert that it is not an every-day occurrence to meet with two specimens of penmanship, by different hands, that are precisely similar.

And this brings us to the second hypothesis on the subject. It is this:—not only is it a wise provision of Providence that the hand-writing of every man should be different from that of every other, but a man's penmanship is an unfailing index of his character, moral and mental, and a criterion by which to judge of his peculiarities of taste and sentiments. We know not who first broached this theory, but it has many advocates; and a gentleman in London—a professor he calls himself, of course—proffers his services in the public papers. On sending him an autograph under an envelope, inclosing a moderate fee and a postage stamp, he pledges himself to give judgment as to all the moral qualities and mental peculiarities of the writer.

The gipsies, it is said, could tell people's fortunes by inspecting the lines and marks upon the palm of the hand. Of them Cowper says rather satirically:

"Great skill have they in palmistry, and more
To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
Conveying worthless dross into its place."

But palmistry has had its day, and we are not sure but all that remains of it is the verb to palm, a synonym for the word *to cheat*, or the phrase *to impose upon*.

To this succeeded physiognomy, or the science of reading characters by the countenance. Lavater wrote largely upon the subject, giving ample directions to judge of men's characters and characteristics by the size, shape, and curve of the nose; the color, dimensions, and form of the eye, eyebrows, lips, chin, and cheek bones. Many marvelous revelations have been made by this science. We may allude to one, the truthfulness of the description whereof will be estimated according to the reader's previous predilections. We take it from Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting: "Mr. Evelyn," he says, "studied *physiognomy*, and found dissimulation, boldness, cruelty, and ambition, in every touch and stroke of Fuller's picture of Oliver Cromwell's face; which he says was the most resembling portrait of the Protector."

The most pretending of this class of sciences, however, is phrenology, which maps out the brain into little compartments, and reveals with wonderful decision all that a man is, and is not, morally, physically, and intellectually. It makes mistakes, however, sometimes, as even its most devoted students admit, although, to be sure, there is always with a sagacious examiner, a reason for every error, and a reason which does not in the least militate against the science.

But phrenology is doomed to furl her flag before the well-directed fire of the autographic theory. Henceforth the question is not to be what is the size or the shape of your skull, what is its thickness, or what are its bumps? Your phiz is not to be scrutinized nor your moral qualities guaged by the expression of your countenance. All that is wanted is a specimen of your penmanship. Show the professor how you write, and he will tell you what you are. Or if you want to know all about your chance for connubial happiness, send him the last billet from your lady love.

We shall put this theory to the test by examining various styles of penmanship, all written without the most distant idea of the use to which we put them. Some of the writers are perhaps known to the reader, and he may judge with what accuracy we delineate their peculiarities from an inspection of their hand-writing

Look now at the first autograph on the left, *clarum et venerabile nomen*. It is not our fault if the reader does not perceive therein the elements of a great mind, large conscientiousness in the capital E, just as clearly as shrewdness in the left wing of the letter H. With how much more flexibility the whole signature is written than is displayed in that of his associate on the right. What a difference

in the little g's of these two great men, the one yielding gracefully and a little facetiously withal; the other, decided, as if conscious of its entire rectitude, and the h added as if by a happy after-thought. Our next specimen evinces great equa-

nimity, and a very supreme contempt for superfluities of all sorts. At the same time, we should say the signature indicates a great love for the right and the true, with perhaps a less keen perception of the beautiful.

"There," said John Hancock, when he signed the Declaration of Independence, "John Bull can read that without spectacles." So we may say of our next specimen. Anybody who mistakes the meaning of these well-formed letters, in their connection, must do it willfully. What an untiring energy in that long-tailed J, and how the flourish at the bottom of the signature speaks of his readiness to undergo more fatigue even after his own work is done.

Our next brace of signatures have little in common. That on the left indicates precision, patience, and the sentiment, what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. The line beneath with the four dashes does not indicate a desire to flourish, but simply says, If there is anything more that I can do to make my work perfect, I am ready to do it. That, we take it, is a key to the writer's character. The autograph on the right very clearly reveals, on the part of the writer, not the slightest anxiety about trivialities.

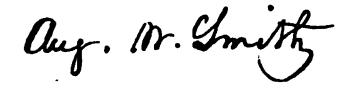
The undotted i, the confluent m, and the hieroglyphic meant for the final o n, betoken no sympathy with those who "tithe

mint, anise, and cumin, and omit the weightier matters of the law."

Study now this next signature on the left, and compare it with that on the right. Do you perceive any similarity? The men resemble each other in many points. Their signatures both indicate conscientiousness large, and benevolence finely developed. That on the right has more of the *fortiter in re*, more determination, perhaps a little more of what the phrenologists call combativeness. The other, on the left, is more inclined to gentleness, and, as the final r indicates, the writer is more ready to yield to the voice of persuasion with more of the *suaviter in modo*.

Stand forth now, Messrs. Editors, both of you, eastern and western. Don't affect bashfulness, but write your names here on the top of this page. There, that will do; but really, with all our anxiety to please, and some little propensity to flatter, we cannot say much for the mechanical beauty of these specimens. In fact, if there be any beauty in them, it must be intellectual. The capital S of him of the NATIONAL is certainly unique. It indicates that he abhors crookedness to such an extent, that he will not indulge in it even when there is a necessity for it. The peculiar character meant for Cl in the signature of Dr. Clark, is indicative of originality certainly; and the k betokens, as plainly as a letter can speak, good nature, and a desire to please everybody.

Next we have two presidents of the Wesleyan University, the one in heaven, the other conscientiously toiling in that most laborious portion of the vineyard. Dr. Olin's signature is clear and precise, frank, honest, and manly. President Smith's indicates a retiring modesty, bordering upon self-distrust; yet you cannot fail to see, lurking in that final h, an in-



nate consciousness of ability to do everything that conscience tells him ought to be done.

The principal of the Rutgers Female Institute spreads himself out. He writes like a man determined always to do more than command success—to deserve it—in any enterprise in which he may engage. There is an apparent sensitiveness in that letter V which betokens quick sensibilities, as the capital N does a high sense of honor, and, perhaps, a readiness to take offense where none was intended.

Dr. Johnston, the acute Professor of the Natural Sciences, writes a very different hand from that of the Tract Society's

secretary. It is like the difference between a love for the natural and a love for the artificial. The professor's is plainly democratic, the secretary's tinged with a slight shade of aristocratic feeling. They are both strikingly expressive of the individual peculiarities of the writers. Dr. Johnston, we are sure, must be a plain man of practical common-sense, and kind hearted. With equal goodness of heart, Dr. Peck we judge to be more graceful and more polite, careful of his personal appearance, and, judging from his penmanship merely, we should take him to be tall, very slender, and subject to dyspepsia. On these latter points, however, we do not

speak so positively as we might from a phrenological examination; and we are free to admit that an opportunity to feel the bumps upon his cranium would enable us, with more accuracy, to describe his personal appearance, and to verify or falsify a sentiment suggested by his signature; to wit, that he has a very bushy head of hair—sandy, we infer from these two little s's—and large whiskers of the same tint.

Our illustrations would be incomplete unless graced by a specimen from the penmanship of the fair sex. It is taking, we know, a great liberty, and yet when did either of the ladies place her own per-

sonal convenience in antagonism to the public good? The specimens are strikingly expressive and characteristic. They are both authors, well-known in the world of letters, as well as in their official capacity as secretary and treasurer of the Ladies' Home Mission Society. Miss Mercein's caligraphy indicates perseverance and decision. She has nothing to conceal, and at the same time it is evident that any attempt to impose upon her would be a hopeless task. Mrs. Olin's signature betokens generosity, sympathy, ideality.

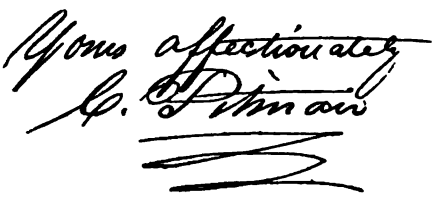
Here are two more. The first is the

signature of the accomplished editor and proprietor of one of our best daily papers. If the man who wrote that is not noted for punctuality in the discharge of every duty, conscientious, and benevolent, then is there no truth in our theory. As his namesake, the great Robert, said of a friend of his, so we may say of Francis: "He is a man of truth, sir; I would take his word on any subject, just as soon as I would the oath of an archangel!"

The ex-mayor writes boldly, and does not forget his punctuation. At the end of his name he comes to a full stop, and puts it there as if he would say—That's all, sir. There is a vein of melancholy in his small letters, and we were half inclined to set him down as a weeping prophet; but those capitals and that comical dash at the bottom indicate that, after all, he may by possibility tolerate a joke, if it be a good one. We speak doubtfully, however, on this point, as sadness and mirth are very much alike in their penological development, and laughter sometimes comes from a sad heart and a conscience ill at ease.

We next present a brace of signatures, indicating great similarity of temperament—the prevailing traits of each being ideal-

ity and imagination, together with a fine penological development of causation.



Dr. Redfield has less self-esteem than Dr. Durbin, but more caution. It is a desirable thing to have the friendship of

the great revivalist, and we gather from the flourish of the secretary of the Missionary Society, that they who know him best will love him most.

We have room for only one more signature, it shall be that of Dr. Durbin's immediate predecessor, Dr. Pitman—a man whose many virtues will long be remembered. It speaks for itself in unmistakable tones of warm-heartedness and fidelity. And here

we must close this protracted article—a valuable article in our own judgment, and doubtless valuable also in the estimation of the reader. It is the first attempt, so far as we are aware, to popularize the new science, and give extended delineations of character deduced from the hand-writing. The eccentric Poe, we remember, did something of the same kind, but on a smaller scale, and without bringing the power of great philosophical analysis to bear upon the subject. The London professor, to whom we referred a while ago, has also, to some extent, elucidated the principles of the new science; but, so far as we are aware, his researches have been confined to private practice, and as yet he has given nothing to the world.

That we have been perfectly correct in our translations from the mysterious revealings of individual autographs, we do not pretend, nor do we venture even to hope. On all subjects it may truthfully be said, "To err is human;" most especially on a science like this, of which we do not profess to have obtained the perfect mastery, are mistakes to be expected. The science is yet in its infancy, and there are several disputed points that remain to be settled by careful induction and a patient collocation of facts. Besides, if in the present essay we had perfectly succeeded in each individual case, we should have rendered ourselves liable to the suspicion that we had some knowledge of the individuals before we undertook to reveal their characteristics from their penmanship. Hence we say, we do not even hope that we have been uniformly correct. *Exceptio probat regulam.*

But we call our contribution to the pages of the NATIONAL valuable in another sense, and one that does not savor in the least degree of vanity. The reader may remember what extravagant prices autographs of eminent persons have brought at some recent auction sales. Their value increases with the lapse of time; and a thousand years hence, when the auctioneer shall shake these three or four pages in the faces of a large assembly of the literati—the antiquarians and the parvenues of that day—who can describe the strife and contention of the gaping throng, or tell at what sum the hammer will fall, as he exclaims for the third and last time, "Going, going, gone!"

AMONG THE TOMBS.

"Ci rivedremo!"

"I THINK I never saw this place so fair"—
For, entering, a sea of sunshine pale
Roll'd over us, and breaking on the edge
Of an October rain-cloud, wide dispread
In a great flood o'er all the land of graves.

"Look—those far headstones! How they seem to move
Like lambs upon June meadows; or snow-sails
Each scatter'd on the black main like a smile;
Or groups of white-clad children, suddenly
Upstarting in a sunny moor at play:
You would not think this was a field of graves?"

Ah no! for with our footsteps enter'd life—
Life, staggering underneath her burden sore;
Life, thrilling with strange touches on her heart;
Life, with her sad eyes, looking up to God;
Life, with her warm hands clinging still to man;
Life, blindfolded, wondering, gay, despairing, glad,
Gazing at death with a soft ignorant smile,
That said: "What doest thou here?"

Ay, what dost here,
Thou terror—thou divider? We i' the sun
Walk meekly, saying unto care: "Go to!
Thou art but one—we two;" and unto pain,
"God loves all those that suffer, doing no wrong;
And time, the equal-handed, levels all."

Therefore, O life, that laugh'st beside these tombs,
Hiding behind the splendors grim of death,
As a child hides behind a murderer's robe;
Therefore, O death, that throwest thy garment cool
And wide over this life, who, maniac-wild,
Runs to and fro, and wrings her bleeding hands;
O life, the healer, sanctified of death,
O death, which art life's end, and aim, and crown,
Here be ye reconciled, like parted friends,
Who, shrinking, fear'd to meet each other's brows,
And read "Foe" written there. Gaze long and calm,
Like those who, gazing, know no possible hand,
Save that which looses all things, e'er can bind
Them closer. And gaze tenderly, as those
Who through all chance, all change of place or time,
All glory, all dishonor, all delight,
And all despair, walk constant night and day
Each in the other's shadow—face to face—
Waiting the supreme hour that makes of both
(Life merged in death, and death in life divine)
An indivisible and perfect one,
Married forever.

FALSE HAPPINESS renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.—*Montesquieu.*

CURIOSITIES OF NAVAL NOMENCLATURE.

YOUNG fellows who have acquired a smattering of nautical knowledge, have a favorite query which they delight to put to yet greater greenhorns than themselves—that is, How many ropes are there about a ship? The innocent answer probably will be, that there are several hundreds; and then the querist says, with a chuckle: "No; not more than a dozen!" For the benefit of the uninitiated, we may explain, that although in one sense all the separate portions of "the rigging and apparel" (as it is styled in legal phraseology) of a ship are composed of ropes, and although every piece, ay, and every morsel, has a special technical name, it is a fact that comparatively few of them are called *ropes* by seamen, as the following list will testify: buoy-rope, foot-rope, man (or side) rope, wheel (or tiller) rope, breast-rope, top (or mast) rope, heel-rope, yard-rope, slip-rope, limber-rope, ridge-rope (of nettings), bell-rope, bucket-rope.

We believe this list of ropes is complete, or very nearly so: at any rate, we do not recall to mind any other ropes than those above enumerated; and we venture to say that few seamen, if asked to reply to the question off-hand, could reckon up even so many. The number of *lines* about a ship are also very limited. We can only count a dozen; namely, clew-lines, rat-lines, bow-lines, bunt-lines, leach-lines, log-lines, lead-lines, gant (or girt) lines, gob-lines, (sometimes called back-ropes,) slab-lines, tripping-lines, spilling-lines, life-lines, and fancy-lines.

The vocabulary of sea-terms, so far as regards substantives, is in some respects very amusing. It is also significant and suggestive of one thing, and that is, that our own dearly beloved Jack has never been able to *sink* the land and its names and associations, but has wrested very many of them entirely from their original and only land-meaning, and applied them—frequently in a ludicrous fashion, although sometimes very pertinently and happily—to the objects that surround him in his ocean-home.

Imprimis, ships have gigs and drivers (the former are boats, the latter sails), and riders; but, strange to say, they have only one wheel on board, except in case of large men-o'-war, which are supplied with a couple; and they have one or two horse-blocks on the quarter-deck. The horse-blocks, by the way, remind us that the crew of the barge of a man-o'-war are often facetiously denominated the "coach-horses;" and the long pennant is not inaptly called the "coach-whip." Many vessels have Flemish-horses, and all have harness for these cattle; namely, saddles, bridles, girths, stirrups, spurs, martingales, whips, and bits. Moreover, they have mangers, although the Flemish-horses are never brought to them.

Seamen have many objects in their floating-homes to remind them of domestic animals. Thus, they have cats; and let us inform the landsman who may peruse this, that we do not here allude to the ferocious cat-o'-nine tails, but to a certain tackle. And such is their partiality to the feline creature, that they have cat-heads, cat-paws (of two kinds; one being a particular sort of hitch in the bight of a rope, and the other a light air of wind just sufficient to ripple the water), and cat-blocks, cat-falls, and cat-harpings. We dare say the reader will smile at the idea the latter name may convey. And not only have they cats, but also many a mouse (but no mice) and mousings. They are equally familiar with canine objects, for they have dogs, dog-vanes, and dog-watches; also, hounds and whelps; the former at the mast-head, the latter at the capstern. They have common foxes and Spanish foxes. To this group may be appended lizards, cranes, dolphins and dolphin-strikers, gudgeons, roaches, fishes, fish-hooks, fish-davits, fish-tackles, cock-pits, goose-necks, crow-nests, crow-feet, bull's eyes, monkey-blocks, monkey-tails, and ordinary tails.

Jack is a merry fellow enough, and when at sea music and merriment is pleasantly recalled to his mind by such things as bells, viols, drum-heads, fiddle-blocks, fiddle-heads, and fife-rails. One nautical operation is called "bagpiping" the mizzen. Amusements, too, are suggested by ninepin-blocks, chess-trees, and rubbers. It would be very strange, indeed, if a fellow of admitted gallantry like our friend Jack did not name some things so as to frequently recall to his recollection the fair sex, of which he is such a devoted admirer. Accordingly, we are not surprised that nautical nomenclature includes

sister-blocks, partners, breast-hooks, stays, spencers, aprons, hoods, bonnets, caps, ribands, collars, thimbles, lacings, nun-buoys, and toplights. (*N. B.* Jack would apostrophize the eyes of his charmer by the last expression.) Jack evinces his taste for jewelry, also, by impressing into his service certain names, for he has rings and ear-rings, jewel-blocks, garnets, clew-garnets, single-diamond and double-diamond knots. And that he is by no means insensible to chivalric associations, is sufficiently proved by his knight-heads, Turk's-head-knots, fore-castles, and escutcheons.

But what could have induced the Jack of former generations to bestow so many sad and dismal designations on objects by no means doleful in themselves, as the following list (which we perhaps could easily enlarge) evidences? Shackles, gallows-bits, shrouds, shells, sculls, dead-eyes, dead-lights, dead-reckoning, dead-water, and dead-wood! Yet we must confess that most of these names, as applied by Jack, are singularly appropriate. We are entirely unable, however, to account for his fancy in calling taut standing-ropes, *shrouds*. Equally mysterious is it that he designates the strong rope which confines the clew of a sail, a *sheet*. Above all, what does he mean by calling the rope used for securing a boat, a *painter*?

Many substantives in Jack's vocabulary are both appropriate and facetious. We would instance, sheepshanks, lubber's-hole, Jacob's-ladder, bumpkin, traveler, messenger, &c. It would also be difficult to invent better names for the majority of the masts, spars, and sails, than those which they bear. There is, to our fancy, something poetical and felicitous in the nomenclature of the square sails. For example, when we name the main-sail, main-topsail, main-topgallant-sail, main-royal, main-skysail, each successive word is well calculated to convey the idea of an increasing altitude. Jack, indeed, is not content with skysails as the apex to his canvas pyramid, for he talks of a couple, at least, still higher, calling them moon-rakers and cloud-disturbers. But it is rarely that the proudest ship sports duck above her skysails, although it is certainly done sometimes—of course only in very gentle breezes—and the tiny sail, sixth from the deck, and which looks hardly larger than the wing of an albatross, is usually denominated the moon-sail, or the lady's apron—either name being sufficiently suggestive, the one of extreme altitude, the other of diminutive size; and we may add, that seamen, when alluding to the light and lofty sails in a general way, call them *kites*. Such names as flying-jib and jib-o'-jibs are very expressive.

Many portions of a ship's hull, spars, and rigging, bear names obviously suggested by the human body. Thus we have the frame, head, ribs, waist, throat, knees, elbows, face-pieces, yard-arms, heels, eyes, skin, (the outer planking of the vessel's sides, and also the outer fold of a sail,) heart, cheeks, jaws, &c. Ships and men have oft been fancifully compared—especially by the seaman's laureate, Charles Dibdin. Here is a specimen of his style of poetical analogy, which we quote from his *Nautical Anatomist*:—

Why, if this is the maxim, by all that I sees
  A man's built just the same as a ship;
From the keel, the backbone, to the tops and
    cross-trees,
  To take in life's ocean a trip.
A muscle and sinew 's a brace and a stay,
  And as for men's fears and their hopes,
They 're the masts; and the fibres his frame
    that belay,
  Running rigging, and all the small ropes.
o o o o o o o o
The heart is the rudder, the bowsprit the
    head, &c.

In conclusion, we would observe, that much of nautical nomenclature and phraseology is unique, and has no reference and no similitude to any names, words, or language used on the land.

Miss Nightingale.—This lady is about thirty years of age; her manner and countenance are prepossessing, and this without the possession of positive beauty. She has trained herself to command, and learned the value of conciliation toward others and constraint over herself. Her nerve is wonderful;. I have been with her at very severe operations; she was more than equal to the trial. She has an utter disregard of contagion; I have known her spend hours over men dying of cholera or fever. The more awful, to every sense, any particular case, especially if it was that of a dying man, her slight form would be seen bending over him, administering to his case in every way in her power, and seldom quitting his side till death released him.—*Osborne's Scutari.*

VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.

THE stranger who should walk round by Santa Lucia, in Naples, by night, would at the present moment be astonished by seeing the entire heavens in the direction of the north lighted up by a blazing fire. The little fishing-boats, indicated by the lights at the bows, and which dart like fire-flies across the tranquil sea, are lost; and even the light-house, with its revolving fires, which give courage to the distant mariner, is dimmed by that outburst of light which sets the whole sky in a ruddy glow. A path of fire lies across the sea, and curiosity rapidly running along it, pierces the mystery, and finds that Vesuvius has broken out, and is filling the people with consternation. All Naples quickly turns out to gaze on this wondrous spectacle. Santa Lucia, the Mola, and the Carmine, are thronged with anxious and awe-struck multitudes. Should the night be cloudy, little is to be seen except the lurid clouds, which, like huge masses of red-dyed wool, lie piled one upon the other; but should a land wind, as it did last night, sweep away these threatening volumes of smoke, the cone may be seen with its north side seamed with fires, and the stream of lava may be watched, like a broad crimson ribbon, pursuing its silent and almost imperceptible course down to the base of the mountain. Not a sound, however, is to be heard — no thunder — no distant cannonade.

This eruption, which has now continued for upward of a week, broke out on the first of May—the month when birds are singing and flowers are opening their bosoms to the sun. The well-known guide, Cozzolino, reported early in the morning that, on ascending the mountain, he had heard a noise like thunder, and that a new mouth had been immediately formed, from which were ejected flames and stones. In the afternoon of the same day the eruption was more decided, and, as night approached, the mountain assumed the appearance I have described. A grand spectacle even at a distance, how much grander must it be on the summit!

So thought I, and so thought thousands of others; during the whole of the night carriages were astir in taking off the curious to the Hermitage. For myself, I did not go up till the following evening. Carriages were of course quadrupled in price; the Neapolitans are too knowing not to take advantage of any extraordinary incident; and it was with difficulty that we could get any vehicle at any reasonable price. But the obstacles are overcome, and my friend and I have at length lighted our cigars, and are bowling along the Carmine at eight o'clock P. M., at a good round pace.

On getting out of the city we fall into one continued line of carriages, all bent in one direction. On either side of the road is a crowd of pedestrians, who accompany us like a body-guard. Sometimes, indeed, they linger at the stalls with their little paper light, to lay in the luxuries of the season as a supply for the night, such as dried peas and beans, or melon seed, or shriveled black olives, or nuts in their several varieties; and then, running on to make up for lost time, shout, or sing, or utter some joke which sets them all a-laughing. I should not be at all surprised at its being at our expense, if I read their looks and signs aright. There is a species of etiquette which prevents carriages of high degree from passing one another on such an occasion as this. We jog on, therefore, very properly and orderly for the most part, except when corricoli shoot by us like a mail-train. See,—one has just passed us; the coachman, a tall, laughing-looking devil, in a Phrygian cap, stands up behind, and rubs the reins against the shoulders of a fat priest. There are fifteen passengers, three of whom hang in a net attached to the bottom of the carriage; and what is most remarkable of all, the single horse dashes along at a pace which would make you believe that he could carry double the number. On arriving at Resina we find a motley crowd of guides and donkeys, facchini, and torch-bearers, all insisting on the necessity of their services, and forthwith attaching themselves to our persons. "Let us be off, let us be off, signore," says a sly-looking rogue; "Giacchimo is the guide for you; I know every step of the way, and can lead you into the crater if you will." "But, Giacchimo caro," I argue, "we are in a carriage, and have no want of a guide." "Very well, signore, I will get up at the back." So there he is, standing between the spikes, and here we are dragging up through the accumulation of fine sand, nearly axle deep in the

debris of lava. "They 'll be up to-morrow morning," says one. "Ah!" cries another, "the mountain will stop for them, of course; don't you see they are English?" The taunts were not encouraging certainly; so, quickly dismounting, we took to our legs.

I remember feeling almost a sense of disappointment as we ascended, for the shape of the mountain caused the cone, with its magnificent display of fire, to retire altogether from our sight. We had a better view at Naples, I thought; wiser to have remained there, and strolled about Santa Lucia. However, there we were; another effort, and we should see what we should see. Torches were blazing all about us as we went on, and in a blaze of light, and a cloud of smoke, we arrived at the Hermitage. What a scene of bustle and confusion it was this night. Hundreds of vehicles, of every kind, were assembled here, while their temporary proprietors and their various hangers on were spread about the mountain, or else tending by a rugged path in the direction of the cone. Over this blasted plain, covered with strata of lava, we followed the stream of people. The whole cone was now apparent to us, irradiating every object with its ruddy light. It seemed like a huge giant, whose side was seamed with wounds, from out of which poured forth his very life-blood. Sometimes the upper new crater shot up stones and flames of fire, which, rising and subsiding at intervals, reminded one of the action of a forge. And then, from the other craters the lava gurgled out, which, flowing down in two distinct streams, united at the bottom, and running along the valley between Somma and Vesuvius, were lost to us. To solve the mystery of its course was our great object, and we pushed on through the crowd who were coming and going until we saw them turn off sharp to the left. It was a bed of recent lava over which we now passed. Last night it had been thrown out of the bowels of the mountain, and had been running down, a stream of living fire, and though for a moment its course was arrested, we had only to stoop and pick up its loose scoriæ, and find the fire glowing beneath our feet. We light our cigars at it; and throwing in paper and other inflammable materials, created a bright flame. What if this mass had again moved on? A little more pressure at its source, and we should have started on our last trip; ever since that night it has actually recommenced its journey. To stand still on some spots was impossible, so excessive was the heat and so strong the odor of the sulphur; besides, a certain respect for our boots and our nether garments kept us in motion. The former we gave up in despair, and the latter we tucked up to our knees, only to add, however, one more to the many ills which flesh is heir to, for our legs were scorched. So onward, onward, over fissures, breathing forth flame and smoke—over glowing masses of fire, with a long jump; stepping now from one piece of scoriæ to another, like dainty cats shod with nut-shells; until we stood by the glowing river of lava. It was an inappreciable line which divided us from it; and it seemed like a freak of nature, which had split the bed of scoriæ in two, and that so finely as to be imperceptible. Grand as the spectacle was to the outward eye, it was not that which impressed me so deeply as the idea of power which was conveyed by the silent, majestic, irresistible course of the miraculous stream. I could understand what must be the feelings of a savage at seeing a steam-vessel move over a sea unruffled by a breath of wind, or a mail-train dashing along through fertile plains. Where is the motive power? None but the Great Spirit could have put them in movement. And such was my feeling as I looked down on that vast body of moving liquid fire. Where the surface was undisturbed for a few moments, and became black as the surface of a coal fire, the appearance of the scoriæ was as that of coke which had been well burned out.

We could not see to a greater depth, perhaps, than from forty to fifty feet; yet the grandeur of the spectacle was indescribable. A large mountain of lava accumulated gradually until it rose to nearly a hundred feet in height. The pressure from behind increased with every fresh quantity that was thrown out from the distant crater. At length it could no longer maintain its equilibrium. Small pieces began to drop away; then a fine sand poured out; then larger masses were detached, disclosing, as it were, the mouths of so many furnaces, which threw out a heat and light that scorched and blasted us; and then the whole body poured over in a continuous stream into the abyss be-

neath. Whither it went or what course it took, was hidden from the eye; but a thick lurid smoke ascended continually, realizing the most vivid descriptions with which poetry or painting have ever presented us of the infernal regions. The illusion was not a little assisted as we stood behind in the distance and watched the groups who were standing on the edge of the precipice. Every line of their figures was drawn distinctly on the lurid smoke; and, glowing with the ruddy reflected light, they appeared like the presiding demons of the scene. Curious demons, however, many of them proved to be, and most unspiritually occupied. Some were baking eggs, or lighting cigars, or hooking out lava to stick their coppers in. Some had brought baskets—ham and chicken, and such like luxuries—and had stowed themselves away under a mass of coke of some hundreds weight. Some, again, were changing their shirts behind heaps of cinders, for the walk up the mountain had made them hot; and there is nothing which the Neapolitan so much dreads as a neglect of this precaution of changing. Others, again, were descanting on what they had had for supper. And there were a few, too, who stood by me, who appeared to be under the influence of a deeper sentiment; for I heard them exclaiming as they looked on the wondrous spectacle, Judgment of God! Chastisement of God! Generally, however, a Neapolitan crowd is noisy, whatever may be the cause of their getting together; and there was laughing, singing, and shouting enough.

"Birra, birra! who will have some beer?" roared out a double-bass.

"Fresh water, signore?" insinuated a tenor, as he rattled his barrel. "With or without sambuca, signore?"

The orange man and the man with cheap pastry, too, made their rounds continually; and last, though not least, the man with pieces of lava, which he was liberally offering for thirty grains each.

"Thirty grains! why, you are mad, my good fellow!"

"Well, what will the signore give?"

"Five grains."

"Five grains! Then go yourself to the crater, and expose yourself to the danger to which I have exposed *myself*. Five grains, indeed!"

And so we moved off, when my hero cried, "Well, signore, take it for five grains, for the sake of friendship. And would the signore like to go up to the crater?"

"Why, you have just told us that it would be dangerous to go up!"

"Si, signore, and so it would be without my assistance; but I know a path over the lava, and can conduct you safely."

There were several parties near us discussing and arranging the same trip. Some were opposed to it. Several persons had already been driven back by a change in the wind, which had brought down upon them the clouds of sulphurous smoke. New craters were continually opening, and a fountain of fire springing up beneath one's feet was not so agreeable: besides, the crust of the mountain was so thin that it might fall in at any time. Having struck our bargain with our man, however, away we started, over a rugged bed of lava, for upward of a mile. Plunging and tumbling over heaps of scoriæ, on we went, rising gradually until the magnificent scene began to open upon us in all its splendor. On our left, and between us and the mountain of Somma, which was irradiated with reflected light, ran a river of lava, pursuing its course to the cascade we had just left; then making a bend to the right, till we got to the base of the cone, we perceived two streams of lava flowing down its sides, and uniting below in that great body of fire. It was a stiff pull through the fire and ashes; and we sunk to the knees in cinders. Fortunately the wind was from us, or we should have the entire mass of red-hot stones upon our heads. After strong effort, having most magnanimously refused the assistance of our guides, we stood by the edge of one of the most active of the new craters. How many there are, it is impossible to say. One day's report differs from another, and no two people behold the mountain under the same aspect, so continual are the changes. I have heard that there were four, and seven, and ten, and twenty craters. I should prefer saying that the mountain is riddled with craters and fissures; that it is like an inverted colander; and that a stranger is in doubt and fear lest a mouth may open beneath him and swallow him up. I knew one party of friends who watched a rotatory motion in some smoke ascending from the ground, which grew into a whirlwind of dust, and smoke, and flame, and

then the earth cracked and opened, giving them barely time to fly. A Spanish family, too, were in imminent peril of a similar accident. However, here we were after our struggle through the ashes, and our catlike walk over burning scoriæ, by one of the new craters. The lava was running over the sides like a cup over-filled with treacle, and it seemed purer, finer, and more liquid than it did in the river below. I explain it by the fact of its having come immediately from the furnace, and not having, as yet, been exposed to the action of the air. There were other tributary streams more toward the back of the mountain, but only two main streams flowed into the valley, and nothing could be more beautiful than their movement. As the descent was rapid, they flowed down like water, their surface, like that of a crisped lake, being ruffled with gentle undulations. Near the base of the cone they united, and then they ran along in one great something—for no word can describe it—until they shot over the precipice. From our standing-place we had a view of its entire course until it was lost below, and never can I forget that semicircle of fire which half-girdled us about. So many were the mouths, either opened or opening, that attention became distracted among them. Some fizzed and smoked, others flamed, others threw stones, (though not large ones,) to a great height, and some of these fell over us. The noise near the surface was as the sound of many forges at work; but deep in the bowels of the mountain it sounded like a continued distant cannonade, while the ground vibrated and shook beneath us, as if every fresh effort must split it open. Yet there was a fascination in the scene which was irresistible; and still we stood by the boiling cauldron, fixed as the bird by the eye of the serpent. Like a copper cauldron, too, it appeared: glowing at the rim and edges with red heat. In the background, piled up against the sky, were mountains of lurid clouds, full of sulphurous exhalations and everything deadly and destructive to human life. A change of wind had driven them back, and they hung suspended; but if another change of wind had taken place on this inconstant, fitful night, we must have fallen dead on the spot.

As we descended, we gazed back continually on the scene. There has since been a cordon of soldiers drawn across the mountain, not far from the Hermitage, and no one is permitted to pass beyond. The ground is riddled with holes; all the upper part of the mountain, including the cone and the ground around it, is like a sponge or a colander. The crust breaks continually beneath the feet, and the expectation is that the whole of the upper part of the mountain will fall in. Should such a crash come, it is impossible to calculate what the consequences may be, immediate and remote. The ruin and suffering it may involve—the altered aspect of the country—a lake where there is now a picturesque cone—the possible change in the climate of Naples when the bulwark against the easterly wind is removed,—all these are pure speculations as yet; meanwhile the lava is spreading ruin far and wide over the lower parts of the mountain, down among smiling vineyards and perfumed bean fields, folding cottages and palaces in its fiery embraces, and filling the inhabitants of a populous district with consternation.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE HAUNTED TOWER.*

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

Within a moss-grown belfry hung,
All silently and lone,
An ancient bell without a tongue
On which no sunbeams shone.
The turret walls were old and gray,
And ivy clamber'd o'er
The moldering stones, which e'en as they
Reveal'd no hidden lore.

But in the silent hour of night—
The time for sleep and dreams—
When scarce a ray of silvery light
Around the turret gleams—
The peasants oft affirm they hear
Peal forth that tongueless bell
In tones most musical and clear,
Or deep funereal knell.

Do fays or fairies strike those notes
Which swell out on the air?
Whose cadence softly, sweetly floats
O'er mountains bleak and bare,
And over heath, and mead, and glade,
And pastures richly green?
What haunts that belfry's gloomy shade
No mortal knows—I ween.

* Suggested by the legend respecting an old ruined tower, situated on the banks of the Rhine, in the belfry of which was suspended a bell, which, although wanting a tongue, was reported by the peasants inhabiting the vicinity to ring often at midnight—sometimes with a loud, merry peal; and anon with a slow, solemn tone resembling a funeral knell.

The National Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1855.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER TO BISHOP SIMPSON.

STATE OF THE MINISTRY—MEN OF MODERATE ABILITIES—TWO IMPORTANT ADVANTAGES FOR THEM—REPETITION OF OLD SERMONS—ADVANTAGES OF THE MINISTRY FOR MEN OF SUPERIOR TALENTS—HOW ARE THEY SUPPORTED?—WHY DO NOT EDUCATED MEN SUCCEED BETTER?—THEIR SPECIAL OPPORTUNITIES AMONG US—INCONVENIENCES STILL PECULIAR TO THE METHODIST MINISTRY.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—In my last letter I treated of the *state of our ministry*—its lack of a certain class of able men to meet the demands of a certain class of its people. It will not do to leave the subject where I then dropped it; and I now proceed (as I promised) to make some additions to my former remarks, showing particularly the eligibility of our ministerial field, both for this class of men and for such brethren as cannot aspire to their rank, and whom we should guard against discouragement from any such views as were presented in my last. I shall be excused if I shall need to recall, at the risk, perhaps, of repeating a little, some of those views. I hope, also, that I shall not be considered too sectarian in what I am about to say. The general opinion of the evangelical world accords to Methodism a peculiar and a very providential mission; good men of all denominations, while excepting to many of our characteristics, look gratefully on the work which we are doing in our peculiar field, and admit readily our claims to peculiar adaptations for it. Such, I am sure, will allow me to speak of it as thus peculiar.

It cannot be denied that to men of "*moderate*" abilities the advantages of our ministry are quite peculiar. They are so for two reasons. First, because, notwithstanding the changes spoken of in my last, the social position of our people is still such as to afford an ample field and a good welcome to even *mediocre* talents. Though this fact is sometimes stated in reproach, it is really honorable to us. Rightly expressed, it amounts to about this, viz., that the practical masses belong more to us than to other sects, that "the poor have the gospel preached to them" by our ministry more than by others, and that men drawn from the practical classes, and strong in practical good sense and divine grace, though destitute of professional culture, are, in general, better adapted to this class of hearers than more polished instructors would be. We are not at all so fastidious of our denominational "respectability" as to wish to deny this fact. In a certain respect we glory in it; and I shall make further use of it before I get through with these letters.

The second peculiar adaptation of our ministry for such laborers, is its annual or biennial changes. I am aware that I here step upon ground which has sometimes been disputed even by some among ourselves; but I nevertheless place my foot resolutely upon it. It is next to impossible for men without education to sustain now-a-days permanently a local charge. Say what we please of *natural* talent, unless it is of a very extraordinary grade, amounting to genius itself, it must sooner or later become exhausted by the frequent expenditures of the pulpit. Our ecclesiastical sytem has, in this respect, been providentially adapted to the mass of our ministry. It has rendered limited resources continually available by a regulated re-distribution of them. Who can tell how much of the freshness and power of our ministrations has been owing to this fact?

It imposes some inconveniences, undeniably; but its advantages, especially to the class of brethren mentioned, have been invaluable; and not to them only, but to all classes. By allowing the repetition of the same discourses, it has tended much to improve them, especially as, with us who "extemporize," they have not been crystallized, or rather petrified, into an unalterable shape at their first preparation. Franklin said of Whitefield that he never reached the maximum power of any given sermon till he had preached it some half dozen times. There is no small value in this advantage, as every "extemporizer" knows; and it is astonishing that there should be so much fastidiousness among clergymen about being detected in a habit so undeniable, so universal and so profitable as that of the repetition of their best discourses—a habit which prevails, of course, among manuscript as well as among extempore preachers.

But this is not all. It has a more general and a much more important advantage. It relieves the preacher from the necessity of consuming most of his time in the mere technical preparation of sermons. I have said so much heretofore in these columns on "Homiletics," that I need not repeat my views of technical sermon-making. It is clear that a man who must prepare, weekly, two or three new discourses, especially if he writes them *in extenso*, can have little or no time for general studies—those general studies which rhetoricians, from Quinctilian and Cicero to our day, insist upon as essential to the successful orator. Hence it is, I think, that we clergymen are so apt to be one-sided, rigid, professional—sometimes worse. The storing of the mind with general resources, rather than technical or professional ideas, is the best preparation for the pulpit, or any place of popular oratory—always presupposing, of course, a thorough acquaintance on the part of the preacher with the great principles of theological science. The frequent changes of our ministry afford leisure for this important advantage—one that is not only important, but which must be very grateful to the tastes of a man of general culture, or any one ambitious of such culture.

To the large and devoted class of men, then, of whom I have spoken, Methodism, I think, affords the best field of religious labor yet opened in this country. If one or two other denominations approximate it, yet none equal it in facilities for them. Let them make the best of their one talent, if it be but such—let them devote themselves heartily to their glorious work of ministering, as did their divine Master, to the poor, and the mighty hearts and brawny

arms of "the people" will bear them up and along, often in real triumph, and almost always with better success and better support, too, than they could find elsewhere in the Christian field. But enough on this subject.

To men of superior talent, Methodism offers an open and, I think, a special field. It presents a three-fold inducement to such.

First, its rapid growth, in both numbers and influence, has created a larger demand for talent than now exists in any other denomination. Within twenty years what development has Methodism undergone in these respects! Our city chapels, as remarked in my last letter, have been generally renovated within that period, and the social standing of a very considerable portion of our members has been quite visibly changed. In the larger communities, and not only there, but everywhere, talent is called for—not merely natural but cultivated, *educated* talent, as I have said. The fact is, the progress of social change and intelligence among our people has somewhat out-sped that of education in the ministry; and while in the more thoroughly educated ministries of other Churches men of high attainments often struggle through delays and hard competitions before securing suitable spheres of employment, among us such are burdened, as I have shown, with too heavy a pressure of labor and promotion. No people, in fine, show a greater avidity for pulpit ability, none welcome more heartily men of talent, or forbear more leniently with the preemptions usually claimed by genius, than our own, especially in the cities.

But do they pay them as well? That is a paramount question with a certain class but seldom or never with men of elevated talent; still it is an important one, for genius itself cannot

> "Feed on the contentment of its own good thoughts,
> And feast itself with its own self-delight."

I have spoken on the question of ministerial support among us in my last letter, and made out a very bad general showing; but respecting the particular class of preachers now referred to, that showing must be much qualified. Our people are disposed to pay them *well*—not extravagantly, nor yet equally with other and more competent sects: for how could this be expected? But they generally give them not only a hearty welcome, and an open and ample field, but a good support; and, considering the comparative recency and struggles of the Church, its improvement in this respect is altogether honorable. Whatever may have been the first pecuniary disadvantages of men of talent among us, no young man need now hesitate on this account to commit himself and his family to our cause. Our Churches, especially our city Churches, will very soon rank fairly by the side of other leading denominations, in fiscal resources and generous provisions for their pastors. They never will, we hope, ape the opulent ostentation of some American Churches among the "upper ten thousand," in constituting their pastors, by extravagant salaries, ecclesiastical aristocrats, that they may take fashionable rank among other *parvenu* aristocrats; but they will give them the support which befits cultivated, liberal, and able men. Complaint on this point is sure to cease among us—our leading men may well even now cease to utter it.

There is another inducement for such men among us, viz., the peculiar opportunities which Methodism affords for the appreciation of *real talent*. I referred to this point in my second letter; but I wish to emphasize it here, especially as it is related to a feature of our system—*the Itinerancy*—which some men among ourselves have pronounced adverse to men of talent. Our pastorate is common to the whole Church, or, at least, to each conference. Every man within the conference limits is virtually and habitually a candidate for any of its appointments. The eyes of all the individual Churches are upon the whole ministerial body, in view of their future supply. A man of real talent cannot fail, sooner or later, to be ascertained under such a searching inspection. Our frequent changes, varying, at intervals, his position, give him the fairest opportunity of experimenting his powers. If they find not a congenial sphere in one place, the opportunity is soon afforded for their trial in another.

Now it would seem impossible for a man of genuine abilities to be long unnoticed or unappreciated in such circumstances, and it is so. No man of such talents has a right to complain within the pale of Methodism. But are there not men of education—of mind—among us who do not eminently succeed? Yes, there are. We admit the fact promptly, and we sympathize deeply with such brethren; but we must be allowed frankly to say that the fault is not in the Church—its system or its people—but in *themselves*. Education gives not always popular ability, and we shall be sure to learn, as the ministry advances in literary culture, that there may be educated mediocrity and educated inferiority as well as educated superiority. Education is an untold blessing; but it will not guarantee success against original stolidity, or against self-indulged mannerisms or habits which are incompatible with success in the ministry. If a man's education leads him into habits of metaphysical study or metaphysical preaching, which are above the popular taste and the popular need, he must blame himself for his failure. If it makes him a recluse, a poor pastor, or a dull speaker, it so far opposes his success, and he alone is to blame. There are few such men among us who would not suffer equally in almost any other Church. Let them remember that the truly great man is he who makes most available his actual resources—who most fulfills the demands of the position wherein God has placed him. It is altogether folly for a public man to assume that, in consideration of his talents, however unavailable, the public is to forbear with, and even compensate, his ineffectiveness. As well might the miser expect returns of interest for his uninvested, his hidden capital.

Let such men apply themselves more earnestly to the practical work of their office—let them, for the sake of the poor and ignorant among their people, lay aside somewhat the fastidiousness of their literary tastes—let them cultivate a good, hearty, popular manner, such as their common-sense tells them should be used in addressing any popular audience—let them

persevere in doing thus, and it cannot be long before they will find that their literary abilities, instead of being incumbrances, are available and powerful resources. The people will recognize them as such; for the people, however uncultivated themselves, have an instinctive recognition of genuine talent, whenever it is not absurdly applied.

The advantages which our Church affords for the appreciation of men of talent are, then, we think, quite peculiar, notwithstanding such exceptional cases. A man of effective ability cannot stand out before the whole conference a virtual candidate for each or any of its appointments—he cannot be experimented in new spheres, every two years, without sooner or later attaining his right valuation among the people. No other Church approaches ours in this respect. Among others, a young man must often wait, as I have shown, a long time for a *vacancy* to occur in which he may begin his career; and if it should be an inadequate one, he must nevertheless abide in it till other contingencies give him the opportunity of presenting his claims more largely before the denomination, whereas our system is perpetually summoning talent forward and still forward to the fullest recognition of the people.

I have said that Methodism presents a third inducement to such men: it is the special *usefulness* which superior talent may realize within our pale. Are the intellectual character and social *status* of our people not yet fully up to those of other leading sects? Then does Methodism need, more than the latter, the labors of intellectual men, and will afford them alike an ampler field and an ampler reward of success. I have referred to this fact (which I admit with due qualification) as a reason for the success of men of mediocrity among us. There is no contradiction in my logic, though I now apply it to another class, for it is applicable to both, owing to the progressive movement of the masses of Methodism in a social respect—a movement which peculiarly demands talents graduated to its different social degrees. Where, to a truly devoted man of talent, can a more inviting field be found than within our limits? It is white unto the harvest. We are now precisely in the best condition, recorded by our history, for such laborers. The influence of our numerous literary institutions, our innumerable and intelligent youth, the social improvement of our families, have advanced the Church to a position where, shall I not say, its *loudest present* demand is for ministerial improvement? The educated and devoted pastor, who avails himself of this demand, cannot fail to be either appreciated or useful. If he has the spirit of his Master and the apostles, he will look upon the field as eligible, because of the very conditions which render it necessitous. He will want to work in it, because there is so much work to be done, and so many facilities for doing it.

Such, then, are some of the qualifications which I would add to my former letter, in respect to the advantages of both educated and uneducated men in our ministry.

The opportunity is so favorable for some further remarks on the peculiar trials of our ministry, that I cannot let it slip. Indulge me, therefore, a few minutes longer. There are *peculiar* trials in it, some of them very severe; but may it not be said that most of them are such as must strengthen the personal virtue as they enhance the self-sacrifice of the devoted laborer? Is his lot cast among the masses—the poor, the ignorant—more than it might be in another sect? It is a condition which his Master and the apostles coveted; and where, if he is seeking the development of his own religious character, and the salvation of others, could he better place himself? Does he sacrifice all motives of pecuniary gain in this ministration to the poor? How can the fact fail to ennoble his character, and give heroism to his life? Is he called upon to raise up intellectually and socially, as well as morally, classes which can reciprocate none or few of his own social or intellectual tastes? Great as is the privation, yet even in this respect he shall find true the words of his Lord, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" and into whatever scenes of want, or ignorance, or vice, his lowly walks of usefulness may lead him, he will carry with him the strengthening and exalting consciousness that he is in the footsteps of the noblest teachers and reformers of mankind—the shining tracks of Him who was the "friend of publicans and sinners." What is his mission? Is it to enjoy indolent repose in a snug parsonage, to luxuriate at the social boards of wealthy parishioners, or act the "wit" in literary re-unions, or is it to overcome the world in himself, and rescue others from its moral wreck? If the latter, then are these trials among the best conditions of his success.

The habitual consciousness of such self-denial; or even self-sacrifice, should it, indeed, be the latter, must be consecrating to the spirit of a devoted man. He will triumph over the world, he will endure as seeing Him that is invisible, he will inevitably become the morally strong man, and a life spent and closed under such circumstances will be reviewed from the dying bed and the thrones of heaven with grateful joy.

These are not rhetorical common-places; there are not a few such privations yet connected with the public labors of our Church. They have still a *peculiar* severity among us. The subject admits, however, of some qualification. There is a law in our nature, a good law, which, while it bows in humble recognition of the providence of God to such a discipline, still prompts us ever to ameliorate it. The effort to ameliorate it is a part of that discipline. Its severity, were it immitigable, might be an evil rather than a blessing. In our Church it has much improved, as I have shown; and the extreme severity which is sometimes attributed to it, and deemed by some an insurmountable objection, is much exaggerated. We retain enough of it to still give the ennobling sense of self-denial, but not so much as to impose the amount of suffering to ourselves and our families, which is sometimes alleged. I have shown that Methodism has improved rapidly in its financial interests, notwithstanding its existing deficiencies. There is no comparison between the salaries of its preachers fifty years ago and to-day. An account of the New-England Conference for 1800 says:—

"Down to 1800, the receipts of each member were reported at the conference, and, after deducting his 'quarterage,' the surplus went toward equalizing as far as possible the deficit of his fellow-laborers. Even private presents, whether in clothing or money, were required to be reported and estimated in the apportionment. These self-sacrificing men were as one family in those days of privation, and what little they had, they had in common; a fact which is as noble an illustration of their character as it is a painful proof of their sufferings. At the General Conference of 1800, this rule was altered so far as to exempt private donations from the estimate. Hitherto the 'allowance' had been $64, besides traveling expenses; but the same General Conference raised it to $80, and allowed an equal amount for the wife or widow of the preacher, as also $16 for each child under seven years, and $24 for each over seven and under fourteen—no provision being made for children after the latter age.* As the General Conference at which these amendments were made had just been held, we suppose the allowances reported at the present conference were rated according to the old rule. Hardly more than one-half of the members present had received the pittance of $64. George Pickering's receipts amounted to $47; Joseph Snelling's, $38; Joshua (now Bishop) Soule's, $35; John Merrick's, $42; John Jones's, $31.

"Some of the members were not only deficient in their quarterage, but in their allowance for traveling expenses. Joshua Hall's aggregate deficit was $64; Joseph Snelling's, $74; John Merrick's, $21,—no small proportion of their whole allowance. A considerable amount was eked out of subscriptions and donations, so that the aggregate deficit was reduced to $72 25. These items are not without historical significance.

"Such were the men of our ministry a half-century ago, and such their pecuniary reward. The receipts for their 'traveling expenses' were quite small, as they usually started with the possession of a horse, and were entertained on their routes by their brethren. The actual cash received by them would not now be considered sufficient for the annual cost of clothing alone, though that expense has been reduced at least one-fourth since their day. They had no resources for the purchase of books, except what they obtained by selling the denominational publications on their extended circuits."

Such pecuniary privation, and the sufferings which must necessarily attend it to the laborer and his family, would, as a permanent fact, be an insupportable evil—a moral evil. There are some sections of our ministerial field where it still lingers; but almost universally has our fiscal system undergone a change, relieving its early pressure, and yet retaining enough of it to appeal to the spirit of self-denial in its ministry. Our preachers cannot accumulate money; but the greater proportion of them need hardly come short of a comfortable subsistence, and the prospect is altogether fair for a generous support, in the Atlantic conferences, within a few years. That prospect brightens every year.

Similar assertions might also be made respecting what was once the most formidable inconvenience of our ministry—its "Itinerancy." With the exception of the episcopacy, the presiding eldership and the general secretaryships, this has almost ceased in the denser portions of the Church. What was once the New-England Conference is now six, or, more properly, seven conferences. Three or four districts once took in all that large territory, now there are about as many to each conference. Circuits, which once stretched over two hundred miles, are now broken into "stations." The "old-fashioned" circuit is hardly known among us any more in the eastern states. The "saddle-bags" are no longer the symbol of Methodist itinerancy; our cavalry is disbanded, and the war-horse is seen no more. Whatever moral disadvantage may have resulted from this change, its conveniences to the laborer are great. He has more leisure for study—he is not absent from his family—he can avail himself of local means of improvement. If the growth of these "stationed" appointments continues a few years longer, as it has been a few years past, they will compare well with the parish accommodations of the oldest denominations in the land.

Almost the only "Itinerancy" that remains among us is the biennial changes of the ministry, and these, by the territorial diminution of the conferences, and the modern means of conveyance, have lost their most formidable inconveniences. There are advantages also to the preacher himself in these changes, as we have seen—advantages in respect to his popularity, his pulpit resources, and the renewal of his energies, which should render them, as a general rule, decidedly desirable.

While, then, we admit that there are still demands of self-denial upon those who would enter our ministry, we contend that they are not of such an extreme character as to form an insurmountable objection to the young candidate, who, while he justly wishes a comfortable support, has also the moral courage to submit to partial privations, and the good sense to see their redeeming and ennobling advantages.

I have frequently referred, in this correspondence, to the *recency* of some of our most important improvements. We have been *revolutionized*, I have said, within twenty years, in our financial and social condition as a denomination. This fact tells more for the *future* than even for the past; it is but the beginning of a new era in our history. The mathematicians distinguish between "arithmetical" and "geometrical progression." The former is progression by addition; the latter by multiplication. Our progress must necessarily be hereafter on the latter scale; our past growth gives but the terms of a future geometrical advancement, and we may even look for changes, sudden and most thorough, for which our past advances have been but the prolonged and tedious preparation. The current, dammed up by obstructions, may slowly accumulate for days; but when the pressure reaches a given point the barriers give way, and the effect, which has been approximated only through days or weeks, is produced resistlessly and in an hour. We need but to have faith in God and in the vast opportunity he has given us, to see our cause develop itself in the next twenty years beyond any example in its history. We may well look to that period with inexpressible solicitude; it will either crown or close our history as a cardinal sect of Protestant Christendom. And let me say that the disposition with which you, our chief leaders, direct its new developments, will determine its coming fate. The wisdom that is "profitable to direct"—the sagacity that can see what *changes* are *improvements*; that can read aright the tendencies of public opinion, and discern and provide for the inevitable result—this is what our cause now demands, in its guiding men, above all other qualifications except their consecration to God. Yours, &c.,

A. STEVENS.

* In 1816, the "allowance" of preachers, their wives and widows, was raised to $100 per annum. The amount for children was not changed.

Editorial Notes and Gleanings.

A MINISTER'S WIFE. — No part of the autobiography of the late William Jay is so full of interest as the brief allusions to his wife :—

"How much," he says, "has resulted from this auspicious connection, for which I can never sufficiently praise the providence of my God and Father! How far I have succeeded, it does not become me to attempt to determine; but of this I am conscious, that I was always desirous and anxious to be a good husband; nothing, in my estimation and remarkings, being able to atone for the want of consistency and excellency here, especially in a *minister*. But I must have been one of the basest of men had I not always endeavored to act worthily toward the wife of my youth, to whom I am under so many obligations. It was she who contributed so much to give me that exalted idea of the female character which I have always entertained and expressed. She excluded perfectly the entrance of every notion and feeling of submission or authority, so that we had no rights to adjust, or duties to regulate. Her special qualities were admirably suited to my defects. She had an extemporaneous readiness which never failed her, and an intuitive decisiveness which seemed to require no deliberation. Her domestic virtues rendered my house a complete home, the abode of neatness, order, punctuality, peace, cheerfulness, comfort, and attraction. She calmed my brow when ruffled by disappointment or vexation; she encouraged me when depressed; she kept off a thousand cares, and left me free to attend to the voice of my calling. She reminded me of my engagements when I was forgetful, and stimulated me when I was remiss, and always gently enforced the *present* obligation, as 'the duty of every day required.'"

A further testimony to the excellence of his wife occurs on the affecting occasion of the death of his youngest daughter. Her father was from home when she was suddenly assailed by incurable disease. He returned and found her unable to speak, or to recognize her father. He says :—

"I turned away, and was led by her mother into the solitude of my study. We kneeled down hand-in-hand to pray; but not a word was uttered. At such a season, how poor is speech; and how surprising is it that persons should employ it, and not yield to the devotion of silence and tears! This was the first time death had entered into our indulged dwelling. Till now I knew not what it was truly to be a parent. My heart was desolate within me; and there was danger that weeping would hinder sowing. As my ministry had always been very much of a consolatory kind, I began to dread the application of the address of Eliphaz to Job: 'Behold, thou hast instructed many, and thou hast strengthened the weak hands; thy words have upholden him that was falling, and thou hast strengthened the feeble knees. But now it is come upon thee, and thou faintest; it toucheth thee, and thou art weary.' What in a measure prevented this?

'O woman! . . . .
* * * * * * * *
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!'

As being not only her husband, but her pastor, I ought to have solaced and supported my wife under the loss, but she solaced and supported me."

At length, however, this prop fails him. After thirty years of uninterrupted domestic happiness, this excellent and amiable woman was stricken with an extraordinary malady, resulting in such a prostration of mental and physical powers as rendered her, from that time forward, no longer the support of her husband in his trials, but the object of his deep solicitude and tender care. It had become her almost invariable habit to call things by names the reverse of what was right, and of what she herself intended :—

"She spoke of a drop of bread, and a thin bit of water; she called the black white, and the white black; the cold heat, and the heat cold; preaching was hearing, and hearing was preaching; in the morning she wished you good evening, and in the evening good morning."

It appears that she herself was conscious of her mistakes, but without the power to correct them. We have known of similar cases, but the solution of them is beyond our reach. They would form a physiological problem which might have exercised the ingenuity of Lord Brougham, Abercrombie, or Brodie.

We must not omit the touching language in which the husband speaks of his wife in this strangely altered condition :—

"Now that she is become in the course of nature more infirm and dependent, she is indescribably interesting. I cannot for a moment forget what she has been, and what she has done; or be insensible of my obligations to her. She needs and she occupies much of my attention, but attention endears her the more. My affection has now infused into it an unselfish tenderness, and I have learned by experience that the happiness of love results principally from its disinterestedness. And we know who has said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

ROBERT HALL AND JOHN FOSTER.—At a large party these two great men, in high spirits, were the primary attraction of the evening. In the course of conversation Hall was maintaining, with great earnestness, that he had no memory; that he could "remember nothing in past time"—illustrating his hyperbole with great beauty and plausibility. A lady present expressed her surprise; and as a proof that Mr. Hall had a tolerable good memory, mentioned that she had heard him preach many years ago, and she had recently heard him preach the very same sermon. Mr. Hall first admitted the fact, but denied the inference. When a particular topic presents itself to the mind, it brings with it its train of thought, mode of illustration, and even the very words in which it is clothed; so that though the sermons might be the same, it did not prove, he maintained, that he had any memory. He then left this ground, and insisted that the sermons were not the same, he knew they were not the same, and could not be so. Mr. Foster was sitting opposite, listening to the discussion. At length he said, "Mr. Hall, you *know*, do you, that the sermons were not the same?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, "they were *not* the same; I *know* they were not." "*And Mr. Hall, you have no memory!*" he slowly and firmly retorted. At a glance the "eloquent orator" saw where he was. His cheek flushed, his eye flashed, his lips poured forth a torrent of burning declamation. Foster sat imperturbed till the volcano was quiet; then dryly said, "You *know*, Mr. Hall, that the sermons were not the same."

READING AND SPEAKING SERMONS.—The following, from Bishop Burnett, is apt and appropriate. He says, speaking of Great Britain: —"Reading is peculiar to this nation, and is endured in no other. It has, indeed, made our sermons more exact, and so it has produced to us many volumes of the best that are

extant; but, after all, though some few read so happily, pronounce so truly, and enter so entirely into those affections which they recommend, that in them we see both the correctness of reading and the seriousness of speaking sermons, yet every one is not so happy. Some, by hanging their heads perpetually over their notes, by blundering as they read, and by running over them, do so lessen the matter of their sermons, that as they are generally read with very little life or affection, so they are heard with as little regard or esteem. Those who read ought certainly to be at a little more pains, than for the most part they are, to read true, to pronounce with an emphasis, and to raise their heads, and to direct their eyes to their hearers. And if they practiced more alone the just way of reading, they might deliver their sermons with much more advantage. Man is a low sort of creature; he does not, nay, nor the greater part cannot, consider things in themselves without those little reasonings that must recommend them to their affections. That a discourse be heard with any life, it must be spoken with some; and the looks and motions of the eye do carry in them such additions to what is said, that where these do not all concur, it has not all the force upon them that otherwise it might have. Besides that, the people, who are too apt to censure the clergy, are easily carried into an obvious reflection on reading, that it is an effect of laziness.

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THE DEAD.—The population of the globe is estimated at 900,000,000. It is also estimated that a number equal to the entire population of the globe, existing at any one time, passes away three times in every century. As the present population of the earth has increased from a single pair, created about sixty centuries ago, one-half of the present population might be taken as a fair estimate of the average number who have passed away during each of the one hundred and eighty periods, or thirds of centuries, during which the earth may have been inhabited, which would give 8,100,000,000 for the whole number who have lived on the earth. Allowing an average of three square feet for the burial of each person, on the supposition that one-half die in infancy, and they would cover 24,300,000,000 square feet of earth. Dividing this by 27,878,400, the number of square feet in a square mile, gives less than eight hundred and seventy-two square miles, which would afford sufficient room to bury, side by side, all who have been buried in the dust of the earth —all of whom would not suffice to cover the little state of Rhode Island.

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EARLY RISING.—The doctors are continually broaching new theories on almost every subject connected with health and longevity. There is scarcely any practice or any system of dietetics, but is advocated by one party and denied as strenuously by another. "Early to bed and early to rise" once seemed the embodiment of the world's wisdom. The editor of the *Journal of Health* proves, logically, that early rising is not only not conducive to health, but positively injurious. At sunrise, in summer, he says, the malaria which rests on the earth, when taken into the lungs and stomach, which are debilitated by long fast since supper, enters into the circulation, poisoning the blood, and laying the foundation of disease; and in winter, the same debilitated condition of the vital organs allows the blood to be chilled. Dr. Hall's idea will be a very consoling one to many.

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BACHELORS AND MARRIED MEN.—The celebrated Dr. Gaspar, of Berlin, estimates the mortality among bachelors, between the ages of 27 and 45, at 27 per cent.; while the mortality among married men, between the same ages, is only 18 per cent. As life advances the difference becomes even more striking. Where forty-one bachelors attain the age of 40 there are seventy-eight married men, a difference of nearly two to one in favor of the latter. At the age of 60 there are forty-eight married men to twenty-two bachelors; at 70, eleven bachelors to twenty-seven married men; and at 80, nine married men to three bachelors. It is not known that any bachelor ever lived to be a hundred years old.

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THE PRIZE TREATISE ON THEISM.—In our book notices of last month we adverted briefly to the volume, republished by the Messrs Carter, of this city, to which was awarded the second prize. Of Mr. Thompson's work, which received the first premium, we have the following verdict in the London *Athenæum* of July 28:

"These words, construed in a wide and liberal sense, comprehend the whole question between the Theist and the Atheist:—Is there a Deity, or can the phenomena of the universe be otherwise accounted for? The essayist, as it seems to us, was bound to answer this question. Mr. Thompson shirks it:—

"'The nature of our inquiry does not lead us to speak of the existence of the Supreme Being as a truth which can reasonably be called in question. It is a truth as natural to the mind as the existence of itself or of an outward world, and cannot be represented as doubtful but by the same [?] audacity of skepticism. We are to inquire, then, *How do we come by the knowledge of Him* which we believe ourselves to have, and how can we be reflectively assured of its validity.'

"The existence of a Deity, it will be seen, is taken for granted, and doubters are branded at once as audacious and unreasonable skeptics. Assuredly this was not the meaning of Mr. Burnett. Certainly he would not have fixed a prefatory stigma upon those whose ignorance or mental peculiarities lead them into the position of doubters. His object was to satisfy the minds of such persons; to address them in kind words of soberness and wisdom, which should have the effect of leading them into what he would esteem a better state of thought. Mr. Thompson, it will be seen, at once takes for granted the very point that may be in dispute, and denounces all who differ from him. Having done this—and consequently repelled from the consideration of his book the persons whom it was desired to benefit—he proceeds to inquire into the evidence. And the evidence, let it be remarked, of what? The evidence of a truth—our conviction of which, he tells us, is not dependent upon the arguments of natural theology, the conclusions of reason, or the assurances of Revelation, but is innate and spontaneous, as clear to the mind as the existence of itself or of the outer world. This, we must think, is a very erroneous mode of treating the matter. Inquiry is pronounced needless—the thing in question is declared indisputable—doubters are sentenced as audacious skeptics; but Mr. Burnett has offered a prize, and, therefore, we will inquire. A book written on such a system should have been rejected by the judges as standing outside the pale of competition."

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WEEKLY RELIGIOUS PRESS OF LONDON.—The principal religious weekly papers in London are as follows:—The *Record*, which writes against the Episcopal Church, and is not considered as very sound in orthodoxy, has the greatest

circulation—7,700. The *Guardian* (4,000) is the organ of the Gladstonians and Puseyites; the *Non-Conformist* (3,600)—almost a political paper—that of the Dissenters; *British Banner*, liberal; *Watchman*, (3,300,) the organ of the Wesleyan Methodists; the *Wesleyan Times*, (2,400,) organ of the radical Wesleyans; the *Patriot* (2,400) writes against Church-taxes and Episcopal authority; the *English Churchman* (1,300) defends the Established Church; the *Catholic Standard* (1,500) is, since the removal of the *Tablet* to Dublin, the leading organ of the ultramontane party.

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Vaccination.—A Paris physician has just published a pamphlet with the title of "The Physical and Moral Degeneration of the Human Race caused by Vaccination." The startling theory that Jenner, who for more than half a century has enjoyed the reputation of being one of the greatest benefactors of humanity that ever existed, was in fact the principal author of cholera and a host of modern diseases, has been broached before, but without exciting much serious attention. Now, however, the Imperial Academy of Medicine have placed the subject on their programme for discussion.

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Feline Clocks.—M. Huc, in his recent work on the Chinese Empire, tells us that "one day, when we went to pay a visit to some families of Chinese Christian peasants, we met, near a farm, a young lad, who was taking a buffalo to graze along our path. We asked him carelessly, as we passed, whether it was yet noon. The child raised his head to look at the sun, but it was hidden behind thick clouds, and he could read no answer there. 'The sky is so cloudy,' said he, 'but wait a moment;' and with these words he ran toward the farm, and came back a few minutes afterward with a cat in his arms. 'Look here,' said he, 'it is not noon yet;' and he showed us the cat's eyes, by pushing up the lids with his hands. We looked at the child with surprise, but he was evidently in earnest; and the cat, though astonished, and not much pleased at the experiment made on her eyes, behaved with most exemplary complaisance. 'Very well,' said we, 'thank you;' and he then let go the cat, who made her escape pretty quickly, and we continued our route. To say the truth, we had not at all understood the proceeding; but we did not wish to question the little pagan, lest he should find out that we were Europeans by our ignorance. As soon as ever we reached the farm, however, we made haste to ask our Christians whether they could tell the clock by looking into a cat's eyes. They seemed surprised at the question; but as there was no danger in confessing to them our ignorance of the properties of the cat's eyes, we related what had just taken place. That was all that was necessary; our complaisant neophytes immediately gave chase to all the cats in the neighborhood. They brought us three or four, and explained in what manner they might be made use of for watches. They pointed out that the pupil of their eyes went on constantly growing narrower until twelve o'clock, when they became like a fine line, as thin as a hair, drawn perpendicularly across the eye, and that after twelve the dilation recommenced. When we had attentively examined the eyes of all the cats at our disposal, we came to the conclusion that it was past noon, as all the eyes perfectly agreed upon the point."

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Wordsworth.—A striking trait in the character of the celebrated poet was his utter inability to understand the slightest approach to a joke; even when explained to him, he would feel uneasy, and put it on a logical rack. With him everything was absolutely true or absolutely false; he made no allowance for pleasantry, badinage, persiflage, or even playfulness; he took everything literally. A young lady, an intimate friend of his, relates a ludicrous instance of the embarrassments this occasionally led to. Being on a visit to the lakes for the first time, the old poet took great pride in showing her all his pet spots and finest views. They were, consequently, out very often for hours and hours together. At an evening party, the niece of Lady F——, (whose grounds join the bard's garden,) in the gayety of girlhood, said to the poet: "I saw you this morning, Mr. Wordsworth, before any body was up, flirting with my aunt on the lawn; and then how slily you stole away by the back entrance." This alluded to a gate made to save the *détour* of going into the road. The words had scarcely passed the giddy girl's lips, ere she became painfully aware that she had committed some tremendous crime. Wordsworth looked distressed and solemn at his wife; his wife looked muffled thoughts at her daughter, Miss Wordsworth, and then they all three looked at each other, as though holding a silent conclave. Inspiration and speech came to the poet first. Turning solemnly round, he said, emphatically: "After the remark just made, it is of course necessary that I should reply. Miss C——, you are young and lovely; you have been alone with me repeatedly in solitary spots, and I now put it to you if I have ever acted toward you in a manner unbecoming a gentleman and a Christian?" The lady, thus appealed to, could scarcely refrain from roaring with laughter, but thought it best to answer in accordance with the spirit of the question; and having considerable tact, she managed to patch this "awful matter" up! A damper, however, had fallen on the meeting, and it ended drearily.

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"Trinity."—Our correspondent, a very intelligent and wealthy layman, who questioned the good taste of thus designating a second church in this city, was aware that the new edifice is to be called "Trinity M. E. Church." His idea was that it would have been better—names being as plenty as blackberries—to have selected an appellation that would not have required the perpetual addition of the letters "M. E.," or the words which those letters indicate. Our correspondent may be a little too fastidious; but that again is a mere matter of opinion, which it is scarcely worth while to discuss. We may add, however, for the information of those who have taken unnecessary offense at his suggestion, that he is very far from having any feelings of hostility to the new enterprise.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE AMOS LAWRENCE.—Our Boston correspondent, in a letter for the whole of which we have not room, informs us that—

"In answer to repeated requests from individuals and from public associations, a memoir, prepared by his son, has been published, and has already commenced its important and promising mission among the young merchants of our land. It presents a noble model, at once exciting a manly ambition, teaching a strict business morality and the fear of God, inspiring the highest form of public enterprise and philanthropy, and inculcating and illustrating the high trust and office of wealth. A touching interest invests the volume as it issues from the press. While the last pages are being placed in types, the bells are tolling, and signs of public sympathy are everywhere exhibited, for the death of the well-known brother of its subject—Abbott Lawrence, the merchant, embassador, and favorite citizen of Boston. A bond of remarkable affection bound the brothers together during their lives, and in death they were not long separated. In 1808 Abbott entered the store of Amos, on Cornhill, a few doors from the place where this letter is written, then a boy of sixteen, with a fortune something less than three dollars in his pocket. 'A first-rate business lad he was,' says his shrewd and generous brother, 'but, like other bright lads, he needed the careful eye of a senior to guard him from the pitfalls that he was exposed to.' This 'careful eye' he had, always beaming with fraternal affection upon him. The secret of the unenvied fame of the two brothers is to be found (so it seems to us) in the spirit that indited the following letter, and the noble illustration of it in their lives.

"Merchants that could write and receive such letters need no special and modified code of *business morals;* a higher law was written upon their hearts, and with its high behests they ever sought to bring themselves into harmony. The letter was written just after the war, in March, 1815, upon the eve of Abbott's sailing in the first vessel after the declaration of peace for the purchase of goods in England. He had now become a partner with his brother, and in the letter of business instructions from the senior member of the firm we read these golden words:—

"'MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have thought best, before you go abroad, to suggest a few hints for your benefit in your intercourse with the people among whom you are going. As a first and leading principle, let every transaction be of that pure and honest character that you would not be ashamed to have appear before the whole world as clearly as to yourself. In addition to the advantages arising from an honest course of conduct with your fellow-men, there is the satisfaction of reflecting within yourself that you have endeavored to do your duty; and, however greatly the best may fall short of doing all they ought, *they will be sure not to do more than their principles enjoin.* It is, therefore, of the highest consequence that you should not only cultivate correct principles, but that you should place your standard of action so high as to require great vigilance in living up to it. In regard to your business transactions, let everything be so registered in your books, that any person, without difficulty, can understand the whole of your concerns. You may be cut off in the midst of your pursuits, and it is of no small consequence that your temporal affairs should always be so arranged that you may be in readiness.'.

"In 1847, impressed with the importance of securing the higher culture of mechanics, and providing opportunities for instruction in natural science, and in the application of science to the arts, suggested doubtless by his personal connection with the great manufacturing interests of the country, as well as by his own far-reaching good sense, Abbott Lawrence made his princely donation of fifty thousand dollars to Harvard College, to found a scientific school. What says the judicious brother to this, who thought 'the first-rate business' lad needed 'the eye of a senior to guard him?' Let us read what he said, for his words are as 'apples of gold in pictures of silver:'—

"'DEAR BROTHER ABBOTT,—I hardly dare trust myself to speak what I feel, and therefore write a word to say that I thank God I am spared to this day to see accomplished by one so near and dear to me, this last best work ever done by one of our name, which will prove a better title to true nobility than any from the potentates of the world. It is more honorable, and more to be coveted, than the highest political station in our country, purchased as these stations often are by time-serving. It is to impress on unborn millions the great truth that *our talents are trusts committed to us for use*, and to be accounted for when the Master calls. This magnificent plan is the great thing that you will see carried out, if your life is spared; and you may well cherish it as the thing nearest your heart. It enriches your descendants in a way that mere money never can do, and *is a better investment than any one you have ever made.*'

"One hardly knows which to admire the most, the noble gift, or the noble sentiment. Boston has a right to be proud of such citizens, and it is but proper self-respect that induces her to drape her flags with funeral crape, and toll her bells when they rest from their earthly labors."

—

MAUD, the last publication of the poet laureate, is not highly eulogized by the critics in England. The *Literary Gazette* says:—

"If Mr. Tennyson had his fame to make, there can be little doubt that 'Maud' would not make it. That it is better than any other writer of the time could produce, and stamped with the unmistakable impress of his genius, is certain; but it is not less certain that 'Maud' must take rank below the 'Princess,' and many others of his earlier poems. The story is not happy. It is at once hackneyed and commonplace, painful and incomplete. A tale of secret love, ending in a discovery of stealthy interviews, a duel, madness, and death, requires very exquisite treatment to reconcile us to incidents so worn, and passions so spasmodic as are their natural issue. Tennyson's genius, indeed, makes us bear with what in the hands of most writers would create merely a sense of weariness; but it does so in spite of the story, and not through it. Having failed in the great essential of a poem, a well-selected subject, the poet dismisses his reader with a mingled feeling, in which disappointment forms a large part. In subtile beauty of detail, in the strength and purity of the passion, the play of fancy, the perfect finish of the verse, nothing is left to be desired; but the sense of completeness, and of a large purpose thoroughly wrought out, is wanting."

The *Athenæum* gives the volume a more deliberate review, with quotations, and winds up by saying—

"This volume is not worthy of its author. Not a few lines, even in the passages we have quoted, are singularly harsh, broken, and unmusical. Less of finish is observable in the structure and emendation of the verse. Less of brightness in the fancy—less of tenderness in the pathos—less of quaintness in the thought—are also noticeable. Yet there are also, as we have shown, occasional sweetness of line—originality of conception—characteristic dreaminess of movement, and individual color in the poetry of "Maud." We rank Mr. Tennyson's muse so high that we unwillingly receive from her any song which is less than perfect."

—

APT QUOTATION.—Lord John Russell, in a speech before the British House of Commons, alluding to his own retirement from office, indulged in the following poetic bitterness:—

"Those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But when they mean to sink ye."

—

CURIOUS CALCULATION.—What a noisy creature would a man be were his voice, in proportion to his weight, as loud as that of a locust! A locust can be heard at the distance of one-sixteenth of a mile. The golden wren is said to weigh but half an ounce, so that a middling-sized man would weigh down not short of four thousand of them; and it must be strange if a golden wren would not outweigh four of our locusts. Supposing, therefore, that a common man weighed as much as sixteen thousand of our locusts, and that the note of a locust can

be heard one-sixteenth of a mile, a man of common dimensions, pretty sound in wind and limbs, ought to be able to make himself heard at a distance of one thousand miles.

—

INGENIOUS SPECIMEN OF ALLITERATION.—The following, which we find in a late number of *Notes and Queries*, is an exercise in rapid pronunciation which will puzzle some of our juvenile readers. Each line is to be repeated four times, as here indicated:—

"Andrew Airpump asked his aunt her ailment.
Did Andrew, &c.
If Andrew, &c.
Where is the, &c.
Billy Button bought a buttered biscuit.
Did, &c.
Captain Crackskull cracked a catchpole's coxcomb, &c.
Davy Doldrum dreamt he drove a dragon.
Enoch Elkrig eat an empty eggshell.
Francis Fripplo flogged a Frenchman's filly.
Gaffer Gilpin got a goose and gander.
Humphrey Hunchback had a hundred hedgehogs.
Inigo Impey itched for an Indian image.
Jumping Jackey jeered a jesting juggler.
Kimbo Kemble kicked his kinsman's kettle.
Lanky Lawrence lost his lass and lobster.
Matthew Mendlegs missed a mangled monkey.
Neddy Noodle nipped his neighbor's nutmegs.
Oliver Oglethorpe ogled an owl and oyster.
Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper.
Quixote Quixite quizzed a queerish quidbox.
Rawdy Rumpus rode a rawboned racer.
Sammy Smellie smelt a smell of small coal.
Tiptoe Tommy turned a Turk for twopence.
Uncle Usher urged an ugly urchin.
Villiam Veedy viped his vig and vaistcoat.
Walter Waddle won a walking wager."

—

INTERESTING SCENE AT JAVA.—Writing from Java, a person narrates a pleasing scene at Grisee. A kind-hearted widow died, leaving a family of slaves, who became the property of her heirs. There were a father, mother, and eight children. They were put up at auction at six thousand florins; there was no bid, even when the price was reduced to two thousand florins. Then the slave bid five florins for himself and family, and begged on his knees that no one would bid against him: there was no other offer, and the overjoyed family were free. The bystanders even made a collection for them.

—

What touching truth is there in the following old German proverbs about the poor:—

God-help-thee is the name of the poor man's tavern.

Poor people's guests go home early.

Poison is not found in poor people's kitchens.

Poor people are not at home in their own house.

Poor people have far to go to get home.

Poverty is a sixth sense.

Poverty is no disgrace; but an empty sack will not stand upright.

—

FOR THE CZAR.—The *Inverness Courier* (Scotland) says that, by a late mail from America, a newspaper arrived at Liverpool addressed to "Zar Alexander, Esq., Emperor of Rooshie, Rooshie, Europe." The sorting-clerk at Liverpool, probably mistaking the address for Rosshire, sent the paper in the Liverpool bag to Inverness, whence it had to be sent southward again. We hope the contents may please the potentate for whom, we presume, it is intended.

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☞ Subscribers are informed that they can be supplied with the back numbers of this Magazine.

Book Notices.

Life and Times of Bishop Hedding.—Since our brief notice of this volume, we have found time carefully to peruse it. To say that we are satisfied with the taste and good judgment of the biographer, is merely to repeat what we might have said before seeing his work. We are more than satisfied, and heartily unite with the Christian public, and especially with that portion of it of which Bishop Hedding was so distinguished an ornament, in tendering our thanks to the biographer. It has been said that you can pay no greater compliment to an author than to quote from his pages. Not so much for the sake of the compliment, as for the gratification of our readers, and to induce those who have not already done so to procure the biography, of which an enlarged octavo edition has been recently issued, we append a few extracts:—

EMOLUMENTS OF A METHODIST MINISTER.—"After his marriage Mr. Hedding took up his residence in the town of Winchester, New-Hampshire. He had now been traveling, including the period when employed by the elder, ten years. They were, as we have already seen, years of hard labor as well as effective service. They were, however, years of privation, as well as of toil and suffering. A short time before he died, referring to this period, he said to the author: 'During that time I was a single man, and traveled, on an average, three thousand miles a year, or thirty thousand in ten years; and preached nearly every day in the year. All the pay I received for these ten years was four hundred and fifty dollars, or an average of forty-five dollars a year. One year I received on my circuit, exclusive of traveling expenses, three dollars and twenty-five cents; this was made up to twenty-one dollars at conference. My pantaloons were often patched upon the knees, and the sisters often showed their kindness by *turning an old coat for me!*' A man that could perform such labors and endure such privations, through so long a period, without murmuring and fainting, must have been deeply conscious of the imperative call of God that proclaimed woe to him if he preached not the Gospel; and also deeply imbued with that divine love that led his Lord and Master to toil and suffer before him."

—

CURE FOR THE RHEUMATISM.—"Another incident connected with his affliction and final cure is worthy of record. Having broken his chaise in riding over the rough roads, he had been compelled to resume his travels on horseback. In one day he rode from Thompson, in Connecticut, to Warwick, Rhode Island. The next morning he had to call for help to enable him to get out of bed and to dress. At the hour of service he was enabled, by the help of crutches, to cross the street to a school-house, where he preached in a sitting posture; and afterward with great difficulty got back to his lodgings. At night, he said to his host he would never go to bed again until he was better or worse; and requested him to make a fire of large wood in the kitchen—one that would burn all night. This

having been done, he lay down before it on the floor, with his clothes on; as near to the fire as he could get without burning. So completely exhausted was he with loss of sleep, and the bodily distress he had suffered, that he soon fell into a profound slumber, from which he did not awake till broad daylight. He then found that he had been in a great perspiration all night, and that his clothes were wet completely through and through. He arose, to his astonishment, without difficulty; and found that he could walk with ease and without pain. This was to him marvelous; but so completely was his cure effected by that sweat, administered in such a primitive mode, that he walked a mile to Church, held a love-feast, preached twice, administered the sacrament, and then walked back without any inconvenience. He was troubled no more with the rheumatism that season."

—

THE SAILOR CONVERTED.—"It was during this year that a young sailor, dressed in sailor garb, with his glazed hat under his arm, ventured into the old Bromfield-street Church. He took his position, in the gallery near the stairs, and attentively listened to a discourse from Mr. Hedding. The truth, which was presented with great clearness, power, and pathos, made a deep impression upon his mind. He remained to the prayer meeting. Several surrounded the altar for prayer. The power of God was there. His people rejoiced in his presence; mourners at the altar were comforted; and sinners in the congregation were constrained to acknowledge his mighty hand. Soon the young sailor was seen to rise and make a movement for the altar. Through the crowd he pressed his way, fell upon his knees at the altar, and cried aloud for mercy. The preacher pointed him to Christ—the Saviour of the sailor as well as the landsman; the Church joined in prayer to God for his salvation. It was evident that it was no half-hearted matter on the part of the young man. He struggled for light and salvation. The kingdom of heaven suffered violence, and the violent took it by force. That very night, and before he left the altar, he was redeemed from sin. He then also gave himself to the Church as well as to God. A few years later this young sailor was licensed to preach; and now, for many years, has had a world-wide reputation as E. T. Taylor, the sailor preacher at the Mariners' Church in Boston."

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SHALLOW PREACHING.—"Of their ministry in Boston, Mr. Fillmore, in subsequent years, was accustomed to narrate the following rather amusing anecdote. As was the custom of the times in city circuits, they followed each other successively around the different churches. The great reputation and popular talent of Mr. Hedding occasioned many to follow him from church to church. The difference between his congregations and those of his colleague was quite perceptible. On one occasion, when a portion of Mr. Fillmore's congregation had been drawn away to hear their popular preacher, leaving his house rather thin, a good sister came up at the close of the meeting to comfort her minister. She assured him that she had no disposition to run after his colleague with the multitude. 'True,' said she, 'he has the reputation of being a *deep* preacher; but for my part, I like *shallow preaching*.' Mr. Fillmore, with ilfy-regulated risibles, thanked the good sister for her sympathy; but whether he enjoyed the narration of the anecdote then, as well as he did afterward, when his character and reputation were more firmly established, may admit of a doubt."

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GREAT EXCITEMENT IN AUGUSTA, GA.—"While waiting here, he rode out one day into the country; and on his return, hearing a loud noise he followed its direction, and soon came to the market-place, where a lot of slaves were being sold at auction. There was a great gathering of the people, and the auction had already commenced. The slaves, of whom there appeared to be a large number, had been the property of a planter lately deceased, and whose estate, after his death, was found to be insolvent. The bishop rode up as near as he could approach in his sulky, and for some time witnessed the scene. Husbands and wives who had grown old together, parents and children, brothers and sisters, were here severed from each other, probably forever. The most affecting scene of all was the separation of a mother from two interesting little children. It was a scene such as his eyes never witnessed before; and it moved his whole soul from its very depths. Just then he saw in the crowd a man from the East, whom he had known in Boston. Motioning to the man, he came up to him, as did also several members of the Church in Augusta who knew the bishop. Pointing to a female who was upon the auctioneer's stand for sale, the bishop said to his friend, 'Don't that make your Yankee blood boil?' 'Yes, SIR!' responded the man, with great emphasis. A few days after, one of the preachers came to the bishop, and told him that his conversation with the gentleman from Boston had been reported, and had occasioned great excitement in the town, and advised him to be careful what he said upon that subject. The bishop did not consider it unwise to follow the counsels of his brother preacher; but he did not hesitate, to the end of his life, to speak of that as one of the most revolting scenes he had ever been called to witness."

Introduction to Biblical Chronology, from Adam to the Resurrection of Christ, by the Rev. Dr. Akers, President of M'Kendree College. This octavo volume, of four hundred pages, printed for the author at the *Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati*, evinces a vast amount of labor in the preparation of Calendars, Cycles, and Chronological Tables. The author clearly convicts Archbishop Usher, and Doctor Adam Clarke, who professedly follows him, of gross mistakes in computation. We had ourselves long since reached that conclusion, and regard the archbishop's calendar as misleading and unsatisfactory. From the brief examination we have been enabled to give to the volume before us, we are inclined to think it will prove a most important desideratum. It is a book to be *studied*, and entitles its pains-taking and modest author to the thanks of every truth-seeking Biblical student.

A Visit to the Camp before Sevastopol, by Richard C. McCormick, Jr., is a well-written narrative of facts relative to the present posture of affairs in the Crimea. The author is one of our own citizens, and has evidently observed with great care, and his statements may be relied upon. His book is handsomely illustrated by maps and engravings, and embellished by what is said to be a good portrait of the celebrated Miss Nightingale. It is from the press of *D. Appleton & Co.* We give a portion of the author's description of the city so long besieged by the allies:—

"Sevastopol, pronounced by the Russians Sev-as-top-ol, with the emphasis on the third syllable, is in latitude 44° 25′ North, longitude 32° 22′ East. It is distant from St. Petersburgh two thousand and eighty versts, (about thirteen hundred and eighty-two miles.) Couriers convey the mails (on four-wheeled carts, drawn by three horses each, and driven at a rapid pace) to Moscow, fourteen hundred and twenty-six versts, (about nine hundred and fifty miles,) from whence they are forwarded by railway directly to the capital. From five to seven days are occupied in the entire journey; so that, until the completion of the extraordinary telegraphic facilities now enjoyed by the Allies, the Czar had his dispatches some three or four days earlier than either of his crowned opponents, excepting the Sultan.

"I think the location of the city one of the most beautiful that I have ever seen, and its natural fortifications are certainly of an extraordinary character. The harbor is about a mile in width, at the entrance from the sea, though not nearly so wide at the ruins of Inkerman, three miles distant, where it receives the waters of the small river known as the Tchernaya Retchka, and from whence the placid valley of Inkerman sweeps its course eastward amid the desolate hills. The inner bay or harbor, to which the main street runs parallel for about half a mile, is a small inlet, branching off from the south side of the harbor, and completely dividing the city. Many of the Russian ships have been moored in this harbor, (indeed, few have appeared in the main harbor,) and the Allies have found it difficult to do them the slightest injury, so snugly are they sheltered. Forts St. Paul and Nicholas command the entrance from the main harbor. The docks and batteries are built of a white stone

obtained in the neighborhood. I visited the quarries, now in possession of the Allies, and from which much of the building material had been secured. They are on the heights at the back of the city, and the stone appears coarse, and of a yellowish hue.

"Various statements have been made concerning the population of Sevastopol. By the aid of Mr. Upton's personal knowledge, and reference to a recently published Russian official register, I was enabled to ascertain that, by the census taken a year or two since, the number of inhabitants was declared to be forty-three thousand five hundred and fifty, independent of fourteen regiments of sailors, and four regiments of soldiers always stationed in the city. At the same date the city contained two thousand one hundred and forty-five houses, seven Russian Churches, one Catholic Church, one Lutheran Church, one Jewish Synagogue, and one Turkish Mosque."

The Unholy Alliance: an American View of the War in the East, by William Giles Dix. (*New-York, C. B. Norton.*) A vivid delineation of the author's sentiments relative to the course of England and France, in what he calls their "unholy alliance" against Russia. He predicts nothing but disaster and final ruin to the Allies, in a style a little too grandiloquent perhaps, but readable, and evidently heart-felt and honest. A single sentence will convey a good idea of the entire strain of the volume. He says:—

"America favors Russia, because Russia sustains Christian ascendency; and she opposes the policy of England, because it was conceived in narrow jealousy of the laws of national growth, which she is ever ready to use for her own advancement and glory. England is most urgently entreated, by one who loves her as warmly as he loves his native land, to consider which she prefers, to take such ground, as an Anglo-Saxon and Christian realm, as will not only invite but insure American sympathy and aid, or persist in her present road to ruin, and be eventually ground to powder between America and Russia, the West and the East, the upper and the nether millstones of the divine vengeance."—P. 218.

Views very similar to those of the author, more especially upon the religious aspect of the question, are beginning to prevail somewhat extensively in England; and there has recently appeared, from the press of a London publisher, a pamphlet, entitled *Notes from France on the War with Russia*, by a clergyman of the Church of England, which takes the peace-party view of the question, and avows belief that England is now being made the tool of Bonapartist ambition and of Romish policy. The permanent possession of Constantinople and Egypt by the French is alleged to be a more direct object of danger than any aggression of Russia; and the spread of Popery, it is urged, will be only the moral result of the weakening of Mohammedanism and of the Greek Church.

Incidents of my Later Years, by Rev. George Coles, from the press of *Carlton & Phillips*. This is the third in the series of what may be called the autobiography of a good man. His two former books, entitled "My Youthful Days," and "My First Seven Years in America," were well received by the public. The present volume will be found equally graphic in description, and pleasing in the narrative. It brings down his life to the session of the General Conference, at Boston, in 1852.

A Defense of the Present Mode of Training Candidates for the Ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church, is the title of an essay reviewing Dr. Foster's recently-published sermon "On the Ministry Needed for the Times." It is from the pen of the Rev. J. H. Perry, D. D., and was read at one of the weekly meetings of the Methodist ministers of this city, by a portion of whom the author was requested to publish it. Dr. Perry takes exceptions to the doctrine, style, and spirit of the treatise under review; and criticises, with great freedom, the author's rhetoric and arguments. Mere verbal criticism, we are assured, would not have been so freely indulged in, had the review been originally designed for the public; and there would have been, we think, less of apparent asperity, had not the personal relations of the parties been of the most friendly character. *Carlton & Phillips.*

Christian Beneficence; or, the Measure, Manner, Uses, and Misuses of Giving, as prescribed in the New Testament, by William Hosmer. (*Auburn, N. Y., W. J. Moses.*) This essay was designed originally to be offered in competition for the prize offered more than a year since by the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The writer, however, was unwilling to confine himself to what he deemed the restrictions imposed by that society; and has, in the little volume before us, considered the subject without reference to any religious denomination. The title indicates, with sufficient clearness, Mr. Hosmer's method of treating the subject. The essay is written in a plain and unpretending style, and its circulation will do good.

Carlton & Phillips have published, for the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, *An Antidote to Backsliding*, by Rev. John H. Wallace. Avoiding all logical subtilties, the author aims to present the subject in a plain and forcible manner, and concludes his essay with an earnest exhortation to those who have already backslidden.

Of SUNDAY SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS we have *The Early Dead, containing Brief Memoirs of Sunday-school Children; Four Days in July, the Story of a Pleasant Excursion*, from the pen of a lady well known in the literary world; and *A Manual of the Sunday-School Union*, more especially designed for the ministry of the Methodist Church, prepared by the Rev. Dr. Kidder, and designed for gratuitous circulation. *A Memoir of Old Humphrey, with Gleanings from his Portfolio*, and a portrait of the author, Geo. Mogridge, has been reprinted from the English edition for the Sunday-School Union by the same publishers. (*Carlton & Phillips.*)

American Phonetic Journal.—Some time ago we received a letter from a correspondent inquiring for information relative to phonetic and phonotypic publications. We were not able to make any satisfactory reply, but have since received the first volume of the above-named monthly. It is edited and published by *R. P. Prosser, at Cincinnati, Ohio*, at two dollars per annum. All necessary information on the subject may be gathered from its pages, which are replete with well-written articles, many of them printed in the phonetic alphabet, and illustrated with numerous engravings. From the same publisher may be obtained all the important publications on the subject, including the works of Pitman, and others.

Literary Record.

The Royal Library at Berlin is said to contain six hundred thousand volumes. The books are not contained in one hall, but in an extensive suite of rooms. These rooms are filled with racks for the books, and the general subject is placed in conspicuous letters at the top of every case of shelves. Books of all languages are thus brought into the closest contact, and the scholar of a particular science has but to resort to that part of the library where his favorite branch is represented, and he is certain to find the best works, in whatever language published. Among the curiosities of the library are a collection of manuscript writings from some of the most distinguished men whom Germany has produced, from Gœthe, Leibnitz, Frederick the Great, Klopstock, Lessing, Wilhelm von Humboldt, Frederick Schlegel, and a few others. There are three specimens from Gœthe's pen, very indistinct, but yet written, apparently, with some care. Corrections were frequent; in one place the word had been twice corrected. Frederick, apparently, wrote in great haste; the signature, however, was more carefully executed. Humboldt wrote a fine, neat hand, perfectly free from blots and without corrections. Lessing's was much the same, but corrected in many places. Klopstock wrote with a trembling hand, and his manuscript is read with great difficulty.

In another case are curiosities of a very different nature. Here are the Bible and the prayer-book of Charles the First; the former was placed to his lips at the moment before his execution. How it came into the possession of the Prussian government is not stated. The Bible is of very unpretending appearance, but the prayer-book is very beautifully bound—its cover is of tortoise-shell, secured by massive gold clasps. Luther's Hebrew Bible, and his own German translation, are here too, and close by a sheet from the reformer's pen. The writing is bold and free. In the next case, to make a strong contrast, is one of Tetzel's famous indulgences, and a letter from that great man, Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Order of Jesus. Other objects of interest are Zwingli's Bible, a specimen of Melancthon's hand-writing, a very old copy of the Koran, and a beautiful series of portraits of the leading reformers, from the pencil of Louis Cranach. For Luther's own copy of the Old Testament the English government has offered $100,000.

Honorary Degrees.—The crop of doctors, both of Laws and of Divinity, has not been so large this season as usual. At some colleges we perceive they have been under the necessity of doctoring men already doctored. We append a list of such as have come to our notice:—

Harvard University conferred the degree of D. D. upon Rev. J. H. Jones, of Philadelphia; Rev. Baron Stow, of Boston; Rev. George Ware Briggs, of Salem; Rev. Edward Cook, President of Lawrence University in Appleton, Wisconsin; Rev. Chandler Robbins, of Boston; Rev. Samuel Osgood, of New-York. Of LL. D. on his Excellency Henry J. Gardner, Governor of Massachusetts; Hon. Nathan Appleton, of Boston; Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston; Nathan Bishop, Esq., of Boston.——At *Columbia College*, *N. Y.*, the degree of D. D. was conferred on Professor Russell Trevett, the Rev. Joseph Few Smith, of Newark; the Rev. William E. Eigenbrodt, the Rev. John M. Macauley, and Joseph H. Colt.——At *Hamilton College*, the degree of D. D. was conferred upon the Rev. S. H. Gridley, of Waterloo, and Rev. Matthew Henderson, of Newark, N. J.——At *Dartmouth* commencement the degree of D. D. fell upon Ebenezer E. Cummings, Carlton Hurd, and Elisha Bookwood; and of LL. D., on Isaac F. Redfield, Matthew Harvey, Jacob Collamar, and Salmon P. Chase.——At the commencement at *Emory and Henry College*, the degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. D. R. McAnnally, editor of the St. Louis *Christian Advocate*.——At *Madison College*, Mississippi, the degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. John B. Clemson, rector of the Church of the Ascension, Claymont, Del.——At *Dickinson College* the degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. Wm. H. Rule, of the British Wesleyan Connexion, and on Rev. James H. Perry, of Brooklyn.——At *La Grange College, Ala.*, the degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, of the Presbyterian Church of Florence, Alabama; Rev. T. W. Dorman, Rev. Joseph B. Walker, and Rev. Thomas L. Boswell, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. At the same time the degree of LL. D. was conferred on the Honorable John S. Brien, of Nashville.——At *Oglethorpe University*, the degree of D. D. was conferred upon the Rev. Sylvester Woodbridge, of New-Orleans, and the degree of LL. D. upon the Rev. J. H. Thornwell, D. D., President of the South Carolina College.——At *Trinity College, Hartford*, the degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. Thomas Fielding Scott, Missionary Bishop of Oregon.——At *Maryville College, Tenn.*, the degree of D. D. was conferred upon the Rev. A. H. Dashiel, of Shelbyville, Tenn., and the Honorary LL. D. upon the Rev. S. H. Cox, D. D., of Owego, N. Y., and Rev. T. H. Skinner, D. D., of New-York City.——By the *Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn.*, the degree of D. D. was conferred upon Rev. David Patten, of the Concord Biblical Institute, Rev. D. P. Kidder, of New-York, and Rev. Schuyler Seager, of Lima Seminary. His Excellency, Governor Minor, a graduate of old Yale, received the LL. D.——At *Lafayette College*, the degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. William Blackwood, of Philadelphia, and that of LL. D. on David Codwise, Esq., of New-York City.

The Michigan Senator.—Mr. Derby has made arrangements for the publication, by subscription, of the "Life and Times of General Cass," to be issued in one large volume of eight hundred pages, uniform in style and manner to "Benton's Thirty Years in the Senate." The volume is compiled by W. L. G. Smith, Esq., and will be published under the revision and superintendence of General Cass himself.

Silvio Pellico.—An Italian periodical, the *Civilta Cattolica*, announces that it is about to publish several manuscripts left by the late Silvio Pellico, and that they consist of correspondence, of moral, political, and religious treatises, of historical romances, of tragedies and poems. The romances, it appears, are not terminated; one, called *Raffaella*, was given up by its distinguished author because he had the modesty to think it inferior to the *Promessi Sposi* of Manzoni. The *Civilta* says that, in compliance with the solicitation of his friends, Silvio Pellico wrote his autobiography; but though, in the opinion of people who were allowed to read it, it possessed the highest interest, he, after the revolutionary movements of 1848, announced that he had destroyed it, and it has not been seen since. It is nevertheless hinted that a copy of it may some day see the light.

Mr. Bailey, the author of Festus, has a poem in press entitled "The Mystic," which is described as wilder in imagery and purpose than "Festus;" dealing with higher and more mysterious arguments, and having in it still less of human sympathy and human emotion. Another poem, lyrical in form, is to accompany "The Mystic."

The *Univers* publishes a sonnet to the Virgin, composed by General Vergó, who, it appears, made a vow at the moment when he was leading his brigade to the assault of the Mamelon Vert, that if he escaped death that day he would openly acknowledge the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

In a recent sitting of the *Academy of Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, at Paris, an account was given of the discovery at Beyrout, at a great depth under ground, of the tomb of a Phœnician king, containing—what is very curious indeed—a long inscription in Hebrew. The inscription dwells principally on the nothingness of human grandeur, and concludes by vowing to the wrath of Astarte any one who shall profane the tomb. A detailed account of the curious discovery is to be given to the French Institute by the Duke de Luynes, on the approaching annual meeting.

Thackeray, we learn, is engaged by the New-York Mercantile Library Association for a course of lectures during the coming winter. The subject is stated as "Men of the World."

Another Methodist College.—The Pittsburgh Conference, at its late session, approved of a plan to locate a new college at Barnsville, Ohio. Its endowment of $100,000 is to be raised by the sale of perpetual scholarships. The "Richmond" College has also been placed under Methodist patronage and control.

The Lecture Season.—A convention of delegates from the literary associations of this state was held at Syracuse last month, at which a union was formed for the delivery of lectures on a systematic plan. The state is to be divided into six districts, and a member of a central committee to be appointed to each district, who will procure information concerning the number of lectures desired, the prices paid, &c., within his district. The president is to communicate with lecturers, and carry out the plans of the committee so far as possible.

Many of our readers are acquainted with the *Mémoires de la Marquise de Creey*, which, published in French and translated into English, excited great sensation some time ago, and which even now are not unfrequently referred to as possessed of authority. A publication which has just been made in France proves them to be entirely false. This, indeed, was already known to people who occupy themselves specially with French literature.

Daniel Webster's Library.—The number of volumes in Mr. Webster's library is six thousand. Of these, two thousand are political, congressional, and diplomatic; one thousand historical; five hundred dictionaries, cyclopædias, and hand-books; five hundred works on agriculture, and a great number of maps and guide-books. The library is arranged in cases in the following order:—Reference books, poetry and romance; history and biography; politics; theology and philosophy; law; diplomatic and congressional; agriculture and science, and miscellaneous. These are all in the mansion library room and the law office. There are twelve hundred law and congressional books in the old Winslow House awaiting better accommodation. There is not to be found a useless book in the whole library.

Biblical Literature.—To the library of Biblical Commentaries we have to add one just published in London, *The Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, and Romans*, by B. Jewett, M. A. The work contains a body of philosophical criticism, based on Lachmann's text, and laying open the entire history of the apostolic doctrine, as well as tracing the varieties of interpretation, from the *Textus Receptus*, which Mr. Jewett discards, through the other existing manuscripts, which he examines.

Professor Longfellow is revising two volumes of new poems; both will probably be published before the year is out. One is a collection of lyrics; the other is a narrative poem, based upon Indian legends. The hero is said to be a kind of American Prometheus.

A curious collection of books is advertised for sale at St. Petersburgh. It consists of several thousand volumes exclusively relative to Turkey, and cost not only vast sums, but *thirty-seven years' labor to form*. It is the property of M. Liprandi, Councillor of State, brother of one of the Russian generals, whose name is frequently before the public as a commander in the Crimea.

Literary Relics.—Mr. H. G. Somerby arrived lately in this city bearing several valuable donations from George Peabody, the American banker in London, for the Peabody Institute at Danvers, Mass. They consisted of a volume of autograph letters from Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Jay, Henry Laurens, Robert Morris, General Schuyler, Robert Livingston, John Quincy Adams, and other eminent Americans.

New Works.—Messrs. Longman and Co., of London, announce for publication the third and fourth volumes of Macaulay's "History of England;" "A Portion of the Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq.," comprising Social and Political Life in London and Paris during the period 1831–1847; "A View of the Brazils, seen through a Naval Glass by Edward Wilberforce;" "Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon," by S. W. Baker, Esq.; "The Dead Sea, a New Route to India," by Captain Allen, R. N., F. R. S.; the third and fourth volumes of James Montgomery's "Life and Writings," and the third and fourth volumes of James Silk Buckingham's "Autobiography." Two more volumes are also announced of "Moore's Memoirs."

A pension of $250 *a year*, from the Civil List of Great Britain, has been granted to Dr. Dick, the author of some excellent works on Christian Philosophy. "We only regret," says the *Athenæum*, "that a larger sum was not at disposal for the recognition of the literary services of so estimable a man and useful a writer."

"A Last Word on Sir Hudson Lowe," by *Barthèlemy Baron de les Cases*, is the title of a new work recently published in Paris, and which is now exciting no little attention. In reviewing it the *Athenæum* says:—

"It was once dangerous for a person of the name of Lowe to travel in France. St. Helena is said to have been avenged on *Sir Hoodson Low* many a time and oft after that hard and rude janitor slept with his fathers. In the present instance, Mr. Forsyth's justificatory publication is condemned as a long, dreary, and fastidious diatribe, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is lectured for having 'dragged it from its oblivion.' The baron adopts, with additions, the view taken by all reasonable men of Sir Hudson Lowe's conduct toward Napoleon. Without resuming the discussion, we may say that his criticism, though a little violent, is precise, and goes to the bottom of the subject: at the same time, we are glad that it is to be 'the last word' on this bitter topic."

Dr. Flügel, Professor of English Literature at the University of Leipsic, died recently in that city at an advanced age. He compiled an excellent German-English and English-German dictionary, and superintended many translations from our language.

The Bible in Turkey.—The demand for the Word of God in Turkey has obliged the British and Foreign Bible Society to make arrangements for the printing and publishing of Bibles and Commentaries on an extensive scale in Constantinople. This speaks well for the future. A correspondent, writing to the monthly paper of the Society, says:—

"It is a remarkable fact that years ago our Society possessed only an obscure depot in Galata, which was opened only twice a week, and where the Turks never put their foot in, and the Christians entered it rarely and by stealth. Now, besides the great depot, which is kept open all day long in a most frequented street in Constantinople, leading to the principal bazaars, the Society's books are exposed for sale in the grand street of Pera, at the Scripture Readers' Depository and Reading-room at Galata, at the London Jews' Society's stores at Constantinople; and last, not least, they are hawked about the streets of this vast capital by colporteurs, and may be met with on the great floating bridge, and other parts of the city, taken there by venders of books."

There is a talk of establishing in Paris a large *daily newspaper*, to be devoted entirely to literary, scientific, and artistic matters. The well-known Dr. Veron is named as the chief promoter of the scheme.

Mr. Vincent Figgins, a well-known English type-founder, has reproduced, for the benefit of the Aged Printers' Asylum, in England, in black letter, cast by himself, and imitated from Caxton's type, the first printer's treatise on the "Game and Playe of the Chesse." A writer in the London *Athenæum*, who seems charmed with both Caxton and Figgins, says:—

"Of this work, Caxton printed two editions—one with the date 1474, and the other without a date, but ornamented with various quaint and rude, but forcible illustrative wood-cuts, the general character of which was imitated in Dibdin's imperfect fac-similes. Mr. Figgins has engraved all the wood-cuts completely from tracings made from the copy of the book in the British Museum. He has also printed his edition on paper made expressly in imitation of that used by Caxton, and has bound it in antique style, with appropriate ornamental tooling. The result of all this care and imitative skill is a handsome volume, in small folio, published at the price of $10. The purchasers will not only have the satisfaction of possessing a work which is curious in itself, and gives a very accurate idea of Caxton's books, such as they first issued from the press, but will have the pleasure of contributing to a praiseworthy and excellent object. All who benefit by printing—and, in some way or other, who does not?—should bear in mind the band of skillful and useful men who, in connexion with this Art of Arts, bestow an almost unparalleled amount of labor and ingenuity, but who cannot, any more than other men, secure themselves from the unavoidable chances and occasional calamities of life."

Arts and Sciences.

The American Association for the advancement of Science recently held its ninth annual meeting at Providence, Rhode Island. The objects of the Association are to promote intercourse between those who are cultivating science in different parts of the United States; to give a stronger and more general impulse and a more systematic direction to scientific research in our country; and to procure for the labors of scientific men increased facilities and a wider usefulness. The Association at this time embraces more than a thousand members, consisting not only of those who are actually engaged in scientific pursuits, but of others who are the patrons and friends of science, who appreciate its importance, and are anxious to aid its progress.

Photographs.—Mr. Neipce's process of obtaining positive photographs is to expose a sheet of calotype paper to the daylight for a few seconds, or until a visible discoloration or browning of its surface takes place. Then it is dipped in a solution of iodide of potassium, consisting of five hundred grains to the pint of water. The visible discoloration is apparently removed by this immersion—though such is not really the case, for, if the paper were dipped into a solution of gallo-nitrate of silver, it would speedily blacken all over. When the paper is removed from the iodide of potassium, it is washed in water and then dried with blotting-paper. It is then placed in the camera obscura, and after five or ten minutes it is removed therefrom and washed with gallo-nitrate of silver, and warmed.

Useful Invention.—According to the London *Times*, a Mr. Clifford has invented a method of lowering ships' boats, so as to insure entire security from accident. The whole operation is performed by one man only in the boat, who, by simply paying off a rope, unlashes and frees the boat from the ship's gripes, lowers her levelly into the water, and entirely disengages her, whatever her weight or the number of her crew; and it is impossible for her to cant or turn over in her descent, or for a rope to tangle or catch in its passage through the block which he uses.

A Female Painter.—Rosa Bonheur, who is pronounced by the London *News* the greatest painter of rustic subjects in France, is exhibiting some of her pictures in London. Of one of these, called the "Horse Fair at Paris," the *News* says:—

"In saying deliberately that we believe that no picture of modern times is more worthy than this of study, either by the artist or by the lover of nature, we shall be considered, perhaps, guilty of a little exaggerated enthusiasm. It may be so. Nevertheless, we have the best reasons for knowing that a large number of the most distinguished British artists hold the same opinion as ourselves. Let the picture, however, be judged by its merits. First, let the mere lover of nature, the man who has deep sympathies with all the healthy phenomena of animal life, look at the 'Horse Fair,' and say if any mere representation of animals, whether by Wouvermans, or Cuyp, or Snyders, or Cooper, or Ward, or—we scarcely dare to say—by Landseer himself, has anything approaching to that exuberance of vitality which manifests itself in this astonishing delineation."

A Curious Clock.—An English paper says: The public does not generally know that at the Southeastern London Bridge Station, over the little refreshment-room facing the railway, stands a clock, whose pendulum is some five miles off; that is, at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. It was made a present to the company by the government for permission to lay down its telegraph wires over their line, and is kept going by the wires of the telegraph attached to the clock of the Observatory. It is curious to observe the assumption of positive dignity with which the seconds' hand of the clock beats its time, as if conscious of its royal and learned source of motion.

Portable Stove.—A new portable stove is described in the London *Mining Journal*. It is made of thin wrought iron, without any flue, and may be used upon any table or in any room. The fuel employed is cocoa-nut stearine, in cakes, burnt by means of six wicks introduced into each cake, the cake fitting into a tin dish, made exactly to contain it. No smoke is produced, and the stove is capable of boiling, baking, and broiling, and the whole is comprised in a cube of about sixteen inches. The cost of fuel burnt is at the rate of one penny per hour, a cake lasting eight hours.

To make Artificial Marble and Stone.—The *Scientific American* gives the following condensed specification of a patent for the above purpose, granted to an American citizen. "The material of which the artificial stone is made is plaster of Paris. After it has been prepared and of the right shape, it is dried in a room at about 80 degrees. When completely dry, it is immersed in a warm solution of borax and glauber salts, prepared by dissolving one pound of borax and a quarter of an ounce of the salts in one gallon of water as a ratio. After the casting is thoroughly wet in this, it is removed to the drying-room and exposed to a heat of 250 degrees Fahrenheit, until all the watery parts are thrown off. It is then permitted to get nearly cold, when it is immersed in a strong hot solution of borax, to which has been added one ounce of strong nitric acid for every gallon of the borax solution. This solution is kept warm, and the castings kept in it until they are completely saturated, when they are taken out and dried, and are found to have acquired a marble-like hardness. A day or two after this operation the castings are slightly heated, and covered over with a thin coat of Canada balsam dissolved in turpentine, after which they are kept warm until the turpentine is driven off. Various colored substances may be used along with the materials specified to color the artificial marble, such as indigo for blue, and other substances for other colors. The marble may also be streaked and beautifully variegated."

A large picture by Raphael, inscribed with his name, and painted when he was only seventeen, is one of the chief celebrities on exhibition in London. It came from the Fesch collection, and was originally done for the Church at Città di Castello. The date attributed to it by Passavant is 1500. It displays the full influence of Pietro Perugino, and is, moreover, remarkable as the only representation by Raphael of the crucifixion. The angels balancing in the air, and the turn of the heads of the Madonna and St. John toward the spectator, contrast strongly with earlier representations of the subject, where the attention of every personage is absorbed by the central figure.

A machine for sowing seed broadcast, instead of in drills, has been invented. A series of oblique cups are placed upon a rotating cylinder underneath the hopper, in combination with distributing plates, which convey the seed from the hopper in such a manner that it is sprinkled with perfect regularity and evenness over the whole ground traversed by the machine.

A lithographed portrait of Molly, the second wife of the German poet Bürger, whom he has celebrated in so many of his finest and most passionate songs, has just been published at Göttingen. It has been drawn from the original painting in oil, which was offered by the dying poet "as his greatest treasure" to his physician, Dr. Wrisberg, the late famous anatomist at the University of Göttingen.

Coal a source of National Greatness.—During a brief sojourn of that eminent geologist, Hugh Miller, in England, he critically examined the carboniferous districts, especially the coal-fields of central England, to which she has for so many years owed her flourishing trade. Its area, he remarks, "scarcely equals that of one of the Scottish lakes—thirty miles long and eight broad; yet how many steam-engines has it set in motion! How many railway trains has it propelled, and how many millions of tons of iron has it raised to the surface, smelted, and hammered! It has made Birmingham a great city—the first iron *depôt* of Europe. And if one small field has done so much," he says, "what may we expect from those vast basins laid down by Lyell in the Geological Map of the United States? When glancing over the three huge coal-fields of the United States, each surrounded with its ring of old red sandstone, I called to mind the prophecy of Berkely, and thought I could at length see what he could not, the scheme of its fulfillment. He saw Persia resigning the scepter to Macedonia, Greece to Rome, and Rome to Western Europe, which abuts on the Atlantic. When America was covered with

forests, he anticipated an age when that country would occupy as prominent a place among the nations as had been occupied by Assyria and Rome. Its enormous coal-fields, some of them equal in extent to all England, seem destined to form no mean element in its greatness. If a patch containing but a few square miles has done so much for central England, what may not fields, containing many hundred square leagues, do for the United States?"

The new metal *aluminum* is said to be an unquestionable conquest of science, and may be produced in any quantity for $3 a pound. Further improvements are expected to reduce its cost to fifty cents, when it will naturally replace iron in many household and familiar utensils. This discovery is one of the positive scientific achievements of the day.

Charcoal.—Wood charcoal possesses a highly absorbent power for ammoniacal gases, sulphuretted hydrogen, sulphurous acid and carbonic acid gas. This property perfectly adapts it to the absorption of putrid exhalations from decaying animal bodies, a layer from one to two inches in thickness being sufficient entirely to absorb the effluvia from large animals. From dead dogs thus covered no effluvia was perceptible, while the decomposition of the bodies was accelerated. This arises from the fact that charcoal absorbs and oxydizes the effluvia, which under ordinary circumstances would be evolved directly into the air; but within the pores of the charcoal they are brought into contact with condensed oxygen, and are thus subjected to a species of low combustion, their carbon being converted into carbonic acid, and their hydrogen into water. Charcoal, therefore, instead of being antiseptic, is precisely the reverse.

Heber.—The statue which has recently been erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, to the memory of Bishop Heber, is said to be unsurpassed in beauty of design and excellence of execution. He is kneeling, attired in his robes, with one hand resting on the Bible, as his support, and the other upon his breast. On the pedestal, beautifully done in bass-relief, he is represented in the act of confirming two Indian converts.

Liebig has published a method of *making bread* that will not readily turn sour, and that is more nutritious than ordinary bread. "Pure flour," he says, "is not all that is required for alimentation; there wants the addition of a small quantity of lime." It is to eating bread deficient in lime that some of the diseases of prisoners and children are due. By mixing the flour with weak lime-water, not only does it become more nutritious, according to the views of the celebrated chemist, but there is an increase of eight per cent. in the quantity of bread. It is well known that the bakers of Belgium make inferior flour into palatable bread by mixing it with sulphate of copper—a hurtful substance; while lime in the small proportions contemplated, would be harmless, if not beneficial. In this respect, the method of decorticating wheat proposed at Paris by M. Sibille may be worth notice. He makes a wash of one part lime, three parts carbonate of soda, six parts boiling water, mixed to show a strength of three degrees by the alkalimeter, in which the grain, being soaked for two or three minutes, comes out with the outer husk perfectly removed, leaving the wheat bright and clean, and its germinating qualities uninjured.

The electric telegraph has lately been employed for the *determination of longitude*—of Fredericton, New Brunswick. Simultaneous signals were made at that place and at Harvard, where the position of the Observatory has been determined by the United States government, without stint of cost or labor, so that it might become the point of reference for the Coast Survey, in which their navy has been for many years engaged. The longitude of Fredericton, as now found, differs twenty-seven seconds from the former determination by astronomical observation—a remarkably small amount.

A *Mr. Capplesmith*, of New Harmony, Indiana, who has devoted much attention to meteorology, writes to the Smithsonian Institute that the directions given to mariners and others respecting the barometer are fallacious. Espy, Redfield, Reid, Dove, and others, affirm that the passage of a hurricane or tornado causes a depression of the barometer, which in some cases amounts to two inches; but Mr. Capplesmith says his observations show that the passage produces a *rise*, and not a fall. The announcement and investigation of this new point are important.

Of the *patents for inventions* issued by the United States government down to the beginning of the present year, we find that 21 were for air-engines, 148 for steam-boilers, 42 for modes of manufacturing India-rubber goods, and 60 for sewing-machines. Washing-machines modestly claim 309 patents; water-wheels, 327; grain and grass harvesters, 111; plows, 372; straw-cutters, 153; smut-machines, 140; winnowing-machines, 163; and thrashing-machines, 378. For stoves, 682 patents have been issued, exclusive of 478 for designs.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* contains an interesting account of the restoration of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." For three years the perishable immortality of this work has been undergoing a dangerous process, which is now nearly finished. The refectory had once been a cavalry stable during the French occupation of Italy; and this, and the efflorescence of the saltpetre of the wall itself, had caused many spots of color to drop off. This total destruction of parts rendered its transfer to another ground impossible. The colors are now firmly fixed, cannot be rubbed off, and the removal of the dirt of centuries enables the picture to be better seen.

Don Augustin Corassao, colonel in the Peruvian army, professes to have solved the hitherto insoluble problem of squaring the circle. He has published a pamphlet on the subject, and submitted a copy of it to the Council of the University of Santiago, but omits to disclose the *modus operandi*.

Mr. C. Spencer and Professor Eaton, of Canastota, N. Y., are engaged in manufacturing the first equatorial telescope ever made in America. It is for the Hamilton College Observatory.

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BISHOP AMES.

BISHOP AMES has come of the good old Puritan stock. His grandfather, Rev. Sylvanus Ames, was a Massachusetts man, a graduate of old Harvard, a settled pastor at Taunton, Massachusetts, a stout-hearted Puritan patriot, and died in the camp of Washington at Valley Forge, where he was a chaplain, in the hard winter of 1777–8; so, at least, a printed genealogical table of the Ameses, which we have seen, records. Bishop Ames's father settled early at Athens, Ohio, where the bishop himself was born, May 20, 1806.

He was converted during a remarkable revival of religion which took place among the students of the Ohio University in August, 1827. It was a productive revival. Among the converts, who are now ministers, and who were associated as his fellow-students in the University, were Rev. H. J. Clark, J. M. Trimble, E. H. Pilcher, W. Herr, H. E. Pilcher, and E. W. Sehon.

In 1828 and 1829 Dr. Ames taught in the M'Kendree College, at Lebanon, Ill. In August, 1830, he was licensed to preach by Rev. Peter Cartwright, whom we have already sketched, and who could have no

man under his ministerial care without "making or breaking him!" He was received on trial in the Illinois Conference the same year. On the division of the Illinois Conference in 1832, he was assigned to the Indiana Conference, and was ordained a deacon by Bishop Soule. In 1834 he was ordained elder by Bishop Roberts. He was employed in various fields of labor till 1840, when he was elected a delegate to the General Conference, held that year at Baltimore, and there chosen Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society. In this office he had the supervision of the German and Indian Missions of the Church. He traveled more than twenty-five thousand miles during the four years of his secretaryship, passing over the entire Indian Territory from Texas to Lake Superior, traversing wildernesses and camping out for weeks together. He had the honor to be the first chaplain ever elected by an *Indian council*, having served the Choctaw General Council in that capacity in 1842; and he drew up, at the request of the Committee on Education, the school law now in force in that nation—a noble bill, by the provisions of which a larger sum is appropriated for education per person than in Massachusetts itself.

Bishop Ames served as a delegate to the General Conference of 1844, and from 1844 to 1852 traveled as presiding elder on the New-Albany, Indianapolis, and Jeffersonville districts, Indiana Conference. In 1844 the State University of Indiana conferred on him the degree of A. M.

Bishop Ames is a stout, robust-looking man, as perfect a specimen of health as can be found among his ministerial brethren—which is saying much, for the habits of Methodist preachers have always tended to make them excel in two respects at least, viz., good health and good humor. Their travels, their common fare among the people, their rencontres with all sorts of examples of human nature, their vocal energy, their unstinted gesticulations, (a good sort of pulpit gymnastics,) and perhaps the hopeful geniality of their theology, have had a marked effect upon them.

Bishop Ames's hair is deeply black, his head fully developed with a special prominence of the "perceptive organs," his cheeks full and florid, his eyes small and of light blue color, his chin double. There is a very marked characteristic expression about his whole countenance; it indicates calm, frank earnestness. The indication reveals itself also in his voice, which, without being orotund, as usual with robust men, has noticeably this significance.

The bishop is considered an excellent preacher. We never heard him but once, and that was in the old Light-street Church, Baltimore, during the session of the Baltimore Conference of 1854. We were placed (as a penalty for our dignity as a ministerial visitor) in the altar, and so wedged under the pulpit as not to get a single glimpse of the preacher—a manner, by the way, respectful reader, of showing special respect on such occasions to venerable visitors, to great men, and, sometimes by mistake, to such men as your humble servant. Of course we could hardly criticise the bishop under such circumstances; and we remember very well that we found more use for our handkerchief at our eyes than for any of the rhetorical canons of Cicero or Quinctilian. The sermon was on "Faith." It abounded in good, and not a few elaborate thoughts. It had not the usual tiresome "homiletic" "Firstly," "Secondly," and "Thirdly," but was a series of reasonings and illustrations on the moral influence of "Faith." Faith was shown to be a condition of man's ordinary life; it was necessary to the relations of domestic life, business life, &c.; it is thus rendered necessary, in the economy of Providence, as a moral discipline; its salutary efficacy in this respect was strongly discussed. Its importance in the still higher relations of man with God was shown. Faith is rendered necessary by the necessary mystery of many divine truths; faith must necessarily be the ground of religious trustfulness; faith is essential to moral heroism, to religious self-sacrifice and labor, to religious consolation, especially under the disciplinary chastisements of Divine Providence. At this point a glow of devout interest and joyful sympathy was spread over the whole audience; some of our fellow-veterans (don't smile, Mr. Reader, for we are, *inter nos*, nearly a thirty-year-old Methodist) began to utter themselves rather distinctly in the old style, forgetting that the times have "improved" so much, and our own handkerchief began to grow wet. One step further in the discourse brought the feelings of the assembly to a crisis. "What," exclaimed the bishop, his voice

trembling with his emotions, "what substitute have you for the faith of the Christian in the hour of affliction and mourning? I had a little child, the joy of my heart and the delight of my eyes; she clung the last to my neck when I left home on my itinerant journeys, and was the first to meet me with her cherub smiles when I returned; her little life was bound up with mine. I left her once at my door blooming with health and beautiful with her loving looks as I passed away from her eager gaze. When, after laborious days, I returned, I found her—what? a blackened cinder—she had been burnt to death! My heart was broken—no, it was not broken, for my faith came to my support. It whispered to my agonized soul, that though my lost child would never return unto me yet I should go unto her—that she still lived—that her charred frame should even be restored to its beauty. Would you take from me my faith, and leave me desolate and hopeless with my dead? What can your philosophy or infidelity do in a sorrow like this?" The effect was irresistible, tears seemed to jet out from all eyes around us. The story could not but touch every heart of parental feeling there, especially the heart of woman. There were probably mothers present who had lost their children; at all events, women in the galleries and below broke out into audible exclamations and sobs; and strong men, standing in the aisles, looked as if they would sink down.

This was natural eloquence—the right kind of eloquence. There is nothing else like it for popular assemblies, or, indeed, for any kind of assemblies How salutary it is! How it enters the soul like a healing balm, though it wrings tears from the very heart! We all went home better people for that.

Now we cannot say that this was a specimen of Bishop Ames's preaching, as we never heard him before nor since; but it seemed natural to him. There was no labor, no effort in the discourse; he "talked" to the crowded assembly, and they seemed to take all the interest that interlocutors could take in a conversation.

We have heard the bishop on the General Conference floor; his remarks have always been distinguished for their good sense and direct pertinency. He had not the folly to attempt declamatory or oratorical speeches there, where they are so utterly irrelevant. He is not the man to fall into precipitate or novel opinions, or to commit himself impetuously on dubious questions. Good sense, good temper, practical sagacity, and a rare power of projecting and executing large schemes, are said to be his chief characteristics. Western men who know him well, predict that he will leave a deep mark on the episcopal history of the Church. He is especially able in financial plans—a talent much needed by the great enterprises of the denomination.

It is for the very reason that he has these business capabilities—the talents that fit him to mix in with the mass of the conference members, and lead them in important discussions and measures—that we regret his promotion to the episcopacy, as we have said we do that of Bishop Simpson. Such men are too important to be spared for that office.

When Sir Robert Peel completed his Corn-Law Reform in the British Parliament, it is said that a peerage was offered him by the government, and he had the opportunity of "ennobling" his family; but the country acknowledged, with enthusiasm, his good sense in preferring a seat in the Commons, where he could lead the people, to a coronet and the inferior isolated power of a peer.

Now, though the office of bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church is most venerable, and in one respect (the annual appointment of the preachers) is unparalleled in its power and responsibility, we know of scarcely any other function in the denomination which is more restricted either morally or legally. The bishop can exert the influence of the pulpit largely, to be sure, but so can any really popular man, for the opportunity is unlimited. The bishop has great official dignity, and by consequence a species of official moral influence that is doubtless very powerful; but this sort of tacit power is always greater when it is the result merely of great character or great talents, than when it is the result of official position; and it is actually the case that the exercise of such influence over public measures or great questions in the denomination is now so morally restricted, as it respects the bishops, that no class of men among us has really less liberty of speech or action then they. They are reduced at last (and we think most unfortunately) to be

little more than mere preachers and moderators in the conference—excepting always the cabinet right of making out the appointments. It is alleged that the necessity of impartiality on their part, and of unprejudiced confidence on the part of their subordinates, render this neutrality or isolation necessary. Be this as it may, it does not help the case; it only explains it. It was not so in the old times; the early bishops of Methodism were active in everything; they made speeches and voted in the conferences. We are not aware that they were considered usurpers for doing what their humblest brethren claimed the right of doing; but they would be so considered now, and we apprehend that the change (be it good or bad) has arisen from their own tacit concession.

If we except their office as *moderators*, and the personal moral influence which any superior man may share with them, they have become mere ciphers in the General Conference. Hear what they say of themselves officially:—

"A bishop sustains the relation of *moderator* to the General Conference. He represents no section or interest of the Church; he can claim no right to introduce motions, to make speeches, or to cast votes on any question. As president, he can neither form rules nor decide law questions in the General Conference; and, on mere questions of order, there is an appeal from his decision to the deliberative body."*

Is this the post for such men as we have been describing? Are abilities that might determine the grandest discussions, or carry the grandest measures, to be silenced and wrapped up thus in a straight coat of mere presidental dignity in the greatest arena of the talent and power of the Church?

In fine, no greater blunder has been committed by the opponents of the ecclesiastical system of Methodism, than their assumption that its bishops have such dangerous powers. They have scarcely any remaining power but that of making the annual appointments, and this is, now-a-days, virtually wrested from them, and vested in a cabinet of presiding elders. Look at a few of the restrictions upon them:—

"1. They have no superior salaries above their brethren of the ministry, and are considered to be of the same ministerial *order*, having only a distinct *office*, which itself is based on *expediency*, not on an alleged *apostolic succession*.

"2. They have no vote in any question to be decided in General or Annual Conferences, *not even in making rules by which they themselves are to be governed*.

"3. Their conduct, both private and official, is examined at every General Conference by a committee of one from each annual conference. They are thus virtually arraigned and examined every four years, however pure their reputation.

"4. Any person, lay or clerical, can appear before this committee and accuse the bishop, and that, too, in his *absence, and without giving him any previous notice*.

"5. A bishop may be *arrested and expelled* not only for *immoral*, but for *improper* conduct—a severity used toward no other member of the Church; for 'no one but a bishop, not even a child or a slave, can be expelled for the first improper act of that character.' And an improper use of his powers comes under this head.

"6. If a bishop be expelled he has no appeal: a privilege enjoyed in any other department of the Church.*

"*If there is any oppression in the Methodist Episcopal Church it is on the bishops.* No officer of any other enlightened body on earth, civil or religious, is so severely restrained; and it is indeed questionable whether any man should expose himself to the liabilities which may result from such peculiar restrictions."

We are still then repentant, as we said in our sketch of Bishop Simpson, for our own vote in neutralizing forever so much of the peculiar talents of such men in the Church.

The episcopal office doubtless requires a high style of character and talent—this we have not denied. We only deny that the peculiar talent for conducting public measures and public questions which some men have should be transferred to, and so much neutralized in, this very venerable office. We do not deny that it affords scope for such talents even in respect to administrative measures; but, unfortunately, most important measures and questions are not unanimously admitted; in Methodist Conferences and in the Church generally they become, more or less, party matters, at least in their early and most critical periods. It was so somewhat with education; it is so with some points of education at this moment; it was so even with missions. Dr. Bangs says it was so about periodical literature in the Church; it is so still about the "pew-question," slavery, and every modification of the economy of the Church.

* Bishops' Address to General Conference, 1840; Bishop Hedding on Discipline, p. 10; Bishop Baker, p. 40.

* See Hedding on the Discipline for these and further particulars.

Grave dignity, good sense, the most cautious prudence, a thorough knowledge of economical as well as theological Methodism, and profound piety, are requisite for it; but the special kind of talent referred to, and which once found such ample opportunities in it, are hardly needed in it any more.

We have thus introduced to the reader the four latest elected bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. We feel in a mood to give him one more sketch. If he will allow us to catch his eye in our next number, we will present to him a *log-cabin bishop*—a specimen of the old school of Methodist Episcopacy.

THE GARDEN OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

WHILE living in the neighborhood of Chelsea, England, we determined to look upon the few broken walls that once inclosed the residence of Sir Thomas More—a man who, despite the bitterness inseparable from a persecuting age, was of most wonderful goodness as well as intellectual power. We first read over the memories of him preserved by Erasmus, Hoddesdon, Roper, Aubrey, his own namesake, and others. It is pleasant to muse over the past—pleasant to know that much of malice and bigotry has departed, to return no more—that the prevalence of a spirit which could render even Sir Thomas More unjust, and, to seeming, cruel, is passing away. Though we do implicitly believe there would be no lack of great hearts, and brave hearts, at the present day, if it were necessary to bring them to the test—still, there have been few men like unto him. It is a pleasant, and a profitable task, so to sift through past ages, as to separate the wheat from the chaff—to see, when the feelings of party and prejudice sink to their proper insignificance, how the morally great stands forth in its own dignity, bright, glorious, and everlasting. St. Evremond sets forth the firmness and constancy of Petronius Arbiter in his last moments, and imagines he discovers in them a softer nobility of mind and resolution than in the deaths of Seneca, Cato, or Socrates himself; but Addison says, and we cannot but think truly, "that if he was so well pleased with gayety of humor in a dying man, he might have found a much more noble instance of it in Sir Thomas More, who died upon a point of religion, and is respected as a martyr by that side for which he suffered. What was pious philosophy in this extraordinary man, might seem phrensy in any one who does not resemble him as well in the cheerfulness of his temper as in the sanctity of his life and manners."

We mused over the history of his time until we slept—and dreamed: and first in our dream we saw a fair meadow, and it was sprinkled over with white daisies, and a bull was feeding therein; and as we looked upon him he grew fatter and fatter, and roared in the wantonness of power and strength, so that the earth trembled; and he plucked the branches off the trees, and trampled on the ancient inclosures of the meadow, and as he stormed, and bellowed, and destroyed, the daisies became human heads, and the creature flung them about and warmed his hoofs in the hot blood that flowed from them; and we grew sick and sorry at heart, and thought, is there no one to slay the destroyer? And when we looked again, the Eighth Harry was alone in the meadow; and, while many heads were lying upon the grass, some kept perpetually bowing before him, while others sung his praises as wise, just, and merciful. Then we heard a trumpet ringing its scarlet music through the air, and we stood in the old tilt-yard at Whitehall, and the pompous Wolsey, the bloated king, the still living Holbein, the picturesque Surrey, the Arragonian Catherine, the gentle Jane, the butterfly Anne Boleyn, the coarse-seeming but wise-thinking Ann of Cleves, the precise Catherine Howard, and the stout-hearted Catherine Parr, passed us so closely by that we could have touched their garments—then a bowing troop of court gallants came on—others whose names and actions you may read of in history—and then the hero of our thoughts, Sir Thomas More—well dressed, for it was a time of pageants—was talking somewhat apart to his pale-faced friend Erasmus, while "son Roper," as the chancellor loved to call his son-in-law, stood watchfully and respectfully a little on one side. Even if we had never seen the pictures Holbein painted of his first patron, we should have known him by the bright benevolence of his aspect, the singular purity of his complexion, his penetrating yet gentle eyes, and the incomparable grandeur with which virtue and independence dignified even an indif-

CLOCK-HOUSE.

ferent figure. His smile was so catching that the most broken-hearted were won by it to forget their sorrows; and his voice, low and sweet though it was, was so distinct, that we heard it above all the coarse jests, loud music, and trumpet calls of the vain and idle crowd. And while we listened, we awoke; resolved next day to make our pilgrimage, perfectly satisfied at the outset, that though no fewer than four houses in Chelsea contend for the honor of his residence, Doctor King's arguments in favor of the site being the same as that of Beaufort House—upon the greater part of which now stands Beaufort-row—are the most conclusive; those who are curious in the matter can go and see his manuscripts in the British Museum. Passing Beaufort-row, we proceeded straight on to the turn leading to the Chelsea *Clock-house*.

It is an old, patched-up, rickety dwelling, containing perhaps but few of the original stones, yet interesting as being the lodge-entrance to the offices of Beaufort House; remarkable, also, as a dwelling of a family of the name of Howard, who have occupied it for more than a hundred years, the first possessor being gardener to Sir Hans Sloane, into whose possession, after a lapse of years and many changes, a portion of Sir Thomas More's property had passed. This Howard had skill in the distilling of herbs and perfumes, which his descendant carries on to this day. We lifted the heavy brass knocker, and were admitted into the "old clock-house." The interior shows evident marks of extreme age, the flooring being ridgy and seamed, bearing their marks with a discontented creaking—like the secret murmurs of a faded beauty against her wrinkles! On the counter stood a few frost-bitten geraniums; and drawers, containing various roots and seeds, were ranged round the walls, while above them were placed good stout quart and pint bottles of distilled waters. The man would have it that the "clock-house" was the "real original" lodge-entrance to "Beaufort House;" and so we agreed it might have been, but not, "*perhaps*," built during Sir Thomas More's lifetime. To this insinuation he turned a deaf ear, assuring us that his family, having lived there so long, must know all about it, and that the brother of Sir Hans Sloane's gardener had made the great clock in old Chelsea Church, as the church books could prove. "You can, if you please," he said, "go under the archway at the side of this house, leading into the Moravian chapel and burying-ground, where the notice, that 'within are the Park-chapel Schools,' is put up." And that is quite true; the Moravians now only use the chapel which was erected in their burying-ground to perform an occasional funeral service in, and so they "let it" to the infant school. The burying-ground is very pretty in the summer time. Its space occupies only a small portion of the chancellor's garden; part of the walls are very old, and the south one certainly belonged to Beaufort House There have been some who traced out a Tudor arch and one or two Gothic windows as having been filled up with more modern mason-work; but that may be

fancy. There seems no doubt that the Moravian chapel stands on the site of the old stables.

"Then," we said, "the clock-house could only have been at the entrance to the offices." The man looked for a moment a little hurt at this observation as derogatory to the dignity of his dwelling; but he smiled, and said, "Perhaps so," and very good-naturedly showed us the cemetery of this interesting people. Indeed, their original settlement in Chelsea is quite a romance. The chapel stands to the left of the burial-ground, which is entered by a primitive wicket-gate; it forms a square of thick grass, crossed by broad gravel walks, kept with the greatest neatness. The tomb-stones are all flat, and the graves not raised above the level of the sward. They are of two sizes only: the larger for grown persons, the smaller for children. The inscriptions on the grave-stones in general seldom record more than the names and ages of the persons interred. The men are buried in one division, the women in another. We read one or two of the names, and they were quaint and strange: "Anne Rypheria Hurloch;" "Anna Benigna La Trobe;" and one was especially interesting—James Gillray, forty years sexton to this simple cemetery, and father of Gillray, the H.B. of the past century. One thing pleased us mightily—the extreme old age to which all the dwellers in this house seemed to have attained.

A line of ancient trees runs along the back of the narrow gardens of Milman's-row—which is parallel with, but further from the town than Beaufort-row—and

MORE'S HOUSE.

affords a grateful shade in the summer time. We resolved to walk quietly round, and then enter the chapel. How strange the changes of the world! The graves of a simple, peace-loving, unambitious people were lying around us, and yet it was the place which Erasmus describes as "Sir Thomas More's estate, purchased at Chelsey," and where "he built him a house, neither mean nor subject to envy, yet magnificent and commodious enough." How dearly he loved this place, and how much care he bestowed upon it, can be gathered from the various documents still extant. The bravery with which, soon after he was elected a burgess to Parliament, he opposed a subsidy demanded by Henry the Seventh, with so much power that he won the Parliament to his opinion, and incensed the king so greatly that out of revenge he committed the young barrister's father to the Tower, and fined him in the fine of a hundred pounds! That bravery remained with him to the last, and with it was mingled the simplicity which so frequently and so beautifully blends with the intellectuality that seems to belong to a higher world than this. When he "took to marrying," he fancied the second daughter of a Mr. Colt, a gentleman of Essex; yet when he considered the pain it must give the eldest to see her sister preferred before her, he gave up his first love, and framed his fancy to the elder. This lady died, after having brought him four children; but his second choice, Dame Alice, has always seemed to us a punishment and a sore trial. And yet

how beautifully does Erasmus describe his mode of living in this very place :—

"He converseth with his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. There is not a man living so affectionate to his children as he. He loveth his old wife as if she were a young maid; he persuadeth her to play on the lute, and so with the like gentleness he ordereth his family. Such is the excellence of his temper, that whatsoever happeneth that could not be helped, he loveth, as if nothing could have happened more happily. You would say there was in that place Plato's academy; but I do his house an injury in comparing it to Plato's academy, where there were only disputations of numbers and geometrical figures, and sometimes of moral virtues. I should rather call his house a school, or university of Christian religion; for though there is none therein but readeth and studyeth the liberal sciences, their special care is piety and virtue."*

The king was used to visit his "beloved chancellor" here for days together, to admire his terrace overhanging the Thames, to row in his state barge, to ask opinions upon divers matters, and it is said that the royal answer to Luther was composed under the chancellor's revising eye. Still, the penetrating vision of Sir Thomas was in no degree obscured by this glitter. One day, the king came unexpectedly to Chelsea, and having dined, walked with Sir Thomas for the space of an hour in the garden, having his arm about his neck. We pleased ourselves with the notion that they walked where then we stood! Well might such condescension cause his son Roper—for whom he entertained so warm an affection—to congratulate his father upon such condescension, and to remind him that he had never seen his majesty approach such familiarity with any one, save once, when he was seen to walk arm in arm with Cardinal Wolsey. "I thank our Lord," answered Sir Thomas, "I find his grace my very good lord, indeed; and I do believe, he doth as singularly love me as any subject within the realm; however, son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head should win him a castle in France, it should not fail to go off."

With the exception of his own family, (and his wife formed an exception here,) there are few indeed of his cotemporaries, notwithstanding the eulogiums they are prone to heap upon him, who understood the elevated and unworldly character of this extraordinary man.

The Duke of Norfolk coming one day to dine with him, found him in Chelsea Church, singing in the choir, with his surplice on. "What! what!" exclaimed the duke, "What, what, my Lord Chancellor a parish clerk!—a parish clerk! you dishonor the king and his office." And how exquisite his reply: "Nay, you may not think your master and mine will be offended with me for serving God his master, or thereby count his office dishonored." Another reply to the same abject noble is well graven on our memory. He expostulated with him, like many of his other friends, for braving the king's displeasure. "By the mass, Master More," he said, "it is perilous striving with princes; therefore I wish you somewhat to incline to the king's pleasure, for '*indignatio principis mors est.*'" "And is that all, my lord?" replied this man, so much above all paltry considerations; "then in good faith the difference between your grace and me is but this—that I may die to-day, and you to-morrow."

He took great delight in beautifying Chelsea Church, although he had a private chapel of his own; and when last there they told us the painted window had been his gift. It must have been a rare sight to see the Chancellor of England singing with the choir; and yet there was a fair share of pomp in the manner of his servitor bowing at his lady's pew, when the service of the mass was ended, and saying, "My lord is gone *before*." But the day

* The conduct of this great man's house was a model to all, and as near an approach to his own Utopia as might well be. Erasmus says, "I should rather call his house a school or university of Christian religion, for though there is none therein but readeth and studyeth the liberal sciences, their special care is piety and virtue; there is no quarreling or intemperate words heard; none seem idle; which household discipline that worthy gentleman doth not govern, but with all kind and courteous benevolence." The servant-men abode on one side of the house, the women on another, and met at prayer time, or on church festivals, when More would read and expound to them. "He suffered no cards or dice, but gave each one his garden-spot for relaxation, or set them to sing, or play music." He had an affection for all who truly served him, and his daughter's nurse is as affectionately remembered in his letters when from home as are they themselves. "Thomas More sendeth greeting to his most dear daughters Margaret, Elizabeth, and Cecily; and to Margaret Giggs, as dear to him as if she were his own," are his words in one letter; and his valued and trustworthy domestics appear in the family pictures of the family by Holbein. They requited his attachment by truest fidelity and love; and his daughter, Margaret, in her last passionate interview with her father on his way to the Tower, was succeeded by Margaret Giggs and a maid-servant, who embraced and kissed their condemned master, "of whom he said after, it was homely but very lovingly done." Of these and other of his servants Erasmus remarks, "after Sir Thomas More's death, none ever was touched with the least suspicion of any evil fame."

CHELSEA CHURCH.

after he resigned the great seal of England, (of which his wife knew nothing,) Sir Thomas presented himself at the pew door, and, after the fashion of his servitor, quaintly said, "Madam, my lord is *gone*." The vain woman could not comprehend his meaning, which, when, during their short walk home, he fully explained, she was greatly pained thereby, lamenting it with exceeding bitterness of spirit.

We fancied we could trace a Gothic door or window in the wall; but our great desire would have been to discover the water-gate from which he took his departure the morning he was summoned to Lambeth to take the oath of supremacy. True to what he believed right, he offered up his prayers and confessions in Chelsea Church, and then returning to his own house, took an affectionate farewell of his wife and children, forbidding them to accompany him to the water-gate, as was their custom, fearing, doubtless, that his mighty heart could not sustain a prolonged interview. Who could paint the silent parting between him and all he loved so well—the boat waiting at the foot of the stairs—the rowers in their rich liveries, while their hearts, heavy with apprehension for the fate of him they served, still trusted that nothing could be found to harm so good a master—the pale and earnest countenance of "son Roper," wondering at the calmness, at such a time, which more than all other things bespeaks the master mind. For a moment his hand lingered on the gate, and in fastening the simple latch his fingers trembled, and then he took his seat by his son's side, and in another moment the boat was flying through the waters. For some time he spoke no word, but communed with and strengthened his great heart by holy thoughts; then looking straight into his son Roper's eyes, while his own brightened with a glorious triumph, he exclaimed in the fullness of his rich-toned voice, "I thank our Lord, the field is won!" It was no wonder that, overwhelmed with apprehension, his son-in-law could not apprehend his meaning then, but afterward bethought him that he signified how he had conquered the world.

The Abbot of Westminster took him that same day into custody, on his refusal to "take the king as head of his Church;" and upon his repeating this refusal four days afterward, he was committed to the Tower. Then, indeed, these heretofore bowers of bliss echoed to the weak and wavering complaints of his proud wife, who disturbed him also in his prison by her desires, so vain and so worldly, when compared with the elevated feelings of his dear daughter Margaret.

How did the fond foolish woman seek to share his purpose? "Seeing," she said, "you have a house at Chelsea, a right fair house, your library, your garden, your orchard, and all other necessaries so handsome about you, where you might, in company with me, your wife, your children, and household, be merry, I marvel that you, who have been always taken for so wise a man, can be content thus to be shut up among mice and rats, and, too,

MORE'S TOMB.

when you might be abroad at your liberty, and with the favor and good-will both of the king and his council, if you would but do as all the bishops and best learned men of the realm have done."

And then, not even angered by her folly, seeing how little was given her to understand, he asked her if the house in Chelsea was any nearer heaven than the gloomy one he then occupied? ending his pleasant yet wise parleying with a simple question:—

"Tell me," he said, "good Mistress Alice, how long do you think might we live and enjoy that same house?"

She answered, "Some twenty years."

"Truly," he replied, "if you had said some thousand years, it might have been somewhat; and yet he were a very bad merchant who would put himself in danger to lose eternity for a thousand years. How much the rather if we are not sure to enjoy it one day to an end?"

It is for the glory of women that his daughter Margaret, while she loved and honored him past all telling, strengthened his noble nature; for, writing him during his fifteen months' imprisonment in the tower, she asks, in words not to be forgotten, "What do you think, most dear father, doth comfort us at Chelsey in this your absence? Surely the remembrance of your manner of life passed among us—your holy conversation—your wholesome counsels—your examples of virtue, of which there is hope that they do not only persevere with you, but that they are by God's grace much more increased."

After the endurance of fifteen months' imprisonment, he was arraigned, tried, and found guilty of denying the king's supremacy. Sir Thomas More was beheaded, in the bright sunshine of the month of July, on its fifth day, 1535, on Tower Hill, the king remitting the disgusting quartering of the quivering flesh because of his "high office." When told of the king's "mercy," "Now, God forbid," he said, "the king should use any more such to any of my friends; and God bless all my posterity from such pardons."

One man, of all the crowd who wept at his death, reproached him with a decision he had given in Chancery. More, nothing discomposed, replied, that if it were still to do he would give the same decision. This happened twelve months before.

While the last scene was enacting on Tower Hill, the king, who had walked in this very garden with his arm round the neck which by his command the ax had severed, was playing at tables in Whitehall, Queen Anne Boleyn looking on; and when told that Sir Thomas More was dead, casting his eyes upon the pretty fool that had glittered in his pageants, he said, "Thou art the cause of this man's death." The COWARD! to seek to turn upon a thing so weak as that, the heavy sin which clung to his own soul!

Some say the body lies in Chelsea Church, beneath the tomb we have sketched. Others tell that his remains were interred in the Tower, and some record that the head was sought and preserved by that same daughter Margaret, who caused it to be buried in the family vault of the Ropers, in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury, and they add a pretty legend how that, when his head was upon London-bridge, Margaret would be rowed beneath it, and, nothing horrified at the sight, say aloud, "That head has layde many a time in my lappe; would to God, would to God, it would fall into my lappe as I passe under

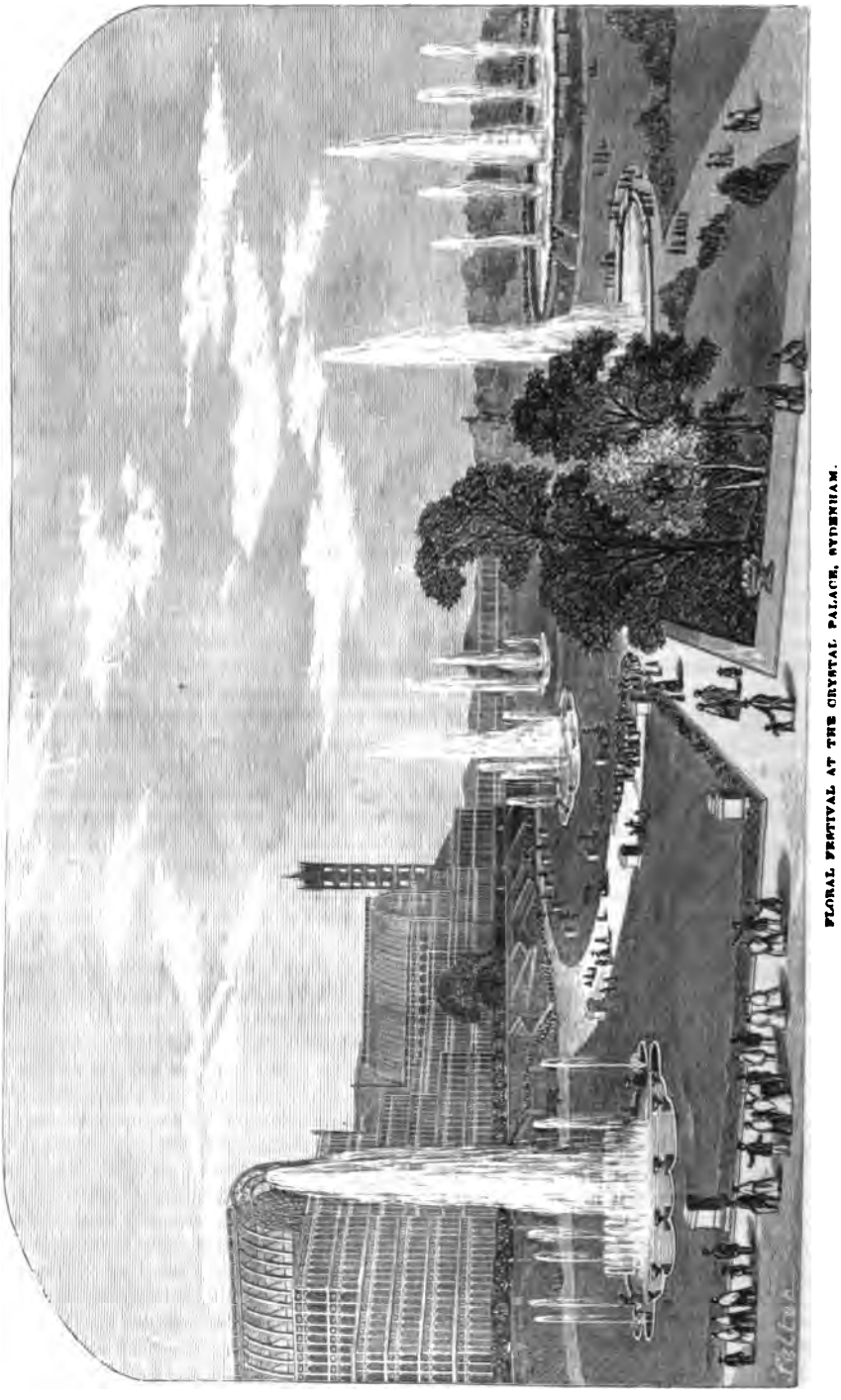
now," and the head did so fall, and she carried it in her "lappe" until she placed it in her husband's, "son Roper's" vault, at Canterbury.*

The king took possession of these fair grounds at Chelsea, where had so frequently been gathered "a choice company of men distinguished by their genius and learning," and by him was presented to Sir William Pawlett, and ultimately to Sir Hans Sloane, who obtained it in 1738, and after keeping it but two years razed it to the ground; an unhappy want of reverence on the part of the great naturalist for the home of so many great men. There is a print of it by J. Knyff, in 1699, which we copy; it shows some old features, but it had then been enlarged and altered. Erasmus has well described it as it was in More's lifetime. It had a "chapel, a library, and a gallery, called the New Buildings, a good distance from his main house, wherein his custom was to busy himself in prayer and meditation whensoever he was at leisure." Heywood, in his *Il Moro*, (Florence, 1556,) describes "the garden as wonderfully charming, both from the advantages of its site, for from one part almost the whole of the noble city of London was visible; and from the other the beautiful Thames, with green meadows and woody eminences all around; and also for its own beauty, for it was crowned with an almost perpetual verdure." At one side was a small green eminence to command the prospect. After confiscating the remainder of his property, the king indulged his petty tyranny still further by imprisoning Sir Thomas's daughter Margaret, "both because she kept her father's head for a relic, and that she meant to set her father's works in print."

ROPER'S HOUSE.

We were calling to mind more minute particulars of the charities and good deeds of this great man, when, standing at the moment opposite a grave where some loving hand had planted two standard rose-trees, we suddenly heard a chant of children's voices, the infant scholars singing their little hymn—the tune, too, was a well-known and popular melody, and very sweet, yet sad of sound—it was just such music as, for its simplicity, would have been welcome to the mighty dead; and as we entered among the little songsters, the past faded away, and we found ourselves speculating on the hopeful present.

* The Ropers lived at Canterbury, in St. Dunstan's-street. The house is destroyed, and a brewery occupies its site; but the picturesque old gateway, of red brick, still remains, as seen in the above engraving. Margaret Roper, the noble-hearted, learned, and favorite daughter of More, resided here with her husband until her death, in 1544, nine years after the execution of her father, when she was buried in the family vault at St. Dunstan's, where she had reverently placed the head of her father. The story of her piety is thus told by Cressacre More, in his life of his grandfather, Sir Thomas: "His head having remained about a month upon London Bridge, and being to be cast into the Thames, because room should be made for divers others, who in plentiful sort suffered martyrdom for the same supremacy shortly after, it was bought by his daughter Margaret, lest, as she stoutly affirmed before the council, being called before them after for the matter, it should be food for fishes; which she buried where she thought fittest." Anthony-a-Wood says that she preserved it in a leaden box, and placed it in her tomb "with great devotion;" and in 1715 Dr. Rawlinson told Herne, the antiquary, that he had seen it there "enclosed in an iron grate." This was fully confirmed in 1835, when the chancel of the church being repaired, the Roper vault was opened, and several persons descended into it, and saw the skull in a leaden box, something like a bee-hive, open in the front, and which was placed in a square recess in the wall, with an iron grating before it.



FLORAL FESTIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM.

FLORAL FESTIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM.

LATE English papers give accounts of a remarkable Horticultural Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, which has been removed from Hyde Park, and is to remain permanently at Sydenham.

The flower-show, it is said, was unequaled in the number of specimens exhibited, their rare beauty, and the admirable arrangement of the different classes, which the capabilities of the building permitted the managers to achieve. For the accommodation of these precious gems from Flora's casket, the two naves, a portion of the transept, and the long open corridor facing the terrace, had been laid under contribution; and on every side the eye was dazzled with a perfect sea of color, and the sense almost oppressed with the fragrant odors of the products of every clime. The splendid azalia—fit ornament for regal vestibule—glowed literally in piles upon the stands; and the stalwart cactus in all its varieties bristled in its best attire, attracting crowds of spectators by the strange forms which its skillful cultivators had caused it to assume. The pelargoniums were of unusual extent and variety. The orchid family—numerous as that of a Welsh curate, but far more gayly clad—was well represented; and the innumerable tribe of geraniums contributed delicate little gems that sparkled in every convenient corner. The rose—the queen of flowers—the theme of the poet in every clime, and the chartered inamorata of the nightingale in the sunny land of Hafiz—sent representatives fit, though few—the breezes of the last month having been too rough in their wooing for the delicate texture of its corolla. Modest pansies twinkled in trim order; while the gaudy calceolaria flared like a rich burgher's wife in all the splendor of its summer finery. Beauty there was in abundance—grace of form, glow of color, and delicacy of fragrance.

As to the visitors to this great fête, the *Illustrated News* remarks:—

"We have often heard of the great shilling public, and a great shilling crowd may be collected almost anywhere; but here, a great *guinea* public awoke from its aristocratic lassitude, pouring itself in thousands upon thousands into the great conservatory. Thirty thousand people to get up one fine morning in one great city, and pay a guinea each to see a flower show, was an event which could not have happened anywhere out of London, and the fact says more for the pecuniary resources of the capital of the world than could be conveyed by the most labored statistical table that ever emanated from the muddled brain of political economist. There they were, hustling each other, as if at the pit door of a theater, every man looking as if his check for a thousand or so would not cause surprise at his banker's."

Among other attractions on the occasion referred to was the playing of the fountains, at which John Bull seems disposed to grumble, because they do not equal those of his French neighbors at Versailles. The *News* says:—

"The Crystal Palace Company promised in their prospectus that they would eclipse Versailles; but they certainly have not done so as yet, nor, judging from the appearance of their still incomplete works, are they ever likely to do so. The display of Saturday was from the upper range of fountains; and, as far as it went, had an exceedingly pleasing effect. The jets were of a fair altitude, had a steady and continuous flow, and the play was kept up for nearly an hour without intermission. But they were merely so many gigantic squirts all going together, without the sea and river gods, the Tritons, and other poetic forms that give such infinite and grotesque variety to the *Grandes Eaux*. At Versailles, the visitor wanders through endless park-like alleys, surprised at every turn by some new device in water, their beauty and extent culminating as he goes along, until at last he comes to the great 'Basin of Neptune,' the triumph of the artist, where the sovereign of the deep, enthroned in the center of a vast platform, keeps court, surrounded by the lesser marine deities, and all pour forth in an innumerable variety of jets and streams; in short, a complete and beautiful design in water, which could hardly be realized by those who never saw anything beyond the monotonous upright projection of the fluid which formed the display of Saturday last, and seems to be the only thing contemplated in the general design. The Sydenham fountains, then, will not eclipse Versailles; our French friends need not fear the fading of their watery laurels; bnt they will form a very important addition to the other attractions of the place, and, being the only thing of the kind in England, may possibly draw enough of visitors on their own account to justify the enormous expense of their erection and maintenance. Their gala-days, it is true, will be limited in number, for there is nearly one-third of every summer in this country in which the suggestion of artificial waterworks, as an amusement, would be considered an exceedingly unkind 'cut' by the patrons of that truly English institution, the waterproof umbrella; but, when the day is very hot, and the company very numerous, the pipes all in order, and the aquatic purveyors sufficiently liberal in their supply, there is reason to hope that the fountains at Sydenham will form a welcome addition to the amusements of its fashionable visitors."

BUNYAN'S RIVER OF LIFE AND MEADOW OF LILIES.

THE great excellence of Bunyan's Progress consists not merely in its perfection as a whole, but in its unrivaled individual scenes and pictures. The same may be said of most works of genius, especially such as are dramatic, as is this. Shakspeare is an example throughout; many of his dramas are illustrations of his own "impotent conclusion," though this cannot be said of his greatest works; all of them, too, are interspersed with marked defects; but how single characters, scenes, or even single passages, overstep all his faults and crown the whole with a glory, which, like the brightness of the sun, hides all spots except to the eye which searches for them through critical glasses! Bunyan's extraordinary work is great as a whole, its narrative never tires; its lessons are a whole system of experimental and practical theology, and its dramatic outline is continuous and complete. These, however, are not what secure

RIVER OF THE WATER OF LIFE.

its popularity; the popular mind seldom appreciates them, but hastens eagerly from picture to picture of its individual scenes. A golden crown may be perfect and beautiful; but a single jewel in it may be worth all the rest of its precious material a hundred times over.

We present a couple of illustrations of one of his charming scenes—The River of the Water of Life with its Meadow of Lilies. It opens as refreshingly on his plain-worded pages as it does beautifully in the pictures of our artist.

Bunyan had an adroit skill in introducing such pictures. They almost always have the effect of *contrast*. Poor Christian and Hopeful have just passed through the trying persecutions of "Vanity Fair." Christian had had a sore time of it there, and his companion Faithful had been "scourged," "buffeted," his flesh "lanced with knives," "stoned with

stones," "pricked with their swords;" and at last, when they could not well inflict more tortures upon his failing life, he "was burned to ashes at the stake." Christian, terrified at what might await himself, was reserved in prison; but he escaped, and Hopeful, who had witnessed the sufferings and courage of Faithful, professed the faith, and joined Christian on the pilgrim route.

Safe from this scene of terror, they journey on, comforting each other. They pass rapidly by the temptations of Byends, Demas, and their comrades, but meet with another alarming scene, "a sudden and amazing sight," which they reason about with anxious concern. It is the petrified body of Lot's wife, with the admonitory inscription, "Remember Lot's wife."

MEADOW OF LILIES.

Bethinking them of their manifold perils, they converse tremblingly on the subject.

"Let us," says Christian, "take notice of what we see here, for our help for time to come. This woman escaped one judgment, for she fell not by the destruction of Sodom; yet she was destroyed by another; — as we see, she is turned into a pillar of salt."

"True," Hopeful replies, "and she may be to us both caution and example: caution, that we should shun her sin, or a sign of what judgment will overtake such as shall not be prevented by this caution. So Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, with the two hundred and fifty men that perished in their sin, did also become a sign or example to others to beware, (Num. xxvi, 9, 10;) but above all, I muse at one thing, to wit, how Demas and his fellows can stand so confidently yonder to look for that treasure, which this woman but for looking behind her after (for we read not that she stepped one foot out of the way) was turned into a pillar of salt; specially since the judgment which overtook her did make her an example within sight of where they are; for they cannot choose but see her, did they but lift up their eyes."

"It is a thing to be wondered at," rejoins Christian, "and it argueth that their hearts are grown desperate in the case; and I cannot tell who to compare them to so fitly as to them that pick pockets in the presence of the judge, or that will cut purses under the gallows. It is said of the men of Sodom that they were sinners exceedingly, (Gen. xiii, 10–13,) because they were sinners before the Lord, that is, in his eyesight, and notwithstanding the kindnesses that he had showed them; for the land of Sodom was now like the Garden of Eden heretofore. This provoked him the more to jealousy, and made their plague as hot as the fire of the Lord out of heaven could make it. And it is most rationally to be concluded, that such, even such as these are, that shall sin in the sight, yea, and that too in despite of such examples that are set continually before them to caution them to the contrary, must be partakers of severest judgments."

"Doubtless," says Hopeful, "thou hast said the truth; but what a mercy is it that neither thou, but especially I, am not made myself this example! This ministereth occasion to us to thank God, to fear before him, and always to remember Lot's wife."

And now, after their perilous escapes and melancholy talks, dawns before them the scene of beauty and repose—the river of the water of life and its tranquil meadow of lilies. God giveth his beloved rest.

"I saw then," says the unrivaled old dreamer, "that they went on their way to a pleasant river, which David the king

called the river of God, but John, the river of the water of life. (Psa. lxv, 9; Rev. xxii; Ezek. xlvii.) Now their way lay just upon the bank of the river; here, therefore, Christian and his companion walked with great delight; they drank also of the water of the river, which was pleasant and enlivening to their weary spirits; besides, on the banks of this river, on either side, were green trees, that bore all manner of fruit; and the leaves of the trees were good for medicine; with the fruit of these trees they were also much delighted; and the leaves they ate to prevent surfeits and other diseases that are incident to those that heat their blood by travels. On either side of the river was also a meadow, curiously beautified with lilies, and it was green all the year long. In this meadow they lay down and slept; for here they might lie down safely. (Psa. xxiii; Isa. xiv, 30.) When they awoke, they gathered again of the fruit of the trees, and drank again of the water of the river, and then lay down again to sleep. Thus they did several days and nights. Then they sang:—

'Behold ye how these crystal streams do glide
(To comfort pilgrims) by the highway side;
The meadows green, besides their fragrant smell
Yield dainties for them: and he that can tell
What pleasant fruit, yea leaves, these trees do yield,
Will soon sell all, that he may buy this field.'

"So when they were disposed to go on, (for they were not as yet at their journey's end,) they ate and drank, and departed."

But even here the painter forgets not the power of contrast. Shadows hang in the background of the picture. Doubting Castle immediately looms up before the travelers. Even spiritual joys cannot last always, and would probably be hurtful without qualifying trials. The way out of the pleasant meadow is uncertain. They take the wrong path, and the next picture presents them in the "dark dungeon" of the Castle of Despair, and here they lay "without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or any lights, or any to ask how they did." Though "they trembled greatly, and poor Christian fell into a swound," yet they escape at last; and then bursts on the view that finest of all Bunyan's contrasts, "the Delectable Mountains." "I saw also in my dream that the shepherds * * * being pleased * * * looked very lovingly upon them, and said, Welcome to the Delectable Mountains."

Good old prisoner of Bedford, shouldst thou now send us dreams from heaven, could they be more beautiful or more instructive than some of these? Are not these, indeed, celestial visions unvailed by the spirit of God to thy dungeon meditations, as at times they are to all who "walk with him in the regeneration?"

REGRETS.

Ah me! the flowers are faded,
The leaves are dead and brown,
And at every blast
Fall thick and fast,
Rustling and shivering down;
And when the sun is brightest
In the heat and glow of noon,
It seems to say,
"Enjoy to-day,
For winter cometh soon."

Where are the balmy mornings
Of the genial summer time,
When the wilding bee
Hummed merrily
In the dewy and perfumed lime—
When the lily stood like a silver spear,
With diamonds crusted o'er,
And the odors that lay
In the swathes of hay,
On its wings the soft wind bore?

The blackbird and thrush are silent,
The berries are ripe and red,
On bush and tree,
Where, flush and free,
The roses of June were shed.
Rank weeds of the east wind's sowing,
In the frost-dews born and nourish'd,
Spring thickly up
Where the delicate cup
Of some summer darling flourish'd.

o o o o o o

The yellow corn is garner'd,
The meadows are bare once more,
And safely stored
Is the juicy hoard
Which the orchard branches bore:
And I hear a voice in the moaning
Of the wind at the close of day,
A sigh from the woods
And the chafing floods,
That speaketh of swift decay.

Ah! many an eye looks sadly
On the summer's faded track,
That shall see no more,
When the storms are o'er,
And the golden days come back.
O, when shall we reach that country
Where no blight can touch the flowers,
But light and bloom,
Beyond the tomb,
Shall evermore be ours?

Mary C. F. Monck.

THE SABBATH.

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day;
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke;
While, wandering slowly up the river side,
He meditates on Him, whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its roots; and while he thus surveys,
With elevated joy, each rural charm,
He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.
But now his steps a welcome sound recalls.
Solemn the knell, from yonder ancient pile,
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe:
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground;
The aged man, the bowed down, the blind
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave well pleased;
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God; these, spite of all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel: with silent praise
They enter in. A placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Arise and read the anointed shepherd's lays.
His locks of snow, his brow serene, his look
Of love, it speaks, "Ye are my children all;
The gray-hair'd man, stooping upon his staff,
As well as he, the giddy child, whose eye
Pursues the swallow flitting thwart the dome."
Loud swells the song: O how that simple song,
Though rudely chanted, how it melts the heart,
Commingling soul with soul in one full tide
Of praise, of thankfulness, of humble trust!
Next comes the unpremeditated prayer,
Breathed from the inmost heart, in accents low,
But earnest. Alter'd is the tone: to man
Are now address'd the sacred speaker's words.
Instruction, admonition, comfort, peace,
Flow from his tongue: O, chief, let comfort flow!
It is most needed in this vale of tears.
Yes, make the widow's heart to sing for joy;
The stranger to discern the Almighty's shield
Held o'er his friendless head; the orphan child
Feel, 'mid his tears, I have a Father still!
'T is done. But hark that infant querulous voice,
Plaint not discordant to a parent's ear;
And see the father raise the white-robed babe
In solemn dedication to the Lord.
The holy man sprinkles with forth-stretch'd hand
The face of innocence; then earnest turns,
And prays a blessing in the name of Him
Who said, "Let little children come to me:
Forbid them not."
It is not only in the sacred fane
That homage should be paid to the Most High;
There is a temple, one not made with hands—
The vaulted firmament. Far in the woods,
Almost beyond the sound of city chime,
At intervals heard through the breezeless air;
When not the limberest leaf is seen to move,
Save where the linnet lights upon the spray;
When not a floweret bends its little stalk,
Save where the bee alights upon the bloom:
There wrapt in gratitude, in joy, and love,
The man of God will pass the Sabbath noon—
Silence his praise; his disembodied thoughts,
Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend
Beyond the empyrean.
Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,
The Sabbath-service of the shepherd-boy.
In some lone glen, where every sound is lull'd
To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
Stretch'd on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son;

Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps. O blissful days!
When all men worship God as conscience wills.
Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew,
A virtuous race, to godliness devote.
With them each day was holy, but that morn
On which the angel said, "See where the Lord
Was laid," joyous arose—to die that day
Was bliss. Long ere the dawn, by devious ways,
O'er hills, through woods, o'er dreary wastes, they sought
The upland muirs, where rivers, there but brooks,
Dispart to different seas. Fast by such brooks
A little glen is sometimes scoop'd, a plat
With greensward gay, and flowers that strangers seem
Amid the heathery wild, that all around
Fatigues the eye: in solitudes like these,
Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foil'd
A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws.
There, leaning on his spear, (one of the array,
Whose gleam, in former days, had scathed the rose
On England's banner, and had powerless struck
The infatuate monarch and his wavering host,)
The lyart veteran heard the word of God
By Cameron thunder'd, or by Renwick pour'd
In gentle stream. Then rose the song, the loud
Acclaim of praise; the wheeling plover ceased
Her plaint, the solitary place was glad,
And on the distant cairns the watcher's ear
Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.
But years more gloomy follow'd; and no more,
The assembled people dared, in face of day,
To worship God, or even at the dead
Of night, save when the wintry storm raved fierce,
And thunder-peals compell'd the men of blood
To couch within their dens; then dauntlessly
The scatter'd few would meet, in some deep dell
By rocks o'er-canopied, to hear the voice,
Their faithful pastor's voice. He by the gleam
Of sheeted lightning oped the sacred Book,

And words of comfort spake: over their souls
His accents soothing came,—as to her young
The heath-fowl's plumes, when, at the close of eve,
She gathers in, mournful, her brood dispersed
By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
Fondly her wings; close nestling 'neath her breast,
They, cherish'd, cower amid the purple blooms.
O Scotland! much I love thy tranquil dales:
But most on Sabbath eve, when low the sun
Slants through the upland copse, 'tis my delight,
Wandering, and stopping oft, to hear the song
Of kindred praise arise from humble roofs;
Or, when the simple service ends, to hear
The lifted latch, and mark the gray-hair'd man,
The father and the priest, walk forth alone
Into his garden-plat, or little field,
And with his God commune in secret prayer,—
To bless the Lord, that in his downward years
His children are about him: Sweet, meantime,
The thrush, that sings upon the aged thorn,
Brings to his view the days of youthful years
When that same aged thorn was but a bush.
Nor is the contrast between youth and age
To him a painful thought; he joys to think
His journey near a close—heaven is his home.
More happy far that man, though bowed down,
Though feeble be his gait, and dim his eye,
Than they, the favorites of youth and health,
Of riches and of fame, who have renounced
The glorious promise of the life to come,
Clinging to death.
Or mark that female face,
The faded picture of its former self,—
The garments coarse, but clean;—frequent at church
I've noted such a one, feeble and pale,
Yet standing, with a look of mild content,
Till beckon'd by some kindly hand to sit.
She had seen better days; there was a time
Her hands could earn her bread, and freely give
To those who were in want; but now old age,
And lingering disease, have made her helpless.
Yet she is happy, ay, and she is wise,
(Philosophers may sneer, and pedants frown,)
Although her Bible is her only book;
And she is rich, although her only wealth
Is recollection of a well-spent life—
Is expectation of the life to come.
Examine here, explore the narrow path
In which she walks; look not for virtuous deeds
In history's arena, where the prize
Of fame, or power, prompts to heroic acts.
Peruse the *lives* themselves of men obscure:—
There charity, that robs itself to give;
There fortitude in sickness, nursed by want;
There courage, that expects no tongue to praise;
There virtue lurks, like purest gold deep hid,
With no alloy of selfish motive mix'd.

The poor man's boon, that stints him of his bread,
Is prized more highly in the sight of Him
Who sees the heart, than golden gifts from hands
That scarce can know their countless treasures less:
Yea, the deep sigh that heaves the poor man's breast
To see distress, and feel his willing arm
Palsied by penury, ascends to heaven;
While ponderous bequests of lands and goods
Ne'er rise above their earthly origin.
And should all bounty, that is clothed with power
Be deem'd unworthy?—Far be such a thought!
Even when the rich bestow, there are sure tests
Of genuine charity;—Yes, yes, let wealth
Give other alms than silver or than gold,—
Time, trouble, toil, attendance, watchfulness,
Exposure to disease;—yes, let the rich
Be often seen beneath the sick man's roof;
Or cheering, with inquiries from the heart,
And hopes of health, the melancholy range
Of couches in the public wards of woe:
There let them often bless the sick man's bed,
With kind assurances that all is well
At home, that plenty smiles upon the board,—
The while the hand that earn'd the frugal meal
Can hardly raise itself in sign of thanks.
Above all duties, let the rich man search
Into the cause he knoweth not, nor spurn
The suppliant wretch as guilty of a crime.
Ye bless'd with wealth! (another name for power
Of doing good,) O would ye but devote
A little portion of each seventh day
To acts of justice to your fellow-men!
The house of mourning silently invites:
Shun not the crowded alley; prompt descend
Into the half-sunk cell, darksome and damp;
Nor seem impatient to be gone: Inquire,
Console, instruct, encourage, soothe, assist;
Read, pray, and sing a new song to the Lord;
Make tears of joy down grief-worn furrows flow.

A WINTER PIECE.

—— But winter has yet brighter scenes—he boasts
Splendors beyond what gorgeous summer knows;
Or autumn, with his many fruits, and woods
All flush'd with many hues. Come, when the rains
Have glazed the snow, and clothed the trees with ice:
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
The incrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,
And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering. Look! the massy trunks
Are cased in the pure crystal; each light spray,
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
That stream with rainbow-radiance as they move.
But round the parent stem the long low boughs
Bend, in a glittering ring, and arbors hide
The glassy floor. O! you might deem the spot
The spacious cavern of some virgin mine,
Deep in the womb of earth—where the gems grow,

And diamonds put forth radiant rods and bud
With amethyst and topaz—and the place
Lit up, most royally, with the pure beam
That dwells in them. Or haply the vast hall
Of fairy palace, that outlasts the night,
And fades not in the glory of the sun;—
Where crystal columns send forth slender shafts
And crossing arches; and fantastic aisles
Wind from the sight in brightness, and are lost
Among the crowded pillars. Raise thine eye,—
Thou seest no cavern roof, no palace vault;
There the blue sky and the white drifting cloud
Look in. Again the wilder'd fancy dreams
Of spouting fountains, frozen as they rose,
And fix'd, with all their branching jets, in air,
And all their sluices seal'd. All, all is light;
Light without shade. But all shall pass away
With the next sun. From numberless vast trunks,
Loosen'd, the crashing ice shall make a sound
Like the far roar of rivers, and the eve
Shall close o'er the brown woods as it was wont.
And it is pleasant, when the noisy streams
Are just set free, and milder suns melt off
The plashy snow, save only the firm drift
In the deep glen or the close shade of pines,—
'T is pleasant to behold the wreaths of smoke
Roll up among the maples of the hill,
Where the shrill sound of youthful voices wakes
The shriller echo, as the clear pure lymph,
That from the wounded trees, in twinkling drops,
Falls, 'mid the golden brightness of the morn,
Is gather'd in with brimming pails, and oft,
Wielded by sturdy hands, the stroke of ax
Makes the woods ring. Along the quiet air,
Come and float calmly off the soft light clouds,
Such as you see in summer, and the winds
Scarce stir the branches. Lodged in sunny cleft,
Where the cold breezes come not, blooms alone
The little wind-flower, whose just-open'd eye
Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at—
Startling the loiterer in the naked grove
With unexpected beauty, for the time
Of blossoms and green leaves is yet afar.
And ere it comes, the encountering winds shall oft
Muster their wrath again, and rapid clouds
Shade heaven, and bounding on the frozen earth
Shall fall their volley'd stores, rounded like hail.
And white like snow, and the loud North again
Shall buffet the vex'd forests in his rage.

W. C. Bryant.

THE BAT TRIBE.

THIS curious family presents at first sight such a remarkable peculiarity of form, that a person, having no previous acquaintance with its different members, might well hesitate whether to call them beasts or birds. This difficulty vanishes on a closer examination, which proves them to belong to the former class, their resemblance to a bird depending on an umbrella-like expansion of delicate membrane, stretched upon the bones of the fore extremities, which are greatly elongated, and widely separated from one another. These correspond to the wires or whalebones, so that, by merely opening and shutting its hands, as it were, this timid night-loving little animal can poise its body in the air as lightly as its feathered companions. Nor is this all: the whole surface of this soft, hairless membrane is endowed with so fine a sense of touch, that the creature is enabled, with ease and certainty, to avoid obstacles in its flight, and this even in circumstances where vision is impossible, distinguishing them apparently by the mere rebound of the wave of air produced by the impulse of its wings. The large, shell-shaped ears, with which some species of bats are furnished, possess the same exquisite sensibility, and thus aid their movements in the feeble and uncertain light in which they ply the wing. The thumb is short, and ends in a claw, by which, "during the day, they hang suspended from the roofs of barns and other buildings, or in crevices of ruined castles; or they shelter beneath the murky canopy of caves, or the overhanging gloom of shaded rocks. Neither do they despise the secure concealment afforded by the hollow chambers of ancient forest trees;" but—

"When fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,"

they wake into life and activity, and may often be glimpsed in the dusk of a summer's evening, flitting to and fro in pursuit of the insects on which they feed.

The body of the smaller species of bat is very like that of the mouse, and about the same size. Like that, it is also covered with a close, soft fur. This resemblance has given rise to its popular name

of *flitter-mouse*. The membranous web, before described as extended upon the slender bones of the arms and fingers, collapses or folds together when these are retracted. It passes from the fore-limbs completely round the body, including the hind-legs, the feet of which are furnished with five claws, and also the tail, where one exists.

The Kalongs, or fox-bats of Java, are remarkable for inhabiting trees, to the branches of which they attach themselves in vast numbers, and, hanging suspended by their hind-claws, with their wings wrapped round them, the silent and motionless groups are often mistaken for fruit amid the foliage. If alarmed, they utter piercing shrieks and cries, struggling at the same time to extricate their sharp claws from the branches, to which they cling so firmly, that, if shot while sleeping away the sultry hours, they retain their hold even after death. But at the approach of nightfall they relax their grasp, and one

after another, in irregular but uninterrupted succession, they drop from the tree, and wing their steady flight for the nearest forest or plantation, where they do incredible mischief, by devouring indiscriminately every kind of fruit they can light upon.

The Vampire bat is met with only in South America, and is said to equal a magpie in size. It has acquired an unenviable notoriety from its habit of sucking blood. This it is enabled to do by the peculiar form of its mouth, which is beset with tubercles, and contains a tongue "six times longer than broad, flattish above, rounded beneath, the surface slightly shagreened, with a peculiar cavity close to its extremity, the center of which is marked by a raised point, and the circumference by eight warts." Travelers vary in their accounts respecting its bloodthirsty propensity, which some affirm, while others deny.

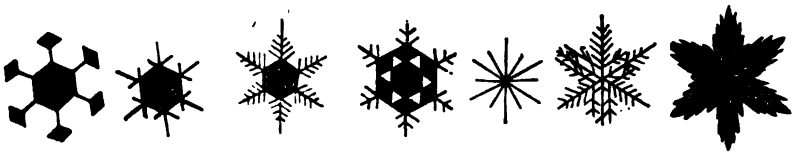
Clinging to the branch of a tree in the Molucca Islands, there may be often seen a strange, grotesque-looking object, about a foot in length, with apparently shapeless and ill-matched limbs. It belongs to the tribe of *lemurs*, but, like the bats, which in some respects it resembles, its period of activity is during the darkness of night. Through the day it hangs suspended amid the branches of some lofty tree, often with its head downward; but, when darkness sets in, it roams about the woods, preying upon fruits and insects. To give it the advantage of passing quickly from tree to tree, without descending to the ground, the skin on each side of its body is spread out in the form of a large web or mantle; and, in its springs and leaps, this, being suddenly spread out like a parachute, breaks the force of its descent, and enables it to alight in safety. On the ground these little creatures run with some degree of swiftness, and climb the trees in the same manner as a cat. They prove troublesome neighbors to the birds, on whose eggs they sup; nor have they any scruples in including the birds themselves in the repast.

Its color is usually red or gray, varying with its age. The ears are short and rounded, and the muzzle pointed, giving its head an appearance not unlike a fox. There seems something disproportioned in its small head, flat incurvated tail, slender body, and large bony limbs. The muscular development of the limbs, especially of the arms, is extraordinary; but, powerful as they seem, they are evidently unsuited to defend itself from attack, or to retain a firm hold of struggling prey; for the feet are undivided into toes, and the claws diverge in different directions. But these strong arms, though of little use against its enemies, enable it to climb

the trees, or to hang on the branch to which it clings for hours without fatigue. Two young are generally produced at a birth, for which the pendent body of the parent forms an admirable cradle. The membrane, by means of which they flit from tree to tree, is covered with short, close-set hair, which distinguishes them at once from the bats, in whom this membrane is always bare.

A BATTLE-FIELD.

THE grouping of falling men and horses; the many heaped-up masses of dead moved strangely by the living-maimed among them, showing the points where the deadly strife had been the most severe; the commingling of uniforms of friends and foes, as both lie scattered on the ground on which they fell; the groups surrounding this and that individual sufferer, hearing his last words, giving to him the last drops of water which will ever moisten his lips upon earth. The stretchers, borne from various points, each carrying some officer or private soldier . . . still dreaming of the charge in which he met his wound, and the thoughts of home that flashed upon the heart as it seemed to commit that heart to a moment's oblivion of all else. Then comes the first dawn of the hope that life may be spared; the view of horrid objects passed—hope of life growing stronger, but with it now the dread of some operation to be undergone—the sound of guns still heard, begetting a feverish, impatient desire to know the result of the battle. Again, a partial waking up at the voice of the surgeon; he and his attendants seen as through a mist; the deafened feelings causing all to seem as though they spoke in whispers; the still further rousing of the mind as the cordial administered begins to take effect; the voice of a comrade or friend lying close by, himself wounded, yet speaking to cheer; the operation borne bravely, and felt the less, as it gives promise of a life just now seemingly lost to hope; through it all, fresh news ever arriving from amid the din of the strife still raging—all this has a life, and motion, and spirit in it which mocks the real grave horror of the scene.

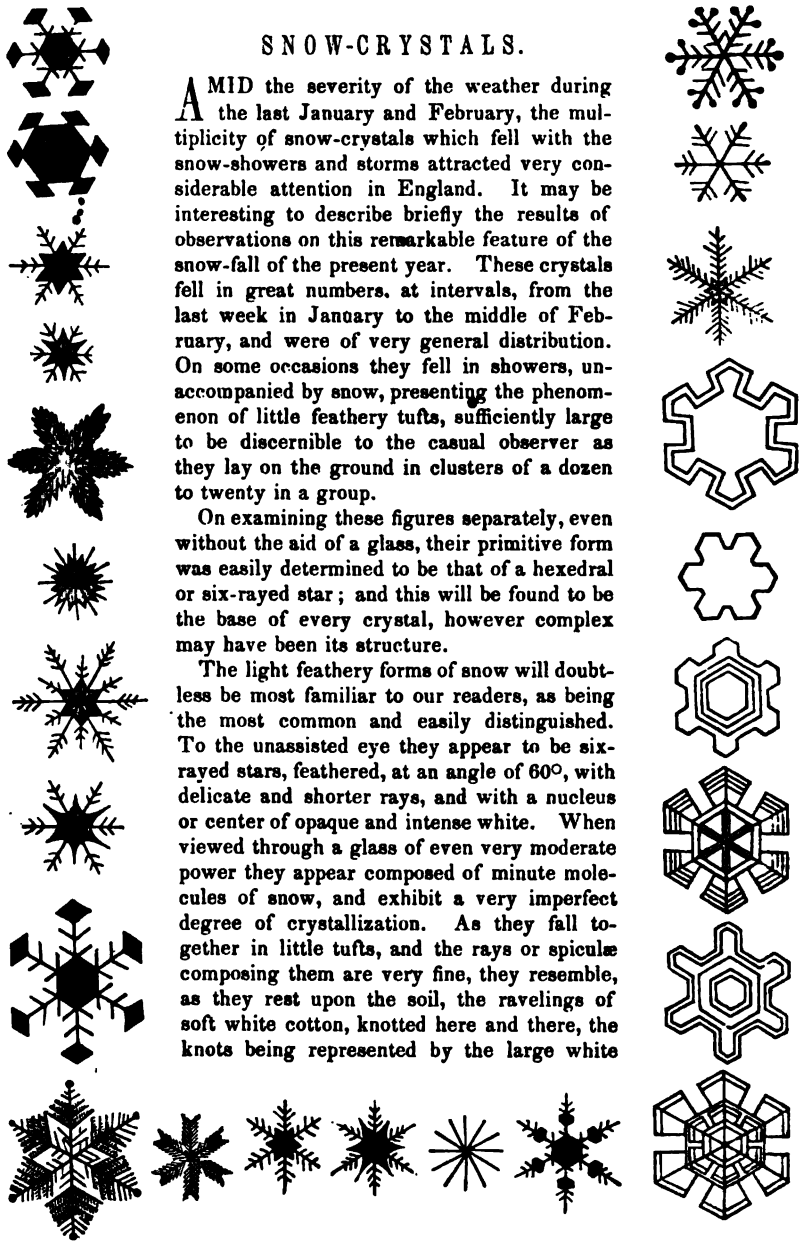


SNOW-CRYSTALS.

AMID the severity of the weather during the last January and February, the multiplicity of snow-crystals which fell with the snow-showers and storms attracted very considerable attention in England. It may be interesting to describe briefly the results of observations on this remarkable feature of the snow-fall of the present year. These crystals fell in great numbers, at intervals, from the last week in January to the middle of February, and were of very general distribution. On some occasions they fell in showers, unaccompanied by snow, presenting the phenomenon of little feathery tufts, sufficiently large to be discernible to the casual observer as they lay on the ground in clusters of a dozen to twenty in a group.

On examining these figures separately, even without the aid of a glass, their primitive form was easily determined to be that of a hexedral or six-rayed star; and this will be found to be the base of every crystal, however complex may have been its structure.

The light feathery forms of snow will doubtless be most familiar to our readers, as being the most common and easily distinguished. To the unassisted eye they appear to be six-rayed stars, feathered, at an angle of 60°, with delicate and shorter rays, and with a nucleus or center of opaque and intense white. When viewed through a glass of even very moderate power they appear composed of minute molecules of snow, and exhibit a very imperfect degree of crystallization. As they fall together in little tufts, and the rays or spiculæ composing them are very fine, they resemble, as they rest upon the soil, the ravelings of soft white cotton, knotted here and there, the knots being represented by the large white



molecule, the nucleus of each figure. When so spread over the surface of the ground they have a very beautiful effect. At about the same temperature, and mixed with those described, are crystals of an arborescent form, which are somewhat smaller, less opaque, but more complex in structure than the others. These are to be seen at a less distance from the eye, and as received upon a dark surface, and exhibit with great perfection and delicacy minute representations of leaves and branches, many of which may be compared to the beautiful pinnæ of the lady fern. When viewed through a magnifying glass, they are found likewise to be composed of minute molecules of snow. It is doubtful whether microscopic examination reveals additional beauties in this order of snow-crystals—it serves rather to reveal the deficiency of crystalline formation which has sent them down, in the character of an intermediate formation between the flake of snow and the more perfect order of crystals of which we will now speak. Many of these are very minute, and are chiefly to be distinguished by their glistening like particles of glass, and may be briefly divided into three classes. The first and least regular of these are arborescent, with six radii, and evidently of the same order of formation with the last, but more highly crystallized, and these have no other nucleus than the crossing and recrossing of the spiculæ. They are exceedingly beautiful, whether as exhibited to the eye or viewed through a lens; through the center of each leaflet (to borrow a word from the botanist) runs a delicate spike, which serves as an attachment to the primary rays. The rounding of the leaves is very perfect; but their arrangement and relative position is not always regular, at the same time they are invariably placed at an angle of 60°. But the highest order of crystals is that in which curved lines are exchanged for planes and angles; and the entire figure, by the aid of a high power, may be resolved into a combination of prisms, or set upon and around a primitive arrangement of radii.

An English scientific gentleman writes that on the morning of February 8th last, with a temperature of from 29° to 31° throughout the day, an immense number of very complex and perfect crystals were to be observed. On this morning thin plates of ice, of hexagonal form, fell in abundance. From eight to nine o'clock A. M. they were in nearly equal numbers with the snow-flakes, which drifted down with great rapidity. From nine to ten A. M. a remarkable variation in their figure was to be observed. The plain hexagonal figure became the nucleus of an order of forms composed of prisms, arranged around the six angles of the original figure; and on this morning, for the first time, I observed a series of inner markings within the crystals, which betokened a high degree of crystallization, and which I had only previously observed in the drawings of Dr. Scoresby of the crystals seen by him in the Arctic seas. Up to midday I observed a large variety of combinations—the difference chiefly consisting in the different forms of the prisms, their method of grouping, and the number and arrangement of the inner markings. From noon to half-past twelve I made drawings of a few specimens, in which the most complex of the figures I have described served as the nucleus of an arrangement of a far higher and more complex order than commonly to be observed; from the nucleus diverged spiculæ, clubbed at the extreme end with an elongated prism, while on either side of the spiculæ were arranged prisms at an angle of 60°, resembling in their disposition the pinnæ of a fern. Within each prism were duplex and triplex markings of great delicacy, which communicated to the specimens, as viewed through a lens of high power, an exquisite degree of finish. Intermediate between the six spiculæ, so laden, were six other rays clubbed with prisms. In one variety I observed these were elongated to very graceful proportions, while in another they were clubbed to almost an oval figure. In one specimen that came beneath my careful observation, two of the spiculæ considerably exceeded the remainder in length, and remains an exception to my experience. From twelve till toward four o'clock P. M. the number of crystals much diminished; but the snow during the interval fell faster and more thickly, and at four was drifting in all directions, and was a storm. About this time the crystals commenced falling in greater numbers, but their character was altered; the six-sided figures of the morning had almost disappeared, and were exchanged for those of arborescent form, highly

crystallized; by candle-light they glistened in the snow as the grains of mica in a piece of granite.

The last of the three classes I have grouped together as belonging to the higher stages of crystallization are those which combine a nucleus of prisms, with an arborescent and prismatic arrangement of rays. This is an extremely beautiful order, and on this day, (February 13,) while I am writing, is drifting in large numbers, unaccompanied by flakes. In the greater number of these specimens that I have examined, the nucleus exhibits a very regular and complex arrangement of prisms. The primary figure, composed of six rays, is studded with prisms for half or a third of the way up, when the more crystalline formation gives way to the arborescent, (or, as I am led to imagine, less perfect stage of crystallization,) and the ray is completed with a crown of leaves, which, composed of granulated portions of snow, are distinguished by an opaque and intense white. They are of considerable size, and falling in numbers both singly and together, with a temperature of from 26° to 29°. Interspersed here and there with them are a few of very complete structure.

Thus far I have endeavored, for the sake of brevity, to classify into a few distinct orders the almost numberless varieties of crystals; but in each class there are so many individual varieties, that I despair of conveying to you any adequate idea of the infinity of changes wrought in these figures in virtue of the conditions operating upon their formation, of which we know so little.

For the information of those who would carefully observe snow-crystals, I may remark that my own plan of procedure is to expose a thick surface of plate-glass on the outer side of the window, resting on the ledge. Seated within the room, at the open window, I am enabled, with comparative comfort and at my leisure, to make my drawings and record my observations, the accuracy of which I am able to verify to my satisfaction, as the crystal received upon the cold surface of the glass, itself several degrees below freezing, remains a sufficient length of time for the requirements of the observer. In many cases it becomes frozen to the glass, and is thus secured from the influence of the wind, which not unfrequently snatches away some most intricate form from the desiring eye of the observer.

It is worth recording, that in two instances I have observed a change in the figure of the crystal on being deposited on the receiving surface of the glass. On both these occasions I had previously blown away the accumulation of snow, and my breath had warmed the glass, and at the same time left a deposit of moisture. I observed a crystal change the form in which it had descended instantaneously for another on touching the glass, with the same movement and rapidity with which the figures in the kaleidoscope are seen to change. In both cases the crystals were quickly dissolved upon the warm glass, and I lost the opportunity of ascertaining the nature of the change which had been effected in the original figure. I forbear at present to put forward any theory respecting their formation and variety, at the same time it is doubtless attributable to the different strata of the atmosphere, and the differing intensities of cold.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE SOUL'S UNREST.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

The stars may beam in all their silent glory,
The pale moon shine on all we love the best;
And life seem bright, e'en as a fairy story,
Yet in the soul there ever dwells unrest.
This world, with all its flowers of hope, is dreary
To way-worn pilgrims seeking brighter things;
And when life's smiles are sweetest we are weary,
And fain would soar away on angel wings.

But when the real, in its joy and gladness,
In full fruition shall the soul delight,
Our brightest dreams, now shaded o'er with sadness,
Shall fade away in that effulgent light
Where longings for a fairer, happier morrow,
Will ne'er invade the spirits of the blest;
In that sweet clime where cometh no more sorrow,
But where, for evermore, the soul may rest.

He that is contented with just grace enough to get to heaven and escape hell, and desires no more, may be sure he hath none at all, and is far from being made partaker of the Divine nature.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

[For the National Magazine.]

HASTY WORDS, AND THEIR APOLOGY.

BY ALICE CARY.

AFTER the few first evenings of watching at the window, Myrie prolonged them by beginning them an hour too soon; and when in the distance she saw her guardian approaching, she could not stay within doors any longer, but would go out to meet him—at first only to the gate, then to the next hill, and so further and further as the nights went by and no letter came.

She never said she had come for anything, or expected anything; but the smile and eager look with which she always met Luther's father would presently fade quite away, and, taking his hand, she would walk beside him, looking on the ground, and speaking not a word. If asked what the matter was, she would simply say, "Nothing," and that was all.

The color began to fade in her cheeks, except now and then when they flushed with the old brightness at the thought of Luther's constancy, or with her own shame for indulging a doubt. Were there not a thousand reasons for his silence—the hurry and confusion of settlement, and all the engrossing occupations of a new life's beginning. She had been foolishly exacting, and would wait her lover's leisure and pleasure more patiently. Then the fearful thought would come that he might be ill, for love is of all passions most tormenting; and in measuring the strength of his attachment by her own, she could not by any possibility reconcile herself to the silence. She could not have thus kept him waiting, if life and liberty were hers, no matter what else intervened. Then would come the thought of forgetfulness and desertion, and the mental and bodily prostration would be followed by the bitter energy of reacting despair; but this came at moments and at intervals, and for the most part she felt that some dreadful calamity had befallen her darling; for, underlying all possibilities and probabilities, was the deep-seated conviction that, whatever her sufferings, he had the worst of it.

One week—two weeks—ten days—nearly two weeks were gone. The catydids in the top of the high pear-tree that grew near the door were noisily welcoming in the early autumn, and in the distant woods the winds were making that moaning murmur that comes when the glory of summer is gone: the sunshine was lessening on the hills, and the gladness in Myrie's heart was lessening like it. She had scarcely spoken all day, and yet she was not ill, she said, nor sad; and to every inquiry as to her disaffection, the reply was, "Nothing, nothing."

Mrs. Brisbane, kind, motherly soul, put down her sewing more than once, and laying her cool, moist hands on the girl's forehead, besought her to lie down for a little while—to taste of cordial, or to walk among the late garden flowers, and try to steal from their beauty some color for her cheeks.

Myrie's eyes would fill with tears; but she would say she was very well and very happy, and remain quietly gazing away across the fading woods and hill-tops—she herself knew not where. It was not the cordial, nor the walk, nor the bodily rest she required. Poor Myrie!

She thought now, as the sun went down, she was watching the fading, light and the motion of the leaves, and the darting hither and thither of the night-hawks that were come out an hour before their time; but all the time her eyes kept gazing in one direction; and if the look fixed itself nowhere, it took in nearly all the dusty length of the road till it wound down among the hills beyond the village, where the one spire, beautifully white, held up its glittering cross. She wondered how Mrs. Brisbane smiled so cheerfully, and went about the house possessing her soul in peace—how could she be so calm and fearless of harm! but saying lightly, when she spoke of Luther, that it was enough, like the boy, to remember them only when he needed them.

The sun went down, and the owl hooted dismally, as if in mockery of all gayer sounds, and still Myrie kept the old position. She would not go to the gate even to meet her guardian that night; she was trying to believe she was no longer hopefully expectant, as if she could shut her heart from her heart. Foolish girl! Many hills were yet between them when she saw him, and though, to fortify herself against disappointment, she told her soul over and over that he would not have any letter—and if he had, it would not be for her—the first approaching footfalls made

her heart beat the brightest color up to her cheek that had been there for days and days.

She would not turn her eyes toward her guardian as he came in—she feared to see her fear go into certainty; but when he said, "Here is a letter from Lu," there was an involuntary reaching out of her hand, and such an exclamation of joy as one might make if the dead were brought to life. It was a very little sheet of note-paper, folded neatly, and addressed simply, "For Myrie." "How did you get it?" and "could it come to me this way?" were Myrie's first happy exclamations; and when she learned from her guardian that it had been inclosed in the envelope containing one to himself, the first enthusiasm was gone. She hardly knew why, but she would rather have broken the seal, and that the superscription had been all to herself.

"And how does he excuse himself for not having written till this late day?" inquired the mother, still evenly drawing up the threads of her sewing work.

"Let me see what he does say," replied the father, and, adjusting his spectacles, he unfolded the letter, and placing the candle between it and himself, read aloud slowly:—"'Dear parents, I have been too busy and too happy to write.'"

"There, Myrie," exclaimed Mrs. Brisbane, interrupting the reading, "I told you so!"

"I know it," replied the girl, and, crushing the letter she held, glided out of the house, the bitter waters that had been stirring in her heart brimming over her eyes.

The moon came out of the lonesome woods, and looked down on her tenderly and sadly, and climbed higher and higher to the middle of the great quiet sky before she arose from the seat she had taken under the low apple-tree—the same on which she sat when Charley stooped over her, and with one kiss turned heavy-hearted away — how heavy-hearted she felt now for the first time, for she suffered now a kindred pang. It was as if her tears, watering a hitherto unnoticed bud, caused it to burst open, and she saw what manner of flower it might have been.

Then, as she smoothed out the as yet unopened note, and, with a step steadier than that with which she came, turned toward the house, came the thought that had come to her once before when she was a little girl. "Charley would not have done so." But where was he? She could not tell; but in her heart she wished Heaven would keep him and guide him back some time, and, with no conscious significance, she sang lowlily, as she walked under the moonlight, "Jamie 's on the stormy sea." Who shall say that thoughts go not like arrows to their marks, and leave their impress more or less deep, as spirits are kindred or impressible?

Luther did not say to Myrie he had been too busy and too happy to write—he did not intimate any thought of her expectation of a letter earlier, or of one at all indeed. True, he began with "Dear Myrie;" but to the reader the words seemed dead, as it were—there was no earnest and deep meaning in them. He expressed no fear of her unfaithfulness—there was nothing to be faithful to, as the letter suggested—no concern lest she might be unhappy—of course she was happy—why should she not be? Life was before her, and the choice of her own way—thus implying freedom from any obligation to him. He did not say he thought of the old walks, or repeated the old poems; but the entire letter was in a light, flippant strain, and chiefly about himself, his occupations, plans, and prospects, with some allusion to the weather, an attempted description of the scenery about his new residence, ending in an elaborate account of one of his professors, meant to be exceedingly funny.

He hoped Myrie would write at her leisure and inclination, and tell him all the news of her little world; and if she found herself oppressed with any superfluous amount of tenderness, after duly caring for Brave, (the dog,) her birds and flowers, she might bestow it upon him if she could so far forget his unworthiness, and so oblige her devoted friend and humble servant—Luther Brisbane. No abbreviation from, nor addition to, the full and simple name—just as he would have written to Mr. Bond, who made his coat; or Mrs. Pond, who made his shirts. The butterfly had opened its wings wide before him—had nestled close in his bosom—he had counted all its rings of gold and brown, and was willing, nay, glad, to toss it off his hand.

Strong in health and strong in hope, selfish, proud, and ambitious, we must let

him alone; he will learn, perhaps, by and by, that affection has taken deeper root in his heart than as yet he is aware of.

Sometimes Myrie thought she would not write at all—then she would make bitter accusations, and by showing him how desolate and broken, and altogether helpless her heart was, make him, perforce, take it up tenderly, as of old. Then again she resolved to affect indifference, and reply to his careless and flippant letter in a tone as careless and flippant as his own.

Hope and despair, and much suffering, doubtless, ran through all this unsteadiness of purpose, and whether she in the end adopted a middle course—now silent and now speaking, half coldness and half fondness—I know not, but think this course likeliest; one thing, however, is certain, the less strength Luther gave her to lean upon, the more she leaned upon herself. Choke up the fountain in one direction, and it will make itself a channel in another; and unless the living waters of love be dried up at their source, as sometimes happens, they will flow over something, not unlikely over weeds as well as flowers.

More than a year had passed since Luther went away, and Myrie was coming at sunset along the dusty path by the roadside, looking thoughtful and walking slow—perhaps she dreaded to say at home that she had no letter from Luther—and this was the ninth week since the last one came.

Hard struck the hoofs of a fast rider on the clay of the beaten and sunbaked road—nearer and nearer they sounded, and the shadows of the gay horse and hasty rider were just before her. Instinctively, as it were, she recognized the fact, and turned into the deep dusty weeds and thick shadows of the low elms that grew by the roadside. The hands that lay on her bosom, one on the other, were suddenly unclasped, and a voice, to which joy lent so solemn and so deep a music that she scarcely recognized it for Charley's, said, "Myrie!" How often we turn aside like her into the weeds and the shadows, and so meet our fate!

When Myrie wrote next to Luther, she told him (who shall say why or wherefore?) that the social enjoyments of the neighborhood had been greatly quickened by the unexpected return of Charles Robinson; and she added, as a pleasant bit of information, perhaps, that his growth of manly beauty and mental stature were alike remarkable. This was all, or nearly all, she said about Charley; nevertheless, it was sufficient to rouse the old jealousy, and make Luther himself again. The return mail brought a long letter, assuming all the old authority, if less than the old love.

Night and morning Myrie was heard singing again in her chamber, in the garden, up and down the dooryard walks. The leaves faded and fell, and the sun rose and set in the dull glory that comes duly with the dying year; but the winds were now as pleasant companions to the heart that thought them so lonesome the year past.

Not unfrequently Charley sat at the supper-table and told stories, less, perhaps, for the good old folks than for Myrie; and often in the moonlight, under the trees at the door, he sat with her alone, telling stories still; and under all, felt by both, but spoken not, was the one story which he did not tell.

Suddenly, without intimation or excuse, Luther appeared at the old homestead. Without excuse, I said, though *he* said he was suffering from ill health, and required relaxation and quietude. Whether in ill health or not, it is quite certain he came in ill humor, and that poor Myrie was from the first the recipient of it. He had grown handsome, grave, and reserved; but there was one subject which darkened all the beauty of his face with frowns, and swept away his reserve with a torrent of angry denunciation—nothing connected with Charles Robinson would he suffer to be mentioned in his presence, and yet himself made the most constant allusions to him. He was astonished that his mother could find entertainment in the inflated inventions which the vagabond Charley was in the habit of passing off as experiences. It was quite proper, to be sure, to show a certain civility to inferiors; but when they presumed upon it, as did this vulgar person, it was time to put some protecting restraint upon politeness; he could plainly see, though no one else could, a pitiful deterioration in the morality of the neighborhood within the year past, and who so blind as not to know to whom to trace it all. Why, nobody could be so blind; he was very sure Myrie could not, she was quite too sensible, too capable of higher appreciation;

he was not in the least afraid of her being misled by the pleasantries of a mere adventurer—by what he was sure she knew was but the shining of rottenness. O no, it was not for her he feared; but for the artless and unsuspecting village girls, not one of whom would be suffered to escape the serpent's fascinations. He had one sure hope, however—doubtless the spendthrift would soon find himself reduced to his customary shameful poverty, and have, perforce, to make another recruiting expedition, and relieve the neighborhood of his presence, while he pursued his trade of begging, borrowing, or stealing. Luther was not certain whether to one or to all the said makeshifts Charles Robinson was addicted.

Some such tirade as this he concluded one day by saying, "Perhaps Myrie can tell."

Myrie smiled quietly, and replied, "that as it did not especially concern her to know in what particular manner Charley possessed himself of money, she had never made it the subject of speculation, much less of inquiry; she doubted not that it was fairly won; for one thing she had admiringly observed of Charley, and that was, that when he could not speak of man or woman in honest approval, he was always generously silent."

"And so you own to me," said Luther, biting his lip, "that you admire this profligate who calls himself Robinson?"

"I admire his abstinence from evil speaking;" and seeing the frown gathering darker and darker in the face of Luther, she continued, perhaps with the perverseness and daring of which we all have our share, "he has many noble and generous qualities which I admire, and which I wish were more common." She hesitated a little on the close of the sentence, and Luther, taking it up, said sneeringly, "which you wish I possessed —thank you, Miss Almira."

Now Luther had never once said Almira, much less *Miss* Almira, since the day of their first acquaintance, and she smiled again at the meaning formality. She made no other reply, and Luther continued, in deepening anger, "Perhaps you would have me say Miss Curtiss—I will endeavor to gratify you, though the associations are anything but agreeable to me." Myrie's eyes flashed with fiery indignation; but the thought of her sweet, patient, dead mother, who in all the trial of her hard life had never dishonored that name, put out the fires with moisture, if not with tears, and she answered with a slow speech, that showed she weighed the words as she uttered them, "As to what you shall call me, please yourself—hereafter you can neither please nor displease me." As she finished speaking, she arose and turned to leave him.

"One moment, Myrie," said Luther, startled into something like earnestness, "one moment, till I explain—truly I did not intend to convey the meaning you have received." Myrie turned half around and said, "One moment would not serve to explain away the bitter meaning of your words—I will give you a year; yes, twenty of them, if I live so long, for the devising of an apology."

"I wonder," said Mrs. Brisbane, who had come to the door to thread her needle, and smiling on Myrie as she passed, "I wonder what can be burning; there is such a great smoke across the fields, and it seems to me just about where your mother's house used to stand. I hope no accident has happened."

Glad of an excuse to be alone, Myrie said she would go and see.

There are times in life when the saddest memories are comforting; from the aching of some present grief they draw us away, and, casting a shadow over all our life, make the cloud and the night less gloomily visible. So, as Myrie walked on and on, she tried to define distinctly the almost forgotten memories of her childish life; but it was only some isolated experience here and there, which had been deepened she knew not how, that she could bring distinctly out of the almost forgotten past of early childhood. Gradually she could make the picture more clear—so clear that she trod softly, lest the rough, stubbly way should hurt her feet, for she seemed a little girl again, a poor bare-footed little girl, and almost believed herself going home with the scanty earnings of her mother's hard week's work. She could almost see the pale, anxious face at the window, the narrow, hard-beaten path leading up to the door, the hearthstones and the fire, the one better chair than the rest, the floor so white and so nice, the whitewashed wall, and her own two or three faded dresses hanging against it. Quite unconscious of time and

distance, she kept on walking, and musing as she walked, till the summit of the slope, on which stood the little house where she was born, was reached.

A look of bewilderment displaced the one of sorrow that had been deepening in her face all the way. Could she be mistaken? No! surely that was the hill, that was the very clump of trees, under which she remembered to have played many a time, while her mother sat by and sewed; the very trees under which that mother's coffin had rested, when she for the last time looked upon her; there was the little house itself, the same, yet not the same. New porches, and new roof, and new blinds, and new paint had so completely changed it, that, had she seen it elsewhere, it would scarcely have reminded her of her birthplace. The trees were newly trimmed, the briers removed from the rear grounds, and these it was which made the smoke that showed so far away. The sod was shaven smooth, and the old rose-bushes, carefully pruned and tied together, were left standing. She was not yet done surveying the scene in astonishment, when, as her eyes ran down the walk, she saw Charley Robinson coming forth to meet and welcome her.

"Come in," he said, a smile of joy illuminating all his face, while Myrie was yet in the midst of delighted exclamations that her poor old home could be made to look like such a paradise. "Come in, and see how you like my style of furnishing."

How pretty it all was! just as she would have done it herself. Curtains so fine and so white, chairs and tables so small and so neat, just as if they had been made for the very cottage they adorned; and the carpet! what a pattern of beauty—a green ground, dotted with bright, red roses! Who could have chosen it? Was it Charley, and simply to please himself?

"No, dear Myrie, it was to please you. I thought you would like to see the old place looking bright and comfortable, and that you would perhaps come and see me sometimes, for I am going to live here, and be a sober farmer hereafter."

There was a mingling of sad and joyful sensations in Myrie's heart as she walked home, for it had been a long while that the love had been lessening for Luther, the liking increasing for Charley; and she could not help saying over and over, as she remembered what seemed—whether it were so or not—the taunt of her early poverty, "Charley would not have done so!" and had he not now given her living proof of his kinder and nobler disposition? How much tenderness and poetry were concealed in his careless and seemingly unsusceptible nature after all.

It was after midnight when she went to sleep, and then with a confused image in her mind that was neither Luther nor Charley—partly one and partly the other—for so sometimes it seems as if we surrendered to fate, and as for ourselves had no choice in the matter. To us all there come seasons when one thing seems little better than another; when there is nothing seems very bright, or very much worth having.

And so, says the reader, they were married, Myrie and Charley, and lived very happy, and Luther remained a discontented old bachelor all his life, as he deserved to. You may as well say so at once, for I see that will be the end.

Now, dear reader, I am not a *story-maker*; if I were, I should perhaps shape fortunes more smoothly sometimes; often, what would seem to me more equitably just; but I am simply the writer of stories life has made for me, and life's stories, or life's histories, don't always run as we would suppose they would, or as we would have them. Now in shadow, now in sunshine; now where it is extremely rough, and then, for a little while, along smooth ground, we go on and on, and lose ourselves in the silent, silent sea.

Myrie's life was not very different from the rest, nor was Charley's, though his ran faster, and was sooner lost to the windings and shadows of time than are some others; perhaps, however, he had his share of the sunshine—who shall tell?

A letter from Luther's mother was laid one day on his table, where he sat composing what he hoped to be a graduating honor. The letter was superscribed in the usually clear and steady hand of his mother, which seemed to say, plainly enough, that all at home was well. That was all Luther cared to know; so he thought, and so the letter lay till he penned sentence after sentence. Coming to the foot of a page, he glanced down the column with a satisfied smile, tossed it aside, leaned back in his chair for a little respite, and broke the seal of his mother's

letter. For a moment he thought he saw this great, shining world dizzily drifting away from him; he involuntarily reached out his hand and caught at nothing; there was nothing left to catch hold of—aching, empty darkness, that was all! He might not be Luther Brisbane, and that fair writing before him might not be a prize essay: it was nonsense—nothing: himself was nothing for all he knew. With one hand he swept letters and papers together, locked them in the desk, and walked out, perhaps to see if the world were really gone, and himself and his little dusty room all that were left.

Luther did not know—none of us know—what a great hope is to us until it is dead. Not till we take it up and find how cold it is, and how heavy it is, and that we have nothing to do but to bury it, do we or can we know.

Luther learned then how much all his future life had been colored by the dream of his love; he saw for what all his strife had been; now there was nothing for which to strive. Notwithstanding the estrangement, he had never thought of home disconnected from Myrie;—she was not there, and his mother said she rejoiced while she mourned—rejoiced that Myrie was so happily mated, and living so near, and yet sad for the breaking up of the different future she had planned for her. She did not say what that future was. Luther's own heart told him what it was. "I cannot be sad," the letter concluded, "when I see our darling the crowning beauty of her beautiful home."

Here, then, was something to catch hold of. When Luther re-read the letter, he lingered a long time upon those closing words. "So, then," thought he, "Myrie is happy; I wonder if it will not send a shadow across her threshhold when she hears of what honors I am come to," and he carefully adjusted the papers containing what was to be the prize essay. "And this is the strength of woman's attachment, is it?" he went on; "they are all artful and fickle alike—not worth regretting—in fact, I consider myself a fortunate man."

And as the disappointed student mused, he tore his mother's letter into little slips and scattered it to the winds, saying, "So perish my boyish fancy, and now for a career of ambition, of manly effort—now for a life that *is* a life;" and he concluded with a flat contradiction of all he had said by exclaiming, "I'll see if she can forget me! I'll be a man yet she might have been proud of! I'll make her see, and make the world see, that I am sufficient to myself! Men shall not think of naming me in the same breath—not in the same day—with Charley Robinson."

So Luther resumed his pen, and a vehement and nervous energy mortised the words one to another, as all his artistic ability could not previously have done.

If we could see the influences that sometimes work out fine results, we should be sadly taken aback. It is not best, perhaps, to inquire too far, but to enjoy the shadow without having first pryed into the tree's heart, to see if that be sound. The blackest cloud gives out the brightest lightning; the grass grows greenest and highest where the carcass lay. The thought of the applause of men may have mingled with the most beautiful charities, and stimulated the missionary to do his work, the martyr to do his.

Certain it is, Luther Brisbane made a fine speech on the sufficiency of the mind to itself, showing very clearly, and to the satisfaction of most who heard him, that the bitterest experiences and sharpest disappointments of life are but the steps by which it goes up and on—the breaking of the heart's idol but the breaking of a child's toy—suffering all privation, of whatever sort, but the process of education toward higher and wider knowledge.

Many faint-hearted striplings went home that day built up in hope and encouraged in faith; with cheeks glowing, and eyes resting on some bright Eden in the future, between which and themselves they were determined, just then, nothing should intervene.

Luther, meantime, victor where all were honored, with congratulations ringing in his ears, and the smile of a proud satisfaction shining on him from his parents, shut himself away from all who sought his company, buried his face in his pillow, and—shall I say to the honor or the shame of manhood?—wet it with his tears. On the whole, I think it were better said, to manhood's honor, he wept; for it is the weaknesses of our fellows more than their strength that endears them to us; we love those who need our help more than those who need no support.

(*To be continued.*)

THE EVILS OF LIFE—HOW FAR AVOIDABLE.

MOST persons regard the evils of life as a fixed quantity. To resist or lessen them seems hopeless. They fly to the virtue of resignation as next to a cure. Let us not undervalue or sneer at resignation; often, indeed, not to be very easily distinguished from fatalism, but more frequently a beautiful and amiable—in a word, a religious sentiment. Let us, however, combat the idea, that evils are either fixed in amount or necessary. In reality, in the progress of society and of individual enlightenment, they are continually narrowed within less and less space. Vigilance, knowledge, prudence, are so many enemies constantly busied in cutting them off, or preventing their existence.

Let us take into consideration one evil of a very painful kind. We see a worthy couple doing their best to rear a young family to maturity. They rejoice in the smiles of children, and their house is full of young life and its hopes. But one after another of the young people, as they reach a certain age, manifest a tendency to decline. It is found that a phthisical disease, with which the mother is partially affected, and which is known to have made great ravages in her family, is now beginning to show itself in the constitutions of these once hopeful children. The eldest-born sinks, and receives his share of bewailment. Another, if possible more loved and more grieved for, follows. In short, one after another, this family fades away, leaving the parents at last utterly desolate. Nothing can be more affecting than this—nothing can make a greater demand upon the sympathy of friendly neighbors. We feel bound to offer every suggestion of religious consolation to the hapless pair. It seems cruel to hint, in the faintest manner, that they have in any degree been the cause of drawing such a heart-break upon themselves; and yet, when we take an extended view of the case, we can be at no loss to see that, with judicious forethought, the calamity might have been prevented. There being hereditary predisposition to disease in the mother's family, it was wrong for her to put herself in a condition to extend the evil into another generation—wrong both with regard to her own future happiness and that of the person proposing to be her husband. A kind of duty not yet much reflected upon is here brought before our attention. Some will scout the possibility of such foresight giving a guidance to conduct; but they are undoubtedly in a mistake. There are many men and women known to us who act upon this maxim of a high morality, and who are, accordingly, safe from such wringings of the heart as we have described. Some will feel little disposed to sympathize with a sense of duty so extremely refined, and which resists such natural impulses. With that style of feeling we cannot contend. We must rest content with the conviction, that whatever a sense of right and wrong toward others bids to be done or left undone, ought to be done or left undone accordingly even though it affects a question of marriage.

An immense number of other calamities connected with disease are now clearly seen to be preventable; all that is required for this purpose being an observance of the conditions and rules of health. Pestilence and fever are themselves but expressions of erroneous conditions of life. Let these conditions be reformed in accordance with the laws ordained by Providence for human weal, and the diseases vanish. The astounding fact, that half the children born in most communities die under five years of age, in like manner only exposes extensive systems of mistreatment of children, and the too general subjection of the young to influences which work injuriously. If those systems of mistreatment, and those noxious influences, were replaced by others of a healthy kind, the groans and cries of mothers would be immensely abated. Beholding, sympathetically, the calamity when it comes, we feel that it were a kind of cruelty to a bereaved parent to point out how the lost one might have been preserved, or even to intimate the general fact that such calamities are preventable. But we also feel, on the other hand, that this tenderness to those who *are* afflicted, ought not to be carried so far as to keep knowledge from those who *may* be so. There is a duty to the living as well as to the dead.

There is a great and a well-known range of evils which may be comprehensively grouped under the one bitter word—Poverty. They have always been, and, we may well believe, they will ever in some measure be. But the evils of poverty

are no more, in any case, necessary or unavoidable than those of disease. Look at the grim evil in any of its shapes, thoroughly scan it outside and in, and you will always find that it depends on circumstances more or less accidental and liable to be altered. Mr. Mayhew and Mr. Godwin have described the hosts of the London poor in the most striking manner; scores of thousands of people, not regular artisans or laborers, (*they* are comparatively an aristocracy,) but persons engaged in mean street-traffic, and supplying trifling articles to those who may need them; bivouacking, rather than lodging, in wretched half-furnished or unfurnished houses, half starving upon miserably small gains, and often wholly without means of livelihood. It is the extremest and most distressing picture of poverty we could see, perhaps, anywhere on earth—far beyond anything that ever was presented in our northern land, once considered so beggarly—throwing wholly into the shade any kind of misery that ever occurs among the North American Indians. One is apt to suppose this poverty and misery to be past hope. Well, we do not say that it could be easily remedied; but neither can we admit that it is necessary or unavoidable. When a philanthropic visitor goes into some unplenished den, and finds a family living in wretchedness, it does not seem ever to occur to him to ask how it happens that the husband and father can do so little good in the world. He has a brain and hands—wonderful things when rightly directed and used. Why does not this poor man turn them to account? Most probably he is an utterly ignorant man, who does not know how to use his brain and hands to any good account; who thinks, if he goes out every day with a few bunches of radishes, and tries to sell them, he is doing his duty—trying to turn an honest penny, as he calls it—while he is only trifling away his time and misusing his natural powers. Perhaps his error consists in refusing to move to a place where his exertions, being called for by his fellow-creatures, would be sure to turn to his own profit, instead of being here misspent in a scene where they are superfluous, or come into collision with the exertions of others better qualified than he. Such a man cannot but be poor, and poor he will be while he continues to make such a wretched use of the wondrous faculties for good with which he has been endowed. But let this man be instructed, so as to see that it is possible to be very busy with nothing, or to be trying to do *something* in a wrong place, and he may have a chance of succeeding somewhat better in the world.

An immense class of evils are those which depend on troubles in worldly affairs. Men *will* spend more than they ought to do. They *will* take no heed for to-morrow. And they suffer the well-known consequences. The proper course for avoiding such evils is plain before us all—plain to triteness. No one can have the excuse of saying that he had no reason to foresee the danger of a misrelation between his desires and his means. If any one, then, does transgress in this respect, he should be prepared to think the penalty no evil; otherwise, he can only be regarded as a fool. The one point, however, which we are here called upon to consider, is the fact that this class of the evils of life is preventable. Let the reckless study and follow the example of the wise, and, by universal acknowledgment, they are safe.

Not merely among the poor and so-called uneducated is there much evil incurred through ignorance. It could easily be shown that the classes which consider themselves as educated have the whole texture of their life spotted with troubles and distresses in consequence of precisely this—that they have no distinct idea of what this world is, and their situation in it. Some know that there is a physical mechanism of the universe, which goes on under fixed laws of divine appointment, but are not aware that there is a moral mechanism likewise of precisely similar character, so that every movement of their nature, every social process and transaction, has its own definite and inevitable consequence for the good or evil of all concerned. Men, in general, wander through life as they would ramble through a forest in an unexplored country, taking their chance of what they may fall upon, or what may befall them. Were they well informed on the subject, they would know that at every step they take they form relations to circumstances; all of which relations are capable of being ascertained, and which, according as we understand and act by them, may serve to make our course happy or otherwise.

[For the National Magazine.]

REVIEWS EXTRAORDINARY.

BY ONE OF OUR STATED CONTRIBUTORS.

NO. II.—PILGARLIQUE'S PILGRIMAGE.

A WORD or two in the reader's ear before mounting my stilts, and assuming editorial gravity and the plural pronoun. And first, it becomes me to express my satisfaction with the compliments and candid laudation bestowed on my elaborate article on the *New-York Directory*. A grave doctor of divinity tells me that he has, himself, been suspected of being its author; and I saw, by his countenance, that he felt flattered by the soft impeachment. As to the *opinions of the press*, laudatory of myself and my successful attempt to give a little ponderosity to these pages, I had thought of requesting the printer to insert a few of them on the cover of the Magazine; but my innate modesty revolts at it as yet, though very probably I shall get the better of such squeamishness in due time. If I had yielded to the temptation, I should have preferred such notices as are short and pithy, if the printer could have found them, as for instance:—

"There is a Hercules among us, and we knew it not."—*Gasey Gazette.*

"A review as is a review—orthodox, oracular, ornate, and original."—*Utopian Standard.*

"The very Polyphemus of reviewers; what *he* don't know is not worth knowing."—*Salt River Clapper.*

"We are at a loss which most to admire, the reviewer's fecundity of invention, his profundity of thought, or the rotundity of his style."—*Sham-gammon Bang-up.*

Such notices would have created a sensation, and assisted those who have not had the happiness of reading the article referred to in giving an unbiased opinion of its merits. I am not anxious, however, to obtain a reputation prematurely, for I have observed that fruit thus ripened rots easily; although I must confess to a hankering like that of the poet when he says,

> "If fame has ready for my brow
> A laurel, let me have it now,
> While I'm alive to wear it,"

for I never appreciated very highly the value, to a dead man, of a laurel leaf hanging upon his tombstone.

But there is something better than fame, and more to be desired than the laurel in these dear-potato days. The reader's sagacity will detect my meaning when he notices at the end of this, and all my future articles, if the printer does as I tell him, a dagger! What do you think of "THE DAGGER PAPERS" as the title of a volume to be published hereafter, bound in red muslin, puffed in the papers, placarded upon the fences, and hawked about by ragged urchins in every rail-car? As a suitable motto for the title-page of the proposed volume, I have thought of these lines from Shakspeare:—

"Is this a DAGGER which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee."—*Macbeth.*

But enough on that point, lest I be thought mercenary. There is only one other subject that I wish to touch upon, and that is the opinion, somewhat freely expressed, that the first selection for my editorial prowess, the volume upon which I fleshed my maiden sword, was too common and well known. A most asinine objection! as if it does not evince keener perceptive faculties to discover pearls in a dung-hill, than gold coins and bank-notes in the window of a Wall-street money-changer! However, I am determined, if it be possible, to please all parties; and for the delectation of those given to grumbling at the food set before them, and at the same time to electrify the rest of mankind, I select for this, my second quarterly appearance, a work which not one of my readers ever saw. Are you startled at this announcement, and do you wonder how I venture to make it so broad and unqualified? Ah! that is one of the secrets of reviewing which I will not reveal just yet; but if you are half as acute as the late Sydney Smith, who once reviewed a book that existed only in his imagination, perhaps you will unravel the mystery before reaching the dagger. I shall dissect these volumes with unsparing impartiality. To do otherwise, I may say as Jamie Thomson, the Scotch poet, said, when asked one day, about noon, why he did n't get out of bed—"I hae nae motive." The volumes were not sent to me to be reviewed, and hence I am under no special obligation to the publisher, and shall not even mention his name, which I certainly ought to do, had he not neglected the courtesy due to the craft. I hope this will be a warning to him and to all other booksellers.

And now to business. The printer will please insert the title of the work to be reviewed in the usual italic style, with the omission above indicated:—

A Pilgrimage to Harlem, by James Augustus Pilgarlique, with Copious Notes, an Index on a New Plan, an Introduction by the Author's Mother-in-law, and Likenesses of the Author's Family, from Daguerreotypes by Brady. Two volumes 8vo., pp. 616, 742.

What are we coming to? Is it not preposterous to dilate a rail-road ride of seven miles into two huge octavos? And then, in the name of common sense, where was the necessity of prefixing an introduction to so trivial an affair; and what was the peculiar fitness of the author's mother-in-law, that she should be employed to write it? Fair and softly, reader! It is, indeed, but seven miles from the City-Hall to Harlem, for it is not the city of that name in Holland, to which the pilgrim journeyed, but its little namesake on the northeastern extremity of the Island of Manhattan. But what says the poet?—

"That life is long which answers life's great end;"

a sentiment that has passed for an unquestionable truth ever since it was first given to the world; and the mere substitution of the word journey for life—and human life, if we mistake not, has been compared to a journey—will prove conclusively that Mr. Pilgarlique's pilgrimage was long, because it answered the great end he had in view, which evidently was the production of these volumes. If that be not sound reasoning, please go over it again, and tell us where it is cracked.

Besides, our author, in these lengthened details, is but following the prevailing fashion of the age in which it is our felicity to live. Brevity and conciseness have had their day. He that makes the biggest book is the best fellow; and if people do not read all that is written, it certainly is not the fault of authors, nor, indeed, have they any occasion to trouble their heads about it, provided always that the people buy. In the latest London newspapers we find advertisements of forthcoming publications, which may possibly cast our author's details into the shade; and, as everything is long or short only by comparison, the time may come when Pilgarlique's Pilgrimage, in two volumes octavo, will be cited as a work of unjustifiable brevity. Messrs. Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans advertise, for instance, "Moore's Memoirs, Edited by the Right Honorable Lord John Russell, M.P., Vols. I to VI;" and announce "Vols. VII and VIII as nearly ready." There is no intimation that the work will end with Vol. VIII. It may, for aught that is apparent,

"Stretch out until the crack of doom."

Then again, as to the propriety of an introduction by a different hand from that of the author, we may observe that Mr. Pilgarlique has many illustrious precedents. They will readily occur to the reader, and among them he may find not a few as pertinent to the subject-matter of the volume introduced as are the remarks and observations of Mrs. Dowdenny, our author's devoted mother-in-law. She is evidently a strong-minded female; by birth, as she informs us, English, and by her general knowledge, and her acquaintance with the author, quite as well qualified to write an introduction as the generality of those who volunteer for such purposes. Her style is not florid, like that of her countryman, Babington Macaulay, nor perhaps quite so smooth as Washington Irving's. It more resembles that of Lady Blessington in her best days, and occasionally reminds us of several illustrious authors whose names we have forgotten. We must favor the reader with a specimen.

After a carefully digested genealogical elucidation of the Dowdenny family, to which she was united in her twenty-first year, and a still more careful analysis of the Fogarty stock, from which she sprung, and which, by the way, she traces up, with wonderous clearness, to the time of the great King Alfred, she goes on to inform us that—

"It is now ten years since bereavement came upon me in all its hollow-heartedness, and Dowdenny, my own Ambrose, was borne to his last resting-place beneath the sods and the clods, not of a valley, but of a hilly eminence in the Cypress Cemetery. He was a man of a thousand: industrious and prudent, and for the most part sober; by profession, in the latter part of his life, an undertaker; but when I first became acquainted with him he kept a chandler's shop in a little street running out of the Strand, and within the sound of Bow-bells. When we came to this land of liberty, my daughter Creeshy, as we called her in our moments of endearment, Lucretia Agnes, as she was christened, afterward and at this present

writing, Mrs. Pilgarlique, was a little toddler, full of the most engaging and truly English feminine graces, and was married to her present husband, or, as we say in this country, united to her present partner, after a courtship of only six weeks, leastwise I think it was not more than that, though Lucretia Agnes says it was seven, and James Augustus, that is, Mr. Pilgarlique, says he does n't know how long it was. And here I will transcribe the poetry written by myself at that period, so intensely interesting to maternal feelings, and which only the heart of a mother can fully appreciate. It was sent to the NATIONAL, but, for some reason best known to the editor, was never printed, or, if it was, I never saw it; and Lucretia Agnes was dressed in pure white muslin on the evening of the ceremony, I having, as I remember my mother had, a mortal prejudice against anything else as suitable and appropriate for a ceremonial of such solemnity.

TO LUCRETIA AGNES ON HER WEDDING-DAY.

BY MATRONALIS.

Instinctively sweet is the fond recollection,
The earliest buddings of nature and art;
And gracefully pure is the bride's retrospection,
Resulting in memories shrin'd in the heart.

And deeply cerulean; the azure above us
Betokens the virtues which beam from thine eye;
To know there are those who most tenderly love us,
Like roses of Sharon, or stars in the sky.

Fare thee well, then farewell, thou most delicate maiden,
In the pure realms of union connubially bound;
With ambrosial* nectar thy true heart is laden;
Let *Him* guard well the treasure so luckily found.

For he knows not its value as yet he will know it,
In affliction and sorrow, if they should befall;
As, mutely receiving this lay from the poet,
He dreams not of sorrow, nor wormwood, nor gall."

Mr. Pilgarlique informs us, in a foot-note, that the little word italicised in the third stanza refers to himself. We thought it likely when first perusing the poem, but feel gratified to have our conjecture converted into certainty on such high authority. As to the poem itself, the reader will form his own judgment, bearing in mind the fact that if there are some portions of it which he does not understand, the fault may be in himself; and that, if the connection be not perfectly clear, the poet is not to be blamed, seeing it is not certain that she intended it should be. Like the recently-published poetry of Tennyson, it admits of repeated perusals, and even then leaves the mind not perfectly satisfied. The poetry, considered merely with reference to its rhyme and rhythm, we pronounce faultless. The rhymes are perfect, which is more than can be said, always, of Mrs. Hemans or Mrs. Sigourney; and the rhythmus, by which the unlearned reader will understand the regular succession of *arses* and *theses*, or percussions and remissions of voice on words or syllables, is equal to anything we have met with lately in daily papers or other periodicals.

Time and space would both fail us to follow Mrs. Dowdenny through the successive incidents introduced by her with so much skill. The letters of her friends in Europe, especially those of her maternal uncle, who, we take it, is somewhat of a wag as well as an ironmonger, and the incidents in the life of Creeshy, afterward Mrs. Pilgarlique, while at school, are told in the fond mother's peculiar style, which, for the benefit of our classical readers, we may designate as a specimen of the purest Pιγμαρωλ,* and have quite as much relevancy to the subject-matter of her son-in-law's volumes as the writers of *introductions* usually present. We must be indulged, however, in a word or two on an event which called forth what we esteem the highest effort of Mrs. Dowdenny's muse. This was the birth of her two grandchildren, twins, and both boys. They are introduced with great propriety, as they were both participants in the Pilgrimage which forms the title of their father's volumes, and their daguerreotypes were taken by Brady at the same time with those of their parents and their grandmother. They are certainly interesting children. Their names, one called after the lamented Dowdenny, and the other in honor of a friend of Mr. Pilgarlique, are Ambrose and Hamilton. They are now, as we are told, in their ninth year, and both, although Ambrose is said to be subject to croup, a little inclined to be mischievous. This we gather not only from the incidents of the Pilgrimage itself, as related by Mr. Pilgarlique, but from a hint or two casually dropped by his mother-in-law in her introduction. That when she called them by their abbreviated names, Ham and Am, they should pretend not to know which she means, and that Am should come when Ham was called, and *vice versa*, is truly funny, and is rather a slur upon the old lady's Anglification. But we are detaining the reader from the poetry. Here it is; we can spare space for only one stanza. It shall be the most

* An adjective derived from the Christian name of the bride's father.

° We acknowledge our indebtedness to that prince of reviewers, Southey, for this expressive Grecism.

Tennysonian of the entire poem. It is so much like the style of the laureate that it is hard to believe that one or the other did not plagiarize; but thought is a strangely meandering thing, and it is not in our hearts to judge rashly; let some one hereafter mete out unto ourselves the same measure, or, as the bard of Avon has it—

"Commend th' ingredients of the poison'd chalice
To our own lips."

Here, then, is Mrs. Dowdenny's stanza on the memorable occasion referred to:—

"Who's that that is calling me
With so loud and earnest a call?
'Tis a voice and a tone that are known to me,
It tells that there's joy in our house to day;
'Tis the voice of my son-in-law, stalwart and tall!
Singing aloud of his cherished wife
This beautiful morning, the tenth of May.
And the grass looks green in its bright array
This beautiful, beautiful morn;
They have come at last on the stage of life,
And my daughter's two boys are born."

For our own justification, no less than for the gratification of the reader, we append a stanza from "Maud," the latest effort of Mr. Tennyson, in which the reader will detect a surprising similarity, not only in the structure of the lines, the meter, and the dim vagueness of the sentiments, but also in the words chosen for the rhythmical cadenzas:—

FROM "MAUD."

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, D. C. L., POET LAUREATE.

"A voice by the cedar tree
In the meadow under the hall!
She is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!—
Singing alone in the morning of life,—
In the happy morning of life and of May,
Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner, and bugle, and fife,
To the death, for their native land."

In versification, both poems are on a par; in indistinctness, and thus giving more play to the reader's fancy, we think the laureate excels; but in conveying knowledge to the mind, which, to be sure, is but a secondary affair, he must evidently yield to the lady. Mrs. Dowdenny, however, had something to write about, which cannot be said of Mr. Tennyson, and therefore we are content, if Queen Victoria insists upon it, that he shall still be the laureate.

Having thus removed every reasonable objection to the length of the volumes under review, and to the introduction, with its beautiful mosaic of prose and poetry, we come to the solid matter of the Pilgrimage itself. How it came to be undertaken, and why it is called a Pilgrimage, may be gathered from the author, who, it will be observed, plunges at once *in medias res*, which Horace calls

"The true heroic turnpike road."

"I was in the midst of a very pleasant dream about authorship, and the temple of fame, and things of that kind, when I was suddenly roused to consciousness, and the dull realities of life, by a nudge in the ribs. So startling was it, that I may say, if the reader will tolerate a little poetic license—

"'Obstupui; steteruntque comæ, vox faucibus hæsit.'

"My first impression was, so strangely are we affected by events of a bomb-icular nature, occurring at that transitional moment between sleep and wide-awakeness—that interregnum between the reign of Somnus and that of the rosy-cheeked Apollo, that I thought two large octavo volumes had fallen upon me and crushed out all my internal sensibilities. It was, however, as I soon discovered, only my wife Creesby, or, as it would be more becoming to style her in this her first introduction to the literary world, Mrs. James Augustus Pilgarlique.

"'Gussy, dearest,' said she, as soon as she knew I was awake, and I knew as soon as returning consciousness dawned upon me that she was in excellent good humor—I knew it not less by the endearing terms she used than by the mellifluous tones of her voice—'Gussy, dearest, why not take half a holiday this afternoon and go to Harlem?'

"'To Harlem!' said I, affecting the most profound amazement.

"'Yes, there's to be a STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL there. The tickets are only half a dollar, and the profits are all to go to the Church. So you see lovey, the boys, and dear mother, and you and I can all go, have as many strawberries and as much ice cream as we can eat, and at the same time be religious and charitable.'

"'Humph,' said I, 'kill two birds with one stone, hey!'

"Now the fact is, I was aware of the festival, and had already made up my mind in favor of the journey; but having enjoyed connubial bliss long enough to know a thing or two, I submitted to be persuaded, and allowed her to answer all my objections. My reasons were of a two-fold nature. To say nothing of the faint idea just then beginning to sprout, and which has resulted in these two well-printed and beautifully-illustrated volumes, I had learned by experience that my better half greatly exulted in getting the better of me in an argument, and I knew, if I submitted to be conquered, she would be in good humor all day; and then if anything unpleasant should occur—if either of the boys should make himself sick, for instance, or Mrs. Dowdenny, my mother-in-law, as the reader knows, should lose

her snuff-box, or leave her parasol in the car—why, then, whose fault was it? and who insisted upon going? Does the reader take?"—Vol. I, pp. 97, 98.

It is rather beneath the dignity of our official position to deal in mere verbal criticism, else should we have a word or two to say upon some portions of the above-quoted phraseology. The word *nudge*, as a noun, strikes us as novel and expressive; but *wide-awakeness* is an awkward compound, and smacks too much of the Nat Willis currency. But let it all pass. What we have legitimate cause to find fault with is the author's avowed semi-duplicity. We had intended to be very severe on this point; but just as we commenced the objurgatory sentence, it occurred to us that having no personal acquaintance with Mrs. Pilgarlique—and the idea of keeping her "in good humor the whole day"—well, let that pass too. As the poet says—

"Suam cuique,"

which means, different females require different treatment.

As the reader will have perceived, our author is not carried away by the specious idea of having a day's pleasure, and his money's worth of cream and strawberries, and then charging the expense to the account of charity and religion. Admirable as are his remarks on this point, we shall not weary the reader by quoting them. At the same time his milk of human kindness is so creamy, that he goes out of his way to apologize for those who thus impose upon themselves and upon Christianity. He has a large plaster even for that class who make a frolic of a camp-meeting, and very happily illustrates the compatibility of true religion with a vast amount of ignorance. The little illustrative story which our author heard from a clergyman whom he met in the cars, bound also to the Festival, has in it a moral which will draw tears from the reflecting, after the laughter which a first perusal provokes has died away in the distance:—

"An ignorant negro woman, a slave on a plantation in Georgia, was converted, and joined the Church. She was regular in her attendance, whenever she had an opportunity, at all religious meetings. She could sing and shout with her fellow-bondmen and bondwomen, and really did enjoy herself hugely. Unfortunately, she had not been taught, with any great care, the practical duties of religion; or, if she had, she did n't understand them just as white folks do. One day a goose was missing from her master's flock. Dinah, who occupied a little hut, where she brought up, as she best could, her own brood of young 'uns, was suspected of the theft and charged with it. She denied her guilt with vehement protestations. The crime, however, was clearly proved, one of her own sons turning massa's evidence against her. Dinah had stolen the goose, and cooked and eaten it one night, when the father of her boys, a slave from a neighboring plantation, had paid her a visit. Of course Dinah was flogged, not only for her own sake, but for the edification of all hands on the estate. A week or two afterward the communion was to be administered, and Dinah, arrayed in her best, with a clean bandanna on her head, was on her way to the meeting-house.

"'Why, Diuah,' said her mistress, 'you do n't think of such a thing as going to partake of the sacrament, do you?'

"'And why not, missy?' was Dinah's prompt response.

"'Why not? Surely you are not fit for such a sacred duty. Have you forgot the goose?'

"'Hi!' said Dinah. 'Ise not gwine to turn my back on my bressed Massa for no old goose.'"—Vol. I, p. 361.

Passing over the preliminaries, which are detailed with sufficient minuteness in the first volume, the second opens with the Pilgarlique family snugly seated in one of the cars of the 2–30 train; and now the material increases so fast upon our author's hands that much of it, according to the custom of the best biographers and tourists of the present day, has to be condensed powerfully—in fact, reduced to mere pulp and essence. The reader will be surprised when we assure him that the whole account of the journey by horse-power, that is, from the City Hall to Thirty-second-street, is crowded into nine chapters, occupying but little more than one-third of the second volume. And yet so wonderful is our author's skill, that nothing of moment appears to have been omitted, and certainly nothing is slurred over. In this respect Mr. Pilgarlique reminds us of the Milesian who, to the surprise of his employer, packed a quart of brandy in a pint decanter. But that was a long time ago, when as yet the star of total abstinence had not culminated.

We are at a loss to determine whether our author is most *au fait* of topographical descriptions, of biographical sketches, or of the analysis of purely philosophical problems. As specimens of his acuteness in this last-named department, we might refer to his masterly discussion of the question, "Why do rail-car conductors always sport gold watch-chains?" which,

so far as our memory serves us, we never saw elucidated with a thousandth part of Mr. Pilgarlique's translucency. His chapter on that subject, the fourth of the second volume, ought to give him a high position among the savans who meet periodically in this metropolis for the discussion of questions of equal importance; and which, when discussed, sometimes lead to results quite as satisfactory and beneficial. Less ingenious perhaps, but evincing equal sagacity, is our author's statement of the arguments, pro and con, "on the probability of a brakeman's rising to the position of a conductor." It reminds us of the profound investigations of the justly-celebrated Sir Joseph Banks, who, according to the veracious Pindar, after protracted labor, succeeded in solving the question whether the genus *Pulex* might not be elevated into that of the genus *Cancer*, or in other words, for we write not for the learned only, whether or not, in due time, and with proper care, fleas might not become lobsters.

It were using too high-sounding a title to designate as biographies Mr. Pilgarliques brief sketches of the various prominent characters he met with on his journey outward. We may call them pen-paintings, or, if the reader insists on something less hackneyed and less vernacular, we suggest a word of our own coining, and call them plumo-chromatics. The best of these, we incline to think, are those of the rival orange-women, who thrust their fruit into the car window as it was dragging its slow length down the declivity of Center-street, the two young gentlemen who boldly ran through each car in succession, proffering all sorts of information for three cents, and more especially the youth whose cry of "Lozenges" was strangely mistaken for sausages by our author's respected mother-in-law. Those are eloquent touches of nature as Mr. Pilgarlique traces the early history of this young gentleman, and how appropriately does he quote the lines—

"What an excellent thing did heav'n bestow on man
When it did give him a good stomach,"

as he examines the prandial entertainment which the lozenge-boy calls grub.

As was fitting, however, these matters are introduced by our author rather episodically. His main power is devoted to the topography of his eventful journey. The purlieus of the FIVE POINTS, within scenting distance of which locality the party passed; the TOMBS, that magnificent monument of the tenderness with which the philanthropy of New-York treats alike the unfortunate and the depraved; the NEW-YORK DISPENSARY, where applicants are inoculated for nothing, and whence drugs of undoubted purity are dispensed gratis; the establishments for the manufacture of CUT GLASS, PIANO FORTES, and IRON RAILINGS; the shops of PAWN-BROKERS and venders of second-hand CLOTHING and second-foot BOOTS. That great pecuniary speculation, the ODD-FELLOWS HALL, and that model of cleanliness, from which the citizens derive their dinners, known as THE CENTER MARKET, are described with wonderful zest and great minuteness. On the last-named topic our author catches some of his mother-in-law's spirit, and becomes poetical; that is, he quotes, with variations, the poetry of others. He never, so far as we have observed, perpetrates rhymes of his own. Is not this a glorious description?—

"Looming up in the distance, a model of architectural skill, but not as yet perceptible by all the senses, we approximate to that desideratum, surrounded on the exterior by the quadrupeds of that internecine class, who trade in the blood of innocent lambs. And now its fragrance steals upon us like the breezes of

"'The sweet South from off a bed of violets,'

becoming more and more perceptible until, as we circumgyrate the corner of the street which bears the magnificent name 'Grand,' the odor becomes potential, and our party appreciate the feelings of the

"'Land-seeking Genoese,
When the sweet breeze from woods of palm,
And orange groves and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytien seas.'"—Vol. II, p. 361.

It required a great deal of skill to describe with sufficient originality, to keep his readers awake, such well-known localities as the Bowery, the Fourth Avenue, and the calico church thereon; Union Square, which is not a square, but an oval; the towering edifice known as the ticket-office, at Twenty-sixth-street; the stifling tunnel; the pranks of horned quadrupeds, from whose udders is supposed to come the fundamental principle which eventuates in the compound called milk by the Gothamites, and the residences of the squatter sovereignty which adorn both sides of the road, like carbuncles on the fiery proboscis of an anti-Maine-law practitioner. But our author has over-

come these difficulties quite as well as the generality of European tourists. There is a vein of originality all through his narrative which it were vain—pardon the pun, it was unintentional—to look for in any other recently-published volume of travels. The reason may be that he had no "guide-book" from which to copy.

On arriving at their destination, Mr. Pilgarlique pays a well-merited compliment to the rail-road company for the matchless accommodations provided for travelers. His whole party were reminded forcibly of life's uncertainty, as, stepping from the car, they were within an inch or so of being crushed to mummy by a downward train. Feelings of that ennobling sentiment — gratitude, were excited by their narrow escape; and if their hearts were made better thereby, it is not easy to compute the amount of their obligations to the company, who are certainly entitled to the credit of its originating cause. Little Ambrose was saved almost by miracle from the devouring fangs of the cow-catcher; and the gratification the whole party derived from the unanswerable question of the brakeman, "Why did n't you get out on the other side?" must have been exceedingly soothing to his mother's feelings. Certainly much more so than would have been the most elaborate elegy from the pen of Mrs. Dowdenny, if the child had been killed.

In our author's descriptions of Harlem, and its almost innumerable public edifices and scenes of interest, its revolutionary associations, and its ample provision for the liquid wants of the community, our author is graphically eloquent, and for the most part correct. Like the generality of recent travelers, however, Mr. Pilgarlique imposes a little upon the credulity of his readers; and at times, as is perfectly natural, draws upon his imagination for his facts. Now, however much we may be gratified, personally, by such ticklings of the fancy, our position as a reviewer enjoins upon us the necessity of sternly rebuking everything of the kind. We assert, then, that there is no *castle* visible from the stand-point whereon our travelers were in such imminent danger; and that *Mount Morris*, of which Mr. Pilgarlique gives so splendid a description, exists only *in posse*. True, there is an edifice known as a land-office, which has a castellated appearance, and is an architectural marvel; and true, also, there is an eminence bearing the euphonious appellation of Snake Hill, and which, upon some of the corporation maps, is, we believe, called Mount Morris. But then how could you, Mr. Pilgarlique, and you the father of a family, how could you magnify these matters as you have done, unless indeed you were writing for posterity; and in that case, of course, we have no objection to make, because we do not pretend to know what may be hereafter.

But passing over these matters of comparatively minor importance, let us, with our pilgrims, enter the sacred edifice now appropriated to the immensely important object of gratifying the eye, and the ear, and the palate, the whole blended in the one great scheme of making money for a most religious and praiseworthy object. And here our author exhibits his highest powers; his style assumes a phosphorescence that glows like the axle-trees of Apollo's chariot, although a cynical critic might, perhaps, insinuate that it borders a little on what the Greeks are supposed to mean by the phrase *βομβαστικαλ*. The beauties of Flora and the loveliness of the female sex, which dazzled the eyes of the beholder as he entered the sacred building, reminded Mr. Pilgarlique of Eden and its rosy bowers, ere Eve had plucked the forbidden fruit. The Harlem belles reminded him of a lady whose dwelling-place was Endor; and he exclaimed, as involuntarily he turned from one to the other, each lovelier than the last—

"Witchcraft has come again!"

Whereupon it is not to be wondered at if Mrs. Pilgarlique "nudged" him and reminded him of his nuptial vows. But the manner in which the young ladies disposed of the commodities they had for sale, although it looked something like making a place of merchandize of a house built professedly for other purposes, was very delectable; especially their skill in making change for any customer green enough to expect such a thing. Mr. Pilgarlique came to the sage conclusion that their arithmetical studies had been neglected. Addition they seemed to understand, but subtraction was out of the question; although the profits on the cakes, flowers, and other things disposed of were correspondingly increased, and

thus the good cause for which the FESTIVAL was held was evidently promoted.

We must confess that, plausible as are the arguments of our author, and we do not mean to say they are not as sound as they are plausible, we are not convinced of the propriety of holding similar festivals every week, much less of the wisdom, to say nothing of the piety, of holding them on Sunday afternoons. It is true they would apparently lessen the burden of raising money for Church improvements, and promote sociability, and improve ministerial brethren in the art of off-hand and facetious speech-making, and perhaps increase and improve the popular taste for instrumental and vocal music — yet we hesitate; we have some old-fashioned twinges that unaccountably trouble us, and render us as incapable of appreciating the soundest arguments in their favor, as a severe fit of the gout in the toe would render us incompetent to judge of the beauty of a tight pair of boots, in which some hard-hearted son of Crispin might insist upon encasing our shanks.

We cannot, however, do justice to the subject without quoting entire chapters from our author's pages, and as that might render our publishers liable to damages for infringing his copyright, we do the next best thing, and give the "contents" of a single chapter, as arranged by Mr. Pilgarlique himself. Surely it is not too much to invoke a little of the reader's imagination after all that we have done for him in that line, and this synopsis will assist him wonderfully

CHAPTER XXVII.

"APPEARANCE OF THE SACRED EDIFICE AS TO ITS EXTERIOR—SENSATIONS ON ENTERING THE SANCTUARY—MEANING OF ECCLESIASTES V, 1 — FLORAL EMBELLISHMENTS: LILACS, SNAPDRAGONS, ROSES, DAFFYDOWNDILLIES—WHETHER PAUL'S ADVICE ABOUT MODEST APPAREL, AND SHAMEFACEDNESS, AND PEARLS, AND COSTLY ARRAY, APPLIES TO YOUNG LADIES, OR ONLY TO THAT CLASS WHICH HE CALLS 'WOMEN'—FEAST OF REASON—WITTY REMARKS OF THE REV. MR. BURNTUMBER — NEW INTERPRETATION OF FIRST CORINTHIANS XI, 22 — DR. CADAVER CALLED UPON FOR A SPEECH—DITTO MR. GNASHWAY, AND MESSRS. TRIPE, SCAMMONY, AND GAMBOGE—ROARS OF LAUGHTER—THE ORATOR OF THE EVENING—MRS. PILGARLIQUE'S REMARKS ON THE WHITENESS OF HIS LINEN AND THE IMMENSITY OF HIS CHOKER—PREPARATIONS FOR SPOON-EXERCISE — EXHORTATION FOUNDED ON THE APOSTOLIC INJUNCTION, 'LET YOUR MODERATION,' ETC.—'IN HONOR PREFERRING ONE ANOTHER' NOT APPLICABLE ON OCCASIONS OF THIS KIND—MUSIC: OLD HUNDRED, AND 'OLD DAN TUCKER,' 'ZIP COON,' 'JORDAN IS A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL,' AND 'WAIT FOR THE WAGON' — CATHARSIS PRODUCED ON MASTER HAMILTON—ANXIETY OF HIS GRANDMOTHER—THE AUCTION, ILLUSTRATING JOHN VI, 12 — NET PROFITS OF THE AFFAIR — PROPRIETY OF INCREASING THE FREQUENCY OF SIMILAR FESTIVALS—OBJECTION THAT STRAWBERRIES ARE NOT ALWAYS IN SEASON ANSWERED—CLAMBAKES, CHOWDERS, OYSTER SUPPERS SUGGESTED—PROPRIETY OF HOLDING THEM EVERY SUNDAY—OBJECTIONS—THE BETTER THE DAY THE BETTER THE DEED—AFTERNOON PREACHING DISPENSED WITH—WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE LOVELY, ETC."

It is worthy of remark, that our author does not tell us for the benefit of what particular denomination this Festival was held. The reason for his silence is apparent. He is unwilling to provoke feelings of envy among the Churches of the village. The glory, we think, must belong to one of the sects known as Evangelical, as we never heard of anything of the kind among the ignorant Roman Catholics, or the formal Puseyites. And this reminds us, that herein may be found an answer to the question so frequently discussed, and so seldom satisfactorily answered — Which sects may we safely call Evangelical? Or, in other words, which among them ought to be recognized as belonging to the Orthodox family? How much simpler, easier, more direct, and more pertinent to ask, Do they hold Fairs and Festivals for money-making purposes in their places of public worship, than to inquire about their profession of faith, their creed, or the peculiar doctrines they inculcate. We may be awfully deceived on these purely speculative points—for words are sometimes used in one sense and understood in another; but on a plain matter-of-fact, like that submitted as the more suitable test-question, there may be given a categorical yes, or no, which will at once shut the gate against all intruders. We

wish it to be understood, however, that we do not pronounce an *ex cathedra* judgment on this point. It is one of those delicate ecclesiastical matters that even the great ORESTES, of weathercock notoriety, would submit to his bishop before promulgating in the pages of his Review. We trust we are as modest as he is, and not having an opportunity to consult any of the higher hierarchies, we leave the suggestion for their future consideration; simply entering our caveat, that if, by common consent, this method of deciding who are and who are not evangelical shall be adopted, to us shall be awarded the credit of its origination. A decent respect for the opinions of posterity is all that actuates us in putting in this claim; and, although it may be thought derogatory to our keenness of perception, we must, in all honesty, add that we are at a loss even to identify the Church relations of the Pilgarlique family. From some remarks of Mrs. Dowdenny's in "the Introduction," we inferred that she must have belonged to the Independents when at home; but what she may be now, or under what ecclesiastical flag her son-in-law and her beloved Creeshy now sail, it passes our critical acumen to discover.

The journey homeward was less pregnant with incidents; and although, if the mythical fervor was still strong upon us, we might favor the reader with interesting extracts, yet it has so far evaporated that of necessity we forbear. †

[For the National Magazine.]

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

O, Infinitely Perfect One!
What consciousness is thine!
How different from the wondering awe
That oft oppresses mine!

My nature is a living point,
Round which the dead worlds roll:
The space, that circles all their range,
Concenters in my soul.

My nature is a living point,
Round which the dead years roll:
The time, that circles all their range,
Concenters in my soul.

My nature is a living point,
Round which the faith-realms roll:
Their spaceless, timeless, spirit range,
Concenters in my soul.

Could I those amplitudes explore,
This pressure might depart:
But, here confined, their mysteries
Lie heavy on my heart.

When from this point I look abroad,
Space seems too vast for me:
And time—inexplicably sad;
And faith—like vanity.

Yet, am I but a floating film,
Reflecting sea and shore,
Then, breaking with the stranded wave,
Eternally no more?

Surely my anxious consciousness
Claims some diviner state:
"*Fear not!*"—methinks I hear thee say—
"*Be humble, child, and wait!*"

And wait I will! Still let the worlds
All round and round me roll—
Light, motion, music, from all space,
Still pour into my soul.

Let sins and ills of all time, past
And present, pain me still:
And faith-realms hide, unseen, unheard:
Yet—humbly wait I will!

Let even death eclipse the scene,
Still, while one ray is left—
Until the darkness be complete—
I shall not be bereft.

Nor then!—for life is all eclipse,
And death is but its height:
Then comes th' oblivion of the shade
In everlasting light.

Then shall my consciousness expand,
'Till it resemble thine:
And, like my blessed Saviour, "all
The Father hath" be mine.

O, Infinitely Perfect One!
What consciousness is thine!
How different from the wondering awe
That now oppresses mine!

Thy nature is the living whole!
All I believe and see,—
All space, all time, all worlds, all life,—
Are only points to thee!

In thy serene immensity
All mysteries are clear:
And every breath at once reveals
Its meaning in thine ear.

And it may be, thou knowest not one,
Of all the worlds in space,
Save this, where sin and death obscure
The glorious reign of grace.

And it may be, the lesson here
Contemplates such avail;
That love itself would weep to see
Its consummation fail.

So, let me humbly, calmly wait,
'Till all this life has flown:
Then shall I see as I am seen,
And know as I am known!

[For the National Magazine.]

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE biography of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN is as much like a story as any of his novels or fairy tales—it runs through many of both under various disguises, and lends to them a peculiar charm. As related by himself in "The Story of my Life," it is exceedingly agreeable and interesting, not so much from the amount of incident which it contains, as from his fresh and pleasant manner of telling it, and the representative character it assumes: for Andersen seems the representative, the *beau ideal* of the common life of genius, typifying its struggles, its sufferings, and its triumphs. All that we have ever read of clever boys, and talented men going out into the world to win fame, recalls itself back to memory as we pore over his simple and earnest pages. The sketch of Andersen which follows is taken from "The Story of my Life," the language being partly his, and partly our own: wherever we could, and space would admit of it, we have used his very words.

Some twenty odd miles from Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, lies the island of Fuhnen. In the town of Odensee, the capital of Fuhnen, in 1805, in a small humble room, lived a young married couple who loved each other exceedingly. The man, a shoemaker, was scarcely twenty-two years old, a gifted man in his way, and of a poetical turn of mind; the woman was several years older, unacquainted with the world and with life, with a heart full of love. The young man had himself put together his work-bench and his marriage bed; the latter he made out of the wooden frame which, a short time before, had supported the coffin of a deceased count, as he lay in state. Instead of a noble corpse, surrounded by crape and chandeliers, lay, on the second of April, 1805, a living, weeping child, Hans Christian Andersen. Beside the babe lay the new-made mother, smiling through her pain; and at the foot of the bed sat the young husband and father, now kissing his blessed ones, and now reading the comedies of Holberg.

A single small room formed the abode of little Hans's childhood; the walls were decked with pictures, *not* by the old masters, and over the work-bench hung a few shelves with books and songs. He was treated, his mother said, just like the child of a count!

His father indulged him in all his wishes. On Sunday he made him prospective-glasses, theaters, pictures which could be changed, and read to him from *Holberg's Plays and The Thousand and One Nights*; or else went out into the woods, and sat under the trees in thought, while the little boy ran about and made garlands. The grandmother of Hans Christian was a decayed gentlewoman; she lived in a garden in the hospital of Odensee, and every Sunday evening she used to bring the boy a bunch of flowers. Cherish thy flowers and garlands, my little Hans! It will be long before thou hast them again; and then they will not be given thee by loving hands, but thou wilt pluck them from the midst of thorns!

Little Hans scarcely ever associated with other children: at school he took no share in their games, but sat in the schoolroom during play-time. At home his father made playthings for him, and played with him, when the soles and heels of the islanders warranted. In harvest-time the mother and child went out into the fields, and gleaned.

One day they went to a place, the bailiff of which was noted for his rudeness. While engaged in gleaning they saw him coming with a large whip; the women and other children ran away in time, but little Hans could not, for he had lost his wooden shoes, and the thorns were too sharp to tread on with bare feet. The bailiff reached him, and raised his whip. Hans gazed up in his face with brave bright eyes: "How dare you strike me, as God can see it?" The man patted his cheek, asked his name, and gave him money. When he showed it to his mother, she said to the others, "This is a remarkable child, my Hans Christian; all men are good to him; even the bad fellow has given him money."

The parents maintained themselves with difficulty; but the child always had an abundance. An old woman, one of those dear souls whose shears

"Gars auld claes look almaist as weel 's the new,"

altered his father's garments for him, and he accompanied his parents to the theater to see Holberg played. "Had we so many casks of butter," said he, "as there are persons here, then I would eat plenty

of butter." A sensible remark, my little Hans; and we are by no means sure but that would have been the best way of laying out the money.

The theater was at once a favorite with Hans Christian. He became acquainted with the gentleman who distributed its bills, and from him obtained the bill of each day's performance. With this he sat in the corner, and imagined to himself the whole play, according to the name and the characters. It was his first unconscious poetizing.

Germany was at that time the seat of war, and Denmark being leagued with France, his father enlisted as a soldier, in the hope of returning a lieutenant. Peace, however, was soon concluded, and back he came to his work-bench. Little Hans amused himself with dolls, and acted comedies in German, the only language in which he had ever seen them performed. The extent of his German was limited, consisting, according to his own account, of only one word, which his father had brought home from the war—truly, a great conquest!—the word "besen,"—the rest being a jargon of his own.

His father soon after died, and his mother was left to maintain herself, which she did by going out to day's work. In the neighborhood lived the widow of a poet, who was kind to the young orphan, and lent him Shakspeare to read. Immediately he played Shakspeare in his puppet theater, as he had before played Holberg; saw Hamlet's father's ghost, and lived with Lear on the heath. The more persons that died in a piece, the more interesting it was. "If Shakspeare is a poet," said little Hans, "why not I also?" Why not, indeed? He was resolved to know, so he went to work and wrote his first play—a tragedy of course, where everybody died. It was the old subject of Pyramus and Thisbe, "altered and improved." He read it to all the neighbors with immense applause. Not content with the diction of Shakspeare, in which kings and queens spoke like other people, he procured a dictionary and invented a language for them, a mosaic of French, German, and Danish.

At this time he had a fine soprano voice, and was in the habit of singing in his mother's garden, attracting the attention of crowds in the street, and the quality-folks next door. But now his mother married again, and seeing the facility with which he made doll's clothes, concluded that Providence designed him for a tailor. The old dame already mentioned converted his deceased father's coat into a confirmation suit, and for the first time in his life he obtained a pair of boots. His joy was boundless—his only fear lest the boots should not be seen by every one; to guard against which misfortune, he drew them over his trowsers and proceeded to church. The boots creaked loudly, and he was delighted; the whole congregation could now hear that they were new. His devotion was disturbed, and his conscience smote him. He prayed heaven to forgive him, and then—looked at his boots!

During the year he saved up thirteen rix-dollars, (about seven dollars of our money,) the possession of which nearly turned his head, especially as his mother seemed determined to make a tailor of him. Make a tailor of a man with thirteen rix-dollars, the very idea was absurd! He had other plans in life, and he prayed her to let him go to Copenhagen.

"What will become of thee?" she asked.

"One has first to go through very serious difficulties, and then one becomes celebrated."

She at last gave her consent, though with many misgivings, and he prepared to go. The printer of the theater gave him a letter to a *danseuse* in Copenhagen, and off he went, at the age of fourteen, to go through the very serious difficulties, and become celebrated.

He reached Copenhagen, and in his confirmation suit and boots, with a hat that fell half over his eyes, sought the house of the *danseuse*. Before he rang the bell, he fell on his knees in front of the door, and prayed to God that he might find aid and protection there. At length he was admitted to the lady's presence: she had no knowledge of the person who gave him his letter of introduction, and was amazed at the boy's appearance. Without doubt, madam, he is unlike a ballet Cupid!

He told her that he had a passion for the stage, and thought he could play Cinderella! He begged permission to take off his boots, otherwise he would not be light enough for the part; and taking his hat for a tambourine, he began to dance

and sing. She thought him a madman, and soon got rid of him.

From her he went to the manager, and asked for an engagement. The manager looked at him, and said he was too thin for the stage.

"O," said the merry boy, "do you engage me at a salary of one hundred rix-dollars, and I will become fat fast enough." The manager ordered him away. His last hope had failed—he stood alone in the world.

The next morning he paid his bill, and found that he had but one rix-dollar left. He walked up and down the streets quite forlorn; at last he remembered that he had read in Odensee of an Italian, named Siboni, the director of the Musical Academy at Copenhagen. In the evening he visited him, and found a large party at dinner in his house, among others the composer Weyse, and the poet Baggessen. He sang, and the director listened; recited a few scenes from Holberg, and a few poems; but the sense of his unhappy condition soon overpowered him, and he burst into tears.

Siboni promised to cultivate his voice, and bring him out as a singer at the Theater Royal. A collection amounting to seventy rix-dollars was raised for him, and he was joyful again. He wrote the news home to his mother, and she showed the letter to all the neighbors.

Six months afterward his voice failed, and he was advised to return home and learn a trade. But just then he happened to remember—he was always lucky in his memories—the brother of an Odensee acquaintance, the poet Guldberg, to whom he went, and was kindly received. The poet instructed him in the Danish and German languages, gave him the profits of a work he had just published, and introduced him to a comedian, who gave him lessons in elocution; he also began to study Latin.

The second year of his Copenhagen life came, and want knocked at his door. The money which had been collected for him was spent, and he was ashamed to make his necessities known. He lived in the house of a widow, where he had only his lodgings, and his morning's coffee. About dinner-time every day he went out, to dine with his great friends the widow thought, but in reality to eat his crust on the benches of the Royal Garden. Sometimes he ventured into the humblest eating-houses, and dined from the cheapest dish.

Those were hard days with him, but he was not hopeless yet; one must go through very serious difficulties before one becomes celebrated. Besides, God was with him in his little room, and many an evening when he said his prayers he would ask, like a child, "Will it soon be better with me?"

By and by his voice recovered its fullness. The master of a choir-school offered him a place, and he accepted, thinking thereby to fit himself the sooner for the stage, which was still the object of his ambition. He wrote another tragedy, which he read to a poet and his wife. At the first scene the poet exclaimed—

"There are whole passages which you have written out from Ochlenschalāger and Ingemann."

"Yes," said the simple boy, "but they are so beautiful."

The old poet smiled, and the young poet proceeded in his reading.

Through the influence of the state councillor Collin, who recommended him to king Frederick the Sixth, he now received a small yearly pension, while the Latin school in Glagelsee gave him free instruction. He was rather a dull boy, and generally at the foot of the class. Yet he was simple-hearted still, for he wrote the councillor of it, and of all the things they said of him, and expressed a fear that he had not merited their kindness. In the summer he was allowed the means of revisiting Odensee. As he drew near the village and saw the old church, and the cross thereon, he felt the care that God had taken of him, and sat down by the roadside and wept. His mother was rejoiced; her Hans Christian was a remarkable child, and every one was good to him. While he remained at Odensee the villagers opened their windows to see him pass.

He returned to Glagelsee in due time, made the acquaintance of the poet Ingemann, who lived in the city of Soro, hard by, and began to write poems. By and by he revisited Copenhagen. While there he lived with the family of an admiral, (aforetime he was content with poor widows,) and saw the first literary society of the day; among the rest the poet Ochlenschalāger. From the admiral's house he passed into a little garret, afterward

described by him in "Only a Fiddler," and "The Picture-Book with Pictures." He studied diligently, became a proficient in mathematics, and a tolerable scholar in Latin and Greek.

In 1828, his twenty-third year, he became a student, and wrote his first book, "A Journey on Foot to Amack." No one being willing to publish it—for few booksellers are wise or generous enough to risk their money on young and nameless authors, however talented—he ventured it himself, and sold the first edition in a few days. The second was purchased by a publisher, who soon sold it, and published a third. It was also reprinted in Sweden. Every one read it, and Andersen was intoxicated with joy. The flowers and garlands of his childhood began to bloom again, even in the midst of the thorns.

In another year he passed his examination, and published the first edition of his collected poems, which had great success. This was in 1829. The next summer he started off on a tour to Jutland, where he fell in love, and became acquainted with the poems of Heinrich Heine, who displaced his early idol Hoffman. The *bizarre* imagination and fantastic humor of Hoffman influenced Andersen in the composition of "The Journey to Amack;" he became morbid, and sought out the shady side of things. His education, as might have been expected, was by no means perfect, and his first book was not without grammatical blunders. These were jeered at in certain quarters, and the real merits of the book overlooked. He suffered from these malicious attacks, but bore it patiently and silently.

In the spring of 1831 he made a tour in North Germany, quitting Denmark for the first time. (From this time forward, we remark *en parenthèses*, he seems to have had a passion for traveling, devoting to it the proceeds of his various works.) In Dresden he met Tieck, who read Shakspeare to him; and in Berlin, Chamisso, who translated some of his poems into German.

On his return to Copenhagen, he published his impressions of travel under the title of "Journey Shadows." And now Andersen was afloat, as a man of letters, on the wide sea of literature, a poor author, living as he best could. From 1828 to 1839 he lived by his pen, writing books, operas, plays, and what not. For one composer he wrote the text of an opera entitled "The Raven;" for another he worked over Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor;" and for his old friend Weyse, who befriended him when he first came to Copenhagen, in the house of Siboni, the novel of "Kenilworth." In the same year he brought out a new collection of poems, "The Twelve Months of the Year," which contained several of his best poems.

A traveling pension having been granted him, he made a journey to Paris, where he met Heine and Victor Hugo. (We remark here that he seems always to have had a passion for celebrated *littérateurs*, always seeking them out on his arrival in strange lands.) In 1833 he departed for Italy, and realized for the first time the true beauty of art. At Rome he met his famous countryman, the sculptor Thorwalsden, ever after one of his dearest friends. Thorwalsden showed him his statues, and he read Thorwalsden his poetry. "It is just as if I were walking in the woods at home," said the sweet-souled Phidias; "I hear the Danish lakes;" and he kissed the poet, after the fashion of the northern nations.

While in Italy Andersen began his first novel, "The Improvisatore," part truth and part fiction: it painted the events of his early life in gorgeous colors, with a proper haze of imagination. It was published on his return to Denmark, and soon after translated into German. A few years ago it was translated into English by Mary Howitt, and also into Dutch and Russian. It is probably his best novel, and the one by which he is most known. Then came "O. T.," and in 1837 "Only a Fiddler." They were quite successful with the public, but the critics were still ill-natured, feigning to find in them "the common grammatical blunders of Andersen."

In 1840 he went to Italy the second time, and from thence to Greece and Constantinople. While at Constantinople, Mohammed's birth-day occurred; the city was illuminated, and Andersen was carried completely into "The Thousand and One Nights," as in the days of his childhood.

> "A goodly place, a goodly time,
> For it was in the golden prime
> Of good Haroun Al Raschid."

Returning to Copenhagen again in 1841; he wrote his travel recollections, under the title of "A Poet's Bazaar," which made quite a hit, albeit the critics disliked it.

He had now troops of friends, gentlemen of fortune, who invited him to their splendid summer residences. For the first time he lived amid beautiful Danish scenery—by the silent lakes, in the woods, on the green pastures, where the game sprang past him, and the stork paced along on his red legs. Nature around and within him preached to him his calling, and taught him his wonderful "Fairy Tales." It is by these tales that he is most known, and by them that he will be chiefly known in the future.

In 1835, shortly after the publication of "The Improvisatore," appeared the first volume of "Andersen's Tales." They were not much thought of. Where productiveness in a new direction should have been recognized as a merit, it reaped only censure; some of his friends endeavored to dissuade him from writing tales at all; others blamed him for not following the French models.

In his first volume, like Musæus, he told the old stories that he himself had heard in his youth, although in his own way. The collection closed with an original tale, which gave the most satisfaction, notwithstanding it bore a close affinity to one of Hoffman's. In his increasing disposition for tales, he followed therefore his own impulses, and invented for himself. In the following year appeared a second volume, and soon after a third, wherein the longest tale, "The Little Mermaid," was his own invention. By this really admirable tale, interest was awakened and increased with the following volume; every Christmas appeared a new one, and soon no Christmas-Tree was to be found without them.

Some of the best comic actors adapted them to the stage. "The Constant Tin Soldier," "The Royal Swineherd," and one or two others, were played at the Royal Theater with success. To give the reader a proper point of view, he entitled his first volume "Tales told for Children." He wrote them just as he related them to the children of his friends, in the same simple style, and with the same expressions; the children made themselves merry with the story, the older folks were interested in the moral. When once their aim was understood, he removed the appendage, "told for Children," and published them simply as "Tales."

Thorwalsden, who had now returned from Rome, was very fond of them, and in the twilight, when the family circle sat in the open garden parlor, he used to creep up behind the musing poet, and slap him on the back, saying, "Shall we little ones have no tales to-night?" In his warm, earnest way, he praised Andersen for the beauty and truth of his little fictions, and made him tell the same stories over and over. Even in his studio, dreaming of gods and goddesses, he did not disdain "The Ugly Duckling."

In 1842 Andersen wrote a drama, "The Bird in the Pear-Tree;" and in 1843 made another visit to Paris, where he met Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Alexander Dumas, and Rachel. The jovial Alexander he generally found in bed, writing tragedies. (Did Shakspeare write Hamlet and Lear so?) On his return, he visited Freiligrath at St. Goars, on the Rhine. But we must not forget, while running over his list of great friends, to mention the name of one whom he met in 1840—Jenny Lind. Partly by his persuasion and advice she appeared in opera at Copenhagen, and created a furor. "Through Jenny Lind," says he, "did I first know the holiness of art; through her did I first learn that one must forget one's self in the service of the Supreme. No books, no men, have worked on me as a poet in a better or more ennobling sense than Jenny Lind."

In the summer of 1844 he revisited Germany, where he met Maurice Retsch, the painter, and illustrator of Göthe and Shakspeare. On his return to Copenhagen he had the honor of visiting the king and queen, to whom he read his tales. The next year his pension was increased. In 1844 he wrote a drama, "The Flower of Fortune." In 1845 he left for Italy again.

At Rendsbergh he became acquainted with the artist Specter, who had illustrated his tales. On their way to the theater one evening they passed an elegant house.

"We must first go in here, my dear friend," said Specter; "a rich family lives here, friends of mine—friends of your stories. The children will be happy."

"But the opera," said Andersen.

"Only two minutes," replied Specter,

and drew him into the house, mentioned his name, and the crowd of children collected; "and now tell us a story," said he.

Andersen told one, and hastened to reach the theater. "That was an extraordinary visit," said he.

"An excellent one, an extremely remarkable one," said Specter. "Think: the children are full of Andersen and his tales; suddenly he stands in the midst of them, tells one himself, and is off, vanished! That of itself is a tale for the children; that will make a vivid impression on their memories."

At Berlin he visited the brothers Grimm, and Tieck, the poet, and dined at the royal table by the side of Humboldt. Shortly afterward he spent the evening with their Majesties at their castle in Potsdam, and read "The Fir-Tree," "The Ugly Duckling," and "The Swineherd." At Leipzig he was introduced to the composer Mendelssohn, and in Vienna, to the celebrated musicians Listz and Ernst. Reaching Rome, he visited the islands of Capri and Ischia, and went to Tarento, the city of Tasso. Returning, he met Ole Bull at Marseilles, who brought him news of his tales in America. At Nismes he visited the baker-poet Reboul, and from thence proceeded to the Pyrenees, where he penned "The Story of my Life," bringing it down to July, 1846.

Since then he has traveled in other directions, and written other books, among which are "Travels in the Hartz Mountains," "Ahasuerus," and "The Two Barometers." Added to those we have already mentioned, the list is quite voluminous, and there are, perhaps, others unknown to English readers, the last Leipzig edition of his writings consisting of thirty-five volumes.

Andersen stands before the public in the fourfold capacity of poet, novelist, traveler, and writer of fairy-lore. With his poetry we are unacquainted, it not being "done into" English yet; one specimen we remember to have seen, in, if we are not mistaken, the memoir prefixed to Mary Howitt's translation of "The Improvisatore," and very beautiful it was, full of nature and feeling; a pastoral on a young miller's love for his master's daughter.

His novels and books of travel are pleasant, light reading. He has considerable skill in portraiture, and his descriptions of nature are vivid and life-like. In "The Improvisatore," his warm and glowing fancy riots in gorgeous Italian scenery, showering abroad "barbaric pearl and gold." Antonio the improvisator is Andersen himself. Indeed, all his books give one a feeling of the man Andersen, running over with a personality which in any one else would be egotism.

For his fairy tales, they seem to us the finest ever written. The class of literature to which they belong is probably the most ancient in the world, dating from the golden age, when men spoke in allegories and fables, and beguiled their leisure hours in relating wild and imaginative stories. Alike, the most savage and the most civilized of nations have their fairy-lore. The mythology of Greece and Rome is, in its abstract, based upon it, as is that of most European nations. The early literature of France, England, and Germany is prolific in the fairy element. It is the soul of the old rhyming chronicles of the two former countries. Witness the famous romance "Morte D'Arthur," in which the wounded king is borne by the fairy queen

"To the island valley of Avilion."

Charles Perrault and Madame D'Aulnoy are among the best of the later French story-tellers. It is in Germany, however, that the fairy element has been most finely and most characteristically developed.

Andersen, however, is the master of the school, the very sovereign of the whole realm of fairy-land. We doubt whether his poetry is near so poetical as his tales; certainly it cannot exhibit their creative imagination—the poem proper demanding a severity of treatment wholly at variance with the latitude of the fairy story. To us they read like children's poetry—little prose poems, full of nature and simplicity.

The wildest and most extravagant has a certain completeness of conception, and a wonderful finish of execution—the perfection of art, because it is art concealed. They seem to gush from his brain like brooks, to grow from his heart like flowers. No matter what may be their object, whether to inculcate a moral, or to riot in the world of imagination—whether dealing with mortals like ourselves, or with fairies and angels, and the personifications of abstract qualities—they are alike excellent, and alike beautiful.

[For the National Magazine.]

A MEDITATION ON TOBACCO.

WHEN and where the noxious yet favorite weed first sprang, are questions as difficult to answer as the same questions relative to the venomous tribes that crawl, or swim, or fly. That it never grew in or out of Paradise before the fall, is evident I think from the fact that the earth was not then cursed, nor condemned to bring forth thorns and thistles, which include the whole congeries of useless and hurtful vegetable products. Whether it was known to the ancients, neither Moses, the Jewish legislator, nor Moses, the erudite son of Dr. Primrose, has condescended to tell us. Egypt was not only the cradle of the arts, but, if we may take Egyptian authority for it, was also the birth-place of man, he having sprung from the soft and fertile mud of the Nile, as musquitoes are supposed to start up spontaneously from a stagnant pond.

Was tobacco known to the Egyptians? Now there is one sharp argument that cuts right through the question, and lets the light of day shine upon its very core: Egypt was as prolific in gods as she was in men. They grew in the forms of leeks, garlic, and onions. Whatever was relished as an edible, was adored as a deity; and as tobacco is not once named either by Herodotus or Diodorus Siculus, the presumption grows into proof that the Egyptians knew nothing about it. Nay, the proof turns to outright demonstration when it is considered that if the plant had been known to these people it would have received the highest worship as the Jupiter of garden-gods. This logical conclusion needs no strengthening, but it is abundantly stiffened by an analogy furnished in our own times. Human nature is everywhere much the same, and as the world is now generally given to this new idolatry, the inference is beyond a question that the Egyptians would have been equally guilty had they been equally knowing.

As it is clear that the earliest nation of the world knew nothing of this plant, so the evidence is about as strong that later nations were ignorant of its existence. The Greeks and Romans, like most other people, were fond of stimulants and good eating. We are pretty well acquainted with the several dishes of their choice, from the fat bacon and cabbage, the favorite dish of Horace, to the peacock's tongues that adorned the imperial tables. Wines of every degree of strength and every variety of flavor were common, but we look in vain for any notice of tobacco as an appendage to the ancient meal. Heliogabalus, after a surfeit of all that could gratify either a natural or acquired taste, advertised a munificent reward for a new pleasure. But no one offered tobacco. The inference is again clear that the plant was unknown. Besides, if it had been known to the age of that sensualist whom Tacitus, with singular indelicacy for a model historian, calls a hog, I am sure that it never could have dropped out of the list of luxuries. Now as no one will pretend that Europe, Asia, or Africa knew anything of the stimulating weed in modern times before the discovery of America, the final inference comes that it is exclusively of American origin.

But how came this plant ever to grow out of the earth? As I am unskilled in botanical knowledge, I must depend on the researches of a humorous old philosopher, who records the following Indian tradition as the likeliest answer to the question:—

"A great many years ago, long before the white man came to these shores in his big canoe, a goddess in human shape came down from the clouds and sat upon the ground. Her two hands rested on the earth beside her. After sitting awhile, she slowly arose and returned through the air to the place from whence she came. The Indian hunter who saw her come down and go up again marked the spot, and fenced it round with sticks as holy ground. In the course of time he came to do religious reverence to the place, when to his great surprise he saw, where the goddess's left hand had rested, a few stalks of full-grown wheat. On the spot where she had placed her right hand stood a stalk of maize, with its long green blades and full-eared corn. Between the two, where she had sat, sprang the first plant which now bears the name of tobacco."

Whether this story is true or not, I leave to the reader's enlightened judgment to decide. My opinion, not heretofore given to the world, is, that it rests on as good a foundation as the legends of the venerable Church of Rome, which her unerring priests still repeat to the amazement of the profane, and which the faithful, especially the Irish, still devoutly believe. Some think they see lurking in the story a sly satire on tobacco itself.

But this is a supposition too absurd to be entertained for a moment; for if it could be admitted, it would seriously damage the truthfulness of the whole narrative. At any rate, one thing is certain, that it is the only minute account we have of the first growth of the popular plant.

Whatever skeptical doubts may still prey upon the minds of some in relation to the foregoing story of its origin, there can be no reasonable question about its nature. It is a poison. The highest medical and chemical authorities assert this; nay, and prove it too by undeniable facts. A drop of the oil of tobacco will kill a bird, a cat, or a dog. For the benefit of mankind the cruel experiment has been tried. A late distinguished physician in this country "*exhibited*" tobacco to a sick child; that is, according to the professional import of the term, he gave the child a dose of the tincture, or oil, or I know not what, of the weed. That child has never needed medicine since, and never will again. The doctor himself was candid enough to confess the fatal blunder to a class of students as a warning, to be remembered in their practice. The first effect of the plant is commonly proof enough of its poisonous nature. Earthquakes, they say, make people sick and faint. Sea-sickness is worse still. When Dickens was under its power, the only thing that he enjoyed was what he called an infernal pleasure in the idea that his sick wife in the opposite berth could n't talk to him. An American divine says, that when he took sick at sea the Atlantic looked to him like a magnificent dose of ipecacuanha. Bad enough in all conscience is sea-sickness. But sickness produced by the poison of tobacco is worst of all. It is worse than lobelia, ipecac, tartar, blue billows, and earthquakes in the old heroic dose. It turns the stomach inside out and upside down, "reverses the peristaltic action," say the doctors wisely; and while the reversed action is going on toward death or recovery, the unhappy victim repents his rashness, and vows that he never will taste the weed again.

"The obvious and easy answer to all this," says a young gentleman with a cigar in mouth, and heels higher than his head, "is, that old men chew, and snuff, and smoke as they have done from their boyhood. A slow poison, verily!"

The truth remains, nevertheless, a truth against this flippant objection. Some poisons kill in a few hours. Others exhaust the powers of the human constitution by gentle degrees, sparing life, but making it miserable by the reduction of its vigor. The veteran smoker would be a stronger man if he had never used the poisonous weed. God gave him a constitution capable of resisting the effect of it for more than half a century. Without it he might reach a century, and die a natural death. Few, however, are favored with such power of endurance. And of all the consumers of tobacco, it is true that they linger out their days in crippled health, and die before their time. In a word, they die by poison. Take a parallel case. The opium-eater lives on, now excited to delirious joy, and now the picture of melancholy madness. He reaches old age, and dies at last saturated with his favorite drug. Does any one deny that opium is a poison, because the human frame is so wonderfully made that it does not perish at once under its effect? Habitual laudanum-drinkers are known to swallow a pint a day. A tithe of it in the beginning of the habit would have settled the question of its poisonous nature without further argument. The devotees of tobacco are only another variety of self-destroyers, who kill themselves by a poison as sure, though not so swift as opium.

The only exception to its killing effect with which I am acquainted is a great thick, fat, green, voluptuous worm. He crawls over the growing leaf, eating it as he goes, without waiting until it is disguised by liquorice, sugar, or copperas, or even the harmless saliva of the tobacconist's boys. This worm is sometimes crushed on the leaf, and in due season becomes a part of the fragrant cigar, or a component of fine-cut, or the delicious cavendish.

Smoking is the most general, and why I cannot tell, the most genteel style of indulgence. The savage heathen of the American wilderness gave the plant to the Christians of Europe and taught them how to consume it. No one will doubt that the lesson has been well learned. The stench of burned tobacco, like the breath of a new pestilence, is in the houses of the rich, and the crowded quarters of the poor. One class draw the odor through a shilling cigar, and another through a

ha'penny clay-pipe. Some blow the smoke through their nostrils, and others, like the great dragon of the Revelation, disgorge it at their mouths. They look as if they had exchanged their humanity for the nature of salamanders, and the inexperienced, like Sir Walter's servant, might suppose them just ready to burst into flames. Perhaps there may be a design in this to get used to fire and smoke for a future operation somewhere else. This, however, is only an hypothesis. Fire is said to be the first element of civilization. It was the first thing that Columbus saw on the night of his great discovery. Whether it was the gleaming light of a great tobacco-pipe in the mouth of some old Sachem, is a question that comes too late for antiquarian research. If the fact could be established by such proof as generally satisfies that harmless class of men who are always noseing their way through the past, it would go far to prove a high degree of civilization among the aborigines of the land. Or, if it failed to prove that, it would at least show that there is a relic of barbarism among the otherwise civilized men of our time; for they not only carry a tobacco-coal under their nostrils, but, for convenient lighting, keep on hand a good supply of a hasty match which most suggestively bears the name of one Lucifer.

Next to the pipe came the use of the quid. In this paper of quiet meditations it is my endeavor, as far as possible, to seek out the origin of these practices. I fear, however, that I shall be much puzzled to give any rational account as to how the first chewer ever did, or could begin the habit. It is easy to put on the gravity of a philosopher, and say that one evil begets another; and it is just as easy to produce from the Dictionary of Quotations a saying, beginning with the words "*Facilis descensus Averni*," in which the poet shows that the way to the devil is an inclined plane, at the top of which you have only to take the first step, and gravitation will soon do the rest. All this is easy enough. But it is the part of a true philosopher to see and clearly explain to others *how* one evil leads to another, or the order of connection between the several downward steps. The question then to be answered is flatly this: How did the practice of chewing tobacco begin? The most probable answer is, that some hard smoker, who had unconsciously accustomed himself to chewing one end of his cigar while he drew smoke from the other, came at last to prefer the masticating process to the agreeable stench of the burning leaf. The discovery was made. Fire was no longer necessary to develop the stimulating property of tobacco. The human mouth was found to be a sufficient laboratory, and the teeth, tongue, and salivary glands a complete apparatus. From an individual example the practice gradually became general; so much so that lovers' sighs were freighted with the perfume of the weed, and the Gospel was made to breathe love, mercy, and tobacco. I am convinced that the author of evil was not altogether guiltless in the matter, though doubtless the practice has prevailed beyond his most sanguine expectations. He had before tested man's utmost capacity for vice. He now induced him to eat tobacco, and smiled at the success of an experiment on his capacity for filth.

After men had well smoked and chewed, some ingenious benefactor, or malefactor, or sly tradesman with an eye to profit, took it into his head to furnish a new variety, to be taken in at the nose. Wise observers of nature had long before remarked, that the primary object of this organ was convenient breathing; and they had learned to admire the goodness which, as if by a happy afterthought, made it the seat of an additional sense. It might have been reasonably hoped that this delicate and comely organ would be permitted to serve the manifest purposes of beneficent nature without perversion. But strangely enough, men in all ages seem to have had a quarrel with the human nose. Barbarians have obstructed its passages with golden ornaments, and the Jews, so prone to imitate the nations around them, adopted the gentile custom. Djezzar, the Butcher, amused himself by cutting off the noses of his servants for small offenses, and pious Archbishop Laud thought a slit nose the just punishment of little disagreements with the Church of England. And a tweaked, or bloody nose, now given and now received, especially the latter, is among the most unpleasant recollections of our boyhood. But of all the abuses to which the unoffending member has been exposed, that of choking it with snuff is the most degrading. I have given to the lovers of the quid the distinction of ex-

cessive filthiness, and I shall not recall it, though some may not unreasonably doubt; for, certainly, there is a peculiar nastiness about snuff-taking which it requires uncommon care to hide. The smoker may give offense to decency by the odor of his breath, or the cloud which he raises around you. The chewer may equally offend with his breath, and, without intending the least harm in the world, may sprinkle you with the spray of his flying gob. But the sight of a veteran snuff-taker's nose, especially if the nostrils happen to be so shaped as irresistibly to invite casual inspection, is about as severe a test as any stomach but an anatomist's can endure.

Among the evil effects of tobacco on both the bodies and minds of its consumers, the first I notice is that peculiar sickness, already described, which leaves an impression on the memory never to be erased. It is the chastening hand of offended nature—a merciful severity, intended to deter us from the repetition of the offense. Indeed, it may be fairly regarded as both a present chastisement and a prophetic warning of worse woes to come. So I have heard a justly incensed but pitiful father, while in the act of flogging a rebellious varlet, console him with the assurance, that if he should ever transgress again he would not leave enough skin on him to make a razor-strop. The passionate parent who threatens in this style may possibly prove capricious, and neglect to fulfill his interesting engagement; but nature, faithful and true, never forgives an injury, but most punctually redeems every promise of punishment in due time.

Among the earliest penalties of the habit is the creation of an unnatural appetite, which in a large majority of cases defies control. The wise Creator gave us such appetites as are both necessary and agreeable to us, and over these he has granted us the power of free agents. We may choose our food from among all the vegetable or animal tribes which nature and experience have pointed out as good for man. The taste for any particular species is easily controlled. No distressing inconvenience is felt on a change of diet. Even bread itself, which is the most general food of man, may be exchanged for a half dozen other articles, any one of which is dissimilar to the rest, and yet we shall suffer no painful longing by the change. Such is nature's gentle and tolerant economy. But when we make to ourselves artificial appetites, the case is governed by a new rule as exclusive and despotic as any tyrant might wish. We see it illustrated in the cases of habitual drinkers, opium-eaters, and tobacco-consumers. The taste for opium, tobacco, and alcohol is wholly acquired, and when once formed becomes ungovernable. The opium-eater, when deprived of the drug, sinks into a distressing melancholy, verging to madness. The drunkard "swears off," and in less than three days, if he cannot get liquor in any other way, will tap a cask containing a corpse, and draw off a most refreshing draught. And the tobacco-chewer will avail himself of any means to relieve the keen cravings of his mad appetite.

But these are far from the worst effects of the evil. Dyspepsia, and its inevitable result, melancholy spirits, will surely come sooner or later, according to the strength of the constitution. How can it be otherwise, with a slow poison continually flowing into the stomach, and mixing with the blood to be conveyed to every part of the body, while the whole system, under alternate excitement and reaction, has no moment of natural repose? Nervous tremors, loss of memory, and a general premature decay of the intellectual faculties, are among the consequences of the unnatural habit. Besides these, it is well known that polypus of the nose is brought on by the use of snuff; and cancer, or something very like cancer of the mouth and lips, pays the penalty of smoking. The finest voice is soon spoiled by snuff, and the sweetest breath is corrupted by the quid; while a foul breath acquires by it an insufferable stench, which needs only the addition of an alcoholic odor to make it smell worse than any receiving-vault in dog-days. It is too well known to need confirmation, that various substances taken into the stomach will find their way to every part of the body, and though absorbed, still retain their specific properties. Madder mixed with their food, will discolor the very bones of chickens. The flesh of the fish-hawk and fish-eating duck tastes quite as much of fish as of fowl. Brandy may be drawn from the veins of a free drinker sufficiently strong to take fire from a match. Tobacco is as penetrating as either, giving to the flesh its own

peculiar tang. An inveterate chewer or smoker, under the operation of a hot vapor bath, will fill the room with an odor about like that of a well-burned pipe. But the most striking illustration of this fact was communicated to Commodore Wilkes, of the Exploring Expedition, by a savage of the Feejee Islands. He stated that a vessel, the hulk of which was still lying on the beach, had come ashore in a storm, and that all the crew had fallen into the hands of the islanders.

"What did you do with them?" inquired Wilkes.

"Killed 'em all," answered the savage.

"What did you do with them after you had killed them?"

"Eat 'em good," returned the cannibal.

"Did you eat them all?" asked the half-sick commodore.

"Yes, we eat all but one."

"And why did you spare one?"

"Because he taste too much like tobacco. Could n't eat him no how!"

It is time to close this account of consequences to the lover of the box and pipe. A single suggestion, however, may be made for his comfort. If he should happen to fall into the hands of New Zealand savages, or get shipwrecked somewhere in the Feejeean group, he will have the consolation of knowing that he will not be cut into steaks, and buried without liturgy in the unconsecrated stomach of a cannibal.

In a world abounding with such vile habits as this paper censures, it is a serious misfortune to be too nice; but it is a misfortune which a delicate taste must endure, until society becomes sufficiently refined to throw off the evil, or at least retain it only in secret. Whether the time has yet come when it might be safe to try the virtue of a penal statute, as a suitable aid to moral suasion, is a question which demands a doubt. The friends of prohibitory liquor laws would of course favor it, though we apprehend with diminished zeal, as certain personal sacrifices would be required on the part of many of them to give their zeal a good honest countenance. Besides, as good, moral, and sanatory laws are seldom in these days made without the aid of the clergy, there is some reason for supposing that quite a number of the venerable order would have to be labored with before they could heartily embrace the cause. At present the utmost that we may hope in the direction of reform, regards posterity more than ourselves.

As histories of personal experience are commonly more entertaining than dry discussion, I think it proper to conclude this paper with a narrative furnished by a friend:—

"It was about the fifteenth year of my life that I began to think the filthiest of human practices a necessary accomplishment of manhood. Accordingly, as I desired no longer to be regarded as a boy, I took to the use of tobacco. I remember well my first cigar. A knot of boys younger than myself stood about me, and as I smoked, I imagined they looked upon me with a degree of respect to which I had not been accustomed. I soon, however, began to pay the penalty of my vain and rash adventure. The first sensation was in the region of the stomach, immediately followed by a copious discharge of saliva; then a distressing faintness, accompanied with an indistinctness of vision. Then came vomiting and retching, a cold clammy sweat, a relaxation of the whole muscular system, insensibility for a while, and then a gradual recovery. I need not say that I resolved to use the weed no more. A few months, however, and the remembrance of the sickness became less acute. As I was tempted by the example of nearly all around me, I tried it again, but with more caution; and to my great satisfaction, found that I could smoke a little without material uneasiness. Encouraged by this partial success, I soon found myself an habitual smoker, and that, too, without the means of gratifying my recently-acquired appetite. My father's example had done much toward making me a smoker, yet he was careful not to furnish me with pennies for purchasing either pipe or cigar. Indeed I was obliged to conceal from him my fondness for the weed, for though he had led the way, I was afraid he would chastise me for following in his steps. The consequence was, that whatever loose change I found on the mantels, or in the cupboards, I carefully reserved for the purchase of the forbidden article. As my income was very small, I was obliged to use, not the fragrant regalia from Cuba, but an article of home product and domestic manufacture. The boys quite significantly described their quality by saying that they were to be had for a cent a grab. This, like most other slang phrases, exceeded the truth, for he was accounted a generous dealer who for a cent paid down would give more than *four*.

"The use of these imparted no very agreeable odor to my breath, and this, with the occasional want of means to get any kind of a cigar, made me heartily wish I had not learned to smoke. One day, as I was lamenting my inability to patronize the cigar-maker, a lad older than myself suggested that the quid was a cheap and excellent substitute. I resolved to try it. Experiment soon convinced me that he was right. I quit the cigar and took to the pigtail, and was soon delighted to find that the use of the latter nearly extinguished the desire for the former. Besides, I found constant chewing to

be less troublesome than occasional smoking. This was a decided gain, as I could chew without interruption, excepting the hours given to sleep. Like the tobacco-worm, I could silently suck the juice from the weed all day long; but as a smoker, my enjoyment was frequently interrupted by the calls of business, the society of young ladies, and the seasons of devotion. I never could go to my knees with a lighted cigar, though I cannot tell why the law of worship should not tolerate that as well as chewing and praying at the same time. To smoke in church was clearly out of the question. I doubt whether the sexton would not have punished the attempt by a summary ejectment — a sort of *heave*-offering, unknown to either Jewish or Christian ritual. As a chewer, however, I could indulge as freely in the sanctuary as elsewhere, being kept fully in countenance by older worshipers, the 'latchet of whose shoes I was not worthy to unloose.' In a word, as a great critic said of the comparative merit of two great poets, so I say of the respective lovers of the pipe and quid: 'If the flights of the first are higher, the last continues longer on the wing.' But alas! I soon found that whatever might be the advantages of the new mode of consuming the weed, it was attended with several serious annoyances. My teeth, despite the occasional use of the brush, lost their ivory whiteness. The corners of my mouth exhibited generally a plentiful supply of the essence of the popular plant, and sometimes, owing to unusual carelessness, two small streams found their way, one from each corner, toward my chin, while the outer edges of both upper and nether lips were adorned with lines of the same color and substance. In company I was often put to most trying inconveniences. I have entered a house intending to stay but a few moments, and instead of throwing away the half-chewed cud, I have unfortunately carried it in with me. The conversation went on until my mouth began to fill. Each word was spoken with increasing difficulty, as a man talks with a jumping toothache, until at last I was obliged to swallow my saliva and endure the hiccough for half an hour. On one occasion I was placed in one of those awkward dilemmas of which chewers are frequently in danger. In a mixed company, the conversation turned on subjects of no importance, and I withdrew to a corner of the room, to indulge in my favorite weed. My intention was to let the tobacco lie in my mouth without chewing it, so that if I should be required to answer any question I might be put to no inconvenience.

Spittoon there was none, or my precaution would have been needless. At length the conversation, which had been gradually running down, stopped short. It was one of those unpleasant pauses during which each one desired to speak, but knew not what to say. In spite of all my caution, my mouth had by degrees become full. There I sat, quietly thinking what I had better do. If I should attempt to move toward the door, I was sure some one would ask if I were going, and I was not in a condition to answer that, or any other question. While thus thinking how to escape, or what to do, a pious young lady most provokingly broke the dead silence by asking me to sing—

"'I love to steal awhile away.'

Not a moment was to be lost. I immediately concluded that I had better *act*, than attempt to *sing* it; so springing from my seat, I ran to the door and as soon as possible emptied my distended mouth—hurried back in a perfect bath of sweat, and remarked to the young lady that I would sooner at any time give such a practical illustration of the inelegant line than put a tune to it. The whole company thought it extremely witty, and testified their pleasure by roars of laughter. That time I fairly escaped.

"I have often felt much annoyed at meeting one or more of my lady acquaintance in the street, whose fair eyes I could see were looking directly at my foul mouth, and glancing from thence to my linen, which, notwithstanding all my efforts to keep it unsoiled, was filthily spotted with tobacco-juice. The consequence of this was a hurried manner, a timid look, and a general sheepishness of behavior, which certainly produced no favorable opinion of my good-breeding. To avoid these disagreeable results, I have at other times prepared myself for company which I saw approaching, by wiping out the corners of my mouth, and have always found my assurance to increase in proportion as my face was clean.

"One of the most mortifying instances of my carelessness I have yet to relate. On a fine morning in summer, as I sat in my arm-chair near the front window of the second story, I became much interested in a favorite book. As I read on the saliva continually increased in my mouth, and, without observing it, I ground my tobacco into a thousand small pieces which floated over my tongue and among my teeth, until I could contain the half-liquid, half-leafy compound no longer. At that moment a lady, who was enjoying a morning walk, stepped so softly beneath my window that I heard no sound of a footstep, and, without looking, I emptied the contents of my surcharged mouth as I supposed on the pavement. A scream from beneath instantly told of the mischief I had done. I looked and saw a white satin bonnet and light silk dress thoroughly bespattered and ruined. My first thought was to apologize; but I instantly perceived that it was one of those offenses that put all apology out of countenance. It looked like apologizing for murder over the mangled and bleeding corpse. I was next inclined to offer her a new bonnet and dress, but feared she might regard the offer as an insult added to injury. In this predicament I was unable to determine what to do until she had turned the corner and was out of sight. Her disappearance relieved me to some extent; but still I felt guilty of spoliation, indecency, and inexcusable carelessness. The lesson was not lost upon me, for I determined that I would not spit from a window again without first knowing that no one stood beneath—a resolution which I have faithfully kept from that day until now.

"Besides these occasional vexations, to which every chewer is liable, I was a thousand times disgusted with the very taste of the bitter weed, and not unfrequently did I give away my box with a full determination never to resume its use. But it always happened that in an hour

after I had cleaned my mouth, and restored my teeth to something like their natural color, it seemed to me as if the *moderate* and *decent* use of tobacco was, after all, no very blame-worthy thing. The next thing, of course, was a resort to the quid, which tasted all the better for an hour's fast.

"I say nothing of soiled carpets and be-spattered brasses, which, notwithstanding the chewer's best care, will frequently annoy the tidy housewife, and make her wish that such guests would take themselves to the back yard for indulgence in their favorite pleasure; and I have often wondered with what kind of feeling the mistress of the house, or her girl Betty, has lifted the lid, and observed the contents of that most odious utensil—the spittoon; especially when the dark liquid, mixed with the well-chewed cud, has risen above the central hole of the vessel. Such a full-charged one I saw once, which owed its mass of intolerable filth to one bishop, two presbyters, a deacon, and a young licentiate. Pah! I was afraid that some foot more careless than my own might turn it loose on the carpet!

"I have been until within a year an inveterate chewer. The history of my emancipation is brief. Loss of appetite, nervous irritability, tremors, a decaying memory, disturbed sleep, pains in the breast, and great depression of spirits, I had learned to be some of the usual effects of the slavish habit, and my own experience began to give woeful confirmation to all I had read concerning these effects. At length, for reasons already stated, as well as a natural regard for my life and health, I resolved to be free. I broke the chain at once. A resolution strongly taken did the work. I threw my box away, emptied my pockets of every particle of tobacco, cleansed my teeth thoroughly, and washed my tongue down to the roots. No substitute was allowed—no cigar for the loss of the quid—no camomile flowers—no slippery elm bark—nothing, absolutely nothing that could by possibility tempt me back. The first day there was a roaring noise in my head like the sound of distant seas. At times I scarcely knew where I was, or what I did. The second day was worse than the first. Every nerve pleaded for tobacco. The scent of a cigar, or the breath of a chewer, was as grateful to my nostrils as the smell of an eating-house to a starving wretch outside. My resolution began to fail. The wooden Indian before the tobacconist's door, with a bunch of cigars or a roll of tobacco in his hand, looked like a greater benefactor than all the Howards that ever lived. Before I was well aware of it I had passed in at the door, and was standing at the counter with my pocket-book in hand. The crisis had come. I turned and left the shop, walked a few steps and halted. '*Never*' said I, and my teeth came together with gnashing violence as I said it. I felt victorious. On the third day I was easier. My nerves grew calm, and the benefits of the change soon followed—better health, cheerful spirits, and a feeling of joyous triumph over the filthiest habit of civilized life. Until this day, however, I dare not trust myself in the presence of those who retire from the dining-room to chew or smoke. I am in free territory, but the border-line is always in sight."

LIFE IN ABYSSINIA.

THERE is scarcely a country on the map of the earth more interesting to either the Christian inquirer or the student of history than the kingdom of Abyssinia. Situated almost in the center of the torrid zone, between the land of Egypt, the country of the barbarous Shangalla, the Red Sea, and the great African Desert, it seems cut off alike from the knowledge and the commerce of Europe. There are, nevertheless, links that bind it to the sympathies of Christendom. Abyssinia was the ancient Ethiopia so often mentioned in the Scriptures, and governed by that queen Candace, whose treasurer was instructed and baptized by the Apostle Philip. The natives assert that their country was Sheba, and in the days of its ancient glory was governed only by queens; one of whom, having journeyed to hear the wisdom of Solomon, established the Hebrew faith on her return, which continued to be the religion of the land till it was converted to Christianity by the preaching of Philip. The story in the Acts seems, in some degree, to favor this tradition. The treasurer was probably the disciple of Moses before he became that of Christ; and it is certain, that not only did the persecuted Christians of Egypt find refuge in Abyssinia from the pagan Romans and the invading Saracens, but, ever since the middle of the fourth century, the form and profession of Christianity has been maintained in that African land, in spite of continual wars among its different tribes, and with the pagan and Mohammedan nations by whom it is surrounded. The light thus long preserved is, however, but a feeble flame struggling through the thick darkness of degrading superstition, dissolute morals, and general barbarism. The Abyssinian Church retains, besides a multitude of minor observances, that peculiar ceremony of the Mosaic law which Christian baptism superseded; it observes both the Jewish and Christian Sabbaths; and though never subject to the Romish pontiff, patronizes monachism, enjoins the adoration of saints, and does little for the instruction of either people or clergy.

Abyssinia has, moreover, some natural features of peculiar interest. The country consists of mountain chains, with wide valleys, or rather plains, between them.

One of the highest of these ridges divides it into two provinces, which, as it were, interchange the seasons. While the tropical winter pours down its continuous rain on the eastern side, the cloudless sky of summer bends over the western. When the rain sets in there, the summer returns to the east, and the natives follow that genial season by migrating with all their flocks across the mountains. The teff, or corn of Abyssinia, is a grain no larger than the head of a small pin. In its valleys grazes the great galla ox, with horns four feet in length. In its southern hills lie the fountains of the Nile, first made known to Europe by the enterprising and much-criticised traveler Bruce. Very few have followed his steps even in our traveling times. The track lies too far from European civilization. But the latest explorer, Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, has lately published the notes and observations of a pedestrian journey through the whole length of Abyssinia in a very interesting work.

Like a true and hardy traveler, he assumed the habit and equipments of an ordinary native, wearing the costume and accepting the privations of the country. His dress was a long coarse cotton scarf, with drawers of the same. A red cap, with which he reached the first town, was borrowed of him and never returned; the sandals were given up in less than a month; and for three years, Mr. Parkyns says, "I wore no covering to my head, except a little butter when I could get it, nor to my feet, except the horny sole, which a few months' rough usage placed under them."

In this primitive equipage the traveler journeyed over the great plains. Many are his strange pictures of shepherd villages, with flocks grazing on the boundless pastures round them; of circular churches, with thatch roofs and pillars of cedar; of mountain fortresses built high on the gray rocks; of towns with earthen ramparts, and merchant caravans with their laden oxen and elephants. Mr. Parkyns also tells us something of the courts and camps of those petty and rather uncertain princes, whose wars and usurpations make up the history of the land for ages.

A prince of a somewhat amiable character offered to confer on the English traveler the government of a district called Rohabaita, which, strange to say, is nothing less than the happy valley of Johnson's "Rasselas." The imaginary description given of it by the learned doctor, if at all true in Abyssinia's ancient and better days, is far different from the present appearance. Mr. Parkyns describes it as a deep, marshy valley, surrounded by high and sandy hills, on the steeps of which poor villages are built, whose inhabitants cultivate millet, and depend for water all the dry season on what the sand flats retain of the winter rains. Our traveler thought proper to decline that preferment, particularly as he would have been obliged to defend his province continually from a neighboring tribe.

He describes the people of Abyssinia in general as rude, but hospitable; low in their domestic morals, backward in all the arts of life, and addicted to many singular and silly superstitions. By one of these, all blacksmiths are regarded as possessed of supernatural powers; and a story which Mr. Parkyns found in high credit, illustrates at once the ignorance and credulity of the people. A certain old woman in the neighborhood of Adoua, to all appearance died, and was buried; but on the following night the priest, who in Abyssinia acts as sexton also, was visited by a noted blacksmith, who, for a consideration, obtained leave of his reverence to remove the body privately. After this, it was remarked that the blacksmith rode a remarkably fine ass, which, as it passed the houses of the deceased woman's married sons, on the way to market, always brayed loudly, and endeavored to enter their doors. One of the sons at length began to suspect that there must be something magical in the business. By his instigation a rising of the village took place, the blacksmith was seized, ass and all, the priest gave his evidence against him, and the sorcerer confessed that his ass was the young men's mother, who had not died, but had been cast into a trance by his art, and afterward transformed into the quadruped he rode to market. His power extended no further than the body; the human feelings and memory remained; hence the recognition of her children. The blacksmith offered, provided his life were spared, to restore the old woman's wonted appearance. Mr. Parkyns could not learn the mode of exorcism, but when it was almost complete one of the young

men, overcome by anger, forgot the promise the family had made, and ran the sorcerer through with his spear, to the great misfortune of the old woman, for one of her feet had not been disenchanted, and it remained asinine.

One cannot read these accounts of a far-distant and half-barbarous, yet remarkable country, without feeling how much our free and enlightened country owes to the Providence that has so largely blessed her. Let us hope the debt will be in some sense acknowledged by our missionary enterprise abroad, and our prayerful endeavors at home, that the knowledge of the Lord may cover the earth, and that nations may rise up to call our country blessed.

SAVING TWO LIVES.*

FROM his boyhood upward, Herbert had always had strongly impressed upon his mind, when boating up and down the river, the horrors of the well-known rock at the mouth of the river Dart. He knew how many lives had been lost upon it, how much property had been sacrificed on its frightful altar; and while it is the wonder of every one who visits Dartmouth that such a hideous danger can be left unbuoyed or unmarked, everybody who passes up and down the Dart hears some legend of its past misdeeds, and shuddering, gives it the widest possible berth.

While Herbert was straining his utmost glance, watching for another gleam of lightning to reveal the scene once more, something like a faint cry was heard.

"By heaven!" cried he, starting to his feet, "that cry is from the rock, and it is a woman's voice."

Without further thought, except to get to the scene of danger as quickly as possible, Herbert dashed from his covert.

Heedless of the lightning, and regardless of the rain, he was speedily wet to the skin; but that was a trivial matter.

After divers falls and bruises, he contrived at last to get down to the shore opposite to the point where he knew the rock was, and going slightly up the river, so that the wind might convey the cry of the sufferers to him, instead of drowning it, he listened for a moment, and distinctly heard the cries of—

"Help, help! We are drowning—we are drowning!"

"Where are you—are you on the rock?"

"Yes," shouted back a man's voice, "we are on the rock—the water is rising rapidly on us, and our boat has gone down. Quick—make haste—make haste, if you hope to save us."

"Have you time to wait while I run up to Dittisham for a boat?"

"No, no!" shrieked back one of the voices; "the water is above our waists already, and sweeping over us with such force we must be washed away in ten minutes."

"Can you swim?"

"No," was the answer.

"God help you! It will soon be over," muttered Herbert, "and I fear I shall be lost too. My poor mother!" said he, throwing off his clothes one after another, "but it is a duty to try. Help me, God of heaven!" cried the youth, dropping on his knee for one moment; then running as far above the rock as he thought was practicable, he shouted out—

"I will swim to you."

He then plunged boldly into the stream, with nothing on but his shirt and trowsers, having previously tied the latter round his waist with his neckerchief.

At the time that Herbert took his leap the tide was running strongly up the river. He therefore swam boldly down the stream, as if making for Dartmouth, proceeding slantingly across the river toward the opposite shore, where the beautiful woods of Greenaway shaded the boyish steps of the immortal Walter Raleigh.

In the course of a few minutes he lifted his voice up—"Where are you?" but he heard no answer, for the westerly storm swept up the river at that moment with a fresh gust, and drowned the reply. In another second the heavens were once more brilliant with lightning, and Herbert beheld, two or three yards under his lee, the rugged point of the rock, like some demon holding up his jagged head, while, clinging to it, in all the agony and desperation of impending death, was a young man, who clasped in his arms a girl of some seventeen years.

Strange it is, that in a single glance the human mind takes in the whole character of the face on which it gazes. Even in that awful hour, when the fearful grave that yawned beneath them appeared about

* From the "Pride of the Mess," a naval story of the Crimean war.

to swallow up all these three beings, Herbert detected in that countenance just the very face that seemed to have haunted him in all the poetical day-dreams of his soul for years. Large, full, speaking eyes, with a small, delicate face; long, flowing, and luxuriant hair, drenched as it was with rain, and anguish-stricken as those features were with the horror of such a situation; that single glance, while it filled his soul with the deepest sympathy for the fate of this fair unknown, nerved him with fresh courage to strive against the elements, and lit in his soul a stern determination to succeed in saving her or to perish in the attempt.

"Cheer up!" he cried, as, relaxing his swimming, he put forward both his hands to guard himself from being dashed too violently by the roaring storm against the sharp and jagged edges of the rock; then, as he succeeded in placing his foot, and setting his back against the stream, he said to the man, "Cannot you swim at all?"

"O heavens! no, not a bit."

"Where is your boat?"

"She struck and filled, and went down instantly when that squall came on. We were trying to cross the stream on the Dartmouth side of the rock when the squall took us."

"Stay," said Herbert; "what stick is that pointing up?"

"Nothing but one of the oars entangled in the rock."

"All right," said Herbert. "Now listen to me," putting his face close to that of these two unfortunate people, whom he could yet scarcely see in the dark, further than just to discern the general outlines of their heads. "You have no time to lose, and you must follow implicitly what I tell you or we shall all be lost. I will pull this oar from its sticking place, and while you put your two hands upon it—and nothing more, remember—this lady must place her two hands upon my left shoulder. Now, before we start off into deep water, is there any amount of your clothes that you can get rid of? The least thing adds to your weight. Men's clothes are heavy, ladies' are light, and do not so much signify."

"How can I get rid of my clothes, they are all so wet and clinging to me?"

"Well, I will help you. First of all there is your coat. Can you hold on by the rock with one hand for a few moments?"

"I think so."

"Very well, then; first let go your left hand gently, and I, with my right, will pull that sleeve off; then let go your right hand, and we will pull that off."

"But there is my pocket-book in my coat."

"Has it much money in it?"

"Yes, two hundred pounds."

"That had better have been left on shore in boating. Is it in notes?"

"Yes."

"Well, first of all, I will take out the book. Let me feel. O, here it is; come, it is not so heavy as I feared; I will just stick that inside my waistband. Now, then, I am ready to pull off the left hand; take that hand off the rock. So; now hold fast. How the coat sticks! Hurra! that is done. Now, then, hold fast with your left hand, and let go the right. So; there he goes up stream to Totness," said Herbert, as soon as he had drawn the coat from its late wearer, and thrown it to sink in the bubbling tide. "Now what boots have you got on?"

"O, luckily, I have got on shoes."

"Well, kick them off directly, then."

"I cannot—they are tied."

"Well, put one of your feet out, so that I can get at it, and break the shoe-string. So; that is it. There he is gone. Now the other."

"O, how the rock cuts my feet!"

"Never mind the cuts now; up with the other foot. I have him. There goes the second shoe. Now, how about gold watch and chain? Have you got one on?"

"Yes."

"Well, give it to me; I will do my best to throw it toward Dittisham shore. If it does not reach the dry ground, we may at least throw it so far into shallow water that it may be picked up next tide."

"Just take it off my neck, will you!"

"I will. Ah, it's a nice watch. It is a pity to use it so roughly."

"O, here is my watch, too," said the lady, "if you will take it over my head."

"Thank you," said Herbert; and gathering the watches in his hand, he gave them a vigorous cast toward the shore, and saw them sink a few yards from it. "Now, those will easily be recoverable to-morrow. Have you anything else about you—keys, or anything of that sort?"

"Nothing," said the lady.

"I have some silver in my trowsers pocket," said the gentleman.

"Pitch it all into the river," said Herbert; "this is one of those occasions on which money is a curse to man."

"Just put your hand in my left trowsers pocket and take it all out, then."

Herbert did so, and produced a whole handful of silver, which he threw after the watches.

"Now, then, we are as light as we can get. The water is rising very rapidly. Be ready to start. You must neither of you attempt to breathe through your mouths; you must breathe through your nostrils, and nothing more. Just hold your noses up as much as you can above the water, but do not attempt to lift your hands above it, for you will sink directly. I will take hold of the other end of the oar, and swim with you toward Dittisham; but remember that both your lives depend upon not lifting a single finger above the water. If you do that, you will sink; if you do not do that, you cannot help floating. Do you understand?"

"Quite," said the lady.

"I will try," said the man.

"Now, then, may God help us!" said Herbert, and, laying one hand on the oar, while he still clung to the rock with the other, after a little difficulty he succeeded in extracting the blade of the oar from the crevice of the rock, in which it had stuck, and it once more floated in the water.

"Now, then," said Herbert, getting it round into the proper position, "just lay your two hands here where the leather is."

"But if I let go of my sister she will sink."

"No, please God, she shall not. Here, madam, place both your hands on my left shoulder before he takes the oar. Now rest on me your full weight, and never mind swallowing a little water, both of you."

As Herbert said this he slipped round to the side of the rock where they were, and placing himself on the lady's right hand, she took fast hold of his dress at the point indicated; and, as she did so, she felt her feet borne away by the water.

"O, I am sinking! O, I am sinking!"

"O no; you will not sink. Keep your head down, and rest on me. Now quick, my boy, clasp hold of the oar."

"I will! I will!" gasped the unfortunate man; and the moment he did so away went all three on the bosom of that angry tide, right into the deep water.

"I am drowning! I am drowning!" shrieked the man.

"No, no; you are all right now; keep your courage up—we will soon be on shore." And Herbert, getting sufficiently out of his reach not to be entangled with him, stuck the blade of the oar between his teeth, and struck out boldly for the little fishing village of Dittisham. Going up the river with the stream and wind, the progress of the trio was very rapid; and as Herbert struck out with the utmost possible energy toward the lights that still gleamed from the cottagers' windows, where the beach shelved down much more gently than in the adjacent parts of the river, he succeeded, in about ten minutes, in getting them into the still water made by the projecting race as it advanced out to that narrow strait of the river where the scene of this catastrophe happened.

In a few minutes Herbert struck his foot against the shore, and instantly rose up, the water not coming above the waist.

"Thank Heaven, we are saved!" said he, for the first time placing his arm round the waist of the gentle being who, without a murmur, had so implicitly followed his instructions; but when he expected some reply, he found the excitement of the scene had ended in her fainting.

Knowing well, from past lectures of his friend Drystick, what was the proper treatment of a lady under these circumstances, and that the best practice was instantly to lower the head, Herbert (no ways reluctant, be it confessed) caught her light and graceful figure in his arms, and while the long disheveled hair fell down, streaming with water, he raised her little, tiny feet, as she lay in his embrace like a pale statue. Even in that time of excitement, he could not help momentarily glancing, with an admiring eye, on the lovely features he pressed to his bosom; but the darkness was too great to do more than just assist the imagination in believing that nothing could surpass her beauty.

"Come along quickly, my boy," said he, turning to the brother, who, to his astonishment, was so overcome with the danger through which he had passed that he remained floundering in the water up to his neck, unable to rise.

"Help me, help!" cried he; "all my strength is gone."

"I cannot help you, my boy. I have to carry your sister. Come, jump up like a man; all the danger is over now—put your arms round my waist, and I will walk slowly to the shore. Cheer up, my lad; we will go and get a draught of wine and some dry clothes at the village inn, and you will soon be all right."

"O, I shall die! I shall die!"

"Nonsense—die! You were very near it just now, and that is quite enough for you. Come along, come; put your arm out; that is it. There, now, clasp me round the waist with the other hand—so; that is it. Make an effort to come along. You will soon be out of it. So, man, that is it. My eyes, what tremendous lightning! Ahoy there!—Dittisham ahoy! Help!" cried Herbert, shouting with the voice of a stentor, overjoyed and restrung with the delight of having saved two fellow-creatures.

That flash of lightning had done good service, for some of the old fishermen, looking out from the village inn, had caught sight of the three strugglers, and perceiving a lady lying helpless in the arms of one, and the other floundering in the water, two or three men rushed down.

"Here, sir, give me the lady," cried one.

"No, thank you—never while I live," said Herbert. "Here, you may take this gentleman off my waist if you like. That is right; so, well done. Now run, one of you, over to the inn, tell them to make roaring fires in their best bed-rooms; get plenty of blankets and mulled port wine, and if they have no wine, some hot spirits and water."

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the men, hearing at once, from the decisive tones of Herbert's voice, that they were speaking to one accustomed to command, and of a rank superior to themselves; and, in five minutes more, Herbert bore his lovely burden into the little village inn, and, having moistened her lips with wine, she eventually opened her eyes, and uttered the words, "My brother!"

"All safe," said Herbert.

A gentle pressure of the hand returned the lady's thanks more expressively than words could have uttered, and if Herbert had doubted how well his heroic labors were appreciated, that doubt would have been dispelled by some words that followed.

"I do not quite hear," kneeling and placing his ear close to her lips.

"See to your own clothes before you catch cold."

"God bless you!" said Herbert, "I will," pressing her fingers to his lips; and then, as he covered them carefully over from the cold, he saw her gentle eyes close, and the big, bright tears gush from under those long and darkly-fringed lids.

LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT MIGHTY AT LAST.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A TRAVELER through a dusty road
Strew'd acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time
To breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way
Among the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
Where weary man might turn.
He wall'd it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He pass'd again—and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cool'd ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropp'd a random thought;
'T was old, and yet 't was new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true:
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great;
A watchfire on the hill;
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That throng'd the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

A DINNER UNDER TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES.

IN moments when danger threatens ourselves or others, self-possession is undoubtedly a most valuable quality, and one which it would be well to endeavor to cultivate by all judicious means. In my own experience, an incident once occurred that powerfully illustrates this truth; and, with my reader's permission, I shall now briefly narrate it.

Many years ago, when a very young man, pursuing my professional studies, I was resident, during the summer months, at the lovely little village of ——, on the shores of the romantic estuary of one of our great rivers, in the hope of recovering health, somewhat impaired by too assiduous application over the midnight oil. Among the casual acquaintanceships which I formed, there was a very slight one with a gentleman in the neighborhood whom I shall call by the name of Johnson. This individual was a stout, short, thick-set single gentleman of middle age, of mild yet somewhat grave aspect and gentlemanly manners. He possessed no striking peculiarities of character, and was generally respected as a quiet, unassuming, and inoffensive man.

I had been for some months in the village, and was on tolerably familiar terms with most of the ordinary residents, as well as the few summer visitors who frequented the place, when a rumor of a most extraordinary character suddenly spread abroad, and set every gossip on the alert. This rumor was neither more nor less than that the grave Mr. Johnson had been seen at an early hour of the morning, on a certain common near the beach, pirouetting and posturing in the most unaccountable manner, and finishing his extraordinary performance by a dance somewhat in the style of the Ojibbeway Indians. Every one, of course, had his own comment on this singular occurrence. One would have it that he had been returning in a state of semi-inebriety, after dining with a half-pay captain in the neighborhood. Another, that he was merely taking needful exercise, as he was much confined in the office during the day; while a third insisted that there was only one feasible explanation of the mystery, when the man's character and other circumstances were taken into account, and that was, that he was stark, staring mad. Which of these surmises was the correct one the sequel will show.

A day or two after the report above alluded to had been in circulation, I was standing on the pier, conversing with the captain of the local steamer which had just arrived, when Mr. Johnson made up to me in a hurried and excited way quite foreign to him, and, shaking me warmly by the hand, inquired after my welfare. As I before hinted, my acquaintance with him was but slight, so that I felt both surprised and somewhat uneasy at the unusual warmth of his salutation. This, however, he did not seem to observe, but continued to talk in a rapid and, occasionally, slightly incoherent manner on a variety of subjects, concluding by asking me home to dine with him in a way which admitted of no denial. In vain I pleaded a prior engagement, in vain I asked leave only to run to my lodgings to change my dress; he would listen to no excuse, but taking a firm grasp of my arm, which he never for a moment relaxed, hurried me toward the house where he lodged. Ushering me into his sitting-room, he gave orders to the servant to bring dinner as soon as possible; and then, turning to me, proceeded in a low tone, and with an air of mystery, to inform me how he had of late been favored with certain visions and revelations of the most marvelous nature; how the medium of these revelations was a certain gentleman of ancient renown, and of erratic propensities, named Orion, well known to students of mythology in connection with his aquatic exploits on a dolphin's back; how he had been endowed by this medium with the power of saving himself and friends from an impending terrible calamity. "But," added he, fixing his eyes upon me, "there is a condition which must be complied with before this power can be exercised with effect; and this condition implies a sacrifice, and the shedding of blood, to purify me and fit me for my high mission."

The conviction, which had been momentarily growing, now burst upon me that I was in the presence of a raving maniac; and that the reader may appreciate the trying nature, not to say danger, of my position, I may state that the house, though at no great distance from others, was secluded in its own grounds, and surrounded by trees; that the only other

person in it besides the madman and myself was the servant girl before mentioned, as the family were all from home; while the chance of relief appearing, in the form of a casual visitor, was very faint indeed. While earnestly occupied in detailing to me the incoherent dreams of a disturbed fancy, the servant entered with the dinner; and with evident marks of trepidation and terror, which did not serve to reassure my spirits, she deposited the materials and accompaniments of the meal, and hastily withdrew.

It is needless to remark that my appetite was somewhat of the smallest. In fact, what with my uneasiness lest the unfortunate maniac should take it into his head to injure either himself or me, anxious speculations as to the probability of assistance arriving, and with wonder how it was all to end, I could scarcely swallow a mouthful. But my host was so preoccupied with his own thoughts and communications that he did not observe the lack of justice I did to his viands, and continued to talk of his visionary experiences in a strain of rapid and voluble earnestness, boasting of his ability to perform all sorts of impossible exploits with an air of the most grave and settled conviction. "Ah! Mr. M——," said he, "you cannot form the slightest conception of the glorious visitants I am favored with. Surrounded by an atmosphere of the most delicious music, their every gesture the very poetry of motion"—and, as if to give me an illustration of his waking dreams, he suddenly started up, and commenced a kind of grotesque dance, while he whistled, or rather hissed out through his dry and cracked lips, some wretched imitation of a popular air. Not knowing what else to do, I sat uneasily still and watched him; and really his powers of endurance were wonderful. He shuffled, gyrated, and pirouetted for an incredible length of time without a symptom of fatigue, and with a liveliness and vivacity that were quite distressing. I was heartily tired of the performance, and was calculating when he should be obliged to give in through sheer exhaustion, when all at once "a change" seemed to come over him; for, ceasing his perpetual motion, and hastily muttering something about the "time for action having arrived," he rushed into the little closet, which served both as dressing and bedroom, and which opened from the apartment in which we had dined. Conceive, reader, my horror, when I heard him rattle something which I felt morally certain, from the sound, was a case of razors. Desperate at the thought of his obtaining possession of those deadly implements in his present state of mind, I hastened into the bedroom, and recollecting his having spoken of some letters he had to dispatch, I reminded him in a hurried manner that the post-bag would be closed immediately, and, while his mind was thus diverted into a new channel, I quietly slipped the razor-case into my pocket. Remembering my having heard or read something of the power of the human eye over madmen, I tried the experiment on this occasion; but every attempt to catch his eye completely failed, from my having to encounter the glassy stare of a very unimpressible pair of spectacles which he wore, and which rendered perfectly hopeless every effort to penetrate them. But relief was now at hand. A smart double rap at the door, which was followed, when the girl opened it, by the authoritative demand, "Show me into Mr. Johnson's room," in Dr. S——'s well-known voice, was as music to my ears; and though the worthy doctor had a complexion approaching the color of brick-dust, an exaggerated Roman nose, and no particular chin, I thought when he entered the room I had never seen so pleasant a countenance. My equanimity was not a little increased likewise by observing that he was followed by a stalwart gamekeeper and one or two villagers, who seemed intended as a *corps de reserve*, and who slipped into the kitchen as he entered our apartment.

It was curious to observe the effect of his appearance on the unhappy maniac. Advancing to the doctor with an air of haughty coldness, yet with perfect good-breeding—"May I ask," said he, "to what cause I am indebted for this visit? I am not aware that it is by my invitation you are here; and——"

"No, sir," said Dr. S., brusquely interrupting him, and evidently determined to carry things with a high hand, "I am here by an authority superior to yours;" and then added sternly, "Sit down, sir; now show me your tongue."

After a slight display of hesitation his haughty mien deserted him, and he slunk to a chair with the subdued manner of a

snubbed child. Thereafter he yielded passively to whatever was demanded of him while Dr. S. was present; but I afterward learned that it took four strong men to undress and put him to bed, so powerful was his resistance when he understood the doctor had taken his departure.

As the surgeon's arrival was the signal of my release, I need not trespass further on the reader's patience than to observe that I saw him embarked next day, under judicious control, on his way to a lunatic asylum in a neighboring city. The circumstances of the case, which I have given as they occurred, are indelibly impressed upon my mind; and I sincerely trust it may never again be my lot to dine under such trying circumstances.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE GREEK CHURCH.

EMBRACING within its pale more than fifty millions of people, and being the national Church of one of the great powers in the world's affairs, the Greek Church has ordinarily no little interest. Closely connected with the origin, and greatly affecting and affected by the results of the Crimean war, it is just now exciting much more than ordinary interest and attention in our own country as well as in England and the other countries more immediately affected by the conduct and results of that war. For, far distant from the field as we may be, as republicans and as Protestants we will be affected by what is really the politico-religious war between Russia and Rome—the seven-hilled city of St. Peter and St. Petersburgh.

The Greek Church is ordinarily considered a schism from the Latin or Romish Church. Even after the removal of the seat of government of the Roman empire from Rome to Constantinople, there were hot and ill-concealed jealousies and conflicts between the chief bishops (patriarchs) of the two cities. The patriarch of Constantinople claimed higher dignity and superior authority, in consequence of his being over the see in which were the court and imperial residence. The patriarch of Rome, on the other hand, based his claim to the supremacy upon the antiquity and wealth of his see and his successorship to St. Peter. For several centuries there were now and then quite violent disturbances between these dignitaries and their adherents. In the ninth century a wide and most notable breach occurred; but it was not until in the eleventh that, in consequence of the excommunication of the Bishop of Constantinople by Pope Leo IX., an open and entire separation took place between the Churches of the Levant and that of the West. Proposals have been repeatedly made for uniting the two communions; but the hatred of the Latins to the Greeks, and of the Greeks to the Latins, has hitherto been insuperable.

At present the Greek Church embraces nearly all of the inhabitants of Russia—in Europe, Asia, and America—and some twelve or more millions of people residing in Turkey, Greece, Asia Minor, Palestine, and along the northern shore of Africa. It includes a population variously estimated at from fifty to sixty millions, and subsists in the form of several sects or divisions, separated, however, by lesser differences in doctrine and ceremonies than the various denominations of our Protestant Church. The largest, and to us most interesting division, is the Russian; and after having stated some facts with reference to the Greek Church in general, we shall add something with respect to the Russo-Greek Church in particular—simply premising that the Greek Church everywhere, in learning and piety, is hardly the shadow of what it was in former times.

The following statements will exhibit the main tenets of the Greek Church. They do not usually baptize their children until three, six, ten, or even fifteen years of age; but it is considered almost sure damnation if they die unbaptized. Their form of baptism is a treble immersion. They require the laity to receive the communion in both kinds, and administer it even to infants. They rebaptize those admitted from the Romish communion to their own. They deny the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son, insisting that it is only from the Father. They exclude from their sacrament the Romish ones of confirmation and extreme unction, and have no superstitious reverence for the Host. They deny that auricular confession (private confession to a priest) is required by any divine precept. They deny that there is any such place

as purgatory, though they pray for the dead. They deny that the pope has any special authority, and at set times, in their ceremonies, hand him over to the "evil one." They have no very holy horror of dissolutions of the marriage tie. They condemn, however, all fourth marriages. They deny that either usury or fornication are mortal sins. They hold that such as may have taken holy orders may become laymen again, and they approve the marriage of their priests—provided that they marry before ordination.

The form of government of the Greek Church is Episcopal. The highest prelate over the largest districts is called a *patriarch*, and his see a *patriarchate*. At first, and for some time, the patriarch of Constantinople was the head of the entire Greek Church; but at present his authority is limited to the Greek Church proper—a very small part of the whole—there being an independent patriarch of Jerusalem, another of Antioch, and another of Alexandria; and there being now, as we shall see, no such dignitary over the Russian dominions. The patriarch is elected by the highest clergy of his patriarchate, and he, as well as his electors, must be unmarried. In the Turkish dominions the election of a patriarch, before valid, must be confirmed by a grand seignor.

The clergy of the Greek Church are divided into two great classes—the one composed of the priests or pastors proper, and the other of the monks and higher clergy—bishops, archbishops, and patriarchs. A provision with respect to the first of these classes is, that they must be married before being ordained; and it is said (though difficult of verification) that another provision—founded doubtless upon the precept of Paul to Timothy, requiring one desiring the office of a bishop to have "*his children* in subjection"—requires them to be *fathers!* The other class may marry, but with the loss of their ecclesiastical dignity. The clergy live on the revenue of the churches, which they manage to make a very considerable sum.

Monasticism prevails to a very great extent in the Greek Church. Upon Mount Athos, in Greece, is a most celebrated and interesting collection of monasteries, numbering some twenty, with many connected and dependent habitations, and containing a population of several thousands. The buildings are large, oftenest in the form of the Greek cross, always occupy striking positions, and have very much of the military air. They are adorned with almost numberless pictures, and have the heads and members of nearly all the saints in the calendar—including the left hand of St. Michael, "in good condition, *diffusing an abundant and delightful odor;*" and the left foot of St. Anne, "a right marvelous and *savory* relic!"

The monks are divided into three progressive classes. On entering the monastery they undergo a *novitiate* of three years, from which they advance to the *lesser habit;* and in rare instances, except in the hour of death, (for it is said that one dying with this habit on him is sure of heaven!) to the *greater habit.*

The discipline of these monasteries is very severe. The monks never sleep more than five or six hours a day; never taste flesh meat; on one hundred and fifty-nine days of the three hundred and sixty-five have only one meal, and on no day more than two; and ordinarily, their diet consists of vegetables and bread, boiled in water. By far the greater part of the monks are engaged in manual labor. "Some of us pray, and the rest of us work," was the answer they gave to a recent traveler, in reply to a question as to their employment. A great number are engaged in tillage, others in various handicrafts—manufacturing articles for home consumption.

Convents are not so numerous in the Greek Church as monasteries. The nuns are in no degree inferior to the monks in their abstemious courses of life, their penances, fasts, prayers, and other acts of devotion. Their heads are shaved close; their habit is of black woolen cloth. Each one has separate apartments—usually two rooms—and those in good circumstances are allowed to keep a servant. They spend their time often in educating young ladies, and occupying their leisure moments with needle-work.

The ceremonies of the Greek Church are most like those of the Roman Catholic Church, though in some respects widely diverse. They have feasts and fasts, high-days and holy-days, set-days and Sundays, in abundance. Their fasts are much more rigorous than those of the Roman Catholics. They address prayers to the Virgin Mary, and invoke the saints;

but they deny that they do so in the same way as the Roman Catholics.

The manner of the introduction of the Greek Church into Russia is differently stated. One account is that two Greek priests, having visited Moravia, met there the Duchess of Olga, and having secured her as the first convert, she was greatly instrumental in enlarging the Church. For this reason, it is said, she (under the name of Helena) has been enrolled as a saint in the Russian calendar.

Another story is that Wladimir, whose reign terminated in 1015, feeling the necessity of some religion to the prosperity of his kingdom, sent ten of his most distinguished men into all the various countries then known, to examine and report upon their systems of religion. Being semi-barbarous, these commissioners were, of course, disposed to recommend a system which had an imposing ritual, and appealed very much to the senses. They went to Mecca, but soon left; for Mohammedanism then made too great demands upon the powers of self-control, and prohibited the use of many things to which the Russians were addicted. They then visited the East, but were no better pleased with the Manichæan system, then so prevalent, for it was too much occupied with abstract ideas about matter and spirit, good and evil, &c. They disliked Romanism on account of the arrogant claims of the pope. Judaism was spurned because it had no country, and its professors were wanderers in the world. But the lofty minarets of the Church of St. Sophia, and the magnificent ceremonial of the Greek Church, filled the royal commissioners with admiration, and they recommended to Wladimir that which ever since has been the national religion of Russia. For though, in the thirteenth century, Russia, after long resistance, became the prey of the Mongol hordes, and her princes were the vassals of the descendants of Genghis Khan, yet even the Mongol rule was favorable to the Church, and greatly increased its wealth and influence.

For some time the metropolitan bishops of Moscow were consecrated by the Patriarch of Constantinople. But, after the capture of that city by the Turks, they were consecrated by the assembled bishops of the Russian Church. In 1588 the Russian dominions were constituted a separate patriarchate; but in 1721 Peter the Great abolished the office of patriarch, the dignity and luster of which approached so near the prerogatives of majesty as to be offensive to the emperor and burdensome to the people; and, according to the present constitution of the Church, the Czar is its head, as the sovereign of England is the head of the established Church in the British dominions. Operating upon his subjects through their religion, as well as their loyalty, his influence over them must be immense. The government of the Church is professedly vested in a "Holy Synod," composed of the higher ecclesiastics; but none of its decrees are of any force without the approval of the imperial procurator—usually a lay-member of the synod.

The Russian clergy form a distinct caste; supported not by law, but by the strictest rules of tradition. A priest marries the daughter of a priest, and the same families commonly remain in holy orders. *The priests are allowed to marry but once*, and this provision makes them *very* careful of their wives; and hence one of the most expressive sayings of the people is, "As happy as the wife of a priest!"

Priests (or "pappas," as they are called) of merit are very rare in the rural districts. Most of them are ignorant, of course, and exclusively occupied with their own affairs. In solemnizing the ceremonies, or dispensing the sacraments, they frequently think of nothing but their own gains. They care little or nothing for the cure of souls, and spread around but little of either instruction or consolation. Dr. Baird, in his "Lectures on Europe," represents them as often administering the sacraments when intoxicated, and states that they frequently drown a child when baptizing it, and then, with the utmost *nonchalance*, turn round to the assembly, and say, "It has pleased God to take that child to himself—hand me another!"

A recent French traveler produces some very telling statistics, taken from the reports of the holy synod, with reference to the capacity and morals of the Russian clergy. From these statistics it appears that, during the year 1836, no less than two hundred and eight ecclesiastics were deposed for infamous crimes, and nineteen hundred and eighty-five convicted of offenses of less gravity. As the whole number of clergy at that time was one

hundred and two thousand four hundred and fifty-six, it appears that about two per cent. were judicially condemned in one year. In 1839 this proportion was as high as five per cent.; and in the period of three years, from 1836 to 1839, more than *fifteen thousand* ecclesiastics passed before the courts of justice.

In the early part of this century, the British and Foreign Bible Society engaged in extensive efforts for the distribution of the Bible in Russia, and, for a time, the scheme met with the approval of the emperor and the higher clergy. But the ecclesiastics became alarmed about losing their sway over a Bible-reading people, and at their instigation the late emperor, soon after coming to the throne, issued a ukase suppressing all Bible societies, and prohibiting the circulation of the Scriptures in any part of his kingdom.

Peter the Great was just on the point of laying his ban upon all monasticism in the Russo-Greek Church, but, for some cause, did not do this, though he guarded it with some most wholesome restraints. Thus, no man can enter a monastery until fifty years of age. A married man cannot enter a convent without his wife agrees to enter with him, nor at all, if there are any children under age. No female can enter a convent before she is forty years of age.

The Empress Catharine II. confiscated all the landed property of the Russo-Greek Church, and assigned regular salaries to the ecclesiastics, and stipends to the monasteries and convents. The sum thus paid by the government is not large, but the deficiency is amply compensated by the influence of the clergy in extracting voluntary contributions. It is related that, on one occasion, the Emperor Alexander expressed his astonishment to one of the dignitaries of the Church at the immense sums of money the clergy had at their disposal. The prelate, without making any other reply, led the emperor to a window, and pointed to the entrance of a much-frequented place of devotion near by, where each worshiper, as he entered, could be seen dropping into a box a piece of money. Besides, the priests are most wicked extortioners. "No one," says Ricaut, "can procure absolution, be admitted to confession, have his children baptized, be married or divorced, or obtain an excommunication against his enemy, without first paying to the priests a valuable consideration. They make for themselves the best market they can, and fix a price on their spiritual commodities in proportion to the devotion and ability of their respective customers."

After what has been said with reference to the priesthood, if there is any force in the old proverb, "Like priest, like people," the condition of the laity of the Greek Church can easily be guessed at.

Having said thus much as to the past and present of the Russo-Greek Church, and having no intention to speculate on its probable future, we can only express the belief (which is probably the child of the wish) that it will gain the ascendency over those now resisting its power, and, having driven out from the Levant Mohammedanism and Romanism, will itself eventually be superseded by a pure Protestant Christianity.

A celebrated Englishman, writing recently in one of the British Reviews, after stating as the cause of the Crimean war the emperor's (of Russia) claim to a protectorate over the twelve millions of Greek Christians in the Turkish dominions, and declaring that France could not allow his claim, because it might interfere with her protectorate over two millions of Roman Catholics who are Turkish subjects, writes as follows—by way, we suppose, of justifying the course of England in entering the (un) "Holy Alliance:"—"The dangers to which the liberties of mankind are exposed by the progress of the politico-religious power of Russia are very serious indeed, and far greater than those with which civilization is threatened by the politico-religious power of Rome." But this is the utterance of one ready to say harsh things about everything Russian, and it will be hard, we think, to convince Americans that it is true. And it will not be hard, we think, for them to decide which is likely to stand most in the way of universal civil and religious liberty—the *Russo-Greek* Church, with all her present superstition and degradation, but *without* a pretended infallible head, *without* auricular confession, *without* a cursed and cursing system of monasticism, *without* a claim to be the only true Church, and the right to punish heretics, or the *Romish* Church, *with* all these, and *with* her Jesuitical system, her immense revenues and church establishments, and all her abominable mental slavery.

THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

DID the reader ever go into "The Cave of the Winds" at Niagara? That's a bath to talk of as long as one lives. Let me see if I can take you through it.

From the Canada side you see a division of the American Fall next to Goat Island, where what appears to be the heaviest part of the great column of water is cut off by a projection of this dam, dashing with a thundering roar upon the rocks below. Here its foam and spray mingles with that of the main sheet, so as to seem continuous from the opposite side. The common pictures of the Falls show this distinctly. But there is a space between the two columns where a man of good nerves can sit, and, looking upward between the showers of foam, see the white rolling arch of the mighty torrent turning with slow majesty into the gulf below. That is the extreme venture of the experienced guide who conducts you through "The Cave of the Winds."

But now we are standing on the cliffs above, and to get down we enter at the top of a round tower, by which you descend a narrow spiral staircase, wondering, after a while, if there is any bottom to it. You may meet other parties half-way, coming up, and ask them that question, and perhaps receive the same reply that I did: "Is there any top to this screw concern?" Down further and further. Finally, you emerge on the sloping banks under the cliffs, three-fourths of the distance to the river. Loose rocks, dripping water, hang above you, and you tremble for your crown. They seem to stick together without means of visible support, but the guide tells you they never fall in the summer. He threw a small stone against them to prove it, and brought down a peck of fragments, which caused me to fix my bathing-cap more firmly on my head. I then discovered that the crown was torn out of it. The guide furnishes the bathing clothes, and charges a dollar for his company.

Down a rude flight of steps, holding on like death to the single banister doubtfully fastened on the inner side. A good jerk, you think, would break it down, and send you whirling into the foaming gulf. I was reminded of boys trying the ice on a mill-dam—"when she cracks, she's strong." Guide instructs you to cover your mouth with the left hand, or the wind and spray will take your breath. Down comes a barrel of water on your head, and up into your face a young hurricane of blinding foam. You stop, and if there were not others behind you would go back, and leave the cave to its own amphibious gods. But you don't want to look like a coward, so you go on, thinking yourself a fool. Turn aside a little, and down another flight of rickety steps, and then on a level twenty or thirty feet through such a water-pelting and tempest of foam as no human invention could ever get up. It comes from no certain, but always from the least-expected quarter. Just when you open your mouth to speak, or your eyes to look, then you get it like grape-shot from the Malakhoff tower. Now you are completely in the cave, sheltered by a projecting rock, and you shout and laugh in the ecstasy of enjoyment and wonder. A few minutes ago you stood on the cliffs, hot and sweating under a sultry sun, and ready to sink with weakness. Now you are fresh and invigorated in every joint and faculty. You have caught some of the torrent's own strength and spirit. Sublime and terrific, but its glory overcomes all fear.

After a few moments' rest, you clamber through a crevice under magnificent showers. Here is another board with a single banister, and holding on with the consciousness that your life is in that grasp, you crawl and drag yourself out on the rocks at the foot of either division of this mighty Fall. There you sit and look up as you can. The foam boils and lashes all around you. The water-spirits, angry at your intrusion, whirl clouds of spray into your eyes. Down from above drives the furious water-blast. You know it is a dangerous spot, and that to unclasp a finger may be fatal in an instant; but O how sublime! How it mocks words! Over and on comes the rolling flood, perpetual, exhaustless. Its misty brow is among the clouds. And it has rolled there for ages.

You clamber back, and emerging upon the other side, ascend the stairs, glad to get out alive—and in another instant asking yourself, "Why did I not stay longer in the midst of that grand and glorious scene?"

Though you were there but for a few minutes you will never forget it, and the probability is that you will never make the venture again.

THE CAPTIVITY AND ITS MEMENTOES.

HAVING narrated the successive captivities of the Jews, we proceed to notice the location and the condition of the exiles during the captivity. For the sake of distinctness, we would first and separately consider these points in reference to the ten tribes. The first removal of the Israelites, under Tiglath Pileser, is said, in the second Book of Kings, xv, 29, to have been to the land of Assyria; but no city or province of the empire is mentioned. The people then carried away, as already shown, were of the pastoral class, and many of them must have been poor and abject. It has been supposed by some that they were conveyed to Nineveh, which city was then increasing and prospering under the energetic and ambitious rule of the renowned Tiglath; but if the capital city really was their destination, such help as they could afford, in carrying on his architectural and artistic projects, must have been in the humblest capacity as laborers—very different, indeed, from the service which could be rendered by subsequent captives taken from towns and skilled in the mechanical arts. They might, indeed, be employed for military purposes, helping to swell the number of troops, whose lives the eastern despots held very cheap, and devoted as sheep to the slaughter.

Shalmaneser, in his large deportation of Israelites, transferred them, we are informed, to Halah and Habor by the river Gozan, and to Hara and other cities of the Medes. In these old geographical notices, it is difficult to identify the names with places at present known. Major Rawlinson, a great authority in such matters, considers this Halah to be the Calah of Asshur (Gen. x, 11), which is said to have given the name of Chalonites, mentioned by Strabo and Pliny, to the surrounding region. Calah, according to him, is Sur Puli Zohab, situated on the high road leading from Bagdad to Kirmanshah. Jewish traditions still linger in that locality, and David is regarded by the inhabitants as their titular prophet. Habor has been taken to be the same as Athar, a city situated very delightfully on the banks of the river Kizzil Ozan—the old Gozan. Hara, according to the authority just cited, is the Atropatenian Ecbatana, one of the grand treasure-cities of the Medes. Atropatenia is equivalent to Little Media, as distinguished from Great Media—a country described by Strabo as very populous, and capable of furnishing ten thousand horse and forty thousand foot. It consists, with the exception of its mountainous borders, of fertile plains and vales gently undulating and abundantly watered. The soil is described as fruitful; and Chardin says, that when he visited it, the country was in a state of good cultivation.

The Israelites do not seem to have been regarded by the Medes other than as useful colonists; still we cannot but regard the state of the people a captivity; for the exiles, dwell where they might, and let them be never so kindly treated, were forcibly detained in a land distinct from their own, to which the patriotic among them would look back with strong affection. To be expatriated, would be to a true child of Israel a bitter calamity. And we may add, that if the first captives to Assyria were likely to feel being torn away from the farms and pastures of their fathers, the second and larger bands, under Shalmaneser, driven away from the cities, and including the people of a higher class, would, in all probability, be deeply sensible of their expatriation, and would pensively recur to

the familiar streets and dwellings of their childhood, and to those still more endeared spots outside the walls—the place of their fathers' sepulchres.

There are few persons, perhaps, now-a-days who read the Apocrypha. Those who do, will recall to mind the connection between our present subject and the Book of Tobit; the hero of which is described as "the son of Aduel, the son of Gabael, of the seed of Asael, of the tribe of Nephthali, who in the time of Enemessar (or Shalmaneser), king of the Assyrians, was led captive." We beg to be distinctly understood, as by no means pledging our faith to the story of the adventures of young Tobias and his dog—the marvels wrought by the liver of the fish—and the driving away the devil Asmodeus by the smell of perfumed ashes; but still we feel justified in regarding the scenery and costume of the wonderful story, in which there may be after all a basis of truth, as affording interesting illustrations of the state of the Israelites during their early captivity. Tobit dwelt in Nineveh, and did many alms-deeds to his brethren, who came to him there; he was appointed purveyor to the Assyrian monarch, and is described as a man of property, for he deposited ten talents of silver — about $18,750 — with one of his brethren at Rages, another city of the Medes. Then he describes his wife Anna as taking "women's works to do," and tells us that when "she had sent them home to the owners, they paid her wages; and gave her also, besides, a kid."

Sennacherib, probably after his unsuccessful expedition into Judea, is represented as cruelly treating the Israelitish captives, and casting forth their bodies unburied without the gates of Nineveh; whereupon Tobit performed the pious office of collecting the remains, and giving them decent sepulture; for which humane and patriotic deeds—as the story goes—he had to leave the city in order to escape Sennacherib's wrath. On his return, after the death of that king, he heard of one of his own nation being strangled, and cast out in the market-place. Therefore, he says, "I wept, and after the going down of the sun, I went and made a grave and buried him; but my neighbors mocked me, and said, 'This man is not yet afraid to be put to death for this matter, who fled away, and yet, lo! he burieth the dead again.' The same night also I turned from the burial, and slept by the wall of my courtyard, being polluted, and my face was uncovered." These particulars, with the statement that Tobit lived in Nineveh till he was one hundred and fifty-eight years old, show at least how, in the estimation of the Jews afterward (they being of course in the possession of traditions handed down to them), the Israelites of the second captivity, located in Nineveh, were very differently circumstanced one from another; some possibly being held in slavery, others certainly being in a state of freedom; some being poor, and others rich; some treated with violence, and others held in honor; while women among them worked for wages, and received kindness at the hands of their employers. Nor should the touches of feeling recorded be forgotten, indicating as they do not only sentiments of humanity, but the nobler affections of brotherly regard toward all who were of the house of Israel.

It is now time to direct the reader to the localities and the condition of exile-life connected with the history of the people of Jerusalem and Judah during their captivity. We have seen that Nebuchadnezzar carried away the princes, the mighty men of valor, and the craftsmen, in the eighth year of the reign of Jehoiachin. It was, no doubt, the same captivity to which reference is made at the beginning of the Book of Ezekiel. The captives, we are there told, were situated in the land of the Chaldeans, by the river Chebar. There are two streams which bear the name of Chebar or Khabour. The one which empties itself into the Euphrates, by the ancient Carchemish—the modern Karkasea—is, no doubt, the river to which Ezekiel alludes. Mr. Layard has recently explored the region watered by this stream, and informs us that the Khabor flows through the richest pastures and meadows, while its banks are covered with flowers of every hue, and its windings through the green plain resemble the coils of a large and beautiful serpent. It is a lovely and enchanting scene, and the liveliest emotions of joy seized on the traveler's party as they approached it. Trees in full leaf line the water's edge, which is skirted with flowers, reaching above the horses' knees.

In this neighborhood there are many

mounds, and the banks of ancient canals are full of indications of Assyrian civilization. At present, it is a country famous for its abundant pasturage; and the Arab, as he bounds along, passes many a flock of sheep and herd of camels. The ruins of Arban, on the banks of the Khabour, formed the objects for which Mr. Layard especially undertook his expedition to this part of Mesopotamia; and he describes them as of a character resembling those of Nineveh. The character of the sculpture is rude, and bears "the same relation to the more delicately finished and highly ornamented sculptures of Nimroud, as the earliest remains of Greek art do to the exquisite monuments of Phidias and Praxiteles." These artistic features point to an early period of Assyrian civilization; while the Egyptian relics are also of a remote antiquity, perhaps as early as the fifteenth century before Christ—a period when we know there was an intimate connection between the two countries.

Here, around this ancient city, then, when yet in its pride and glory, it is not improbable the captives were located to whom Ezekiel refers. The flatness of the scenery about Arban corresponds with the "plain" of which Ezekiel speaks repeatedly; yet, though flat, the prospect must have been delicious, for even in its present almost depopulated state, we are told that "the eye ranges over a level country bright with flowers, and spotted with black tents and innumerable flocks of sheep and camels." The color of these floral decorations, too, is ever changing. "After being for some days of a golden yellow, a new family of flowers would spring up, and it would turn almost in a night to a bright scarlet, which would again as suddenly give way to the deepest blue. Then the meadows would be mottled with various hues, or would put on the emerald green of the most luxuriant of pastures."

Ezekiel observes that he came to those of the captivity at Tel-Abib, that dwelt by the river of Chebar—that Tel-Abib meaning the mound of the heaps of the ears of corn. Whether this applies to a town, or simply to an artificial elevation, is by no means clear; but Mr. Layard thinks it probable that around Arban may have been pitched the tents of the sorrowing Jews; that in its pastures they fed their flocks, and drank of the same waters as are now flowing by those ruins. We agree with Mr. Layard, and picture to ourselves the great Assyrian city, Nineveh-like, with a palace-temple on the now crumbling mound; terrace above terrace; noble halls, and slabs, and statuary, crowning the spot; at the same time keeping our eye on those outspread meadows and fields, with their enamel of flowers of many dyes—the entire scene forming a background for our conceptions of Jewish exile life in that locality. It seems obvious, on the face of the Book of Ezekiel, that the Jews at Tel-Abib were a distinct people, recognizing the elders among them as a superior class; and they were probably allowed to submit themselves, within limits, to their ecclesiastical authority.

The prophet Ezekiel ministered among them, it would appear, without any hinderance from the Assyrian rulers, and was evidently permitted to have meetings of the elders in his house. The people certainly look more like a band of colonists than a herd of slaves. One does not derive from the perusal of Ezekiel any idea of those around him being in the same condition as their forefathers in Egypt. As the ministrations of the prophet relate to the remnant continuing in Jerusalem, as well as to his fellow captives on the banks of the Chebar, the allusions to manners and customs cannot be certainly employed to illustrate the circumstances of the former; but as we find no allusion to slavery, as one of the evils under which the people labored, this may be taken as a negative proof that they enjoyed a considerable measure of freedom. Some, indeed, might be in the royal service, engaged on public works, laboring after the manner of artisans; others might be occupied in humbler handicraft, for masters among their brethren, or the people of the land. The employment of herdsmen and shepherds, too, seems not an unlikely one for many of the exiles; and the women we can imagine, like Anna, the wife of Tobit, doing "women's work" for hire. Of course such persons as sympathized with Ezekiel would be grieved in spirit at the sight of Assyrian idolatries; and we can imagine him and some of the elders clothed in sackcloth, with their keen black Hebrew eyes fixed in sorrowful meditation on the triumphant mockeries of the land of their captivity, as they contrasted them

with the pure service of their own loved but deserted and desolate temple; yet the bulk of the captives certainly do not appear to have left behind them the sins for which God drove them out of their cherished home. They had abandoned the coarseness of their old image worship, but their hearts were still going after their covetousness; while gusts of levity and despair in turn came over their dark and unchastened minds.

We have further glimpses of exile life in the Book of Daniel; but there the scene is transferred from the banks of the Chebar to the banks of the Euphrates—a distance of about three hundred miles—a fact that serves to give us an idea of the wide dispersion of this guilty and chastised people. We see Daniel and the three Hebrew youths, his companions, in the very court of the monarch at Babylon, under the care of the master of the eunuchs, with a royal provision for support, and education in the learning and language of the Chaldeans. Subsequently, we behold the first of these exiles raised to an office of preëminence and power in the city and the empire, while his three companions also are advanced to political stations of trust, influence, and power. The circumstance shows that the Jews could not, as a race, have been branded by the Assyrians as utterly debased, and unworthy of all honor; and that they could not, moreover, have been systematically and constantly crushed under foot in the strange land into which Jehovah had sent them as a chastisement. There was the opportunity of a Jew rising to share in the councils of the empire, and, as we should suppose, the opportunity for him to employ some of his brethren under him in the public service. No notice is given in the Book of Daniel of the Hebrews constituting a distinct class in the city of Babylon. Probably they were more scattered among the rest of the population, and were more intermingled with them, than in some other parts of the empire; yet in cases where piety was deep, like that of Daniel and his associates, a moral distinction would be apparent, such as the dullest Babylonian could not overlook. Acts of cruelty and oppression might sometimes occur—no doubt did so—still we cannot but think that the circumstances of honor in which some of their nation were placed would reflect dignity on all, so as to prevent ill treatment from being the rule rather than the exception. It is to be remembered, too, that Jehoiachin, in the forty-fourth year of the captivity, was released from imprisonment, and allowed to rank among the princes who sat at the royal table—a circumstance, by the way, which shows the dark as well as the bright side of the picture; how there was, at one time, harsh and rigorous treatment, and at another, favors the most flattering.

But it must be remembered that in all this, we are only speaking of the outward—of what may be called the material condition of the captives. There were still sources of grief left, calculated to agitate the bosom inspired by Hebrew patriotism and piety. The captives were far away from their own land, and that, to Jews, involved the greatest privation, because in Jerusalem alone could the highest rites of their religion be performed. There were, most likely, synagogues in Babylon; some, indeed, have supposed that they originated there; but how they arose is a question involved in impenetrable uncertainty; yet most certainly there was no temple or tabernacle, no priest or sacrifice, no altar or ark for the child of Abraham on the banks of the Euphrates. Hence it was, that by the waters of Babylon they would sit down and weep; yea, they would weep when they "remembered Zion."

It will be necessary for us now to direct a passing notice to the condition of the country of Israel and Judah while the captivity continued. We learn from the sacred books, that when the Israelites were taken away by Shalmaneser, he sent to Samaria, to fill up the devastations that had been made, colonists from Babylon, Cuthah, Ava, Hamath, and Sepharvaim. These strangers mingled with the few melancholy relics of an exiled race still permitted to cling to their fatherland. The state of things, moral and religious, which ensued may be inferred from the circumstance, that the people, among whom the miserable remnant would be swallowed up under the general name of Samaritans, worshiped the idols introduced from Assyria, until their country began to be depopulated by wild beasts. Then, under the notion of this chastisement having come from a local deity, displeased at his worship having been neglected, they requested the Assyrian king

BABYLON.

to send them an Israelitish priest to instruct the people in the service of the God whose displeasure had been incurred. He was sent and settled at Bethel, where he restored the worship of Jehovah; but this was only one among the other religions practiced by the nations who had come to occupy the territory. "They feared the Lord and served their own gods." This passage, in Israelitish story, is remarkably illustrated, as Mr. Layard shows, by the inscriptions recently discovered at Nineveh, in which the inhabitants of conquered cities and districts are represented as removed to distant parts of the empire, and replaced by colonists from Nineveh, or from other subdued countries. The conquerors, too, as we also learn from the inscriptions, established the worship of their own gods in the conquered cities, raising altars and temples, and appointing priests for their service. This exactly accords with the words of the sacred historian, in connexion with the facts just mentioned: "they made gods of their own, and put them in the houses of the high places which the Samaritans had made."

The fate of Jerusalem and Judea was different from that of Samaria. After the overthrow of the city, in the eleventh year of Zedekiah, and the removal of the principal inhabitants, together with abundance of spoil, to Babylon, Nebuchadnezzar appointed Gedaliah, a person of some consequence, as a sort of viceroy over the miserable remains of the expatriated tribes.

This governor seems to have been a generous-hearted man, and desirous of ameliorating the abject condition to which the people were reduced; Jeremiah was a helper in his benevolent efforts, and with him sought to reconcile the Jewish remnant to the Babylonish sovereignty, as resistance, under existing circumstances, was worse than vain.

We noticed that a few nobles, at the time of the siege, sought safety from the foe by flight. When the Babylonish army retired, such of those persons as had escaped capture returned to the ruins of their old city; not, however, to aid Gedaliah and his illustrious companion the prophet, but to sow dissension and concoct conspiracy. Jealous of the governor, one Ishmael, a prince of royal blood, plotted against his life; and the noble Gedaliah, too disingenuous to harbor suspicions, and confiding implicitly in the honor of his unprincipled fellow countryman, was treacherously slain at a banquet, with his Hebrew and Chaldean associates, which he had provided at Mizpah. The day following the perpetration of this atrocity, he heard of the approach of eighty men, who were on their way to the ruined temple with offerings; having met them at the entrance of Mizpah, he falsely pretended a wish to present them to Gedaliah, and hypocritically expressed himself ready to join in their lamentations. But watching an opportunity, he caused them also to be massacred, excepting ten, who, having stores of wheat, barley, oil, and honey concealed in pits, as it is still customary to store grain in the East, were spared, doubtless on condition of giving up their wealth to his followers. The bodies of the victims were cast into a large excavation made by king Asa, during his wars with Israel. Alarmed at the prospect of Babylonian revenge for the crimes he had thus committed, Ishmael fled to the Ammonites; and Johanan, a friend of Gedaliah, with the few persons of influence remaining, repaired to Egypt and sought protection there—a step against which Jeremiah protested, though he was compelled to accompany the fugitives. Nebuzaradan soon appeared as an avenger of the atrocities committed by Ishmael and his party; but such was the forlorn condition of the country, that only seven hundred and forty-five individuals were found therein, who were immediately sent beyond the Euphrates.

God had instituted for the Jews sabbatic years. During every seventh annual period, according to his law, the land was to lie fallow. The command, however, had long been set at naught. Avarice had stifled faith; the disobedient people could not trust a righteous and unchangeable God; and now, accordingly, he is seen vindicating the honor of his government by leaving the land desolate, that she might enjoy her sabbaths. The desolation was most literal; the land lay untilled and without inhabitant. The toils of the husbandman and of the vine-dresser ceased. All was a wilderness, tracked by nomadic tribes, except that here and there, in the southern parts, some bands of Edomites had taken up a settled abode. In the seventh chapter of Isaiah occurs a passage vividly describing the wild state of the land once so fertile and richly cultivated. Large tracts, formerly occupied as vineyards, rented after the rate of a piece of silver for each vine, were overgrown with thorns and briars. The thinly scattered inhabitants no longer went forth with the implements of husbandry, but carried bows and arrows to destroy the wild animals that lurked in the underwood and bushes. Gardens and fields were no longer fenced; the produce was not regularly carried to the store-house or the barn; but the few kine and sheep belonging to the poor occupiers were left to enjoy the full benefit of an abundant and spontaneous pasturage. The early prediction of Moses (Lev. xxvi, 34), and the later one of Jeremiah (2 Chron. xxxvi, 21), that the land should enjoy the *rest* of which it had been defrauded, are very remarkable, when we consider that, as exemplified in the case of Israel, it was not the general policy of the conquerors to leave the conquered country in desolation, but to replenish it by foreign colonists, by whom it might be cultivated.

"The ransomed of the Lord," said the prophet Isaiah, "shall return and come to Zion." That prediction was fulfilled. But it was not one single event, any more than was the deportation into exile. History records a series of events as constituting the return; indeed, a succession of restorations—party following party homeward at considerable intervals—the whole chain of facts stretching through little short of a century. In our limited space, it will of course be impossible to

THE KING AND VESSELS.

dwell at large on all the circumstances of the transaction. The most that we can do is to present a popular outline of the leading facts.

Babylon was taken by Cyrus in 536 B. C., after a siege of not much less than two years. The stratagem of the Persian conqueror in diverting the waters of the Euphrates, and the occasion of riotous festivity during which the decisive blow was struck —so clearly described by Herodotus and Xenophon—are foretold, as well as the subsequent desolation of the city, with wonderful plainness by the prophet Jeremiah, in the fiftieth and fifty-first chapters of his inspired writings. The decree of Cyrus, recorded at the beginning of the Book of Ezra, was the authority and signal for such of the Jews as longed for the home of their fathers, to adopt measures for their return. In consequence, about fifty thousand, including seven thousand three hundred and thirty-seven servants or slaves, under the leadership of the prince Sheshbazzar and the priest Zerubbabel, started from the banks of the Euphrates, to seek once more the land of Canaan. This was in the year 536 B. C. They assembled from different parts, and formed one great caravan, with camels, horses, and other beasts of burden, amounting to above eight thousand. The most precious of the treasures they bore back to their own city, were the temple-vessels which Cyrus had restored. Some time was spent in making preparations, and the long and wearisome journey over the desert occupied them four months. It was the movement of a host, reminding one of the march of their fathers, who had passed under the shadow of Sinai centuries before.

A month after their return they met among the ruins of the temple, reared an altar, and celebrated the feast of tabernacles. A month later, they laid the foundations of the new house for the worship of Jehovah, when there occurred the touching scene recorded in the third chapter of Ezra. The Persian governors aided the restored exiles; but the Assyrian colonists located in Samaria did all they could to hinder them. The latter, indeed, so far succeeded in their malicious purposes, as to cause the work of rebuilding the temple to be stopped for a while. Thus thwarted, the zeal of the Jews also flagged. They thought more of providing houses for themselves than a suitable place for the worship of God. Zechariah and Haggai reproved and exhorted them in reference to this matter; in consequence of which they resumed their hallowed enterprise, and under Zerubbabel, the work begun in earnest in 520 B. C., was finished in 516 B. C. The feast of the dedication was instituted to celebrate the event, and that festival became a permanent memento of the Captivity and the Restoration.

It was not until the reign of Artaxerxes Longimanus, that the people began to surround Jerusalem with walls, in which employment they were again molested and interrupted by their old enemies, the Sa-

NEHEMIAH AND ARTAXERXES.

maritans. It was about this period, probably, that there occurred the striking events recorded in the Book of Esther—that beautiful episode in Hebrew history—and it was through the favor of Artaxerxes that the Jews were at length relieved from their troublesome and malignant neighbors; though it is remarkable that his decrees relate only to the building of "the house of the God of heaven," not to the fortification of the city. This decree belongs to the seventh year of his reign, and may be dated 458 B. C. It was the period, too, when the second great caravan of exiles marched to their own land. They amounted, in this case, to 5000 persons, including 113 who had married heathen wives in their captivity. This party. too, was four months going to Jerusalem.

The year 445 B. C. is another memorable date in connection with the return, for then it was that Artaxerxes gave Nehemiah, his cupbearer, permission to journey to the "land of his fathers' sepulchres," and to make Jerusalem a walled city. The history of his adventures in the progress of the work so long suspended, is recorded with great simplicity by himself; and he also informs us of the impoverished condition of the inhabitants of the city through mortgage and debt, from which he relieved them by procuring from their creditors either the total remission of their liabilities, or at least exemption from the payment of interest. Nehemiah, after a time, revisited Babylon, probably on business connected with his country, but before long returned again to Jerusalem. Numerous families, no doubt, accompanied him. Though we have not a detailed account of numbers, and other circumstances in connection with Nehemiah's expeditions, as we have in the case of Ezra, yet most likely he was a leader of parties to Judea, succeeded perhaps by others at different times, until the whole of the old country was repopulated.

It has been remarked by Jahn, that the invitation of Cyrus to rebuild the temple was addressed not only to the Jews in Babylon, but also to the exiles scattered over the Persian empire. From this he concludes that not a few of the ten tribes returned to Palestine. We apprehend he exaggerates the number, but certainly it is probable that some might attach themselves to the caravans of their brethren proceeding to the fatherland; the old animosities between the different tribes being subdued by long years of separation and distance from the country of their ancient common faith and worship. It is possible even that there were Israelites in the com-

pany of those who followed Zerubbabel, but most, we consider, would follow afterward at different times; at any rate, the history of later periods mentions Israelites as settled in Galilee and Perea long before the time of Christ. Many, however—the great majority we should suppose—of the people forming the nation of Israel never returned at all, and the subsequent history of the lost tribes, as they are termed, has been of late, especially, a subject of much inquiry and speculation. We cannot enter upon it here, yet it will not be foreign to our purpose to observe, that not only did a large proportion of the ten tribes remain in foreign lands, but a considerable number of the Jews in Babylon actually declined to avail themselves of the Persian decree of liberation. We know that the Jews of Babylonia, in after ages, included some of the *élite* of the Hebrew nation, and were regarded with much respect and honor by those who dwelt in Palestine. Among those who remained under the Persian dominion, some even submitted to torture rather than deny their religion by assisting in the erection of a heathen temple. We trace Jews in Babylonia under the Roman supremacy, and we find them involved in rebellion and civil war.

Hebrew travelers visited Babylon in the third century, and recorded their observations. The Babylonian Talmud belongs to the sixth century, and contains notices of the Jews at that period, mentioning not less than two hundred towns, in the Persian empire, inhabited by Jewish families. In the twelfth century, Benjamin of Tuleda found twenty thousand Jews dwelling within twenty miles of Babylon.

We have not yet touched on the chronological question of the SEVENTY YEARS, nor can we now enter upon it at any length. As both the carrying captive and the return of the Jews were events involving a succession of circumstances, and as each of them covered a considerable period of time, some learned men have fixed upon one date as the commencement of the Captivity, and some on another; these authorities varying accordingly in opinion as to the date when the calamity might be said to close. It is remarkable that the destruction of the first temple was in 588 B. C., and the finishing of the second was in 516 B. C., thus giving just seventy years between the two events. But the conclusion in which we are disposed to concur, is, that the seventy years commenced at the time when Jeremiah uttered his prophecy. It was in the first year of Nebuchadnezzar, synchronizing with the fourth of Jehoiakim, king of Judah, that the prophet declared:—

"Because ye have not heard my words, behold, I will send and take all the families of the north, saith the Lord, and Nebuchadrezzar the king of Babylon, my servant, and will bring them against this land, and against the inhabitants thereof, and against all these nations round about," &c. . . . . "And these nations shall serve the king of Babylon seventy years." Jer. XXV, 8–11.

Here, then, we have a plain fulfillment of prophecy, and one which of all others is the most convincing; because, in reference to the future, there is nothing more remote from human ken than the exact period of time when any line of events—such as those before us—shall have run out their course. And while the pillar of divine prophecy stands at the head of that pathway of calamity, through which for seventy weary years we track the steps of the sinning Jews, the hand of divine providence is no less plainly seen in the whole treatment of the nation. Nor should this chapter of Hebrew history be read as if it exhibited a phase of the Almighty's government belonging only to an age of miraculous or extraordinary interpositions. We miss the most important practical instructions of the annals of our holy Bible, if we do not remember that the displays of righteousness and mercy they contain are not *exceptional*, but *representative*—representative of what the Lord and King of all the earth is ever doing among the children of men. To us, as well as to them, the story of Israel's chastisement speaks with a voice of warning, and shows how great privileges increase responsibility and aggravate punishment. It shows how in wrath he remembers mercy, and how he makes suffering a means of correcting his people. According to the beautiful words of the prophet: "He stayeth his rough wind in the day of his east wind. By this, therefore, shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged; and this is all the fruit—to take away his sin."

JAMES T. FIELDS.

MR. FIELDS was born in New-Hampshire—of which Daniel Webster said that it was a good state from which to emigrate. His native town was the Queen of the Piscataqua, Portsmouth, the charming and only seaport of the state. His father was a sea-captain, and, like many of this noble, but continually exposed class of men, died when James, his eldest son, was about four years of age. The admirable public schools of the town afforded young Fields a good preliminary training; and at the age of thirteen he graduated from the high school, having taken several prizes, during his course, for his Greek and Latin compositions. An English poem in blank verse, written at the age of twelve, attracted the attention of the late Chief Justice Woodbury, then Governor of New-Hampshire, and resident of Portsmouth. He advised the young poet to prosecute his studies further, and to enter Harvard University. For reasons, however, that seemed at the time sufficiently weighty, he decided to go at once into business; and coming to Boston, he entered as the youngest clerk in the same book establishment over which he now presides as one of the partners.

Mr. Fields has enjoyed the valuable culture of two European tours, the last extending over the period of a year. In the first he passed several months in England, Scotland, France, and Germany, visiting the principal places of interest, and forming delightful and profitable intimacies with the most distinguished *littérateurs* of the day. He was a frequent guest at the world-known "breakfasts" of the great banker-poet of "The Pleasures of Memory" and of "Italy," and listened or added his own contribution to the exuberant riches of the hour, when such visitors as Talfourd, Dickens, Moore, and Landor were the talkers. Our handsome poet seems to have made a very lively impression upon that charming invalid—the late Mary Mitford. He was for some time her guest at her cottage in the country; and in her "Reminiscences," published some years since by Bentley, she has referred in the most flattering terms to this acquaintance. She says:—

"One fine summer afternoon, shortly after I had made this acquisition, (referring to a copy of Motherwell's Poems,) two young Americans made their appearance with letters of introduction from some honored friends. There was no mention made of profession or calling; but I soon found that they were not only men of intelligence and education, but of literary taste

RYDAL MOUNT, WORDSWORTH'S RESIDENCE.

and knowledge; one especially had the look, the air, the conversation of a poet. We talked on many subjects, and got at last to the delicate question of American reprints of English authors, on which, much to their delight, and a little to their surprise, there was no disagreement; I, for my poor part, pleading guilty to the taking pleasure in such a diffusion of my humble works. 'Besides,' continued I, 'you send us better things—things otherwise unattainable. I could only procure the fine poems of Motherwell in this Boston edition.' My two visitors smiled at each other. 'This is a most singular coincidence,' cried the one whom I knew, by instinct, to be a poet; 'I am a younger partner in this Boston house, and at my pressing instance this book was reprinted.' Mr. Fields's visit was necessarily brief; but that short interview has laid the foundation of a friendship which will, I think, last as long as my frail life, and of which the benefit is all on my side. He sends me charming letters, verses which are fast ripening into true poetry, excellent books, and this autumn he brought back himself, and came to pay me a second visit; and he must come again, for of all the kindnesses with which he loaded me, I like his company best."

At Rydal Mount he paid his *devoirs* to the grand presiding genius of the place, Wordsworth, and was affectionately welcomed to its *penetralia*. This interview with the author of the "Excursion" Mr. Fields has thus gracefully commemorated:—

"The grass hung wet on Rydal's banks,
The golden day with pearls adorning,
When side by side with him we walked
To meet midway the summer morning.

"The west wind took a softer breath,
The sun himself seemed brighter shining,
As through the porch the minstrel stepped,
His eye sweet nature's look enshrining.

"He pass'd along the dewy sward,
The blue-bird sang aloft, 'Good morrow!'
He pluck'd a bud; the flower awoke,
And smiled without one pang of sorrow.

"He spoke of all that graced the scene,
In tones that fell like music round us;
We felt the charm descend, nor strove
To break the rapturous spell that bound us.

"We listen'd with mysterious awe,
Strange feelings mingling with our pleasure;
And heard that day prophetic words—
High thoughts the heart must always treasure.

"Great nature's priest! thy calm career
With that sweet morn on earth has ended;
But who shall say thy mission died
When, wing'd for heaven, thy soul ascended?"

On his return passage from the first tour, Mr. Fields came near anticipating the fate of poor Read of Philadelphia, in the Arctic. The vessel in which he sailed struck on the coast of Newfoundland, while running in a fog. The leak caused by this disaster was so severe that it was with great difficulty the ship was kept afloat and carried into port. His sea voyages, with their attendant perils, have afforded Mr. Fields some fine subjects for his shorter poems and for pathetic ballads. The two special veins in which his genius produces its richest ores are the playful and the pathetic—not the broad comic or the sharply witty, but the quiet and genial humored—happily vailed in smooth lines, and affording continually mirthful surprises. The other vein is the pathetic, and many of his shorter poems are fine illustrations of his well-subdued power to touch the minor chords of the heart. In the ballad which was suggested to our memory by the sea peril to which our author was subjected this characteristic appears, accompanied with a rapidity of movement and deep solemnity of tone peculiarly adapted to give proper expression to the scene it describes:—

"We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep—
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

"'T is a fearful thing in winter
To be shatter'd in the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, 'Cut away the mast!'

"So we shudder'd there in silence—
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talk'd with death.

"As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers—
'We are lost!' the captain shouted,
As he stagger'd down the stairs.

"But his little daughter whisper'd,
As she took his icy hand:
'Is n't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?'

"Then we kiss'd the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer;
And we anchor'd safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear."

Of the playful vein, the last ballad in the elegant edition of Mr. Fields's poems, published about a year since, is a good illustration. It is entitled "The Alarmèd Skipper," and thus opens:—

"Many a long, long year ago,
Nantucket skippers had a plan
Of finding out, though 'lying low,'
How near New-York their schooners ran.

"They greased the lead before it fell,
And then, by sounding through the night,
Knowing the soil that stuck so well,
They always guess'd their reckoning right."

An old skipper, it seems, "whose eyes were dim," professed to tell by "tasting" just their position on the coast:—

"Snug in his berth, at eight o'clock,
This ancient skipper might be found;
No matter how his craft would rock,
He slept—for skippers' naps are sound.

"The watch on deck would now and then
Run down and wake him, with the lead:
He 'd up, and taste, and tell the men
How many miles they went ahead.

"One night 't was Jotham Marden's watch,
A curious wag—the peddler's son—
And so he mused, (the wanton wretch,)
'To night I'll have a grain of fun.'

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"And so he took the well-greased lead,
And rubbed it o'er a box of earth
That stood on deck—a parsnip bed—
And then he sought the skipper's berth.

"'Where are we now, sir? Please to taste.'
The skipper yawn'd, put out his tongue,
Then ope'd his eyes in wondrous haste,
And then upon the floor he sprung!

"The skipper stormed, and tore his hair,
Thrust on his boots, and roared to Marden.
'*Nantucket's sunk, and here we are*
Right over old Marm Hackett's garden.'"

Mr. Fields, upon his second visit to Europe, in 1851, was in Paris during the *latest* French revolution, and witnessed the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon—the bloody encounter between the troops and the populace upon the Boulevards in December of that year. A cannon ball shattered the house two doors from where he stood among the crowd. He spent a winter in Italy, devoting the principal portion of the time to Rome, where he enjoyed the high culture arising from an appreciative study of the great works of art. He remained a number of months in England, three of which he gave to London and its literary circles. Several clubs invited him to a membership, and opened to him all their social privileges. At a corporation dinner of the city he was honored with a toast, and brought down the house, in the form of nine rousing cheers, by a successful and spirited address. In Edinburgh he renewed the grateful acquaintance, which he had formed upon his previous visit, with Professor Wilson, and commenced that intimate and confidential intercourse with De Quincy which is even to this day productive of valuable results to the literary world. The "Opium-Eater," whose writings, in eighteen volumes, Mr. Fields has edited and published in a truly elegant series, in America, welcomed him to his house, and accompanied him upon several excursions in Scotland. One day they walked fourteen miles together on a trip to Roslin Castle, De Quincy beguiling the time, and cheating the miles of their weariness, with anecdotes of his earlier days, when Coleridge, Southey, and Charles Lamb were his companions among the hills of Westmoreland.

There is a touching and characteristic vein of melancholy running through the highly-complimentary letter prefacing the American edition of his autobiographic sketches. To Mr. Fields he says:—

"These papers I am anxious to put into your hands, and, so far as regards the United States, of your house exclusively; not with any view to future emoluments, but as an acknowledgment of the services which you have already rendered me: namely, first, in having brought together so widely scattered a collection—a difficulty which in my own hands, by too painful an experience, I had found, from nervous depression, to be absolutely insurmountable; secondly, in having made me a participator in the pecuniary profit of the American edition without solicitation, or the shadow of any expectation on my part; without any legal claim that I could plead, or equitable warrant in established usage—solely and merely upon your own spontaneous motion."

Upon Mr. Fields's return to America he was invited to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa poem before the society at Harvard University, and during the same season was elected to fill the same office at Dartmouth. He delivered about this time a very successful lecture before the Mercantile Library upon "Preparations for Travel," which, while it was replete with humor, was full of sensible and valuable suggestions. Various colleges, lyceums, &c., have since kept Mr. Fields from the temptation of placing his light under a bushel. His unpublished poem upon "Eloquence" has already been publicly read more than twenty times, and the demand is still unsupplied.

If our merchant-poet lives, (and may a good Providence grant this!) he has not yet written his best verse. He has but stepped out upon the threshold of manhood, and the dew is still upon his lips. The poems that will bear up his name and memory when other generations walk our streets, and we slumber under old tombstones, are still receiving their vital warmth, and quickening in his imagination, and waiting the hour of resurrection. Little of the sad travail of the historic poet has Mr. Fields known. Of the emaciated face, the seedy garment, the collapsed purse, the dog-eared and often rejected manuscript, he has never known, save from well-authenticated tradition. His muse was born in sunshine, and has only been sprinkled with the tears of affection. Every effort has been cheered to the echo, and it is impossible for so genial a fellow to fail of an ample and approving audience for whatever may fall from his lip or pen. The spur of necessity, which is the almost indispensable goad to great endeavors, is of course wanting; and the temptation of our Apollo, with his golden harp, is to be satisfied with the success which has been, and can be so readily purchased, and not to attempt, by painful self-discipline, to write himself *excelsior!* Willis says of Mr. Fields's poems:—

"They are scholar-like in their structure, musical, genial-toned in feeling, effortless, and pure-thoughted. He has a playful and delicate fancy, which he uses skillfully in his poems of sentiment, and a strongly perceptive observation,

which he exercises finely in his hits at the times and didactic poetry."

Of his personal appearance here is a characteristic profile, cut by the same slashing hand:—

"Mr. Fields is a young man of twenty-five, (a few years older now,) and the most absolute specimen of rosy and juvenescent health that would be met with by the takers of the census. His glowing cheek and white teeth, full frame and curling beard, clear eyes and ready smile, are, to tell the truth, most unsymptomatic of the poet—not even very common in publishers."

To add that he is of about medium height and well-proportioned, would bring our merchant-poet before the mind's eye as visibly, perhaps, as pen-painting is capable of doing.

A CHAPTER ON BELLS.

PLEASANT and venerable are the associations connected with bells. They are the special poets of man's life; the unconscious assistants of his deeds; the ministering servants of his religion. At his birth, they rejoice; at his marriage, theirs are the merriest voices; at his death, alas! they are too often his only mourners. They swell the clamorous alarms of revolt—they herald in the triumph—they peal sweetly and holily over meadow and valley, calling the prayerful to the old gray church on the Sabbath morning. No other object of common manufacture and general use is hallowed by memories so various; no other tongue tells a story so touching to the ear of universal humanity.

The use of bells is so ancient as to be lost in the gloom of remotest antiquity. Setting aside that bell which, as we are told by an Eastern writer, was manufactured by Tubal Cain, and used by Noah to summon his ship-carpenters to their daily labors, we may content ourselves with the earliest authentic mention of them as it occurs in the Book of Exodus, where we find that the high-priest was ordained to wear golden bells, alternating with golden pomegranates, on the blue vestment in which he was robed during the performance of religious ceremonies. It is remarkable that the same fashion was observed in the decorations of the regal costume of the ancient Persians.

The Romans had bells and knockers at their doors, and porters to answer the inquiries of visiters, as we have in this present day; and their night-watch carried each a bell, to give the alarm in case of accident or danger. They hung bells, also, to the necks of criminals on their way to execution, that persons might be warned from their path, as it was deemed a bad omen to meet those sacrifices devoted to the *dii manes;* and Phædrus mentions that bells were commonly attached to the necks of animals. To remove them was theft, according to the civil laws of Rome; and if the animals were lost, the person who had stolen the bells remained answerable for their value. That the ancient Jews were in the habit of suspending bells round the necks of animals, we ascertain by these words of the prophet Zechariah: "In that day there shall be upon the bells of horses, Holiness unto the Lord."

The Greeks hung bells, with whips, to the chariots of victorious generals, by way of reminding them that, notwithstanding their services and valor, they were still within the pale of law and justice. Those soldiers who went the rounds of their garrisons and camps by night, carried small bells, which it was their duty to ring at each sentry-box. In funeral processions, a bell-man walked before the body; and at Athens, a priest of Proserpine, called Hierophantus, rang a bell to summon the citizens to sacrifice. All Greek and Roman market-places, temples, camps, and frontier towns, were furnished with them; and in the vast public baths of Rome, notice was given of the hours of opening by the ringing of a bell.

It is an agreeable instance of the generous chivalry practiced by the ancient Florentines, that so far from seeking to obtain any advantage over their enemies by means of a surprise, they gave them a month's warning before they drew their army into the field, by the continued tolling of a bell, named by them Mortinella.

The earliest mention of bells, as applied to the purposes of religious worship, is by Polydore Virgil, who states that Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, a city of Campania, in Italy, first adapted them to his church in the year 400; hence the word *campanile*, belfry, still used in Italian. They were not adopted in the churches of Britain till near the end of the seventh century, but they were in use in Caledonia as early as the sixth; and in the year 610, we read that the army of the French monarch, Clothaire II., was terrified from the siege

of the city of Sens by the ringing from the bells of St. Stephen's Church. The second excerpt of Egbert, in 750, commanding every priest to sound the bells of his church at the proper hours, and then to perform the sacred offices, is translated into an antique French capitulary of 801, favoring the supposition that, by this time, bells were common to the parish-churches of both countries. Alletius asserts that bells were used for churches by the Greek Christians up to the period when Constantinople was taken by the Turks, who forthwith prohibited their being rung, lest their clamor should disturb the repose of souls, which, according to their belief, wander through the realms of air. He adds, that they were still used after this in places remote from the ears of the new rulers, and that there were very ancient bells on Mount Athos.

The passing-bell took its origin in a superstition that dates back to the earliest Egyptian periods—namely, to the belief that at the moment of death good and evil spirits lie in wait for the liberated soul, and fought together for it on its way to heaven. These wicked demons, according to Durandus, were terrified even unto flight at the sound of bells; and the louder the ringing, the more complete our victory over the powers of darkness. This singular superstition is thus recorded by W. De Worde in the pages of the "Golden Legend:"—

"It is said the evill spirytes that ben in the regyon of thayre doubte moche whan they here the belles rongen: and this is the cause why the belles ben rongen whan it thondreth, and whan grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the ende that the feinds and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee, and cease of the movynge of tempeste."

Not only to drive away evil spirits, but in later ages to counteract the natural influences of storm and pestilence, did it become customary to ring the bells of churches. "Let the bells in cities and towns be rung often," says one Dr. Herring in a treatise upon pestilential contagion, 1625, "and let the ordnance be discharged; therefore the air is purified." And there still exists a belief in Switzerland, that the undulation of air caused by the sound of a bell breaks the electric fluid of a thunder-cloud. Lobineau observes, that the custom of ringing bells at the approach of thunder is of great antiquity; but he adds that the design was "not so much to shake the air, and so dissipate the thunder, as to call people to church to pray that the parish might be preserved from that terrible meteor." Be these opinions as they may, they scarcely balance the written evidence of legendary lore, the graven inscriptions upon bells themselves, the still lingering superstitions of many lands, and the graceful perpetuations of them in the pages of our poets.

Thus Longfellow, on the alarm and rout of evil spirits on the ringing of cathedral bells:—

I have read in some old marvelous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of specters pale
Beleaguer'd the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And with a sorrowful deep sound
The river flow'd between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasp'd the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaim'd the morning-prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley, fast and far,
The troubled army fled;
Uprose the glorious morning-star—
The ghastly host was dead!

o o o o o o o

It is amusing to know that, so recently as 1852, the Bishop of Malta gave orders for all the church-bells on the island to be rung for the purpose of calming a violent gale. Many church accounts of ancient and more modern date, bear entries of "bread, cheese, and beer provided for the ringers during thunderings." This reminds us of the statements regarding the influence of bells on storms, recorded on the bells themselves, and brings us at the same time to the subject of inscriptions.

Vivos voco—Mortuos plango—Fulgura frango.

I call the living—I mourn the dead—I break the lightning.

This brief and impressive announcement was common to very many church-bells of the middle ages, and is to be found on

the bell of the great Minster of Schaffhausen, and on that of the church near Lucerne. Another and a usual one, which is, in fact, but an amplification of the first, is this:—

Funera plango—Fulgura frango—Sabbato pango.
Excito lentos—Dissipo ventos—Paco cruentos.

I mourn at funerals—I break the lightning—I proclaim the Sabbath.
I urge the tardy—I disperse the winds—I calm the turbulent.

On the largest of three bells, placed by Edward III. in the Little Sanctuary, Westminster, are these words:—

King Edward made me thirtie thousand weight and three;
Take me down and wey me, and more you shall find me;

which recalls to us a Cambridge tradition, that the bells of King's College Chapel were taken by Henry V. from some church in France after the battle of Agincourt.

On the famous alarm-bell called Roland, in the belfry-tower of the once powerful city of Ghent, is engraved the subjoined inscription, in the old Walloon or Flemish dialect:—

Mynen naem is Roland; als ik klep is er brand, and als ik luy is er victorie in het land.

Anglice. My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land.

The books of the Roman Catholic faith contain a ritual for the baptism of bells, which decrees that they be named and anointed—a ceremonial which was supposed to insure them against the machinations of evil spirits.

The Curfew Bell is popularly supposed to have been introduced by the Conqueror, and imposed as a badge of servitude upon the nation; but it was really a precaution against fire, then prevailing throughout Europe, and only a stricter observance of the old law was enforced during the reigns of the two first Williams. The practice is now more interesting to us on account of the pleasant allusions which it has furnished to our poets, than for any records or traditions resulting from the custom.

On a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with solemn roar.

Longfellow has a brief suggestive poem on the curfew beginning thus:—

Solemnly, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The curfew-bell
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,
And put out the light;
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quench'd is the fire;
Sound fades into silence,
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all!

Gray says—

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;

and Dante, in the *Purgatorio*, makes it weep for the day that is dying. In Shakspeare, Benedick "hath a heart as sound as a bell;" Hamlet's intellects are "like sweet bells jangled out of tune;" Lady Capulet, on the discovery of the dead lovers of Verona, exclaims:—

O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulcher!

Sweeter, gentler, holier, perhaps, than all bells, are those of the vespers in the ear of the peasant returning from his toil in the vineyard—in the ear of the fisherman pausing upon his oars in the still bay—in the ear of the traveler weary of the day's long pleasure. Heard under a deep Italian sky, lapsing in with the latest songs of the birds, and with the shrill note of the cicada, that sound echoes along the quiet shore beautiful and melancholy, like a voice out of the dim past.

"The stanza respecting the Ave Maria," says a living critic of rare taste and feeling, "is surely the best in *Don Juan:*"—

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot where I so oft
Have felt the moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth, so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.

Few readers, we trust, are unacquainted with Schiller's *Song of the Bell;* which, answering a double purpose, depicts with equal truth and splendor the casting, completing, and uses of a bell, and the birth, progress, and duties of a man's life.

The National Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1855.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE YELLOW FEVER AT NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH, VA.—A terrible picture of the fearful ravages of this epidemic is given in the address of the Rev. Mr. McCabe, chairman of a committee appointed by the citizens to wait on the President of the United States, and seek, through him, some relief from the general government.

"We appear before you, sir, as the representatives of a sorrowing, suffering, disease-stricken, and death-smitten people, a committee appointed at a meeting held in the town of Hampton on yesterday, composed of a number of the citizens of Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Hampton, to wait upon the President of the United States, and the appropriate heads of departments, to seek that relief which the awful exigencies of the case require, and which the resolutions we now submit most respectfully ask. As chairman of that committee, I am somewhat anticipated in my remarks by the appalling facts which must each day reach the ears of your excellency, as borne upon the wings of the telegraph or through the medium of the public prints; and yet, sir, startling and terrible as are each day's official reports from Norfolk and Portsmouth of the progress of the yellow fever in those cities, they fall far and fearfully short of the awful reality.

"Norfolk and Portsmouth are now, sir, but little more than vast charnel-houses, and their unburied dead are, perchance at this moment, attracting the keen scent of the ravening vultures. Thousands of the people of those devoted cities have fled, panic-stricken; and would to God the rest had flown! Had it been so, sir, we would have been spared the recital of this tale of woe, and your excellency the pain of listening to a story whose burden is desolation and death. Mr. President, physicians are falling at their posts; nurses are dying at bedsides; and the ministers of the cross of Christ, as they stand at the couches of the sick and dying, are struck down

'Dumb and shivering.'

"Business is almost entirely suspended in both cities. The city of Norfolk has but a nominal government, and nearly every private dwelling is converted into a mort-house, and from almost every chamber comes out a wail—for death is there. The remaining population of these seemingly doomed cities are too feeble and too few to give efficient help to the sick and the suffering; and ere long, unless God stay the destroyer, and the strong arm of man in power be stretched forth in their behalf, the total depopulation of those places by death must be the result, and the genius of desolation will sit in ghastly and gloomy triumph, sole master of their ports and marts. The resolutions which we herewith present will to some extent explain what it is we desire; and we submit them in a just and abiding confidence, that as a man, and as the chief magistrate of the country, in the welfare of every section whereof we believe you feel an interest, you will suggest and afford that relief which must be immediate to be available."

THE REV. DR. CONE, pastor of the First Baptist Church in this city, and one of the oldest ministers among us, died on the 29th of August, in the seventieth year of his age. In his early life Mr. Cone was a play-actor of some considerable eminence, but was converted in his thirtieth year, devoted himself to the ministry, and was, for many years, one of the most popular pulpit orators in the land. His own account of his conversion, which we find in one of our exchange papers, is deeply interesting. After giving a statement of his conviction by the Holy Spirit, he says:—

"I commenced reading the Scriptures with deep interest to find out how a sinner could be saved, and in two months read the Psalms and different portions of the Old Testament, and the New Testament I think more than twenty times through. The Psalms, John's Gospel, and the Epistle to the Romans, were particularly precious. It required great effort to attend to domestic duties and my business in the office, for I felt continually that it would profit me nothing 'to gain the whole world and at last lose my own soul.' I sought out preachers, and heard Mr. Duncan frequently, but could not learn from any of them the way of salvation. One evening, after the family had all retired, I went up into a vacant garret, and walked backward and forward in great agony of mind; I kneeled down, the instance of Hezekiah occurred to me; like him I turned my face to the wall, and cried for mercy. An answer seemed to be vouchsafed in an impression, that just as many years as I had passed in rebellion against God, so many years I must now endure before deliverance could be granted. I clasped my hands and cried out, 'Yes, dear Lord, a thousand years of such anguish as I now feel, if I may only be saved at last.' I continued to read, and whenever I could steal away unobserved into the garret, there I walked the floor when all around was hushed in sleep; there I prayed and poured out tears of bitter sorrow. While thus engaged one night, the plan of salvation was revealed to me in the figure of Noah's Ark. I saw an ungodly race swept away with the flood, but Noah and his family were saved, for God shut them in the ark. I felt that, as a sinner, I was condemned and justly exposed to immediate and everlasting destruction. I saw distinctly that in Christ alone I must be saved, if saved at all; and the view I at that moment had of God's method of saving sinners I do still most heartily entertain, after thirty years' experience of his love. This was Saturday night, and that night I slept more sweetly than I had done for many weeks. Before daylight on Lord's-day morning I awoke, and went down stairs quietly, made a fire in the front parlor and threw open the window-shutters, and as soon as I could see commenced reading the New Testament. I opened to the thirteenth chapter of John, and came to where Peter said, 'Thou shalt never wash my feet.' Jesus answered him, 'If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me.' Simon Peter saith unto him, 'Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head!' At that moment my heart seemed to melt. I felt as if plunged into a bath of blood divine—I was cleansed from head to foot—guilt and the apprehension of punishment were both put away, tears of gratitude gushed from my eyes in copious streams, the fire in the grate shone on the paper upon the wall, and the room was full of light. I fell upon the hearth-rug on my face, at the feet of Jesus, and wept and gave thanks; my sins, which were many, were all forgiven, and a peace of mind succeeded which passeth understanding. Bless the Lord, O my soul! from that hour to the present a doubt of my calling and election of God has never crossed my path. With all my imperfections, shortcomings, and backslidings of heart, I have from that hour steadfastly believed that 'Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus my Lord!'"

COTTON MATHER, the author of the "Magnalia Christi Americana," originally published in London, and reprinted at Hartford in 1820, was one of the most voluminous writers the world has ever seen. Previous to the year 1718 he had published the lives of one hundred and fourteen men and twenty women, "and more," says his biographer afterward, "not to say anything of the transient but honorable mention many others have had in the doctor's tractates."

An immense unpublished manuscript of his, entitled "Illustrations of the Sacred Scriptures," is stored in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, where it is shown in six volumes folio, of rough-edged, whity-brown foolscap, written in the author's round, exact hand, in double columns; its magnitude

and forgotten theology bidding defiance to the enterprise of editors and publishers. Portions of his "Diary," a painful psychological curiosity, are also to be found there, including the torn leaf from which the invisible hand of witchcraft plucked a piece, according to his declaration, before his eyes.

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POPULATION OF NEW-YORK CITY.—The marshals appointed to take the census have finished their labors, but the official report has not been published. We learn, however, that the increase of inhabitants during the last five years is about twenty-one per cent. We append a table showing the increase and decrease during the last five years, and the population in 1840 and 1850.

	1840.	1850.	1855.
Total	312,983	515,545	622,943
Total increase in five years			107,698

POPULATION OF BOSTON.

	1850.	1855.
Total	138,788	162,629
Total increase in five years		23,841

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THE NEW-YORK ORPHAN ASYLUM.—In company with a friend we started, a short time since, to pay a flying visit to this institution. We did not anticipate the scene that was to be presented to us, nor had we any idea of the beauty and benevolence which surrounded it. When we arrived we presented ourselves, after our accustomed fashion, to the superintendent, Mr. Pell, and were immediately taken through the building to inspect, and, as a matter of course, be inspected. The first place we entered was the female school, which is under the immediate superintendence of Miss McGregor. This department commanded our most hearty approbation. Never have we seen more general order, or more gentle bearing toward a tutor, than was displayed on this occasion by those poor helpless orphans. We heard them sing their little songs with more delight than we should experience after hearing a Jenny Lind, and read their lessons —for they read them well—with as much gratification as if we were listening to the best readers in the land. We next entered the boys' school, and were delighted with the decorum of the students, and the high respect they paid their tutor—a respect which made on us a deep impression, and we could not help thinking that he was the happiest of happy men, when we gazed on the happy faces that smiled so sweetly upon him.

But what shall we say of the primary department? It would be impossible to say too much. Little ones in the full glow of health and spirits obeying so strictly every word which fell from the lips of their mistress, even though they kept prattling as only sweet prattlers can, and vieing with each other in endeavoring to see who could sing the sweetest. One darling little fellow recited for our edification quite a pretty theme, which concluded with the words—"I hope I'll make a good man." We blessed him from our heart, shook him by the hand, and with—yes, we must confess it—tears in our eyes, took our departure; for we had little ones at home—dear little ones —whom we then remembered with a ten-fold love, and left the premises, blessing the memory of those who first started this noble institution.

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ROMANISM UNFAVORABLE TO MENTAL DEVELOPMENT.—Look, says Theodore Parker, look at the Catholics of the United States in comparison with the Protestants. In the whole of America there is not a single man born and bred a Catholic distinguished for anything but his devotion to the Catholic Church. I mean to say, there is not a man in America, born and bred a Catholic, who has any distinction in science, literature, politics, benevolence, or philanthropy. I do not know one. I never heard of a great philosopher, naturalist, orator, or poet among them. The Jesuits have been in existence three hundred years; they have had their pick of the choicest intellect of all Europe—they never take a common man when they know it; they subject every pupil to a severe ordeal, intellectual and physical as well as moral, in order to ascertain whether he has the requisite stuff in him to make a strong Jesuit of. They have a scheme of education masterly in its way. But there has not been a single great original man produced in the company of the Jesuits from 1545 to 1854. They absorb talent enough, but they strangle it. Clipped oaks never grow large. Prune the roots of a tree with a spade, prune the branches close to the pole, and what becomes of the tree? The pole remains thin, and scant, and slender. Can a man be a conventional dwarf and a natural giant at the same time? Case your little boy's feet in metal, would they grow? Plant a chestnut in a tea-cup, do you get a tree? Not a shrub even. Put a priest or a priest's creed as the only soil for a man to grow in; he grows not. The great God provided the natural-mode operation—do you suppose he will turn aside and mend or mar the universe at your or my request? I think he will do no such thing.

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FEMALE EDUCATION.—A writer in one of the British periodicals thus speaks of the little attention paid to the education of females in England. The remarks have a tenfold greater pertinency in the United States:—

"Very defective is the education of females in the more easy classes of English society. Intellectually, morally, religiously, very defective is that education. Considering their station and their future responsibilities, we believe there are thousands of pauper children better educated than are the daughters of most of our nobles, gentry, merchants, and superior tradesmen. Of this defective education the most neglected is that which relates to the body. It is true that what is called Calisthenics stands as a part of the training in many programmes of our higher female schools. But for the most part the only real bodily exercise given in these establishments is that which comes from the dancing-master; and that exercise is designed not to train and strengthen the body, but to form 'the steps' and give a certain grace to the deportment. This absence of systematic physical discipline is not compensated for by any sufficient bodily exercise in the way of recreation or amusement. Our 'young ladies' are hot-house plants. Legs have they like other human beings, but they walk not; bodies have they, but they neither swing, nor run, nor troll the hoop, nor, indeed, condescend to any robust game whatever. An airing in the carriage they may take, when an hour can be spared from the piano, from the flower-painting, or the tambour-frame. But all the vulgarities connected with

severe bodily exercise they are led studiously to shun. The consequence, the inevitable consequence, is all but universally seen in weak frames, delicate health, sickly children, and a degenerate race. With such physical infirmities moral health is impossible, intellectual health is impossible, and religion is in danger of becoming a passion or a superstition."

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THE BLESSINGS OF WAR.—This, strange as it may sound, appears to be the subject of Tennyson's latest poem—MAUD. An able writer in the *London Athenæum* thus discourses upon the subject, presenting the arguments in favor of the monstrous idea with apparent plausibility:

"Bacon, in one of his most subtile passages, declares that War is 'the highest trial of Right.' In the large sense it may be so. But our poet goes beyond the philosopher: he not merely vindicates War as an arbitration,—terrible, yet necessary, when pride and passion will not bow to reason,—but he appeals to it as an instrument of good, as a divine means for the accomplishment of a divine purpose. Wordsworth is less devout in his worship of Slaughter. Flashing cannon, marshaled legions, ships of war, appear to Mr. Tennyson—or at least to the poetic Voice which utters his thought—like hosts of angels sent to save the world. To him the Declaration of War was the sound of a new gospel.

"Here is solemn matter. Doubtless, something of high sound and sacred authority may be urged in support of such a fable. Under the Old World dispensation,—when too much calm and too prolonged prosperity engendered their peculiar vices,—men were often told to light the camp-fires, and flaming swords were sent abroad, like storms at sea, like electrical explosions on shore, to break the moral calm and purify the air. Peace corrupts. In a stagnant atmosphere man declines. Ages find their Capuas as well as armies. Nor can it be denied that it is chiefly in days of war and suffering the human mind makes its springs of progress. Those periods of the world to which we refer as Intellectual Epochs—when the greatest triumphs of song, of eloquence, of art, have been achieved, and the human soul has thrown its types of beauty into immortal shapes—have all been marked by mighty wars. When the Hebrews forgot to conquer, their poets forgot to sing. When the Greeks ceased to fight, they ceased to create. All that was left of Roman genius expired under the long peace of the Antonines. One law seems written in the history of every race. Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, everywhere it is the same: the last poet, orator, historian, artist, fell on the last battlefield. Material wealth may have increased after the Temple of Janus was finally closed in Rome, the banquets may have grown more gorgeous, the roses may have fallen more bounteously on the garlanded guests, but the soul of the nation languished, as the spirit of a traveler does in the dead calm in the tropics. Your laurel, it may be, will not blossom under the shadow of the palm.

"A truth, if it be a truth, must be universal. Is it true, then, that in our own country—with the story of which we are the most familiar—the eras of war have been the eras of intellectual activity and of moral progress? On such a point it would become no man to dogmatize; yet facts must be received. On looking back along the lines of our intellectual history, it is impossible to avoid seeing how distinctly four periods are marked by marvelous literary activity:—The age of Shakspeare and Bacon, the age of Milton and Butler, the age of Pope and Swift, the age of Byron and Scott, and equally impossible is it to deny that these ages were intensely martial and troubled. The Spanish War produced Shakspeare,—vigorous, infinite, picturesque; the Spanish peace produced Beaumont,—facile, turgid, and corrupt. The Civil War gave us Milton; the Restoration, Cleveland. Blenheim and Ramillies inspired Swift, Addison, and Pope; with the return of peace we got Hayley and Darwin. The French Revolution, Marengo, Austerlitz, and Waterloo sent us a host of great men, from Burke to Byron;—since the peace what have we produced? Mr. Martin Tupper and Mr. Robert Montgomery are the Cleveland and Hayley of our day—the poets of uncounted editions. Like the Romans after their great wars, we have a splendid material prosperity, (shaded by an ever-increasing gourd of social misery.) We have built ships, railways, palaces; but where do we see evidence of healthy, vigorous literary desire? We import our learning from Germany, our art from Italy, our singers from Sweden, our dancers from Spain. We are abdicating our intellectual thrones. Great books are no longer written; great passions no longer stir us. Something is deeply rotten in our state of Denmark. For such result there must be cause. What is the cause? Mr. Tennyson tells us, in his allegory of 'Maud,' that we are rotting with peace."

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GIVING OFFENSE.—Sydney Smith was one day about to preach, and had selected a sermon containing some hard hits at opinions then rife, which he considered vitally inimical to religion. His wife told him that certain friends would be present, and wished him to change the discourse, as it would give them offense. "I fear it will," he answered, "and am sorry for it; but, Kate, do you think if I feel it my duty to preach such a sermon at all, that I can refrain from doing so from fear of giving offense?" He preached the sermon, and lost the friends. He had a way, however, of making friends, well-illustrated in the following letter to his wife. We must premise that the valuable living of Edmonton, which was in the gift of St. Paul's, fell vacant. By the rules of the Chapter he could have taken it himself, or given it as he pleased. The late vicar, Mr. Tate, was a friend of his own, who, years before, as a Yorkshire clergyman, had stood up with him in favor of Catholic Emancipation. He left a family behind him, his eldest son having been his curate; and Sydney Smith writes to his wife the following account of his interview with the widow and family, after he had determined to give the cure to the son of his old friend, in place of giving it to himself:—

"DEAR KATE,—I went over yesterday to the Tates, at Edmonton. The family consists of three delicate daughters, an aunt, the old lady, and her son, then curate of Edmonton:—the old lady was in bed. I found there a physician, an old friend of Tate's, attending them from friendship, who had come from London for that purpose. They were in daily expectation of being turned out from house and curacy. . . . I began by inquiring the character of their servant, then turned the conversation upon their affairs, and expressed a hope the Chapter might ultimately do something for them. I then said, 'It is my duty to say to you (they were all assembled) that I have given away the living at Edmonton: I have written to our Chapter-clerk this morning, to mention the person to whom I have given it; and I must also tell you that I am sure he will appoint his curate. (A general silence and dejection.) It is a very odd coincidence,' I added, 'that the gentleman I have selected is namesake of this family. His name is Tate. Have you any relations of that name?' 'No, we have not.' 'And by a more singular coincidence, his name is Thomas Tate. In short,' I added, 'there is no use mincing the matter; you are vicar of Edmonton.' They all burst into tears. It flung me also into a great agitation of tears, and I wept and groaned for a long time. Then I rose and said I thought it was very likely to end in their keeping a buggy, at which we all laughed as violently.

"The poor old lady, who was sleeping in a garret, because she could not bear to enter into the room lately inhabited by her husband, sent for me, and kissed me, sobbing with a thousand emotions. The charitable physician wept too. . . . I never passed so remarkable a morning, nor was more deeply impressed with the sufferings of human life, and never felt more thoroughly the happiness of doing good."

—

Mr. Everett one day remarked to Montgomery the poet that Matlock would be a fine situation for the permanent residence of a poet, as the beauty of the scenery, according to the current opinion, would induce sublime thoughts. He partly exploded the notion, observing that he should have to lament for his own situation if it were so. "From the room in which I sit to

write," said Montgomery, "and where some of my happiest pieces have been produced—those, I mean, which are most popular—all the prospect I have is a confined yard, where there are some miserable old walls, and the back of houses, which present to the eye neither beauty, variety, nor anything else calculated to inspire a single thought, except concerning the rough surface of the bricks, the corners of which have either been chopped off by violence, or fretted away by the weather. No; as a general rule, whatever of poetry is to be derived from scenery, must be secured before we sit down to compose—the impressions must be made already, and the mind must be abstracted from surrounding objects. It will not do to be expatiating abroad in observations when we should be at home in concentration of thought."

—

No Good Deed Lost.—Philosophers tell us, that since the creation of the world not one single particle of matter has ever been lost. It may have passed into new shapes: it may have combined with other elements—may have floated away in smoke or vapor—but is not lost. It will come back again in the dew-drop or the rain: it will spring up in the fiber of the plant, or paint itself in the rose-leaf. Through all its transformations, Providence watches over and directs it still. Even so it is with every holy thought, or heavenly desire, or humble aspiration, or generous and self-denying effort. It may escape our observation: we may be unable to follow it; but it is an element of the moral world, and it is not lost!

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Letters.—The April number of the New-York Quarterly Review has an article on "Post-office Improvements," in which it is stated that the Boston people annually average about thirty-three letters each; those in New-York about twenty-four; in Philadelphia, fourteen; in New Orleans, about sixteen; in Baltimore, ten. In the aggregate of the large cities of the United States there is an annual average of about twenty letters to each person. In the country districts there are only about three letters annually to each person, and in the whole United States about four to each person.

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In Upper Egypt, a very respectable old gentleman, who had no reason to think he had given cause of displeasure, received one day the visit of an amiable, soft-spoken personage from Cairo, armed with full powers to represent his highness Ahmet Pasha. The guest was welcomed with politeness and hospitality, not unmixed, of course, with apprehension; and a splendid supper refreshed him after his long journey. When the meal was concluded, and hands were washed, the new-comer, as he delicately parted his well-trimmed moustache with the amber mouth-piece of the offered pipe, said: 'Now to business. With infinite regret I inform thee, my master! that I have come hither the bearer of orders to give the five hundred blows immediately on my arrival. It will be better for both parties to dispatch this unpleasant affair as speedily as possible. Thou wilt allow me, therefore, to issue the necessary orders. Ali, Giaffar, do your duty!' The astounded Nazir roared for mercy; but ere the first spiral whiff of smoke from the visitor's elegantly-pursed lips had reached the rafters, the operation had commenced, and it was nearly over before a second pipe was required."

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Matrimony.—Jeremy Taylor says, "If you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize rosy health, marry. A good wife is heaven's last, best gift to man—his angel and minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels. Her voice is sweet music—her smiles, his brightest day—her kiss, the guardian of his innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry, his surest wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips, his faithful counselors—her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers, the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.

—

A Wit in a Witness-box.—A celebrated engineer being examined at a trial, where both the judge and counsel tried in vain to browbeat him, made use in his evidence of the expression, "The creative power of a mechanic," on which the judge rather tartly asked him, what he meant by the creative power of a mechanic? "Why, my lord," said the engineer, "I mean that power which enables a man to convert a goat's tail into a judge's wig."

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Eloquence.—Richard Shiel was one of the most brilliant debaters in the House of Commons. He was more than forty years of age when he entered St. Stephen's, and had already formed his habits and tastes, yet his highest sense of pleasure was in the exercise within that house of that rare faculty by which breathless attention is enchained. "That" he used to say, says his biographer, "is power. Cheers," he continued, "are nothing. Any one who is reckless enough to play for them, if he has common tact and ability can win them. I don't care for cheers; the thing that is hard to catch, and when caught to hold, is the silent attention of the House. When you have done that, you have succeeded; not till then."

—

England Plagiarizing from Germany.—There is truth in the following remarks of the *British Quarterly*, relative to the theological department of book-making:—

"While the German press continues to put forth works of the sort abundantly, what do we in this country? We use the materials thus supplied in private, and make the *amende honorable!* by abusing the sources of our borrowed learning, in public. Nay, not in private only do we use these materials, but, modifying such of them as bear on popular opinions so as to make them suit the English market, we send them forth in introductions and manuals on Biblical criticism, astonishing the dwellers on both sides of the Atlantic with an appearance of profound and prolific learning, which those who are behind the scenes knew to be little else than appearance. A more worthy course would be to imitate German industry, by producing original works, and to show our dislike of German neology by writing in a spirit at once more conservative and—if we are able—more scientific. As it is, we leave the very men whom we profess to dislike, to inundate the learned world with their productions, and so to form theological thought after their own fashion. Nay, more, we give those men reason to think that we hold their errors to be incapable of correction, and can do nothing better than plagiarize and rebuke."

Book Notices.

The Christ of History: an Argument Grounded in the Facts of his Life on Earth, by John Young, M. A. Taking for granted merely the *manhood* of Jesus of Nazareth—that such a person actually existed, and that the Evangelists give a truthful account of his life and ministry—Mr. Young deduces a very strong argument for his supreme divinity. He does this by considering the social position of Jesus, his poverty, his want of patronage and formal education, the shortness of his earthly course, the obstacles to his ministry, and the moral condition of the age in which he lived. He then takes up the work of Christ among men, his doctrinal teaching, especially with reference to the immortality and accountability of the soul, and the unity, spirituality, and moral perfections of Jehovah; and asserts, that under the conditions amid which Jesus was placed, such knowledge and such spiritual opulence and power were morally and even physically impossible to a mere human mind. God never acts in defiance of the nature and laws of the soul, but always in harmony with them. We speak with reverence, God *could not* act in defiance of the laws of the soul which he has himself established. This is not the region of miracle, so called; and mere physical omnipotence has no place here. Mind is not to be forced. God could destroy the soul; but, continuing to be what it is, God can act upon it only in harmony with its laws. Now, the fact that a young man, only thirty-three, a poor man, a Galilean carpenter, uneducated, unprivileged, and unpatronized, *rose to* a profound, far-reaching, lofty wisdom, and to an illumination and wealth of soul which are without example in history, stands in direct contradiction to all other psychological experience, and to all ascertained psychological laws. But it is a fact, nevertheless; and there must be *some* ground on which it can be explained. Jesus *cannot* have been merely what he seemed to be, and his mind *cannot* have been merely human, and in all respects constituted and conditioned as other human minds are. In sober reason, there is no choice left to us but to believe in an organic, an essential, a constitutional difference between him and all men; in other words, in an incarnation, in this unparalleled instance, of Divinity in humanity. Admitting an original, an incomprehensible union between the mind of Christ and God—admitting a mysterious and constant access of Christ's mind to the infinite fountain of illumination, of excellence, and of power, *such as was possible to no mere human being*—then, but only then, we can account for spiritual phenomena which—*all facts as they are*—on no other ground are explicable or even believable. It is only by the admission of the real union of divinity with the human soul of Jesus Christ that a solution can be found of historical and psychological difficulties, which are otherwise as insurmountable as they are undeniable. The idea of incarnation in all its meaning is, indeed, incomprehensible; but we can very distinctly comprehend *that it must be true nevertheless*, because, otherwise, facts of which we have the fullest evidence are absolutely unbelievable. The incarnation is a profound mystery; but intelligence and candor will allow that this is the very region where mystery was even to be looked for. We are compelled to believe that *this* mystery is a truth; because, if not, the marvelous phenomena of the life of Jesus, which we cannot deny, are not only a mystery, and one even more inscrutable and insupportable, but a direct contradiction.

The conduct of the argument is highly creditable to the skill of the author, and the book is worthy the attention of all earnest thinkers. *Robert Carter & Brothers.*

There have been published several histories of the acts and doings of the celebrated *Council of Trent*. The first was that of SARPI, published in London, in folio, in 1619, which has been several times translated, and of which an English version was printed in 1676. Truthful, but severely sarcastic, Sarpi's work was exceedingly popular, and an antidote was prepared and published by the Jesuit PALLAVICINI. According to Ranke, both these authors were mere partisans, and each distorted and discolored facts to suit his purpose. In 1834 the Rev. Joseph Mendham published in London "Memoirs of the Council of Trent, principally derived from manuscript and unpublished records;" and in 1852, a more concise and thorough treatise upon the subject appeared from the pen of the Rev. T. A. Buckley. Still more recently L. F. BUNGENER, author of those well-known works "The Priest and the Huguenot," and "The Preacher and the King," published, in French, a "History of the Council of Trent," which has been translated, and has already passed through two English editions. It is by far the most complete and readable history of that memorable conclave that has been given to the public. An edition, under the careful and pains-taking supervision of Dr. McClintock, has just been issued by *Harper & Brothers*, of which it is not too much to say that its value has been greatly enhanced by the division of the book into convenient chapters, the correction of a few passages in the translation, and the occasional notes of the American editor. He has also added a summary of the Acts and Decrees of the Council, in chronological order; and the Protestant student will need no other history of the means whereby the blundering and blasphemous dogmas of the Romish hierarchy were stamped, for all time, with the signet of infallibility.

Hudson's Bay; or, a Missionary Tour in the Territory of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company, by the Rev. John Ryerson. *Toronto: G. R. Sanderson.* This is a very neatly-printed volume of letters, giving an account of the author's tour, and of the condition and prospects of the several Wesleyan Mission Stations within the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company. It is illustrated by several well-executed wood-cuts, and breathes throughout a spirit of hopefulness

for the aborigines, for whose spiritual welfare the mission was undertaken. From York Place, in Hudson's Bay, Mr. Ryerson sailed for England, and after remaining six weeks in London, took passage for Boston the ninth of December in the British steamship America. He says:—

"We arrived at Boston on the twenty-fifth, having made the passage from Liverpool in sixteen days. I was detained in Boston two days; during which time I heard more profane swearing, and witnessed more drunkenness and disorder in the streets than I heard or saw during the six weeks I was in London."

A terrible place Boston must be, or else was our author very unfortunate in his associations and the company he kept while there. But the Bostonians not only swear and get drunk more than twenty times as much as they do in London, they do worse things according to Mr. Ryerson:—

"By the *lying and deception* of rail-road conductors and hotel keepers, I was detained on the road between Boston and Brantford three days and two nights, so that I did not reach home until Friday evening the twenty-ninth of December."

Unfortunate Mr. Ryerson!

Japan as it Was and Is, by Richard Hildreth, author of "History of the United States," etc. *Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.; New-York: J. C. Derby.* With his usual care and discrimination, Mr. Hildreth has here given us an admirably condensed summary of all that is known of the Japanese, their relations with other people—more especially the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the Spaniards—their laws, religion, customs, and literature; bringing down his history to the United States embassy under Commodore Perry in 1854. He quotes largely from Kämpfer, whose prolix folios few have an opportunity to examine, and has laid under contribution all accessible sources of information. It is a desirable volume for every library.

The Southern Cross and Southern Crown is the rather poetic and unmeaning title of a little volume (reprinted from the English edition by *Carter & Brothers*) giving some account of the progress of the Gospel in New Zealand. The author confines herself mainly to what has been effected through the instrumentality of the Church Missionary Society, and gives all due honor to the devoted Marsden; but seems, of set purpose, to avoid anything but the most distant allusion to the abundant and successful labors of the Wesleyan Missionaries. Her account of New Zealand, its scenery, forests, vegetable productions, and the manners and customs of the natives, is interesting; and her volume is illustrated with a map and several engravings.

Blooming Hopes and Withered Joys, from the pen of the Rev. J. T. Barr, is a series of narratives designed to awaken the careless, and deepen the piety of youthful disciples. A pretty good idea of the subject-matter of the volume may be gathered from the titles of several of the tales. They are, "The Horrors of Intemperance," "A Death-Bed Repentance," "The Murdered Maid," "Maria's Grave," "Scenes on my First Circuit." Published by *Carlton & Phillips* for the Sunday-School Union. From the same publishers we have also *Childhood; or, Little Alice*, an entertaining volume for children from five to seven or eight years of age.

Tales from English History, from the press of the *Messrs. Carter*, is an attractive little volume with embellishments; and from the same house we have *The Priest, The Puritan, and The Preacher*, by the Rev. J. C. Ryle, being lectures by that well-known author on Bishop Latimer, Baxter and his Times, Life and Labors of George Whitfield, and other subjects. Mr. Ryle is a most loyal and determined churchman, yet he treats his subjects with candor, and his volume may be read with profit.

A Voice to America; or, the Model Republic, its Glory or its Fall, with a Review of the Causes of the Decline and Failure of the Republics of South America, Mexico, and the Old World, applied to the Present Crisis in the United States. New-York: Edward Walker. The publisher informs us, in his preface, that this volume was written by gentlemen selected for the purpose with reference to their ability to treat upon the subjects committed to them. Those subjects include Discussions on the Rights of Conscience, Religious Toleration, The Bible as the Charter of Liberty, The Political Power of the Pope, American Nationality, The Use and Abuse of Secret Societies, and other kindred topics; the whole designed to make a favorable impression upon the public mind with reference to the history and purposes of what is now known as "The American Party." The essays are for the most part well written; but of the validity of the arguments the reader will form his own judgment.

It is a mooted question how far works of pure fiction ought to find place in volumes designed for Sunday-school libraries. If they are decidedly of a good moral and religious tendency, we incline to think they should not be entirely excluded. Such also appears to be the judgment of *Messrs. Carlton & Phillips*, from whom we have received a neatly illustrated little volume entitled *Johnny McKay, the Story of an Honest Boy*. It is published for the Sunday-School Union, and is numbered 598. It is a thoroughly transatlantic story, and somewhat improbable in its incidents; but will be sought after and read with avidity by our Sabbath-school children.

Habits and Men, with Remnants of Record touching the Makers of both, is the fantastic title of a queer book by Dr. Doran, from the press of *Redfield*. We copy, as a specimen of the entertainment afforded by its pages, a few anecdotes of Beau Brummell, the celebrated dandy and boon companion of the Prince of Wales, afterward George the Fourth, king of England:

"Brummell, with his usually acute perception—that is, acute in one direction—saw that fame was to be achieved by simplicity; and, as Captain Jesse remarks, 'scorning to share his fame with his tailor, he soon shunned all external peculiarity, and trusted alone to that ease and grace of manner which he possessed in a remarkable degree. His chief aim,' adds the biographer, 'was to avoid anything marked; one of his aphorisms being, that the severest mortification a gentleman could incur was to attract observation in the street by his outward appearance. He exercised the most correct taste in the selection of each article of apparel of a form and color harmonious with all the

rest, for the purpose of producing a perfectly elegant general effect; and no doubt he spent much time and pains in the attainment of his object.' This is no doubt true. Brummell put in practice, he hardly knew why, the principles of harmony and contrast of colors long before Monsieur Chevreul wrote his theory and explanation of those principles.

"He had quite as correct an eye with regard to harmony of shape as to that of color. The highest in the land were not ashamed to seek a sort of professional opinion from this man as to the propriety of their costume. The Duke of Bedford once did this touching a coat. Brummell examined his grace with the cool impertinence which was his grace's due. He turned him about, scanned him with scrutinizing, contemptuous eye, and then taking the lappel between his dainty finger and thumb, he exclaimed, in a tone of pitying wonder, 'Bedford, do you call this thing a coat?'

"But he did not spare his own relations. He was one day standing in the bow-window at White's, amid a knot of well-dressed admirers, when one of them remarked, 'Brummell, your brother William is in town. Is he not coming here?' 'Yes,' said Brummell, 'in a day or two; but I have recommended him to walk the back streets till his new clothes come home.'

"Brummell however may be excused if he became vain of his power. For a season he was undoubtedly the very King of Fashion, and a terrible despot he was; but he was flattered by kings, or by their representatives. The Prince of Wales passed long matutinal hours in Brummell's dressing-room in Chesterfield-street, watching the progress of his friend's toilet. The progress was occasionally so extended that the prince would dismiss his equipage, invite himself to dinner, and the master and pupil, *Arcades ambo*, set to, and make a night of it."

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"George Brummell's wardrobe, indeed, dwindled down to the suit in which he died; but the wardrobe of the other George sold, after his death, for upward of fifteen thousand pounds. How many a poor man might have been warmed beneath the cloth the sovereign never used! The original cost of the wardrobe would not have surprised Alexander; but we do not live in the days of the Macedonian; and in the area of high-priced bread, England was half-appalled at the thought that a hundred thousand pounds had scarcely purchased what was sold for fifteen. Among it all was a celebrated cloak, the sable lining of which alone had originally cost eight hundred pounds. Lord Chesterfield, as little nice about wearing a cheap cast-off garment as one of his own lackeys, procured this mantle for little more than a fourth of the original price of the lining.

"Brummell never recovered the effects of the wager which he won by telling 'Wales' to 'ring the bell,' and which order, although obeyed, was followed by another for 'Mr. Brummell's carriage.' He struggled indeed long, and not unsuccessfully, to retain his place among dandies and wits; but his *prestige* gradually failed, play went against him, liabilities increased, and creditors were clamorous. He put a bold face on his ugly position, and was never more brilliant or at his ease than the last night he appeared at the opera—one Saturday night, when, with the Sunday before him, he had determined to fly leisurely to the Continent, and leave his creditors to regret their confidence in him."

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"Retributive justice fell upon this splendidly useless human being. He had been proud of two things, his extreme refinement and his mental qualifications. He was terribly smitten in both directions. After his release from prison he fell into the tender keeping of the Sisters of Charity of the 'Bon Sauveur' at Caen. He was an abject pauper, and worse. His infirmities were of that sort at which a nice and healthy nature is repelled; and he who had detected vulgarity in the odor of a rose, became, in his degraded hours, ere death relieved him, offensive to a degree that turned sick and disgusted the charity of all but of the sisters who nursed him."

A Pocket Diary has become almost one of the necessaries of life. That of *Carlton & Phillips* for 1856 is a trifle larger in the size of its pages than those of former years, and is made, we are glad to find, of better paper.

The Sure Anchor; or, the Young Christian Admonished, Exhorted, and Encouraged, is the title of a neatly-printed volume from the pen of Rev. H. P. Andrews. It is written in an unpretending style, and with the manifest intention of doing good. *Boston: J. P. Magee.*

A Visit to China and Japan, being the last in the series of Bayard Taylor's descriptive journeys, is before us in a stout duodecimo volume from the press of *Putnam & Co.* His former works, "Journey to Central Africa," and "Lands of the Saracen," were widely circulated; and the present volume—in some respects the most interesting of the three—is marked by Mr. Taylor's usual acuteness of observation and vivacity of description.

Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature. These papers, from the pen of M. Schele De Vere, of the University of Virginia, were originally published in Putnam's Monthly. They are full of striking facts and suggestive illustrations, betraying the hand of a ripe scholar and an ardent admirer of God's handiwork throughout his visible creation. They are here presented in all the beauty of the typographic art, as indeed is everything that comes from the press of *Putnam & Co.*

New Church Miscellanies; or, Essays Ecclesiastical, Doctrinal, and Ethical, by George Bush, is the title of a volume of articles on various subjects from the editorial columns of the *New Church* (Swedenborgian) *Repository*. Mr. Bush is a scholar, and a man of unquestionable honesty of purpose. He utters his sentiments fearlessly, even when differing from those professedly of his own faith; avows his belief in the "verily preternatural origin" of the table-turning humbug, although he doubts whether the "puling mawkishness" attributed to the spirit of Swedenborg, by Judge Edmouds and others, really came from that great luminary; and brings all his powers to bear, in the longest article in the volume, on the great curse of Southern Slavery. Those who are not convinced by the professor's arguments will, nevertheless, be pleased with his candor and the clearness and purity of his style.

Foot-Prints of an Itinerant is the title of a large duodecimo volume, printed at the *Methodist Book Concern in Cincinnati*, Ohio. It is a record of scenes and incidents in the life of the Rev. Maxwell P. Gaddis, a superannuated minister of the Cincinnati Conference. In that section of country where the *tracks* of the author are still visible, his book will doubtless be sought and read with eagerness. Its circulation, however, will by no means be confined to that locality, as many of the incidents are of general interest, and are told in a pleasing style. The following extract will gratify the reader:—

"In the midst of the mourners at Wesley Chapel I had the pleasure of meeting, every night for more than one week, the lamented President of the United States, the late General William H. Harrison. I was struck with the deep interest he manifested in our altar exercises. He generally staid till a late hour, standing up during the singing, and in a lowly kneeling posture in time of prayer for the penitents. On one occasion he spoke to me in the following deeply-affecting and interesting manner:—'Brother Gaddis, I know there are some of my political opponents that will be ready to impugn my motives in attending this revival meeting at this peculiar time, but I care not for the smiles or favors of my fellow-men. God knows my heart and understands my motives;' and then, laying

his hand upon his breast, he exclaimed with much emotion, and with a fervor that I shall never forget, 'A deep and abiding sense of my inward spiritual necessities brings me to this hallowed place night after night.'"

Olie; or, the Old West Room. The Weary at Work, and the Weary at Rest, by L. M. M. (*Mason and Brothers.*) A pleasing narrative, at least so we are informed by a lady in whose judgment of such matters we place more confidence than in our own. It is touchingly dedicated to the author's "Sister Ann, whose eye looked so lovingly on its merits, so forgivingly on its faults, but who passed to the silent land ere the last page was written;" and perhaps a few words from the preface may induce the reader to seek a more intimate acquaintance with Olie herself. "In the great world of art," says the author, "a rude cottage sometimes forms a pleasant contrast to the stately mansions around it; so like some rustic cottage among the statelier palaces of the great thought-world was this story framed; not to display any intricacy, mystery, or regularity of plot, but with the hope that to some tear-dimmed eye, a few buds of beauty, a few green memories might spring up and twine aronnd the *Old West Room*, and no asprood hide among their leaves."

Fox's Book of Martyrs, complete in one large octavo volume of more than a thousand pages, in double columns, on good paper and clear type, with numerous spirited wood-engravings, has been published by the *Messrs. Carter* of this city. The intrinsic value of the work itself, increasing as it does with the lapse of time, and the very low price at which it is sold, will insure its extensive circulation, and remunerate, as we trust, the enterprising publishers.

A series of pertinent questions for self-examination, with an appropriate verse of Scripture for every day in the year, forms a neat little book for the pocket, entitled *The Christian Self-Examiner*, by Rev. John Bate, with a brief introduction from the pen of the Rev. B. M. Hall. (*Cluett & Thompson, Troy, N. Y.*)

The Methodist Quarterly Review is steadily extending its circulation; and deservedly, for it ranks second to no similar publication in the land. The number for October is more than usually attractive. "The First Chapter in the History of American Methodism" is an interesting paper, from the pen of the Rev. S. W. Coggeshall. The second article is a discussion of the relative merits of the German and English systems of education,—a modified translation from the German of Jahn. It is followed by an admirably-condensed sketch of the life and labors of the great and good Niebuhr. The Rev. S. Comfort discusses, briefly, the vexed question relative to Jephthah's Vow, presenting, forcibly, the argument in favor of the *consecration*, rather than the *immolation* of the Judge's daughter, as held by Josephus, and maintained by Michaëlis, and more recently by Dr. Kitto. "The Geology of Words" is an amusing and instructive essay, founded mainly on the recent publications of Trench. By one of those vexatious blunders which sometimes escape proof-reader, author, and editor, the writer is made to say, "The *Diversities* of Purley is a book of which even literary men often know but little beyond the title." Dr. Clark's "Life and Times of Bishop Hedding" is reviewed by Dr. Curry, with his usual ability and candor. He falls into a sad blunder, however, in his "Query" relative to the ballots cast by the General Conference when Messrs. Soule and Hedding were elected bishops. The biographer's statement is perfectly clear, and, doubtless, correct. We may add, too, (for the reviewer has paid some attention to critical hymnology,) that his substitution of the word "cross" for *charge*, in the verse quoted from the poet of Methodism, strikes us as equally unnecessary and unhappy. An article on "Huc's Travels in China," with more than the usual number of discriminating book notices, closes the number.

From our Boston correspondent we have notices of a few volumes recently published in that city. He says: In the world of literature, the work of Bayne, entitled *The Christian Life, Social and Individual*, is making quite a sensation among religious readers. It is written by a Scotch Calvinist, familiar with the writings of Carlyle and Comte, and a warm admirer of the former as a literary man, but an earnest and powerful protestant against his pantheistic and positive philosophy. The charm of the volume is found in its almost inimitable biographies. These are given as actual illustrations of the principles he has previously laid down. We have sketches of Howard, Wilberforce, Budgett, Foster, Arnold, and Chalmers; that of Budgett, the successful merchant, is one of the finest specimens of this style of writing that we have ever read. It will produce upon the mind, in its few pages, a better idea of the man, a profounder respect for him, and a higher appreciation of the principles that guided him, than even the complete and admirable life by Arthur.

Dr. Mahon's work upon *material spiritualism* is finding great favor among our thoughtful men. His theory is very much that of the absent editor of the NATIONAL, if we apprehend it correctly, and therefore must be *orthodox* here.

The Unitarian Sunday-School Society is issuing a series of volumes, the last of which, styled *Beginning and Growth of the Christian Life*, is specially prepared for the benefit of Sunday-school teachers. It is a well-written volume, exhibiting no effort after original thought, but presenting wholesome and inspiring suggestions before the minds of this important arm of the militant Church. There is scarcely a sentence in the volume that will not meet with the hearty sympathy of evangelical teachers. It is with some surprise and great pleasure that we read—

"A mere intellectual faith, a belief in Christ as a holy teacher alone, as the Messiah of the past, may be sufficient to some minds; but it serves not the soul in the hour of deep self-questioning, when the surging waves of conscience and memory rise in their gigantic force, and the holiness of God, and his perfect law, stand a vivid reality before the soul, disclosing all its secret and hidden depths. It serves not amid the daily duties and toils of life; the cares, anxieties, and perplexities; the joys and griefs of each passing hour, when the soul needs a more than human helper to sustain its composure, to preserve its rectitude, to quench the rising passion, to impart peace. No; a *living Saviour* does the soul need; a sense of the personal sympathy, the ever-quickening influence of a present Christ; to feel even *now* the thrilling touch of the Master's hand, and, like the disciple of old, trustingly to repose on his breast."

It is a good book, and every Christian teacher that reads it will be profited by it.

The best work upon Australia—the most full, and in every respect the most interesting and reliable—is the volume bearing the somewhat quaint but expressive title, *Land, Labor, and Gold.* William Howitt is the author, and the interest of the volume is vouched for. The work was written upon the field it describes. It is picturesque and amusing, and yet full of instruction.

Our old physicians are adding to the obligations which our community owe, and love to pay to them, by using their hours of leisure in writing out the lessons of their experience for their successors. Dr. Warren has appeared in print several times; and now Dr. James Jackson, M. D., LL. D., whose practice began with the nineteenth century, has written a volume entitled *Letters to a Young Physician just Entering upon Practice.* Apparently professional in their application, the letters are so divested of a technical character as to be full of interest and instruction to all. Every intelligent head of a family would receive invaluable aid from its suggestions.

Literary Record.

A NEW WORK, entitled "Cyclopædia of American Literature," prepared by the *Messrs. Duyckinck*, will be issued immediately from the press of Charles Scribner, of this city. It consists of biographical and critical articles on the authors of America from the earliest date to the present day, accompanied by selections from their writings. As it covers the early colonial period from the first settlement of the country, and is especially attentive to the Revolutionary era, the work supplies much curious reading of an historical interest. The Cyclopædia also contains notices of the foreign authors of worth and distinction who have taken up their residences in the country. The work will be embraced in two royal octavo volumes, making together some fifteen hundred pages, and will be well illustrated with portraits and autographs.

Macaulay, the historian, has presented an extensive and valuable donation of books to the library of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, of which he is president. The collection, which is elegantly bound, embraces some of the most important works in English history and literature.

The *City Council of Concord, N. H.*, have passed an ordinance for the establishment and perpetual maintenance of a public library. A pledge made by John L. Emmons, Esq., of Boston, a native of Concord, will give $1,000 to start with; and $300 is promised by Octavius Rogers, Esq., besides many donations of books and money from benevolent and patriotic persons. The Council appropriates, in addition to the above, $15,000 for the purchase of library furniture and books.

Five thousand documents have already been transcribed by the commissioners appointed to collect and publish the *entire writings of Napoleon.* The most interesting of these contributions—because the least known—are those written while the hero of Austerlitz held inferior rank in the army. Numbers of letters written during the early portion of his career have been sent to the Imperial Commission. Many of them were addressed to people who were almost unknown, and were treasured by them after the writer had become celebrated. Of these contributions the most remarkable are about sixty letters of instructions and explanations written by Napoleon while commanding the artillery at Toulon.

Governor Bradford's long-lost MS. "History of Plymouth Colony and People, from 1602 to 1647," has been discovered in Lambeth Palace, London. The MS. must have been taken to England when the British troops evacuated Boston in 1776.

A literary discovery of interest has lately been made. It comprises above a *hundred letters of James Boswell*, principally addressed to his friend, the Rev. William Templer, rector of St. Gluvias, in Cornwall, whose name is mentioned three or four times in the Life of Johnson. They were rescued some years ago from the hands of a shopkeeper in France, with a mass of other correspondence of less importance, addressed to this Mr. Templer, but have not been thoroughly examined until lately. Preparations are now being made for their publication.

The Works of *Professor Wilson*, "Noctes Ambrosianæ," edited by his son-in-law, Professor Ferrier, have just been republished in London. There is little doubt but that they will, in their new form, command as wide a circulation as when their wit and wisdom first attracted the literary world.

The first volume of a *History of the United States*, from the first efforts at colonization to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, by a French author, has been published in Paris. The work is favorably reviewed in the *Athenæum Français.*

M. Didot, the well-known French publisher, issued a short time since a pamphlet against a projected paper-duty in France. "In 1340," says M. Didot, "King Philip ordered that paper and books, being indispensable to pupils, should be exempt from duty. King John, in 1360, confirmed that privilege; and afterward Louis XII. and François I. declared books exempt from every kind of impost. Henry II., in 1552, ordered that there should always be in France a special favor shown to paper; and in 1789, when an attempt was made to introduce a paper-duty, the idea was so unpopular that the proposed plan came to nothing."

The late *Thomas P. Cushing*, of Boston, left the munificent sum of $150,000 to the town of Ashburnham, Worcester county, to endow two seminaries of learning, to be located in Ashburnham, the one for males, and the other for females over ten years of age.

Swedish newspapers announce the death, at an advanced age, of *M. Atterborn*, the most admired of the modern poets of their country.

Victor Hugo is about publishing in Paris a new volume of poems, under the title of "Les Contemplations," which is most anxiously looked for by the Parisian press.

M. Barchon de Penhoen, member of the Academy of *Inscriptions et Belles Lettres* of Paris, died last month. He wrote works about Africa, a parallel between Louis Philippe and the Prince of Orange, a history of German philosophy, &c.

Some sales by auction of rare books have lately taken place in Paris, and among them were the following works:—An edition of Petrarch of 1472, which was bought by the Bibliothèque Impériale for £108; an edition of *Orlando Furioso*, Venice, 1530, the existence of which was not known, £40; "Le Livre de Baudoyn, Comte de Flanders," Chamberg, 1485, £48; a Boccaccio, with Miniatures, £236; an Italian manuscript Missal, £220; a Justinian of 1468 on parchment, £59; the Third Book of Cicero, by Fust, 1465, £138; and a Virgil, Venice, 1527, £51.

At the recent sale of *Lord Stewart de Rothesay's* library in London, some books brought very large sums. A splendidly-bound copy of "Decor Puellarum," printed in 1471 by Janson, brought $397 50. Dante's "Comedia," with a MS. commentary by the author's son, (a vellum of the fourteenth century,) sold for $635. Johnson's Dictionary, with MS. additions by Edmund Burke, sold for $42 50. Officinm B. Virginis, a small vellum, with four fine miniatures by Guilio Clovio, went for $577 50. Shakspeare's Plays, 3d edition, 1664, brought $250.

An original copy of "The Game and Playe of the Chesse," printed by *Caxton* in 1474, and which we stated in our last number was about being republished in England for the benefit of the "Aged Printers' Association," by Mr. Figgins, was last month sold in London for $510. A pretty round sum of money for four octavo sheets, (sixty-four pages.)

The correspondence of *John Howard*, the philanthropist, has just, for the first time, been issued in London, with illustrative anecdotes.

One of those ingenious spirits who delight in statistics has found out that there are at present residing in Paris no less than three hundred of the scribbling confraternity, calling themselves "*historians*."

A highly interesting relic of the great Napoleon is now being exhibited. It is a volume of military maps, among which are several plans of battles drawn by the emperor himself. This relic was left at an inn by the emperor during his hasty retreat after the battle of Waterloo.

At the next session of the *English Parliament*, which meets for the transaction of business immediately after the Christmas holidays, will be moved by the member for Lancashire, Mr. Heywood, "An address to Her Majesty, praying that Her Majesty will be graciously pleased to appoint a Commission to inquire into the state of the authorized version of the Bible, and to prepare a plan for the further revision of that translation."

Professor Agassis announces the contemplated publication of a new work, entitled, "Contributions to the Natural History of America," to be embraced in ten quarto volumes of about three hundred pages each, illustrated by twenty plates. This mammoth undertaking will be carried on on the condition that the author shall receive the needed encouragement in the way of subscriptions.

By a letter from Copenhagen to a literary journal in Paris, we learn that the knowledge of English literature, ancient and modern, makes very rapid progress in the Scandinavian countries. The popularity of English literature at present in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark is very great.

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* furnishes an interestiug historical account of the Parliamentary Documents of England. According to his statement, the first publication of a Parliamentary paper took place in 1641, and the first committee for the purpose was appointed in 1642. The papers were printed in vast numbers, as they were placed in the hands of every constable, head borough and tithingman, to be read to the inhabitants of each town and parish. The first collection of Parliamentary papers was made in 1643. From that date the publication has been continued under various modifications.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has issued nearly twenty-nine millions of copies of the Scriptures in one hundred and seventy different languages. Its receipts last year were $625,000, being $40,000 more than any previous year.

A large number of Greek and Latin MSS. have been found in the Ottoman empire by a company of gentlemen, who have been deputed by the French Government to make literary researches.

M. Cortambert, first secretary of the *Société de Géographie*, has published a map of the celebrities of France, showing the distribution of talent over the country by indicating the birthplaces of the great men. It appears, from this map, that the district of *La Manche* has produced the greatest number of poets, historians, philosophers, and artists; that the part of the country near the North Sea is the cradle of most of the great warriors; that orators, naturalists, physicians, and inventors were mostly born in the region of the Mediterranean; and that the number of the politicians and lawyers is fairly balanced between the Mediterranean and *La Manche*.

The late British minister to Siam, *Sir John Bowring*, is preparing a work to be issued under the title of "Siam and the Siamese."

Arts and Sciences.

Valuable Present from France to the City of New-York.—A beautiful portrait of Washington, woven in silk and neatly framed, has been received from a commercial house in Lyons, France, for presentation to the city of New-York. As it appears in the gilt frame, which is surmounted with an eagle, it is about three feet high and two feet wide. It was copied from an engraving by Stuart, and two years have been occupied in its manufacture, as it has to pass through the hands of several artists. The expense of getting up one of these portraits is from $5,000 to $20,000—consequently few only are ever made, and these to exhibit the degree of refinement of which this loom is capable, in the hands of French artists. The loom itself is a wonderful and complicated piece of mechanism, and in its more common and practical uses, in silk and other manufacture, is of immense and inestimable value in fabricating silk and worsted goods.

The city of Lyons is the great silk work-shop of the world. The richest silk manufactures are made here. The city of Lyons, though second to Paris in population, is the first in France in her manufactures and artistic productions. She works 70,000 looms, and gives employment to nearly 200,000 artisans. The raw material is brought from India, Africa, Italy, and the South of France. The rich figured and brocade silks and other stuffs are now made on the Jacquard loom. Jacquard himself was a native of Lyons, and his wonderful invention produced an entire revolution in the manufacture of those rich and expensive goods. On this loom are also made, as specimens of art, and for the court families of Europe, and not as articles of commerce and trade, portraits of individuals. Very few of these have ever been manufactured, as time, labor, and expense are too great to allow them to become subjects of commercial traffic.

The well-known German naturalists, *Messrs. Wagner and Scherzer*, who have just terminated a complete scientific exploration of the two Americas, including Jamaica, Hayti, and Cuba, are about to publish an account of it, and of the collections of plants, animals, birds, and reptiles, which they found in the course of it.

Statuary at the Mercantile Library Reading-rooms.—Two fine pieces of statuary have recently been placed in the reading-room of the Mercantile Library. They are from the chisel of Mr. J. Moxier, an American artist, and are named respectively "Truth" and "Silence." The former represents a female figure, with a sword in one hand, while the other holds up the drapery with falls in graceful folds about her person. At her feet lays a mask, apparently just struck from her face by a sword. The whole figure and attitude is defiant, and typifies Truth not as "crushed to earth," but as advancing with steady step to overthrow and exterminate error. "Silence" is also represented by a female figure, with one finger placed on the closed lips, implying attention and warning, while the other hand holds a folded scroll. These statues have been presented to the Association by Mr. Henry A. Stone, of Boston. They are well placed, with a back ground of dark maroon velvet, which brings the white marble into fine relief.

The University of Königsberg intends to erect a monument to the philosopher Kant, once the great ornament of that learned institution. It is to be a statue in bronze, and will be placed on the daily promenade of the great man, which, after him, has been called "der Philosophensteig" (the Philosopher's Path). Prof. Rauch, of Berlin, has almost finished the model. The statue is to be eight feet high, and will represent the philosopher in the costume of his time.

A French chemist has invented a machine for making *water boil without fire*. Friction is the means employed instead of fuel.

Sir Robert Merchison, the eminent savan, has in course of experiment at Tunbridge a process for almost instantly changing the softest stone into an imperishable rock. The carver would thus have all the advantage of soft stone in his work, and when finished it might be rendered almost indestructible.

A new light has been thrown on an interesting question of chemistry by *M. Deville*, the producer of *aluminum*. Silicon, as is pretty well known, is supposed to be condensed carbon. M. Deville points out the relation between the two; and taking chloride and fluoride of silicon, and treating them at different temperatures, he gets carbon in three distinct forms—as ordinary coal, as graphite, and, third, as a crystalline substance, hard enough to cut glass. Of the latter, he exhibited a large crystal to the *Académie des Sciences* at Paris. Should these experiments bear the test of further trial and repetition, we shall have as a fact what has, from time to time, passed through the world of science as a rumor, causing no little excitement.

A paper was lately read before an English association of *civil engineers*, on the economic distribution of material on the sides or vertical portion of wrought-iron beams. By way of illustration, reference was made to the railway suspension-bridge, of 882 feet span, across the Niagara river, at a height of 350 feet above the water. This bridge is said by some to settle the question as to the possibility of running heavy trains on an ordinary suspended roadway. It hangs by four cables, each containing 3,640 wires, and estimated to be altogether a weight of 7,060 tons. The first train that passed over weighed 366 tons. It produced a deflection of one foot, but very little undulation.

The Russian system of telegraphs has been so improved by Siemens, of Berlin, that dispatches can be flashed from a distance, and printed in the ordinary typographical character, instead of dots and dashes. He has also proved, what

was for a long time doubted, that signals can be sent from opposite ends of a wire at the same time without interference; so that a second signal may be forwarded while the receiver of the first is acknowledging its reception. The essential condition appears to be, that the two opposing currents shall be absolntely equal; and this is measured and determined by a newly invented instrument called an *agometer*. The same fact of double transmission has been for some time known to experimentalists in this country.

Experiments have recently been made by a committee of scientific gentlemen, to ascertain the *porosity of marble*. This was accomplished by heating a cube of the material in a bath of oil, weighing it, and then placing it in an air-pump, exhausting the air, and then allowing a current of water to pass in from a large chamber, with a force of about fifteen pounds to the square inch. This question of the absorption of water is important, as illustrating in some measure the action of frost upon marbles. The marble chosen was from Lee, Mass., the principal ingredients of which are found, on analysis, to be carbonate of lime and magnesia.

A monument has been erected at St. Petersburgh to the Russian fable-writer, *Krylow*, (born 1768, died 1844.) It is a colossal "*vic sedebat*" statue of the poet, surrounded by allegorical groups of animals, and has been modeled by the well-known Russian sculptor, Baron Kloots.

Professor Pierce, of Harvard College, is said to be of the opinion that the zodiacal light is occasioned by a nebulous ring around the earth; also, that the earth has many satellites, though too small to be seen, and that these satellites furnish the meteors which fall to the earth.

Prince Albert has suggested, in a letter to the Council of the Society of Arts, the propriety of their visiting the Paris Exhibition, accompanied by the associated institutions, now amounting to nearly four hundred. The Council of the Society of Arts are now making arrangements to carry out the plans recommended by the prince-president of the society.

It has been lately proposed, by some scientific gentlemen, to organize a new *American Scientific Association*, on a more select and exclusive plan than the one now in existence.

A new mezzotint engraving called the "American Christian Union" has just been published. The scene appears to be the interior of a church, with a congregation of distinguished divines of all evangelical denominations. Bishop Wainwright is presiding, with the familiar figure of Dr. Cox conspicuously holding forth, while some forty of the leading clergymen of the present day are seated at the right and left. Among them are Drs. Ferris, Krebs, Tyng, Spring, Spencer, Cone, H. W. Beecher, L. Beecher, Bishop Waugh, Bishop Coskry, Rev. E. N. Kirk, and others.

Geologists are accumulating facts concerning the earthquakes in Turkey and the eruption of Vesuvius. As regards the mountain, it appears from a report by Professor Palmieri, of the Observatory at Naples, that the magnets were unusually disturbed on the 29th of April, still more so on the 30th, and the next day the eruption took place. Thus the magnet is now ascertained to indicate the approach of a volcanic outburst as well as an earthquake.

Scientific investigation shows that *flints are formed from sponges*. Imbedded in the substance of chalk, which, during long periods, by its accumulation, had continued to overwhelm successive generations of marine animals, the sponge have remained for centuries exposed to the water that continually percolates such strata—water which contains silicious matter in solution. The silicious spicula, that originally constituted the framework of the sponge, forms nuclei around which kindred atoms constantly accumulate, until the entire mass is at last converted into flint.

Parisian Telegraphs.—In Paris the telegraph wires are laid under ground, no poles being seen in the streets. A trench is dug twelve or fifteen inches wide, in which the wires are placed side by side, but so as not to touch each other. Liquid bitumen is then poured on, which surrounds the wires, and completely isolates them. It secures them from damage by accident or design, and from being deranged by atmospheric influence. The same plan is to be adopted at Lyons.

Lauberg, the German chemist, who has been for some time investigating the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, sees reason to conclude that the greatest magnetic induction, as demonstrated by the records of observatories in all parts of the world, takes place sixteen days after the two solstices—in the northern hemisphere at one period, in the southern at the other. He shows that at those two periods the poles of the earth are so placed as to become subject to the greatest amount of influence from the sun. These facts assort well with what is known respecting another phenomenon—namely, that the aurora has a marked maximum at the equinoxes, and as strongly marked a minimum at the solstices. So far as is yet ascertained, the phenomena are dependent on the position of the poles and axis of the earth relatively to each other; and slowly we are beginning to be able to trace something like cause and effect in the mysterious phenomena of terrestrial magnetism.

Newton and Leibnitz.—Sir D. Brewster has taken great pains to investigate the claims advanced by the friends of Newton and Leibnitz to the invention of the Differential Calculus, upon which, after the lapse of nearly two hundred years, a verdict has not yet been pronounced. Our author, however, conceives that it is not difficult to form a correct estimate of the claims of the rival analysts, and arrives at the following results:—"1. That Newton was the first inventor of the method of Fluxion; that the method was incomplete in its motion; and that the fundamental principle of it was not published to the world till 1687, twenty years after he had invented it. 2. That Leibnitz communicated to Newton (1677) his Differential Calculus, with a complete system of notation, and that he published it in 1684, three years before the publication of Newton's method."

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1855.

VALENTIN.

VALENTIN, one of the most celebrated French painters, was born in the little town of Coulommiers, in Brie, the 8th June, 1601. I do not know why some authors have chosen to consider him as belonging to the Roman school, for if France can claim him as one of her children, it is not only because she saw him born, but because his taste for painting manifested itself long before he went

to Rome, to seek inspiration among the marvels of the Vatican.

If it is true that he made a journey to Paris, it was not, at any rate, to become a pupil of Simon Vouet, as some of his biographers have asserted: a mere comparison of dates is sufficient to refute this error. Simon Vouet left for Constantinople, with Monsieur de Sancy, in 1612, at which time Valentin was only eleven years old. Vouet, according to the testimony of Félibien, did not return and found his school in Paris before the year 1627, at which period Valentin already enjoyed a high reputation as a painter in Rome, in which city he had resided for a considerable time.

When Valentin arrived in Italy Caravaggio was just dead, and painters were beginning to free themselves from the influence which he had exerted during his lifetime. Like many other reformers, he had led away his cotemporaries by supporting a false system on chefs-d'œuvre, and bad principles on great examples. At his death there were only two parties remaining in Rome; that of Josepin and that of the Caracci, represented respectively by Domenichino and Guido. All that these rivals had left them to perform was the no very difficult task of proving that nature is not black, and that the genius of Caravaggio neither excused his contempt for noble and carefully chosen forms, nor his horror for a strong light.

Valentin came to Rome during the period of this reaction of feeling, which was destined to receive additional force from the presence of Poussin, for it was not long before that great painter published his opinion on the different parties, and assigned to each its proper place. On the one hand, he pronounced Domenichino to be the greatest painter after Raphael; and, on the other, when speaking of Caravaggio, said, "This man came among us to destroy painting." In spite of this, however, Valentin was irresistibly led to an imitation of Caravaggio; his instinct prompted him to take this step from the very first, and nothing could turn him from the path he had taken, neither the general tendency to leave it, nor the authority and advice of Poussin, whose admirer and friend he was; so true is it, that in his conduct he obeyed an organization which was more powerful than the influence exerted by a great mind.

To work he went, therefore, carried away by his enthusiasm for form which others despise, preferring force to grace, and ready, with Guercino, to sustain the theory of contrast against the defenders of unity. His genius was rough and plebeian, and it is among the people that he looks for his subjects and his models; he finds that the reality is always sufficiently noble there, provided that he can succeed in portraying it, palpitating and striking. In his love for nature of this kind, which appears to him unjustly neglected, he lavishes his light and shade, in order that the subject may possess relief, vigor, and brilliancy, and, not knowing how to ennoble it, he surrounds it with darkness, and lends it the poetry of night. In the evening he frequents the taverns of Rome, and sits down amid volumes of tobacco-smoke, in order to study the physiognomies of gamblers, or seize the poses of drunkards, or the grimaces of itinerant musicians. Mixed up with this people of tatterdemalions and vagabonds, he observes their mode of life, their now reckless, now impassioned bearing, and their proud and manly beauty peering through their rags. Sometimes, in order that nothing of this reality which he is pursuing may escape him, he forgets himself in places where he meets low bullies and high-bred cavaliers, huddled together in the same strange confusion; and where the same light which displays the misery of a ragged beggar, sparkles on the sword which beats against the heels of the nobleman in his doublet.

In this respect, although differing in one particular point, to which we shall have occasion to allude in another part of this notice, Valentin's taste mostly led him to select the same class of subjects as those chosen by Callot. Speaking of the latter, Monsieur Arsène Houssaye says: "What struck Callot most was Man. In his time humanity still possessed a thousand distinct characters; the parent tree had a thousand different graftings; either through chance or the will of the Creator, each man was then more thoroughly imbued than now with the spirit and manners of his part in the drama of smiles and tears which is played on the stage of this world. Jacques Callot, instead of studying the mysteries and grandeur of Nature, gave his attention to everything that appeared fantastic, ex-

travagant, or original. In a word, of all the actors in life who played their parts under his immediate observation, those who pleased him most were boastful soldiers, religious ballad-singers, who opened a mouth that was bigger than their money-bowl—mountebanks who prefaced their buffoonery with unlimited promises—mendicants in picturesque rags, and pilgrims with doublets slashed with time, spangled with box-rosaries, studded with artificial flowers, and covered with leaden medals, as well as with all the holy marvels of Notre-Dame-de-Bon-Secours." In another part of his work, Monsieur Arsène Houssaye says of Callot: "He had the passion of creating tatterdemalions, bullies, and mountebanks, as other men have the passion of play."

Meanwhile, the celebrated Cardinal Barberini, the nephew of Urban VIII., a great patron of artists, and especially of Nicholas Poussin, having heard of *Mousù Valentino*, (as he was then styled in Italy,) expressed a wish to see and patronize him as well. Among other pictures, he ordered of him a view of Rome with the Anio and the Tiber. In this picture Valentin was very successful, according to the account of the historian Baglione, who saw it exposed during his time in the palace of the chancellor's office of the apostolic see. It was for this same cardinal that Valentin painted the *Decollation of Saint John the Baptist*, a large canvas covered with numerous figures, remarkable for their being executed with that bold firmness of touch for which he was already known—*gagliardamente*, as the Italian account has it. But his principal work was the Martyrdom of Saints Processus and Martinian, which he painted for the Basilica of Saint Peter's, in that Caravaggian manner which he had now made his own, and in which he had the opportunity of displaying an incredible energy of style. The two sufferers are stretched out upon a mechanical apparatus, and tied together, with the head of the one in the direction of the other's feet, while the cord which binds their feet and hands is attached to the axle of a capstan which the executioner is turning round.

Valentin's picture was brought to Paris, after Bonaparte's conquests, at that memorable period when Rome was merely the chief town of a French department. But, after the second invasion, in 1815, it was again seized and carried off in the wagons of the conqueror, who did not think, as the consul Mummius once did at Corinth, that the gold of the conquered was sufficient to redeem objects of such value, or that it was an easy task to find a second Valentin who could produce other works of the same description. What a singular privilege is that possessed by objects of art, which can thus travel without the slightest danger throughout the world, among the baggage of victorious troops, for whom the mere possession of a chef-d'œuvre is often a pledge of the honors of war and the most precious of all trophies!

Valentin was unskillful in expression, unless he had to depict the most vulgar emotions of the soul. So far from appreciating the shades of sentiment, and the varied language of the passions, he could only seize their coarsest and most simple forms; and, with him, the word *expression* may be taken to mean not only the contraction of the face, but also historical and philosophical propriety, and a number of circumstances inseparable from the subject.

In order to obtain a correct idea of what he wants in this respect, it is not even necessary to compare him to Poussin. It would, without doubt, be unjust to place Valentin's *Solomon*, a beardless young man, badly clad, of a lymphatic temperament and clumsy joints, without dignity or grace, by the side of the other *Solomon*, so majestically draped, and yet so simple, calm, and impassible, seated with an air of grandeur, expressing his impartiality by his attitude, and pointing out with his finger the true mother almost without a movement. It would at first appear that the knowledge of the value of gesture and the power of pantomimic expression ought to belong to a painter who confines himself altogether to reality; and yet these qualities are only possessed by the philosophical artist, by him who, not content with observing the external signs of the various passions, endeavors to discover that which causes them to spring up in men's hearts.

In this *Judgment of Solomon* the true mother is a beautiful woman, whose black hair causes her large white shoulders to stand out in bold relief. She is turning round, in order to snatch her child from the soldier who appears about to cut it in

two, and this movement of hers allows us to perceive the type of the Roman face in the severe lines of her profile. It is by this that she is distinguished from the false mother, whose gesture is full of hypocrisy, and whose physiognomy is stamped with a character of baseness, as if the painter, in his ignorance of the play of the features, could find no other means of characterizing the good and the bad mother than by giving beauty to the one, and ugliness to the other.

If we allow Valentin to be an admirable painter, it is especially on account of the truthfulness and force of his execution, and whenever the subject does not require those qualities of the mind in which he is deficient. To understand and admire him more at our ease, we ought to study him when he represents the picturesque episodes of that life of reality which he has chosen for his epic. We ought to follow him into the thick and smoky atmosphere of the guard-room, where soldiers are having their fortunes told them, or scraping on a fiddle.

Behold us in a retreat of *gipsies*. A dirty and sallow-faced sorceress, with a napkin bound around her head, like the women of Frascati, and hiding her countenance in the shade, is examining the hand of a kind of landsknecht, who is having his fortune told. The tranquillity of this low witch forms a striking contrast with the lively emotion that is visible in the soldier's features; and, as if the strangeness of the figures about him, and the appearance of the cavern, into which only a mysterious light finds its way through an air-hole, were not sufficient to trouble his thoughts, the companions of the propheteſs succeed in exciting his imagination still more effectually by the noisy music which they are playing close to his ears. To the left, in the obscurity, is seen a man putting his hand into the gipsy's pocket, from which he draws forth a living cock, a sort of symbolical animal such as the old sibyls usually possess. In truth, it is not merely impossible to paint with a more masterly and vigorous touch; but, what is more, to initiate the spectator with greater success into the mysteries of the life led by the gipsies of those days—by that proscribed and vagabond race, with their eccentric costume and copper-colored complexions, who lived by rapine, or on the credulity of the public, who covered themselves with garments of glaring hues, and found in every town some dark retreat or other, unknown to justice, and offering a place of refuge to every adventurer without hearth or home.

As we have already remarked, the substance of Valentin's pictures is the same as that of Callot's engravings. The former, as well as the latter, offer us a lively representation of the manners of a certain period; but, although the epoch of Valentin's works is the same as that of Callot's, there is a marked difference in their manner of seeing things. The reason that this brilliant arabesque did not unfold itself before the eyes of the painter of Coulommiers as it did before those of the engraver of Nancy, is, that each of them gave the fruits of his observations the tinge of his own disposition, and stamped them with the impression of his own mind. The one chose the burlesque, the other the poetic side of the subject. Callot was more particularly struck with the gait of the passer-by, the easy swagger of the cavalier, and that kind of misery which, in his day, was coated with a varnish of elegance. He represented the agitated and wandering episodes of out-of-door life which he had seen defiling before him, — those joyous caravans of tatterdemalions who used to feast upon the sward, share their booty under the vault of heaven, and gild their rags in the sun. Valentin, on the contrary, devoted his attention to the in-door life of this wandering race; he entered with them the unknown retreats where they reposed themselves from their fatigues, or where, during the night, and by the light of their torches, they indulged in all kinds of pastimes.

Valentin died poor. One day, during the great summer-heats, he had gone with his companions to amuse himself, and heated himself to an extraordinary degree. After night had set in he was returning to his own residence through the deserted streets of Rome, when, in passing over the Place d'Espagne, near the fountain *Del Babbuino*, he felt a desire to throw himself into the basin, in order to quench the fire which was consuming him. This act of imprudence brought on, doubtless, a pleurisy, for he died a few days afterward, in the year 1632, in the flower of his age, being only thirty-one years old.

THE YULE-LOG.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

DECEMBER, originally the tenth of the Roman months, is notable for the occurrence of the greatest festival of the year, *Christmas*, which takes place on the 25th. The merry-making with which this festival is associated, however, is not limited to a single day, but continues over a considerable portion of January also. Of course, we speak in reference to the manner in which Christmas was celebrated in former, more than in the present times, though the season is still observed with much feasting and conviviality.

Christmas was wont to be hailed with an unusual degree of hilarity. The ancient halls of the barons, as well as the large kitchens of the yeomanry, were lighted up with a brilliancy on Christmas eve unknown to the rest of the year. The capacious fire-places of the houses of the olden time were filled with the *Yule-clog*, a huge block of wood, which enlivened everybody with its warmth; while the large Christmas candle was lighted, and shed its rays on the faces of the dancers. It was then that the laugh rang through the hall, and that the host shouted to his friends the merry distich:—

"Come, bring, with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas clog to the firing;
While my good dame she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring."

If we have lost some halcyon festivities with the passing away of these old customs, we may congratulate ourselves that with them have gone also some sad dissipations.

The Christmas-log having been lighted "with the last year's brand," and the board having been covered with viands, the reign of "good cheer" began. The members of every household used to sit up all night, or, at all events, till past twelve o'clock, when the tolling of the church-bells announced the ushering in of Christmas.

It is interesting to observe how intimately practical maxims were blended with the superstitious observances of our forefathers. The Yule-fire having been lighted, it was held essential that the maid-servant who ignited it should wash her hands after the operation, thereby inculcating cleanliness along with the Christmas rite. The following verse explains the popular notion on the subject:—

"Wash your hands, or else the fire
Will not teind to your desire;
Unwash'd hands, ye maidens, know,
Dead the fire, though ye blow."

The "carol," or pious song, is peculiar to Christmas, and is of very old standing. Brand gives a translation of an Anglo-Norman carol of the thirteenth century, which is exceedingly spirited and highly poetical:—

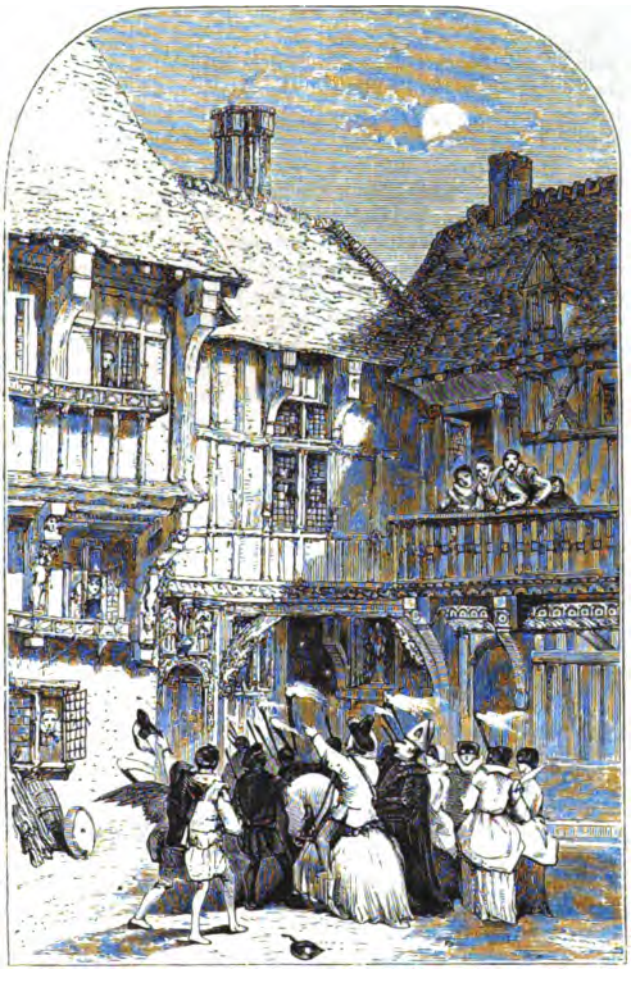
THE CHRISTMAS FEAST.

"Now, lordlings, listen to our ditty,
Strangers coming from afar;
Let poor minstrels move your pity,
Give us welcome, soothe our care:
In this mansion, as they tell us,
Christmas wassail keeps to-day,
And, as king of all good fellows,
Reigns with uncontrolled sway.

"Lordlings, in these realms of pleasure,
Father Christmas yearly dwells—
Deals out joy with liberal measure,
Gloomy sorrow soon dispels.
Numerous guests, and viands dainty,
Fill the hall, and grace the board:
Mirth and beauty, peace and plenty,
Solid pleasures here afford.

"Lordlings, 'tis said the liberal mind,
That on the needy much bestows,
From heaven a sure reward shall find—
From heaven, whence every blessing flows.
Who largely gives with willing hand,
Or quickly gives with willing heart,
His fame shall spread throughout the land,
His memory thence shall ne'er depart.

REMEMBERING THE POOR.



MUMMING.

"Lordlings, grant not your protection
To a base, unworthy crew,
But cherish, with a kind affection,
Men that are loyal, good, and true.
Chase from your hospitable dwelling
Swinish souls, that ever crave:
Virtue they can ne'er excel in—
Gluttons never can be brave!

CHORUS.

"Hail, Father Christmas! hail to thee!
Honor'd ever shalt thou be!
All the sweets that love bestows,
Endless pleasures wait on those
Who, like vassals brave and true,
Give to Christmas homage due."

On Christmas day, in old times, when church service was over, it was a universal custom, in English families of wealth, to have a boar's head, usually ornamented with rosemary, at dinner, which was carried to table, with much ceremony, upon a silver platter, preceded by music. Holinshed states that, in the year 1170, on the day of the young prince's coronation, King Henry II. "served his son at the table as server, bringing up the *boar's head* with trumpets before it, according to the manner," or general custom of the times. With Christmas commenced the season of mumming, and the reign of the "Lord of Misrule," or "Abbot of Unreason," as he was called in Scotland, and which Sir W. Scott describes in the "Abbot." These pleasantries, which were carried frequently to great excess, were

the remains of the ancient saturnalia which existed before the introduction of Christianity; and though they have been often condemned both by the church and state, they have been preserved to our own day in more or less perfection in parts of England, so difficult is it to root out inveterate customs. Mumming was indulged in by the great with much enthusiasm in former times. Stow records a remarkable mummery which took place in 1377, among the citizens of London, for the amusement of the young Prince Richard, son to the Black Prince. The old historian says :—

"On the Sunday before Candlemas, in the night, one hundred and thirty citizens, disguised and well horsed, in a mummerie, with sound of trumpets, sackbuts, cornets, and other minstrels, and innumerable torch-lights of waxe, rode to Kennington, beside Lambeth, where the young prince remayned with his mother. In the first rank did ride forty-eight, in likeness and habit of esquires, two and two together, clothed in red coats, and gowns of say, or sandall, with comely visors on their faces. After them came forty-eight knights in the same livery; then followed one richly arrayed, like an emperour: and, after him some distance, one stately tyred, like a pope, whom followed twenty-four cardinals: and, after them, eight or ten with black visors, not amiable, as if they had been legates from some forrain princes. These maskers, after they had entered the manor of Kennington, alighted from their horses, and entered the hall on foot; which done, the prince, his mother, and the lords, came out of the chamber into the hall, whom the mummers did salute, showing, by a paire of dice upon the table, their desire to play with the young prince, which they so handled that the prince did alwaies winne when he cast them. Then the mummers set to the prince three jewels, one after another: which were, a bowle of gold, a cup of gold, and a ring of gold, which the prince wanne at three casts. Then they set to the prince's mother, the duke, the earles, and other lords, to every one a ring of gold, which they did also win. After which they were feasted, and the musick sounded, the prince and lords danced on the one part with the mummers, which did also dance; which jollitie being also ended, they were again made to drink, and then departed in order, as they came. The like," continues Holinshed, "was done to King Henry IV. in the second year of his reign, he then keeping his Christmas at Eltham; twelve aldermen of London, and their sonnes, rode a mumming, and had great thanks."

These mummings were practiced not only by courtiers, but they formed the chief pleasures of the squire and yeoman's families. "Then comes mumming, or masquerading," says an old tract on "Christmas Entertainments," "when the squire's wardrobe is ransacked for dresses of all kinds. Corks are burnt to black the faces of the fair, or make deputy mustaches; and every one in the family, except the squire himself, must be transformed." Dancing and blindman's-buff were also included in the amusements of this festive period.

The sovereignty of the "Lord of Misrule" lasted during the twelve days of the festival of Christmas. He was appointed "master of the merry disports," and held unchallenged sway throughout the period of his authority. In the king's palace, the houses of the nobility, the towns, and certain of the incorporations, a "Lord of Misrule" was invariably appointed. In London, the societies of the law performed the shows of Christmas within their own refectories. At a Christmas celebrated in the Hall of the Middle Temple in the year 1635, the jurisdiction, privileges, and parade of this mock monarch are thus circumstantially described :—

"He was attended by his lord-keeper, lord-treasurer, with eight white staves, a captain of his band of pensioners, and of his guard; and with two chaplains, who were so seriously impressed with an idea of his regal dignity, that when they preached before him on the preceding Sunday in the Temple Church, on ascending the pulpit, they saluted him with three low bows. He dined, both in the hall and in his privy chamber, under a cloth of estate. The pole-axes for his gentlemen pensioners were borrowed of Lord Salisbury. Lord Holland, his temporary justice, supplied him with venison on demand; and the lord mayor, and sheriffs of London, with wine. On Twelfth day, at going to church, he received many petitions, which he gave to his Master of Requests; and, like other kings, he had a favorite, whom, with others, gentlemen of high quality, he knighted at returning from church. His expenses, all from his own purse, amounted to two thousand pounds. After he was deposed, the king knighted him at Whitehall."

The "Lord of Misrule," however, of the towns or rural parishes, was of grosser material than the "Master of Ceremonies" of the law courts, or of the palace. Philip Stubs, in his curious and very rare pamphlet, "Anatomie of Abuses," (London, 1585,) gives an amusing, though a depreciatory account of the doings of the "master of merry disports :"—

"Firste, all the wilde heades of the parishe, conventynge together, chuse them a grand capitaine, (of mischeef,) whom they ennoble with the title of my *Lorde of Missrule*, and hym they crown with great solemnitie, and adopt for their kyng. This kyng anoynted, chuseth for hym twentie, fourtie, threescore, or a hundred lustie

guttes, like to hymself, to waite uppon his lordely majestie, and to guarde his noble persone. Then every one of these his menne he investeth with his liveries of greene, yellowe, or some other light wanton colour. And as though that were not gaudy enough, I should saie, they bedecke themselves with scarfes, ribons, and laces, hanged all over with golde rynges, precious stones, and other jewelles: this doen, they tye about either legge twentie or fourtie belles, with rich handekercheefes in their handes, and sometymes laied acrosse over their shoulders and neckes. Thus thinges sette in order, they have their hobbie-horses, dragons, and other antiques, together with their pipers and thunderyng drommers, to strike up the deville's daunce withall; then marche these heathen companie towardes the churche and churcheyarde, their pipes pipyng, drommers thunderyng, their stumppes dauncyng, their belles lynglyng, their handekercheefes swynging about their heades like madmen, their hobbie-horses, and other monsters, skirmishyng amongst the throng: and, in this sorte, they goe to the churche (though the minister bee at praier or preachyng,) dauncyng and swingyng their handekercheefes over their heades in the churche, like devilles incarnate, with such a confused noise that no man can heare his own voice. Then the foolishe people, they looke, they stare, they laugh, they fleere, and mount upon formes and pewes, to see these pageauntes solemnised in this sort. Then, after this, aboute the churche they goe againe and againe, and so forthe into the churcheyarde, where they have commonly their sommer haulls, their bowers, arbours, and banquettyng-houses set up, wherein they feaste, banquet, and daunce all that daie, and (peradventure) all that night too. And thus these terrestrial furies spend their Sabbaoth day. Then, for the further ennoblyng of this honourable lurdane, (lorde, I should saye,) they have also certaine papers, wherein is paynted some babblerie or other of imagerie worke, and these they call my Lord of Misrule's badges: these thei giue to every one that will geve money for them to maintaine them in this their heathenrie, divelrie, dronkennesse, pride, and what not. And who will not showe himself buxome to them, and geve them money for these the deville's cognisaunces, they shall be mocked, and flouted at shamefully. And so assotted are some, that they not onely give them money to maintaine their abbomination withall, but also weare their badges and cognizances in their hattes, or cappes, openly. An other sorte of fantasticall fooles bring to these helhoundes (the Lord of Misrule and his complices) some bread, some good ale, some newe cheese, some olde cheese, some custardes, some cakes, some flaunes, some tartes, some creame, some meate, some one thing, some another; but if they knewe that as often as they bring any to the maintenance of these execrable pastymes they offer sacrifice to the Deville and Sathanas, they would repent, and withdrawe their handes, which God graunt they maie."

The Puritans in England, and the Presbyterians in Scotland, succeeded in putting down the Lord of Misrule, or Abbot of Unreason, so that the "merry disports" of which he was the sovereign and leading spirit have long been forgotten.

The Sword-dance, a custom totally unknown in modern times, also formed part of the Christmas festivities. As performed by the northern nations, we have an account by the historian, Olaus Magnus. He describes it as follows:—

"First, with their swords sheathed, and erect in their hands, they dance in a triple round; then with their drawn swords, held erect as before; afterward, extending them from hand to hand, they lay hold of each other's hilts and points, and, while they are wheeling more moderately round, and changing their order, throw themselves into the figure of a hexagon, which they call a rose; but, presently raising and drawing back their swords, they undo that figure, in order to form with them a four-square rose, that they may rebound over the head of each other. Lastly, they dance rapidly backward, and, vehemently rattling the sides of their swords together, conclude their sport. Pipes or songs (sometimes both) direct the measure, which at first is slow, but, increasing afterward, becomes a very quick one toward the conclusion."

Sword-dances are still popular in Northumberland, England, and in the Highlands of Scotland. In the latter, the Sword-dance, which is called "Gillie-callum," bears not the most distant affinity to that of the Scandinavians. The swords are crossed on the ground, and one dancer only trips over them, into the angles thus formed, to the music of the Highland bagpipe. The great feat is, not to touch the claymores with the feet while so engaged.

The "Christmas-box," equivalent to the Scottish "Hansel," is another observance of this convivial season which is not yet wholly extinct. The practice, originating in the pagan custom of New-year's gifts, appears to have been improved upon by the priesthood. In a book entitled the "Athenian Oracle," it is said:—

"The Romish priests had masses said for almost everything: if a ship went out to the Indies, the priest had a box in her under the protection of some saint; and for masses, as their cant was, to be said for them to that saint, &c., the poor people must put something in the priest's box, which was not opened till the ship's return. The mass at that time was called Christmas; the box called Christmas-box, or money gathered against that time, that masses might be made by the priests to the saints, to forgive the people the debaucheries of that time; and from this servants had the liberty to get box-money, that they, too, might be enabled to pay the priest for his masses, knowing well the truth of the proverb, 'No penny, no paternosters.'"

A CHURCH DECORATED WITH HOLLY.

Habit is so powerful, that in times not very distant it constituted an argument called "use and wont" in law; and in time a Christmas-box came to be regarded as the *right* of every one in the capacity of a servant. To such an extent was this mendacious custom carried at one period, that it actually became a scandal and national grievance. In England these demoralizing gratuities, which were annoying to the giver, were of little real advantage to the receiver, their wages being regulated in accordance with the prospective amount of their Christmas-box. It was only in the year 1837 that the government of Great Britain issued circulars to the different embassies, requesting their excellencies "to discontinue the customary Christmas-boxes to the messengers of the foreign department, domestic servants of Viscount Palmerston, foreign postmen," &c. This general order was not, as might be expected, very favorably regarded by those who annually looked out for Christmas favors; but the great mass of the people hailed it with pleasure. The custom still partially exists, for it takes time to eradicate any evil. A few years more, however, will see it numbered with the things that have been, and one more of the strange old fashions will have already disappeared with the march of civilization

The decoration of churches is a beautiful relic of those old times, the purest one that remains. We close with Wordsworth's sonnet on it:—

"Would that our scrupulous sires had dared to leave
Less scanty measure of those graceful rites
And usages, whose due return invites
A stir of mind too natural to deceive;
Giving the memory help when she could weave
A crown for hope!—I dread the boasted lights
That all too often are but fiery blights,
Killing the bud o'er which in vain we grieve.
Go, seek, when Christmas snows discomfort bring,
The counter spirit found in some gay church
Green with fresh holly, every pew a perch
In which the linnet or the thrush might sing,
Merry and loud, and safe from prying search,
Strains offer'd only to the genial spring."

The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that will ameliorate, not destroy; occupation that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.

WINTER SCENERY.

DECEMBER.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity.

* * * * * * *

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 't were so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passèd joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbèd sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme.

WOODS IN WINTER.

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

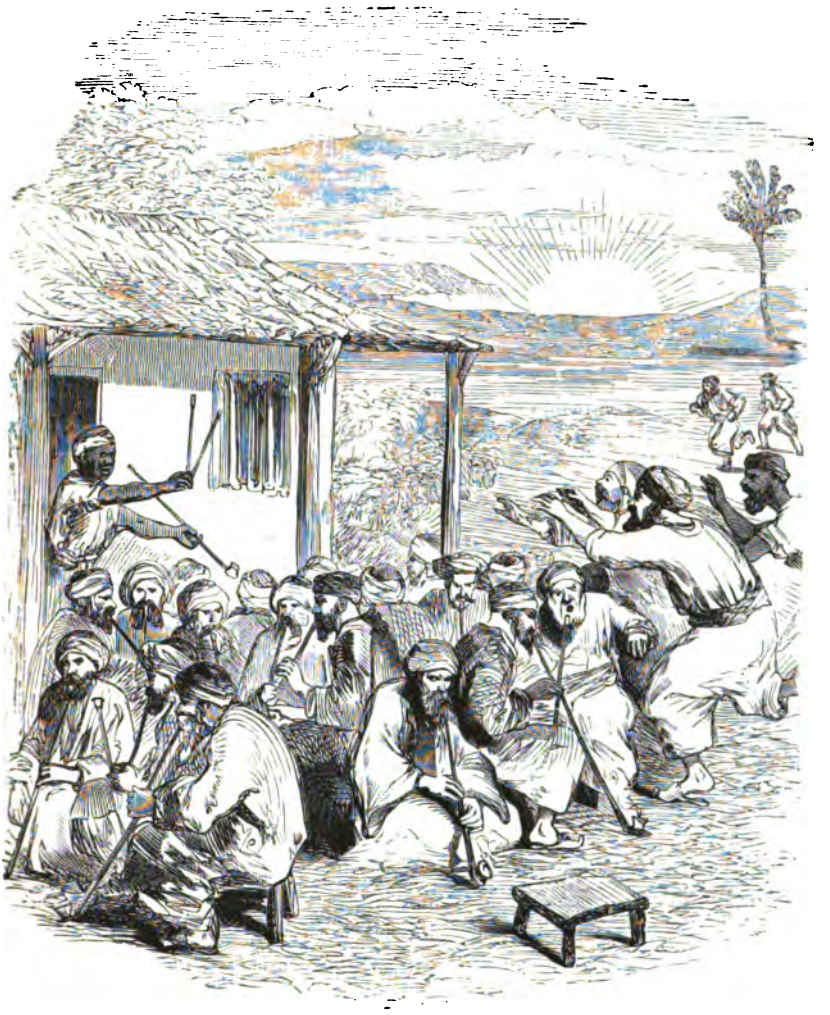
Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen and it cheers me long.

A TURKISH COFFEE-HOUSE.

IT had been a hot day in July, the hottest month of the year in Turkey, when we went forth, close upon sundown, to enjoy a cheerful ride in the suburbs of the town where we were residing, and to inhale a few mouthfuls of the pleasant evening breeze, which, as though infected with the general lassitude, crept languidly along the tops of trees and the surface of the river. The Moslem part of the population were rigidly observing their annual fast of the Ramadan, which precludes them for the space of a new moon from indulging, from sunrise to sundown, in even a drop of water to assuage their thirst. During the daytime, the streets had been deserted and noiseless; but now that the hour for breaking the fast was nigh at hand, everything was bustle and confusion. Shrill voices of angry and hungry women scolding within doors, famished children screaming without, sedate-looking long-bearded Turks hustling and jostling each other in the streets—some running, some walking, and all talking—presented altogether a most ludicrous and novel spectacle, and one very much at variance with the ordinary decorum observed in oriental towns. Each man was as anxious as his neighbor to emerge from the confined and close streets into the open freshness of the suburbs, and there amuse himself until the warning cry from the minaret's top should apprise him of the agreeable fact that Sol had taken his departure for the day, and that he was consequently at liberty to eat, drink, and smoke as much as he liked till sunrise next morning.

On arriving at the gates of the town, the crowd was so dense as to impede for a few minutes our outward progress. Rushing forward, however, we galloped into the open country, and, following the banks of a winding river, arrived in a few minutes at the desired point toward which the multitudes we had encountered were hastening with all possible speed. This was a noted Turkish coffee-house, celebrated among the Moslems for furnishing exquisite Mocha coffee and the very best procurable tobacco and timbuc—all three luxuries to the Turk, and articles of which he alone may be said to be a connoisseur. The keeper of this coffee-house was himself a strict hadji; he had twice performed the pilgrimage to the Prophet's tomb, and had consequently been dubbed with the title and assumed the garb to which such a pilgrimage entitled him, namely, a green turban and a green sash. Much respected was the hadji Achmet by all the Moslems, and very much dreaded by others. He was a thorough revolutionist, and at his coffee-house many had been the tumults planned and plotted. We, however, being Europeans, were rather held *in terrorem* by him than otherwise, for we could write, and had *elchis* (embassadors) at Stamboul. Although, therefore, his blind fanaticism caused him to detest us, fear made him pretend to love. He never, however, would open his coffee-house by day during the Ramadan, and declared he would not do so for a bagful of golden coins.

On the present occasion the doors had just been opened as we alighted, and some score of servants and hangers-on (who worked for the consideration of a cup of coffee) were busily occupied ranging all kinds of seats in front of the coffee-house for the anxious Mussulmans. Charcoal fires were being lit by dozens, to supply lights for the various smokers. Water, too, by caldronfuls, was boiling; while diminutive coffee-pots and firepans, brightly scoured up, were ranged in martial array upon all kinds of sideboards. Then came the important operation of loading some fifty or sixty pipes, so as to be prepared for the general assault that was expected in a very few minutes' time. While all this was going on, the open doors were barricaded with cross-bars, so as to prevent the castle being taken by storm, which it certainly would have been but for this precaution. Matters being thus arranged, the coffee-house keeper, after scrutinizing his citadel like a careful general, prepared water for his ablutions, and spread his carpet ready for his evening devotions.



Meanwhile, the banks of an adjoining river were lined with an expectant people. As soon as the muezzin cry resounded from the minaret, giving the signal that the fast was over, a mighty splashing was heard in the stream, as though a dozen water-wheels had suddenly started into play. After this, all was silent for the space of ten minutes; but no sooner had the required forms been gone through, than the air was rent with such acclamations of delight as a parcel of schoolboys might evince on being suddenly let loose for a holiday. Having left the river, on they came helter-skelter, "first come, first served" being the pass-word for the day. Old gentlemen with long gray beards, and portly withal, ran as though their lives depended upon the race. The seats were soon rapidly filled, and every inch of ground occupied; those who were furthest off and last in the race beckoning frantically to their more fortunate friends to secure places for them. Meanwhile the coffee-shop keeper and his servants enjoyed anything but a sinecure. The demands of the guests were incessant. Some wanted fire, some coffee, some wished their pipes replenished; and as the crowd increased, so the noise and the shouting became more clamorous. Hemmed in on all sides, the servants, with extended pipes in hands,

would shout, "Who wants this?" while a host of voices would quickly reply, "I do! I do!" "O! give it to me, Mustapha!" One would clamor for a preference on the score that he was a better patron of the coffee-house than others; another on account of his age; a third on the ground of his rank; while the scuffle usually terminated in the last-comer availing himself of the turmoil to whisper to some friend to hand him over the pipe, and so getting possession of the much-coveted delicacy. There was one very stout old gentleman who must have lived at the further end of the town, judging from his late arrival; but to see him running and puffing along the banks of the river was really, in connection with the rest of the scene, worthy of the pencil of a Hogarth. When he did arrive, however, he was more fortunate than his neighbors, for many of the first-comers had satiated themselves and were returning to their wives and families, so that there was ample room for all. After smiling at this ludicrous spectacle, we remounted our nags and cantered into the town again, for the dark mists of night were rapidly gathering around.

"This is a strange method of doing penance—a curious picture of fasting and affliction," observed the friend who accompanied us, on once more regaining the gates of the town. "It is only the commencement," we replied, "of a series of amusements."

Accordingly, after partaking of our evening repast, we proceeded to the bazaar, where everything betokened festivity and mirth. As though ashamed that daylight should witness such gambols, the night was converted into the period for indulging in a variety of childish games. The streets were illuminated, and so were the mosque and the minarets. The coffee-houses resounded with discordant Arab music, and dances were a-foot. Amid the uncertain gloom a huge camel would protrude himself into the scene of revelry, and stretching out his long neck, commit a felony on some man's store of sugar-cane. Gayly-caparisoned horses and riders were numerous, and the vailed women thronged to and fro, talking, laughing, and commenting on all they saw or heard. Whirligigs, as they term them, and other swings, were not wanting, neither was there any lack of confectionery and good cheer. Thus the Moslems passed that night, and thus they passed every night of the thirty constituting the Ramadan.

It often happens that the Ramadan, which is a moveable fast, falls on the very hottest month of the year, and then the sufferings of the more bigoted and strict Moslems must be intense, especially in places like Cairo, where the thermometer often stands at 100° Fahrenheit in the shade. The more wealthy and rigorous observers of this fast usually confine themselves to the precincts of their houses, where they sleep away the livelong day, or else seek shelter in the dampest vaults and cellars in the neighborhood. Most acute, however, must be the agony of thirst suffered by the poorer classes, whom necessity compels to attend to their every-day avocations. These poor benighted creatures, especially in the larger towns inhabited by mixed populations, are exposed to momentary temptations to break through the rigid observance of the penance imposed upon them by their false prophet. They see the Christian population indulging themselves, while they are prohibited from taking relief till the sun has set.

When a Turk travels, or is sick, he is exempted from the observance of this fast, with the stipulation that when recovered, or when arrived at his journey's end, he shall make amends for the privilege enjoyed. Of late years, however, there are hundreds in every Moslem town who are hypocrites, and who, while they make every outward demonstration of a mind and body afflicted, secretly revel in all the indulgences of this life, at the same time that they are nothing loth to join in the nocturnal carousals already described.

The scene which we have thus painted from actual observation carries, we need hardly say, its own obvious lesson. It wants that which constitutes the element of a true religious fast—unfeigned sorrow for sin. How different in all respects is it from the ordinance which the pen of inspiration has drawn:—

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen?
To loose the bands of wickedness,
To undo the heavy burdens
And to let the oppress'd go free,
And that ye break every yoke?
Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry,
And that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house?
When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him;
And that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?

MILITARY STRATAGEMS.

THERE is preserved in the Imperial Library at Paris a manuscript entitled "*Tractatus de re Militare et de Machinis Bellicis*," written about A. D. 1630 or 1640, at the time when gunpowder was beginning to come into use. It is illustrated with pictures, and remained a long time unknown in the seraglio at Constantinople. It was sent to France in 1688 by M. de Girardin, embassador at the Porte. Among the stratagems of war which the author describes, there are two which are quite singular, one of which is *a dog* ringing a bell in an abandoned fortress. This stratagem was employed when one of the two sentinels who were guarding the place had died, and the other was pressed with hunger. The survivor, being obliged to abandon his post to procure food, tied a hungry dog to one end of a cord, the other end of which was connected with a bell of the tower. He then placed water and meat near him, but just beyond his reach. The efforts made by the dog to obtain the food ring the bell, and the sentinel takes the opportunity to go out and get provisions.

Another cut in this curious volume represents dogs employed against cavalry. "Mastiffs or bull-dogs," says the writer, "are often trained for this purpose. They are taught to bite the enemy furiously. It is necessary that these dogs should be encased in leather, for two reasons: first, that the fire which they carry in a brazen vase may not injure themselves; and secondly, that they may be less exposed to the strokes of the soldiers when the horses have fled in their agony of pain. This brazen vase, daubed with a resinous substance, and furnished with a sponge filled with spirits of wine, produces a glowing fire. The horses, tormented by the bites of the dogs and the heat of this fire, flee in disorder."

THE SHIPWRECK.

FALCONER was a sailor; but he has given us the finest poem in the language on the sea and its perils. He describes a real scene, and, alas for the poor mariner poet! it was to be exemplified again in his history, for he at last perished at sea. His description of the wreck is grand and powerful. We give its best passages. The scene is Cape Colonna, on the shores of Greece.

Foams the wild beach below with madd'ning rage,
Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.
The sickly heaven, fermenting with its freight,
Still vomits o'er the main the feverish weight.

o o o o o o o o

The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly:
Fate spurs her on:—thus issuing from afar,
Advances to the sun some blazing star;
And, as it feels th' attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated course.

o o o o o o o o

In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now the audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shatter'd top half-buried in the skies;
Then headlong plunging, thunders on the ground,
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound!
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And, quivering with the wound, in torment reels:
So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murd'rer's blows;—
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock:
Down on the vale of Death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims, shuddering, roll their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak:
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn, her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

TO MY DEPARTED INFANT.

The strife is o'er;
To God again his own best gift is given:
And now my child beholds, for evermore,
His face in heaven.

In the calm grave,
Nor care, nor pain, nor sin, shall harm thee more;
The storm is past, and life's last troubled wave
Has thrown thee on the shore.

Farewell, my child!
The blessed thought is mine, in good or ill,
That thou art now an angel undefiled,
And I thy mother still.

[For the National Magazine.]

METHODIST CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

IT is now eighty-seven years since the first Methodist Church was built in America. It stood on the present site of the "Old John-street Church," and was dedicated by Philip Embury, October 30th, 1768. Mr. Wesley contributed fifty pounds toward its erection.

From that time to 1850—eighty-two years—no less than 12,484 churches were erected by our people—an average of near three churches a week for the entire period. But most of these churches have been built during the last thirty years. We have now hundreds of cities and villages in which there are Methodist churches, where, thirty years ago, the primitive forest was scarcely disturbed. Besides, "stations" were then few and far between; and perhaps a majority of our preaching, take the country together, was, even as late as that period, done in private houses, and school-houses, and groves. Allowing, then, that two-thirds of our present church accommodations have been provided since 1820, it will give us an average of over five churches every week for the last thirty-five years.

But there is yet another view to be taken. We have built churches much more rapidly for the last five years than before. The land is being divided up into small charges, each of which must have its church and its pastor. Old churches are giving place to new ones; and to an eye that could take in the whole field, it would look like one great work-shop, whose busy thousands were engaged, each upon his own ark, and all to fill the land with moral light-houses, to drive error and sin from the earth forever. What a scene would it present could we assemble all the Methodist churches now in process of erection upon some vast plain, where the eye could take them all in at a glance! Look at them. Mark the variety of form, and material, and color, and dimensions. They are seen in every stage of progress, but they are going forward, and a few months will witness their completion and dedication. And the next month will witness as many more in progress, and so on, in an increasing ratio, till the earth is subdued to Christ.

I should like to show this "American Church Manufactory" to some of our croakers and faint-hearted Methodists. Look, brother, at those thousand churches "on the stocks," and see if they indicate sickness and decay? Then look at the two hundred new churches dedicated during the last six months, and think of the two hundred that will be dedicated during six months to come. "Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generation following." Bishop Hughes ought to look into our manufactory, and Parsons Cooke might be made wiser by it, however distressing to him.

But if we have built five churches a week, on an average, for the last thirty-five years, what has been the average for the last *five* years? Is it not at least twice as great as for the entire period? I believe it to be a safe calculation, that the M. E. Church in the United States is now building ten churches on an average every week, or five hundred and twenty every year; and that the number will go up during the next twenty years from five to six, seven, and eight hundred, and from that to a thousand churches a year! The land is before us; its population will double and quadruple, and we shall build churches in proportion.

Now, when we consider the vast sums of money to be expended, the durable character of many of these buildings, the objects to be secured by their erection, and the great evils that follow from having a church badly arranged or ventilated, or uncouth in appearance, or begun upon a plan that will cost twice as much to complete as the trustees expected, or the society can raise—when we consider all these points, who does not see that the subject of Church Architecture is one in which we have a deeper interest, probably, than any other denomination in this country; and yet I do not remember ever to have seen a paragraph upon the subject in any of our periodicals. Other denominations have given more attention to the subject. The General Congregational Convention, which met at Albany in 1852, adopted, among others, the following resolution:—

"*Resolved*, That, in the judgment of this convention, it is expedient that the Central Committee, constituted for the aid of Churches at the West, in erecting houses of worship, procure plans of suitable edifices, with specifications and estimates, to be shown to committees and others concerned in those enterprises, with

a view to promote convenience, economy, and good taste in the design and execution of the work; and further, that before aid is granted, the State Committee be made acquainted with the plan and specifications of the buildings proposed to be erected, with liberty to insist on conformity, so far as they shall think expedient, to their direction."*

In accordance with this resolution the Central Committee procured plans of eighteen different churches and four parsonages, had them lithographed, and published the whole, with appropriate preface and explanations, in a magnificent folio volume of a hundred and fifty pages. These plans usually embrace a front elevation, side elevation, ground plan, and a transverse section of each church; so that, with the accompanying descriptions and explanations, it would be easy for a builder to erect an edifice after either of the models represented.

This work has doubtless been of great service to boards of trustees and building committees in numerous instances already, and is well worth its cost to any society who contemplate the erection of a church; and yet its plans do not as fully provide for the wants of a Methodist society as they do for those of the Presbyterians and Congregationalists.†

We have many wants in common; but Methodists have peculiarities which call for peculiar church accommodations. For instance, we need as good seats and pulpits, as good light and air, as ample accommodations and as correct taste as any other body of Christians; but we want more. We have class-meetings and love-feasts, and prayer-meetings and revivals, and God forbid that we should ever be without them; and we must provide for these peculiarities in our Church Architecture. What kind of a Methodist church would that be (especially in any large town or city) that had no class-rooms in it? Certainly it would but partially accommodate our religious meetings; and hence there exists a "Methodist Church Architecture."

From the necessity of the case, a model that would suit another denomination would not suit us. Hence it is that no "class-rooms" are to be met with in any of the plans in the work above referred to, and but few of them provide even a lecture-room, or a suitable place to hold a prayer-meeting. These we are obliged to add to, and in some way combine with, the ordinary church accommodations. Consequently, it is more difficult to plan a church properly for our own use than for others; and for the same reason we have probably committed more mistakes in the planning and erection of churches.

All these considerations—the fact that we are building more churches than any other denomination—that it is more difficult to build a good Methodist Church than any other, and consequently that we are more liable to commit mistakes in arrangement—all these facts indicate the importance of a comparison of views upon the subject of church building, and, if possible, a comparison of designs, and plans, and arrangements. Indeed, when we take into consideration the vast amount of money annually expended by the M. E. Church in the erection of churches, we can hardly account for the fact that some one has not long since prepared and published a good work on Methodist Church Architecture. Such a work, containing an ample variety of elevations, ground plans, and cross sections, with appropriate suggestions as to sites, style, material, arrangement, warming, ventilation, &c., would be of incalculable value to our denomination, and would enjoy a patronage at least commensurate with our future Church extension. It would save thousands of dollars now annually expended for fantastical drawings by incompetent artists, and, more important still, would prevent the erection of many an uncouth and inconvenient edifice, securing in its stead a structure at once convenient, chaste, and tasteful. Who will step forward and prepare such a work for the Methodist Episcopal Church?

But our object in this article is merely

* The Irish Wesleyan Conference have a Building Committee, without whose previous consent, obtained in writing, "No chapel or preacher's dwelling, whether large or small, can be erected, altered, purchased, or enlarged." It consists of twelve members, who meet monthly to consider applications, &c. The English Wesleyans have also a similar arrangement.

† Still, in the absence of a work exactly suited to our wants as a denomination, the writer would advise boards and committees contemplating the erection of a church to send for this work by all means before fixing upon a plan or even selecting a site. Its plans of pulpits alone are worth its cost, to say nothing of all its other valuable designs and suggestions. It is published by Daniel Burgess & Co., New-York, in elegant mualin, gilt, at ten dollars per copy.

to call attention to the subject, to make a few general suggestions, applicable everywhere, and to present the readers of the NATIONAL with a few specimens of Methodist churches recently erected in this country. We shall aim at practical results, and shall study utility more than ornament.

TRUE IDEA OF A CHURCH EDIFICE.

THE design or object for which a house of worship is erected should never be lost sight of in its construction. All its arrangements should be made with reference to the end to be attained. What is a Christian church edifice! Is it not a place for preaching and hearing the Gospel?—a place for the united and intelligible worship of God by the whole assembled company?—a place for solemn, and devout, and united prayer?—a place where all may lift up the voice in holy and fervent praise to God? Add to these suitable provisions for the administration of the ordinances—baptism and the Lord's supper—for the religious instruction of the young in the Sabbath school, and the social means of grace in the prayer-meeting, and love-feast, and class-meeting, and we have the complete idea of a Christian church edifice. But the most prominent feature in a true church is the pulpit. "The *pulpit*, in distinction from the altar or the reading-desk, is the sign and prominent feature of a Christian church." "God's great ordinance for the reconciliation of man to his Maker through Christ is the preaching of the Gospel. Thus, in all the churches which Christianity, as reformed and brought back to its spiritual simplicity, has constructed for its own use, (so working out a natural manifestation of its own ideas,) the most conspicuous thing in the temple—the central point of attraction for the assembly—is the pulpit for the living ministry of the living word; and before it, as convenience dictates, the table for the commemorative bread and wine. And on the other hand, in the temples of a corrupt and superstitious Christianity, where the grand idea of the place is not preaching and praying, but sacrifice, you see the pulpit diminished, and thrust, as it were, into a corner, while the focus of attention is the *altar* and the high and holy place around it, where the priest pretends to renew Christ's expiation for sin, and, according to his own showing, crucifies the Son of God afresh." *

With the true idea of a Christian house of worship, its shape, and size, and general arrangement are easily determined. It cannot be a cathedral, nor so large that all cannot see and be seen, and hear and be heard in it. The walls must not be so wide asunder that the voice of the preacher is lost before it strikes them. Neither must the architectural display of column upon column and arch upon arch be allowed to baffle the efforts of the speaker, and make both seeing and hearing difficult, as through a forest. Ideas are conveyed by the *gestures* and *countenance*, as well as by the voice; hence the preacher should not only distinctly see every person to whom he preaches, but the house should be so constructed that every hearer can see him. The first consideration, therefore, in the arrangement of a house of worship, should be *for the preacher to be able to see every hearer, and for every hearer to be able both to see and hear the preacher.*

But I must arrest my remarks upon details, and go back to a question that precedes that of style and arrangement, namely, that of *location.*

SELECTION OF A SITE.

IN former years the bad policy of our people in selecting sites for churches became almost proverbial. Some were placed upon the bleakest and most naked hill-tops that could be found; others stood at the confluence of several roads, or mid-way between two villages, where neither were accommodated. And in still more instances have they been placed in the suburbs of the town or village, upon some worthless plot of ground, remote from the dwellings of most of the congregation, merely to save a few hundred dollars in the purchase of a suitable site; or because some individual who had real estate that would be enhanced in value by the erection of a church near it, has offered to donate a site in some out-of-the-way place. Thus it has happened a thousand times that the church when completed was not worth half as much to the cause of God as it would have been if put in the right place; in fact, that the saving of from

* Dr. Bacon's sermon at the reopening of the Centre Church, (Congregational,) at New-Haven, Conn.

one hundred to a thousand dollars in the matter of a site has cost the society from one to three thousand dollars in the actual value of their church when completed. Especially is this liable to be the case when lots are donated. The true policy is never to put a church in the wrong place because a site there costs less, or because some one will donate it to the trustees. The *best* site should be chosen, and the church put there, whatever the difference in cost may be. There is no economy so expensive as that which balances the location of a church between the right and the wrong place upon a few hundred dollars difference in the expense.

Accessibility, quiet, light and air, and appearance from different directions, should all be taken into the account. In an ordinary village, where there is no probability of more than one Methodist church for years to come, a central position may be chosen. Yet not at the expense of quiet, by getting too near to some noisy thoroughfare; nor at the expense of Christian courtesy, by getting too near to some other church edifice. In some instances it can be foreseen that the town will need two or more Methodist churches in the course of a few years; or that it will be built up in a certain direction, thus changing its present geographical center. In all such cases the site should be chosen accordingly. A house may be placed upon one side of a village, (where it will not best accommodate all its present inhabitants,) either because the town is growing most in that direction, which will soon make it central; or because another church will soon be wanted in the other focus of the ellipsis.

But here, too, I must confine myself to a few general suggestions; and I cannot better conclude my remarks upon this particular point than by quoting a few paragraphs from the work already referred to.

"Every church ought, if possible, to have so much space around it as will keep it from contact with other buildings, and secure an abundance of light and a free circulation of air. In the country, especially, and in all our newer towns, it should have its acre or half acre of ground, at the least, on which may be provided the needful shelter for the animals which bring to the house of God the more remote parishioners; and where trees may be planted, to throw their graceful and thought-inspiring shadows about the place of worship, and make it the more pleasant by their cool protection. The church, in its site and by its surroundings, ought to be as attractive and pleasant as any spot in its vicinity. It should speak a welcome by its very look, as well as by the sound of its bell. It should have such a position, one so commanding and attractive, characterized by such breadth and generosity, and should be aided by such tasteful adornments of architecture and grounds, as not to suffer in comparison with other structures around it.

"No place should be selected for a church chiefly because of its cheapness, or because less available or desirable for other purposes. The house of God ought not to occupy a site which is not good enough for the demands of Mammon, but it should have the best, the most generally desirable place to be found within the parish limits. It demands this by right of its character and purposes. And so also it will be found, as it often has been, that there is no so poor economy in regard to church building as that which makes pecuniary cheapness the standard of choice in the selection of a site for a house of worship. Many a Church has dwindled and died because compelled to struggle with the infelicities of an inferior position for its house. ° ° ° ° The true principle in regard to this matter is, first find the best place for a church, be it in city or country, and then pay its necessary price, even though that may sometimes seem an extravagant one."

Had these principles governed us as a people, in the selection of sites for churches from the beginning, who can calculate the amount of advantage we should have derived from it. Many a congregation now small and poor would have been large and flourishing; and many an eligible site now in the hands of others—perhaps the Universalists, or Unitarians, or Papists—would have been in our hands, crowned with forms of architectural beauty and grace. A little wisdom years ago would have been millions of dollars and many other advantages to us now. We see our mistake now, but throughout most of the eastern and middle states it is too late to remedy it. Let our brethren in the Great West, and indeed everywhere where sites for churches are yet to be selected, learn wisdom by our former folly, and profit by our melancholy experience.

STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE.

Next to an eligible site, is the selection of an appropriate style of architecture. Not that I am about to discuss the comparative merits of the Gothic and Grecian orders — the Doric, Rural English, and Romanesque—for this I have neither space nor ability. And yet the general style of the building—its symmetry and grace, and general effect upon the beholder — will

never cease to impress him either favorably or unfavorably; to please or offend; to attract or repel. It is important, therefore, whatever is to be the cost of the church, whether a thousand-dollar building upon a circuit, remote even from the smallest village; or a fifty-thousand-dollar temple in the crowded city—in either case its style should be chaste and appropriate, and good taste should govern all its arrangements.

In the first place, every house of worship should indicate, if possible, its character as a Christian church by its outward form and materials. It should show at a glance that it is not a barn or a dwelling, a bank or an academy. The stranger should never be obliged to inquire, as he enters a village, which of two buildings is the hotel and which the church. There should be something in the style and surroundings of every Christian church to proclaim it a house of prayer. What Christian heart has not been cheered in his travels by the "sound of the church-going bell," or the sight of a church-spire pointing upward from the far-off village, even though in a land of strangers. These mere externals have a tongue to speak, and their language is unmistakable. They challenge our confidence and enkindle hope; and, ere we are aware of it, we find ourselves imploring a benediction upon the distant temple, and upon all who worship there.

> "These temples of his grace,
> How beautiful they stand;
> The honors of our native place,
> And bulwarks of our land."

But some of our "temples" are far from "beautiful:" some are homely and uncouth beyond endurance; and not a few can scarcely be distinguished from any other building—a factory or warehouse, a bank or seminary. This, I think, should be avoided, especially when it is so easy, with a little care, in arranging the architectural features to indicate, unmistakably, their religious purpose.

"The *spire*," says a high authority, "has come to be the recognized sign of religion. This of itself, therefore, will give religious character to the building, of which it is made to form a part." But, whatever it is that proclaims its character—whether its style alone, or its style, and bell, and surroundings, one thing is certain—its exterior should at once proclaim it a church. This secured, we leave each committee to determine *how* this fact shall be proclaimed; so my anti-steeple reader may sheath his sword, and read on, good-naturedly, to the end of the article.

In regard to the *style* and *cost* of churches, the following extract from the "Book of Plans," already cited, will probably be acquiesced in, as inculcating the true doctrine:—

> "As to the finish and adornment of churches, it is a safe rule that the church should correspond in style to the better class of the dwellings possessed by those who are to occupy the church. If the people are generally poor, so as to be able to have only the plainest houses and the most necessary articles of furniture in them, then it is not to be expected that their place of worship will be other than plain. But if the people indulge in carpets and sofas, in furniture made of rare and costly wood, in mirrors, and marbles, and ingenious carvings, and hang their walls with pictures, then it is rightly expected that their house of worship will show something besides bare floors, and the array of plain rectangular spaces of unadorned walls. The place of worship does not demand a profusion of ornament. But so far as the ability of the worshipers goes, if it is accompanied with good taste, it may enrich the house of God with architectural decorations, with little danger of carrying the thing too far."

Is there not quite as much danger among us of going to the other extreme—of leaving the ark of God under curtains, while we dwell in houses of cedar? Are there not too many who build fine private houses, in the most approved modern style, and furnish them with taste and elegance? but the moment anything is said about an improved church edifice, something different from those built twenty or forty years ago, when the country was new, and the Methodists comparatively few and poor, we are plied with the significant interrogation, "To what purpose is this waste?" They deplore these sad departures from the ancient land-marks in the style and cost of churches. They can build elegant and tasteful stores, and banks, and seminaries, and private mansions, but they wish all our churches built in the plainest style, and at the least possible expense; and if any additional appendage or ornament is proposed, they immediately begin to murmur, as the disciple did about the ointment: "It might have been sold for much, and given to the poor." "How much better to have given the cost of that steeple, or that bell, or that frescoing, or those

cushions or carpets, to the missionary, or some other good cause?" But they never think of this kind of benevolence or economy in regard to any other building but a church.

The precious ointment might have been sold, and the proceeds given to the poor; and yet it turned out that the disciple who complained of the "waste" cared no more for the poor than his fellow-disciples. John xii, 6. So the gold of the temple might have been sold, and the proceeds devoted to other good uses, and yet God approved of its use in his house, and accepted the offering at the hands of Solomon. So we believe God is better pleased with a good and tasteful church, *when the people can afford to build it*, than he is with a poor, and cheap, and inferior structure.

COMPLETENESS.

This is a matter of special moment in the erection of a Methodist Church. We should provide for all our peculiarities; and a church that has no accommodations for the weekly prayer-meetings and class-meetings, the Bible-class and Sunday-school, can hardly be said to be a complete church. It is important, therefore, in adopting a plan for a church, to consider the number of classes to be accommodated, the size of the Sabbath-school, &c., and arrange the church accordingly.

The great practical difficulty in our church-building is to provide a lecture-room and class-room, besides the main audience-room. To secure these, various plans are adopted:—

1. Where the land is valuable, and it is difficult to secure room for a lecture-room separate from the church, one may be provided by a basement under the main audience-room. This is an economical plan, as no extra land is required, and one roof covers the whole. Besides, it affords ample space for class-rooms, lecture-room, &c., and the main audience-room is easily entered and emptied; but a low basement is liable to be damp, and, as a general rule, should be avoided. The only way to have them dry, and light, and airy, is to build an area-wall, some five or six feet from the church-wall, to keep all dirt away from the latter, and allow a free circulation of light and air all around. There should then be a well-drained cellar of three or four feet under the *lower* floor, with free ventilation through it, by means of grated openings in the areas. In this way a depressed basement may be made nearly as dry as if it was entirely above the surface. But even then they should never be depressed over two-thirds of the depth; and, in fact, should never be built "except in cases of extreme necessity."

2. The next best plan, where there is barely room for the church, is to build a basement above ground, and enter the main audience-room by flights of stairs inside. This secures dry and light class-rooms, lecture-room, &c., wholly above ground; but it requires the audience to go up and down stairs constantly, which is a burden to aged and infirm persons. And in case of sudden alarm, and a rush for the stairways, churches built in this way might prove exceedingly inconvenient, if not absolutely dangerous. Still, many fine churches have been built upon this plan, and have given good satisfaction.

3. A third plan is to build a lecture-room across the *end* of the church in the rear; in some instances as part of the one building, with the same roof extending over the whole, and in other cases with a separate roof running at right angles with the main roof. The Market-street church, Newark, N. J., is a specimen of the former style; and the Broad-street church in the same city is a sample of the latter. This plan requires a long lot, however, and on that account is not always practicable; but whenever it can be adopted, it is doubtless the best of all plans for providing class-rooms, &c.

4. A fourth plan is to erect a small lecture-room, or "chapel," as they are sometimes called, separate from the main church; in fact, a small and a large church —two instead of one. It may require but little more ground than the plan last described, but it will cost more by being built alone than if placed at the end of the main building, or built as a part of it. On this account, and perhaps for other reasons, this plan is but seldom adopted.

The most popular plan, I think, in the eastern cities at least, is to build a basement above ground, under the main audience-room; though many of our best churches are now built with a lecture-room at the end, in the rear of the main audience floor. One of the finest churches in Hartford, Connecticut, (Dr. Murdock's,) is built in this way. The old "Vestry-

street" congregation (now Seventh Avenue and Fourteenth-street, New-York) built their "chapel" first, and are now building their church edifice upon a separate lot adjoining. Trinity Church, New-York, has a depressed basement, with an open area outside the walls for light and air, and a well-ventilated cellar under the lower floor. Christ's Church, Pittsburgh, has a fine basement wholly above ground.

DURABILITY.

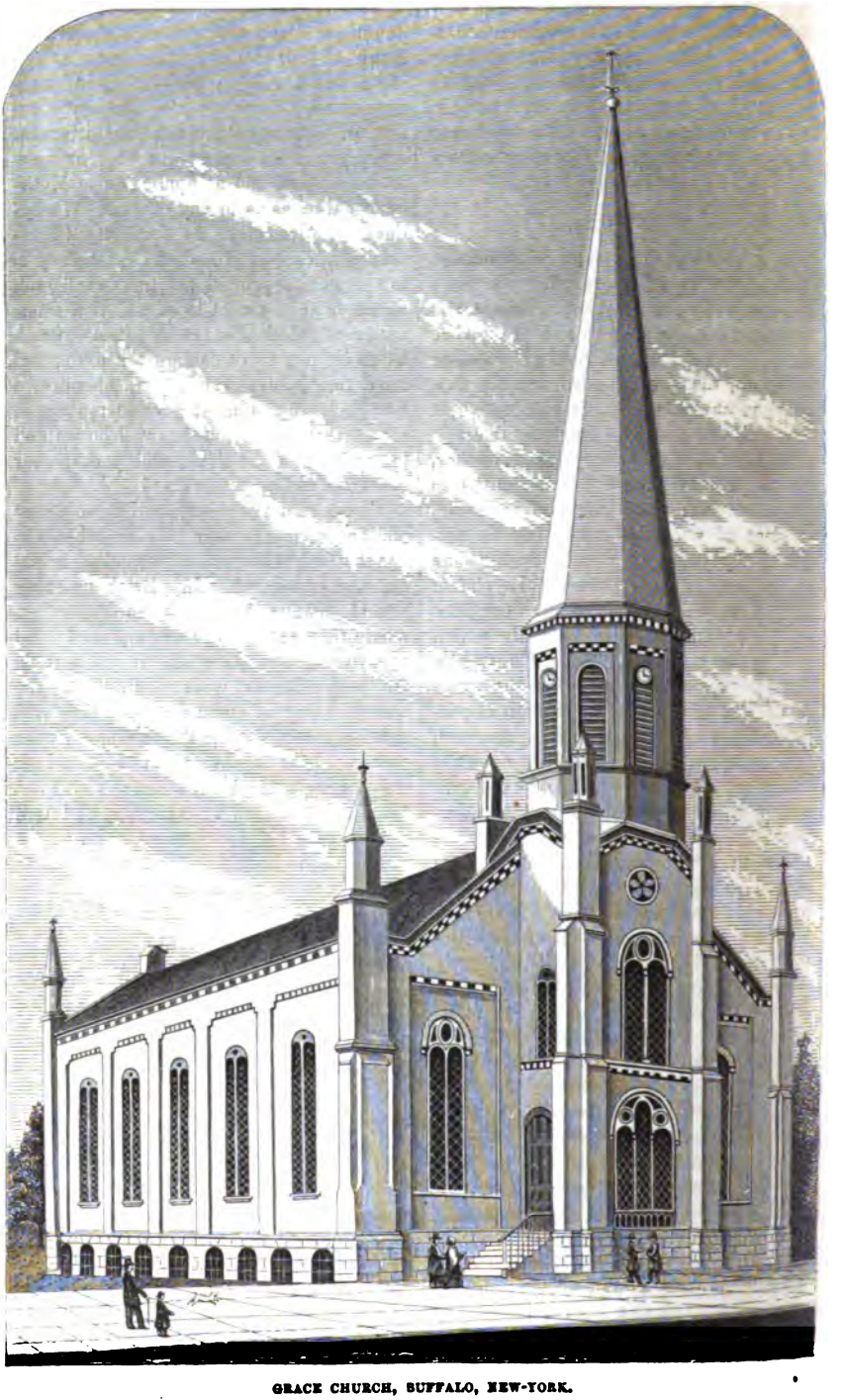
This is another important consideration in the erection of a church. We build not for ourselves merely, but in many cases for generations to come; and though we may often be obliged to build of wood, or not at all, may it not also be true that many churches are built of wood that ought to be built of something more durable.

"A Church," says an eloquent writer, "is not a body whose life is limited to threescore years and ten; and its home, its place of worship, should not be calculated for occupancy only during one or two human generations. It should carry in itself some idea of the durability and permanence of the body by which it is to be occupied. The Church of Christ is expected to live while the world lasts. The local church, the church pertaining to any village or town, it is presumed, will exist as long as the trees grow upon the village hill-sides, or the rocks abide in their primeval beds. God will be worshiped there, it is hoped, while there is a saint to praise him, or a sinner to be reached and saved by the Gospel. The structure, therefore, in which the Church has her visible home and office, the place where she lifts up her penitent soul in prayer, or sounds her lofty psalmodies, or preaches the word of life, ought not to be a structure of which the winds of heaven may make havoc, or which a chance spark may kindle with consuming fire. It ought, if possible, to be permanent and enduring as the wants of man. Having a purpose for all time, its walls should be of the very stony foundations of the earth itself. * * Nothing less enduring is really appropriate for the walls of the house of God; nothing less enduring is in keeping with the enduring purpose of such a structure, or fit to be rendered unto Him who is from everlasting to everlasting; and the erection of anything less substantial for a house of worship is to be tolerated only from the necessities of the case as a temporary expedient."

This is very strong language, and will doubtless sound rather "high church" to many of our readers; and yet, allowing a broad margin for the "temporary expedients" that are the necessary result of our rapid growth and itinerant economy, it is doubtless a correct view of the subject, and as applicable to Methodist churches as to any others. We believe that Methodism is indeed but "Christianity in earnest;" and as Christianity is to spread and prevail till time shall end, so we believe that Christ will find thousands of Methodist churches on earth when he comes to change the living and raise the dead. Why, then, should we not build of the most durable materials, seeing that these churches will be wanted long after we are dead, and perhaps for centuries and ages to come?

These remarks apply mainly to large and fine churches, and yet the subject is one that ought not to be overlooked in the erection of any church. Brick or stone should always be preferred to wood, where they can as well be employed; and even where rough stone is used it is far preferable to wood. Pile up the solid masonry of some sort, and time will generally demonstrate the wisdom of your choice. If it is obliged to be of rough stone, very well; let it stand; it will not take fire, will need no painting, and will last for ages. "Let it stand in its native roughness, in keeping with the unsmoothed hills and valleys around, and as abiding as they. Let it stand; afraid of no visitations of the elements, however rude or protracted, but rather gathering new grace and tints of beauty, alike from sunshine and storm, as years and centuries roll by, and the free winds peal their varying anthems around it. Let it stand; the same church, while the dwellings beside it change and give place to new ones, and generation after generation of their inhabitants are borne through its solemn aisles to burial. Let it stand, one permanent structure, if possible, amid the shifting, changeful sceneries of surrounding life, an emblem of the eternal—a visible link of connection between earth and heaven."

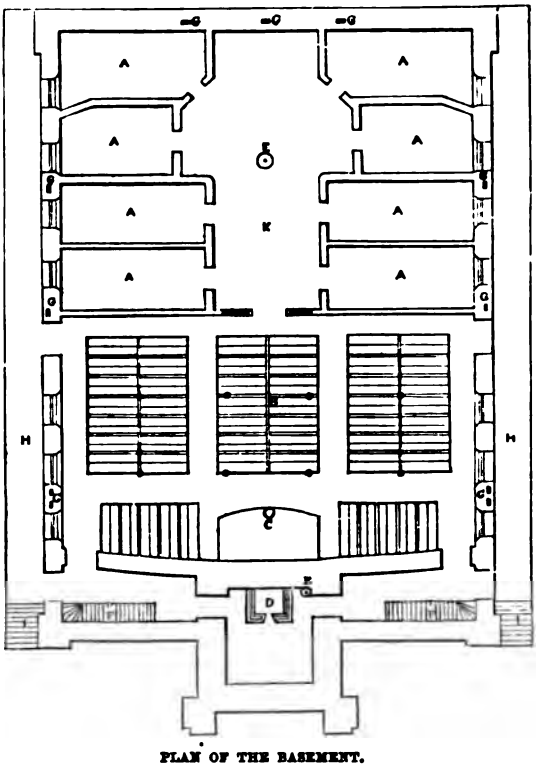
From these preliminary observations we shall now pass abruptly to the consideration of individual churches.



GRACE CHURCH, BUFFALO, NEW-YORK.

GRACE CHURCH, BUFFALO.

THIS beautiful church edifice was dedicated on Sabbath morning, June 3, 1855, by BISHOP SIMPSON. It is one hundred feet long, including tower, by sixty-six feet eight inches wide, including buttresses. It stands upon a lot eighty-six and a half feet by one hundred, which cost $3,735. J. H. SELKIRK, *Architect;* H. RUMRILL, *Builder.* It was commenced under the administration of Rev. A. D. WILBUR, and completed under that of his successor, Rev. PHILO E. BROWN. Rev. WM. H. DE PUY is its present pastor.



PLAN OF THE BASEMENT.

BASEMENT.

THE basement floors are six feet below the side-walk, and the basement ten feet in the clear. Its walls are of blue limestone, faced with bush-hammered stone ashler.

The general arrangement of the basement is somewhat unique, as will be seen by the accompanying plan :—

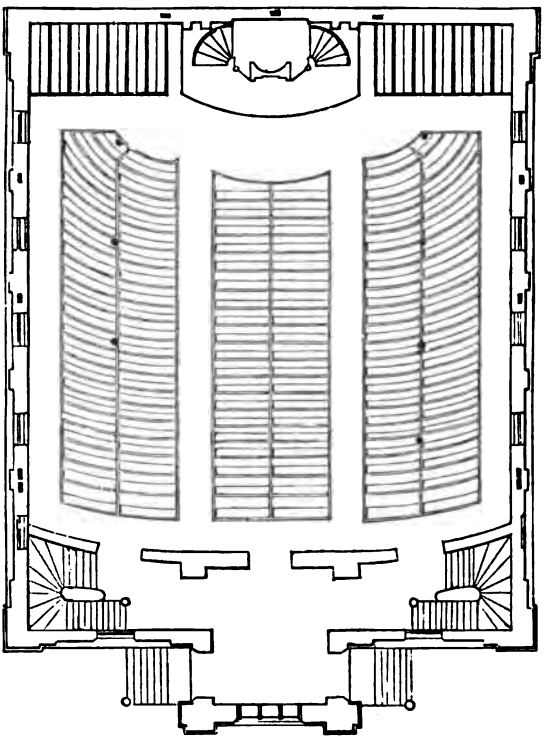
A, A, A. Class-Rooms.
B. Lecture-Room.
C. Pulpit.
D. Furnace.
E. E. Portable Furnaces.
F. Stairway from First Story.
G. Ventilating and Smoke Flues.
H. Areas outside Basement Walls.
I. Stairs leading to Basement.
K. A Spacious Hall.

This plan secures a lecture-room and eight large class-rooms, with good light and ventilation. But the lecture-room looks rather small, and in time may be found too small even for the Sabbath-school. And there seems to be no room especially provided and arranged for the infant class, nor yet for the Bible class. In most city churches, each of these requires a separate room larger than either of the class-rooms shown on the plan. This defect, if it be one, might be remedied by throwing three of the class-rooms into two, one for a class and Bible class-room, and the other for the infant class. There would then be five good class-rooms still left, and the Bible and infant classes provided for.

Still, the present plan is not without its advantages, and knowing how difficult it is to provide for all our specialties in an area of sixty-five by one hundred feet, we are free to say that not one church basement in twenty has a better arrangement than this. The areas on the sides keep the walls dry, and allow space for light and air ; and if ventilated and well drained under the lower floor, the rooms will never be damp or unhealthy. Every alternate seat in the basement has a revolving back, for Sabbath-school purposes. The wood-work is painted white, and the iron columns bronze-green.

MAIN AUDIENCE-ROOM.

THE walls of the building above the water tables are of red brick, faced with roll bricks, with cut stone offsets to buttresses. It has iron sills and string course, and corbel course around the tower, with iron hood-molds to front windows, resting upon



PLAN OF THE MAIN AUDIENCE-ROOM.

iron corbels. The corbel-course under the main cornice, which shows so beautifully in the engraving, and gives the building a neat and finished appearance, is formed altogether of bricks. It is therefore not very expensive, while at the same time it is tasteful and ornamental.

The interior of the building is all finished with pine and grained light oak, except the altar-rail and baluster, which are cherry. The doors are all light oak. The gallery is supported by ten iron columns, with enriched composition capitals. The walls are plastered three coats, sand finish, and blocked off; and the ceiling three coats, plaster finish.

The form of the ceiling is three sides of an octagon, with ribs resting on corbels on the wall, and pendants at the intersections. The room is admirably adapted to speaking, without ringing or echo.

The accompanying plan of the audience-room sufficiently exhibits all the prominent features of its arrangement. The spacious vestibule is entered at the sides of the tower. From the vestibule the church is entered by three doors and four aisles. The plan shows the side aisles as disproportionately wide, as but half as many persons use them as use the middle aisles. The stairs to the gallery and basement are well represented, as also the altar, pulpit, and pulpit stairs. The seats are circular, as shown in the cut, and are all cushioned with a drab-colored material.

LIGHT.

The basement windows are of good sheet glass; and the hall between the class-rooms is lighted by head-lights over the class-room doors. The side windows of the main building are of buff-enameled glass, in lead sash, and those in front of a more expensive stained glass.

HEAT.

This church is warmed mainly by one of Culver's No. 4 furnaces, located under the vestibule in the tower, (see Plan of Basement,) and by a portable furnace in the hall between the class-rooms. The latter is used for warming the class-rooms. The lecture-room is warmed by two upright stoves, one on each side of the hall door leading to the class-rooms. The rehearsal-room, over the vestibule, is warmed by a small portable furnace under the vestibule, near the large furnace. Its location is shown on the right of the furnace D, in the plan of the basement.

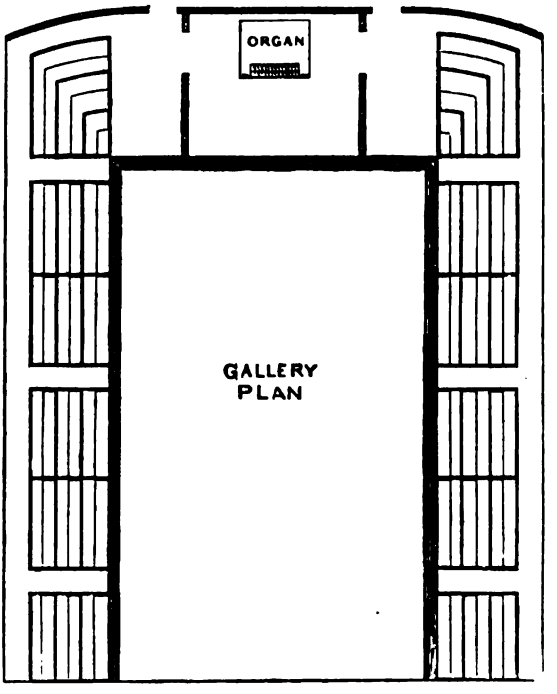
VENTILATION.

There are six ventilating registers, each fourteen by twenty inches, in the main audience-room — three near the ceiling, and three near the floor. The lower ones are opened for the ingress of cold air when warming the room—and the upper ones for the egress of hot and vitiated air whenever necessary. A portion of each side-window is hung upon pivots, to admit of its being opened at discretion. Few churches have better provision for ventilation.

The *tower* is of brick to the bell-section,

which, together with the spire, is of wood. From the sidewalk to the finial of the spire is one hundred and thirty-five feet. The spire, which is in the form of an octagon, is covered with shingles with circle ends, and is finished with round ribs on the angles. These are scarcely visible in the engraving.

The general external appearance of this church is exceedingly neat and tasteful. It is somewhat ornate, to be sure, but none too much so for such a city and such a congregation. Indeed it would do us no harm if Methodism had just such a church in every village of three thousand inhabitants in the United States.



The gallery is furnished with an organ with twenty-two stops, and costing $1,500. The tower is to be furnished with a bell hereafter. The pews are partly sold and partly rented.

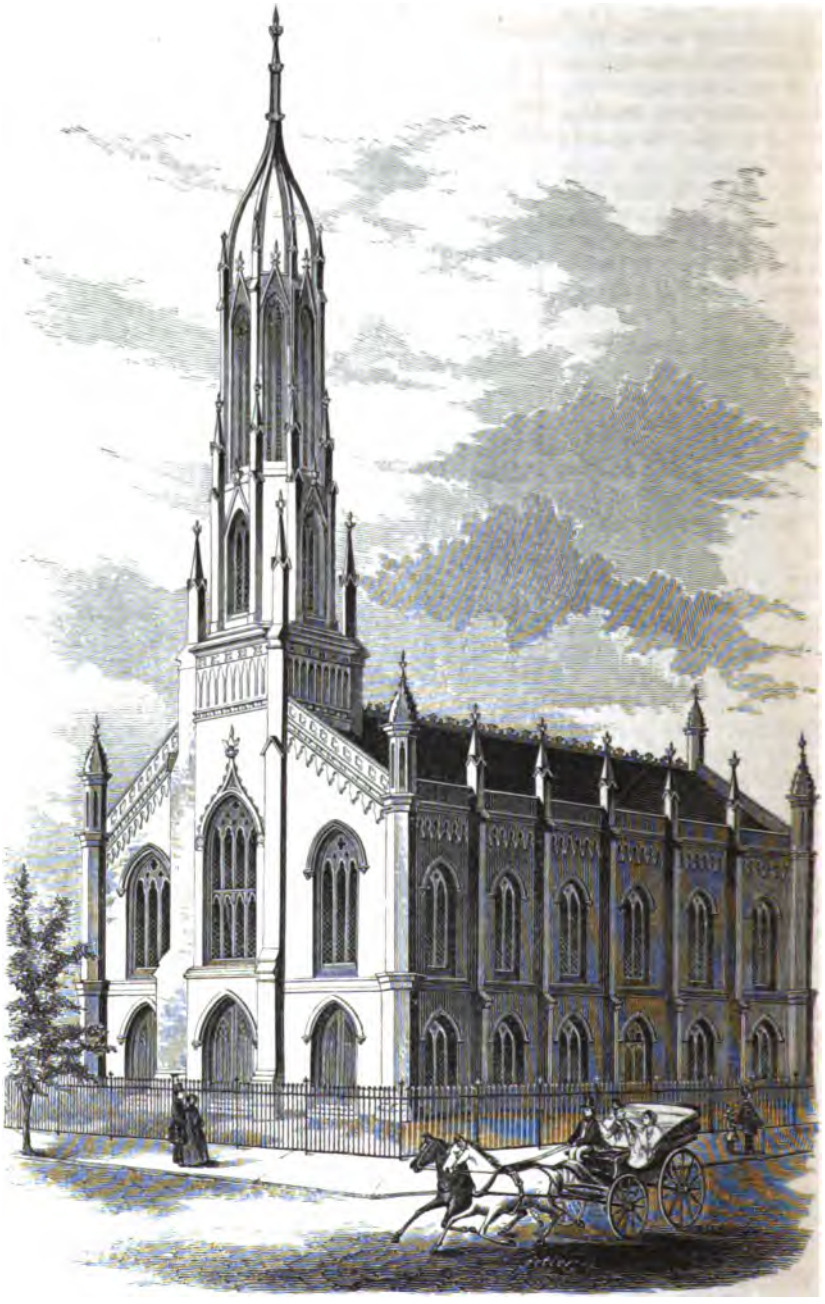
The main audience-room, including gallery, will seat about twelve hundred persons.

By turning back to the cut again, the reader will notice a few other features worthy of note. The large window in the tower, in front, lighting the vestibule, is highly ornamental, and useful, and the next above it has a fine effect; and even the little rose window, still higher, is exactly in its place, and gives a finished appearance to the whole.

Last of all, that prim little *clock* must not go unnoticed. "A quarter past eleven"—what can that mean? Does the morning service begin at eleven, and the clock show when the *text* is announced? or was the text announced at eleven, and is brother De Puy's subject just now beginning to open out finely before him, and he to warm up and become interesting? "A quarter past eleven!" What can it mean? But no matter. May the faithful clock keep good time, prevent all long sermons, (unless they are extra good ones,) and constantly admonish and finally reform all tardy slip-shod hearers who go late to meeting. I give it full license to do all this—and now, clock, do your duty.

There seems to be a slight defect in the perspective of the drawing. There is too great a difference in the apparent size of the buttresses on the right and left, in front, for so slight a difference in their distances. Thirty or forty feet difference in their distances, with the beholder as far off as the drawing supposes, could not make one-half difference in the apparent size of the buttresses, as is shown in the cut. By turning over to the next cut, it will be seen that the difference is far less. The apparent height also is diminished too rapidly from the front to the rear, the roof dropping nearly twice as much as it should. This is not the fault of our artist, but of the lithograph from which he copies. The church on the next page is in better perspective.

The entire cost of Grace Church and site (exclusive of the organ) was about twenty-eight thousand dollars. It is certainly a noble edifice—an honor to the people who reared it; and its erection will inaugurate a new era in the history of Methodism in Buffalo. Long may it stand and prosper in that stirring commercial city!



CHRIST'S CHURCH, PITTSBURGH, PENN.

This fine church edifice was dedicated by Doctor Durbin, March 25th, 1855. Its pulpit is now occupied by Rev. Alfred Cookman, son of the much lamented Rev. George G. Cookman, of blessed memory. It stands upon a lot one hundred by one hundred and forty feet, situated upon the corner of Hancock and Penn-streets, and

is placed twenty-five feet within the line of Penn-street, leaving a clear space of fifteen feet on each side. The whole is inclosed with a neat wrought-iron railing, as shown in the cut, and the space within sodded, and ornamented with walks, shrubbery, &c. The site cost $15,000.

DIMENSIONS.

The building is seventy-five feet wide by one hundred and fifteen in length, including the extreme points of the buttresses. The side walls are forty feet high from the water-table, and the end walls seventy feet to the comb of the roof, forming a basement and main story entirely above ground. The tower is one hundred and sixty-five feet in height—quite a moderate altitude for so large a building—and yet the reader will bear witness that it sits very gracefully in its place, and seems to be all that is necessary.

STYLE AND MATERIAL.

The style of the building throughout is the decorated Gothic of the fourteenth century. The cut is a very excellent representation of its exterior. The four octagonal corners, running up fifteen feet above the eaves, with a finished termination, are exceedingly beautiful. The front is of cut stone, and the sides and rear of brick, with stone trimmings to the windows and buttresses. The bricks are painted stone color, and the roof is of slate, laid diagonally. The edifice was built by Mr. George Thompson, after designs by Mr. J. W. Kerr, *architect*.

BASEMENT.

The basement is altogether above ground, and is light, dry, and airy. Its floor is two and a half feet above the surface, and there is a fine cellar under the entire building, which is used for the storage of coal, and as a location for the three furnaces by which the house is warmed.

The basement is entered by the three Gothic door-ways in front, opening into a vestibule seventeen feet wide, from which two flights of stairs lead up to the main audience-room. Opposite the central door, a hall, twelve feet wide, with class-rooms on each side, leads to the lecture-room. This is forty-four by sixty-seven feet, and thirteen feet in the clear. There are four class-rooms, two on each side of the hall, in the front part of the basement story, each room being seventeen by twenty-six feet.

This arrangement is easily understood without a diagram, and must strike every reader as very simple, and every way convenient. Each class-room has one window, the vestibule has two, and the lecture-room eight. Either of the class-rooms is large enough for the Bible class; but we see no sufficient provision for the infant class separate from the rest of the Sabbath school. And if our Pittsburgh brethren are as noisy in class-meetings as some of us are, it might have been for the quiet of the neighborhood to have located the class-rooms in the rear of the church, or one story lower. "No danger," says an old-fashioned Methodist at my elbow; "no danger of much *noise*, or *religion* either, in such a church. Religion, and organs, and steeples never go together." We trust our Pittsburgh friends will profit by the hint, and maintain their former zeal and spirituality, even with their steeple and organ. We see no reason why either, or both combined, should prove fatal to their piety.

MAIN AUDIENCE-ROOM.

Leaving the vestibule, we ascend to the main audience-room by two flights of stairs, with heavy oak rails and balusters, landing in a vestibule above. From this vestibule the main room is entered by two seven-feet arched door-ways leading into the tower, which here forms a part of the audience-room. This is a new and beautiful arrangement for entering a church, constructed with tower and basement above ground. It gives a fine entrance *at once* into the body of the house, while it adds much to the general appearance and beauty of the room. It leaves the large front windows full in view, and gives one common entrance to all the aisles.

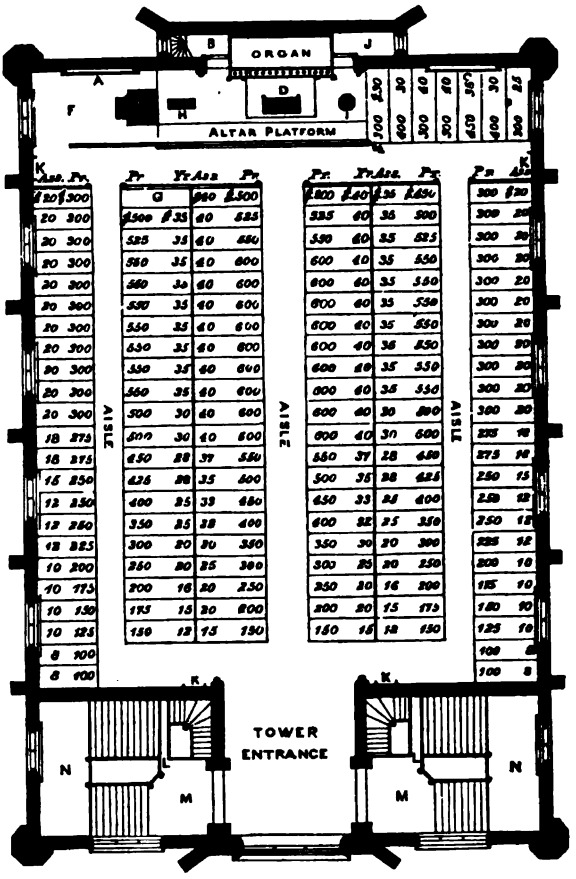
The organ, altar, platform and tower entrances, are marked in the cut.

The main room is eighty-one by sixty-seven feet, with a groined arched ceiling thirty feet high at the sides and forty feet in the center. The ceiling is finished with molding ribs, springing from caps supported by vaulting shafts and corbels. The general effect of the ceiling is very fine, being that of a nave and aisle ceiling, with this difference: there are no columns dividing a nave from an aisle. The ceiling is a salmon color, and the walls, groins of

the ceiling, and bosses, of a light stone color. The enriched cap forms a beautiful point, from which the chandeliers are suspended.

The arrangement of the main audience-room will be understood by consulting the accompanying plan, as explained by the following references :—

A. Copy of the Decalogue.
B. Chapel Stairway to Pulpit.
C. The 100th Psalm and the Lord's Prayer.
D. Pulpit and Platform.
E. Key-desk of Organ.
F. Choir.
G. Pew for Pastor's Family.
H. Reading-Desk.
I. Baptismal Font.
J. Pastor's Room or Vestry.
K. Heating Registers.
L. Entrances to Gallery.
M. Landings from Vestibule.
N. Platforms.



PLAN OF THE MAIN AUDIENCE-ROOM.

PULPIT.

THE pulpit platform is about three feet high, and is furnished with a small oak table, supported by four octagon pillars, with ornate carving on three sides, and open carved work between the columns, thus exposing the person of the speaker. The table has a pulpit-board, covered with crimson velvet.

On the right of the speaker a reading-desk is placed, at which the opening and concluding services are conducted. This is something new for a Methodist church —a "reading-desk" distinct from the pulpit. The font may be seen on the left. The pulpit is entered by stairs from the lecture-room, and also from the vestry.

ALTAR.

A HEAVY oak rail, resting upon enriched open work, extends the whole length in front of the platform. To the right and left of the platform, on the wall, are two niches, one containing the Decalogue, and the other the Hundredth Psalm and the Lord's Prayer. These niches are finished with relieved carving of a high order, in keeping with the style of the organ-case, which stands between them. The corner allotted to the choir and key-desk is inclosed with a railing of oak, surmounted with panels of open trellis-work, Gothic points, &c.

PEWS.

THE pews (of which there are one hundred and thirty-seven) are of oak, varnished on the wood. The doors and tops of the ends are of entailed carved work, champered panels, with black walnut numbers on the doors. The ends of the pews vary in design for each aisle, and the pews are cushioned uniformly with crimson damask. The aisles and altar are furnished with Brussels carpet, and the vestibule and stairs with cord matting.

The pews are partly sold and partly rented. The preceding ground-plan shows the estimated price of each pew, and the annual assessment upon it for current

expenses. The church will seat about twelve hundred persons, and all parts are eligible both for seeing and hearing.

GALLERY.

There are no side galleries, but two short ones in front, one on each side of the tower. They will seat about one hundred persons, and command one of the finest views of the body of the house. The gallery fronts are opened carved work, with battlement tops.

WINDOWS.

The windows are all filled with stained glass of the most beautiful design and tints. The heads of the windows are especially admired. A very pleasant effect is produced by each window being varied in tint and design. The rose window back of the pulpit platform is regarded as a gem of art, and adds much to the general effect of that end of the house. The glass was made by Mr. Gibson, of Philadelphia.

Standing in the middle aisle and turning toward the front, the large stained glass front window is directly in view. It is twelve by twenty-five feet, and is divided by three stone mullions and a transom. The head is composed of segments of a rose window, forming a most beautiful design. There are six scriptural emblems in the stained glass in different parts of the window.

GAS FIXTURES.

The house is lighted by eight chandeliers, which were designed expressly to harmonize with the general design and finish of the building. The burners of the chandeliers, and of the lights on the pulpit platform, are furnished with ground glass shades.

HEAT.

The rooms are heated by three furnaces in the cellar. The warm air is conducted through tin tubes, built in the side-walls, which open by registers in different parts of the building—one in each class-room, two in the lecture-room, two in the vestibule, and four in the audience-room.

VENTILATION.

This is effected from the highest point in the ceiling by means of five large registers, opening into a tube four feet in diameter, which extends the whole length of the loft, and terminates in the tower. A slide door is arranged over this opening, which can be opened or closed, as the temperature of the church may require.

THE ORGAN.

The organ of this church is of a novel construction, or at least is placed in a novel position. It occupies a large arched recess behind the pulpit, and upon the pulpit platform; while the key-board is in the corner on the right of the speaker, where the choir are seated. The entire work of the trackers, draw-stops, rods, pedals, &c., extends horizontally beneath the floor of the platform, turn an angle under the pulpit, and thence into the organ—a distance of some forty feet from the key-desk; and yet the touch of the keys is said to be perfectly easy, and all under full control of the organist.

THE BELL

Is located in the third section of the tower, in which are seen the eight Gothic window-frames, furnished with blinds only, thus giving egress to the sound in all directions. It weighs about three thousand pounds, and cost one thousand dollars.

WESLEYAN AND CATHOLIC.

If the reader will turn back and scan the engraving closely, he will discover two small human faces, one on each side of the large central window in front, near the top. In the cut they are not larger than the smallest pin's-head. They are of stone, and constitute the corbel heads upon which the hood moldings of the window rest. These are the faces of John and Charles Wesley—John on the left, as seen from without, and Charles on the right. In the cut they look very full-faced, and exactly alike, as they are too small to admit of a likeness; but in the building they answer well to the originals, as shown in our steel engravings.

There is an incident connected with the sculpturing of these heads. In order to get a tolerable likeness, it was necessary first to have plaster models made after the steel engravings, and cut the stone after the models. But to model a likeness in plaster from a steel engraving is no easy task.

Bishop O'Conner, the papal bishop of Pittsburgh, is building a huge cathedral in the city, and had an Italian artist in his employ casting plaster models for it. Our trustees there could do no better than to get

this artist to model the Wesleys for them, as he was modeling apostles and saints and madonnas for Bishop O'Conner. The two heads were completed, and were sitting in the artist's studio (in the cathedral, we suppose,) when the bishop entered. "And what are these?" said he. "The heads of John and Charles Wesley," was the reply. "And what are they here for?" said the bishop. To which the artist replied, giving the necessary explanation. "Very well," said the bishop; "I am glad to see them here—happy to know that John and Charles Wesley have, at last, returned to the bosom of the Catholic Church."

By the way, is it expedient to adorn our churches with sculptured heads of the Wesleys, or any other great and good men? Does it not savor a little of canonization, and seem to countenance what, as a people, we heartily abominate. The Wesleys were but men, whom God employed as instruments in the revival of Scriptural Christianity in the earth; and while we retain their spirit and zeal, and are true to our mission as a body of evangelical believers, the triumphs of the pure Gospel will be their memorial. They need no other monuments to their memory.

Bating the few slight criticisms thus freely indulged, we regard "Christ's Church, Pittsburgh," as a *model* Methodist church. Its style is chaste and beautiful, its material good and substantial, and its location fine. It is well arranged for all our social and public means of grace, and for congregational singing. It is scientifically warmed and ventilated, and well lighted. The style of the tower has been criticised by some who have seen only the lithograph; but even that looks better and better the more it is studied, and the original looks better than the picture. Indeed, we see not how the structure could have been improved, on the whole, except by building the sides and rear of stone, uniform with the front, instead of brick. The reading-desk and heads of the Wesleys are matters of taste of but little consequence in the midst of so many excellences. Doubtless the church has some defects; for who ever built a public or private edifice that he could not improve upon in some particular? These defects and mistakes are not usually seen at a glance, and they are precisely what architects, and builders, and building-committees are not likely to talk about. We only wish we knew all the faults of the Pittsburgh church — they should go in just here as a sort of "thorn in the flesh," lest our Pittsburgh brethren should be "exalted above measure." And if any of the parties concerned will send us an honest and full list of all the errors they have committed, (we do not mean personal and private sins, as the list might be a very long one, but) *official* and *architectural*, we will insert it in the next NATIONAL *pro bono publico*. With such a church-edifice to vindicate their reputation, they can well afford to own up to a respectable list of blunders, especially if they could do so with a good conscience. The whole cost of this church and furniture was only $37,000.

We are now nearly through with preliminaries, and have given elevations, plans, and descriptions of two model churches. We trust they may entertain the readers of the NATIONAL, and be useful to boards of trustees and others contemplating the erection of a church. The samples given are too expensive for most societies, and may not suit all on account of their ornamental style, spires, &c.; and yet we see not how they can offend either good taste or piety. We gave these two first simply because the drawings were obtained first, and were, consequently, engraved first.

It is our purpose, in future numbers, to present views of several *low-priced* churches, that may be taken as models in country villages; also several other costly churches of different styles from those here presented. Among those under consideration, we may enumerate one in Philadelphia; one in Washington, D. C.; one in Rochester; one in Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y.; one in Bath, Me.; one in Adams, Jeff. Co., N. Y.; one in Hempstead, L. I.; one in Troy, N. Y.; one in South Butler, N. Y.; one in Newark, N. J.; one in Brooklyn, N. Y.; two in New-York city; one in New-Haven, Conn.; one in Providence, R. I., &c. We may not insert all these, and may insert others not enumerated; and yet, costly as the engravings are, and difficult as it is to get the designs and statistics, we propose (with the good leave of the editor and book agents) to have engravings of many of the best Methodist churches in the land in the next volume of the NATIONAL.

[For the National Magazine.]

A HORSE-RACE ON SUNDAY.

IN the little village of Netherlandville, which gave its name to what was called a six weeks' circuit, horse-flesh was held in high estimation. Indeed, through all the region round about a good horse was a desideratum most eagerly coveted. It was said, too, although this was probably straining the truth a little, that church-members were wont to graduate the claims of their minister to respect and quarterage by the good or bad qualities of his horse. If he came among them mounted upon an indifferent-looking nag, they jumped at once to the conclusion that he must be an indifferent preacher. Sound divinity, it was surmised, could not be carried upon the back of an unsound quadruped. The heaves of the one, it was thought, must affect the elocution of the other; a windgall on the fetlock-joint was an evil omen, and a spavined steed betokened a lame theologian.

Great, therefore, was the satisfaction of the leading members, who were standing about the church door one beautiful Sunday morning in the month of August, when the new minister made his appearance. They knew nothing of him but his name; but now they had an opportunity to see him, to shake him cordially by the hand, and to gaze upon one of the most perfect specimens of horse-flesh their eyes had ever beheld. In truth, he was a magnificent brute; his hide black and glossy; his eyes prominent and full of fire, and his nostrils dilated, like those described by Job in the expressive line—

"The glory of his nostrils is terrible!"

The introductory gratulations being over, and the steed properly secured in the shade of a wide-spreading oak, we all proceeded to the house of prayer. I remember little of the service, nothing at all of the sermon; but the congregation appeared to listen to the new speaker with most complacent attention.

It was a goodly sight to see the new minister mount Abdallah, for that was the name of our new equestrian acquaintance; and he started off to Kroutdale, where he had an appointment at one o'clock, to the admiration not only of us youngsters, but of our venerable progenitors.

But that was a memorable ride for the preacher. Like the renowned John Gilpin,

"He little thought, when he began,
Of running such a race;"

and that, too, on the Sabbath, and between the conclusion of one sermon and the beginning of another. It happened on this wise: Abdallah, with his clerical burden, had cantered off, gently and gracefully, some two or three hundred yards, when Hans Dunderspeiken took it into his head to follow him. Now Hans was a strapping, six-foot-in-his-shoes hobble-de-hoy, who owned one of the fleetest horses in the country. What his motive may have been I know not—whether envy at the magnificent appearance of Abdallah, or a desire to hear a second discourse from the stranger. Whatever it was, Hans mounted and put after him. Gradually he gained upon him, and the prospect was that Hans and the minister would ride to the Kroutdale church, some seven miles, in company. Abdallah, however, was not disposed to be sociable, or perhaps he misunderstood the object of his pursuer. Pricking up his ears as Hans drew near, he increased his speed. Hans did the same, and gained upon him. The minister endeavored to rein in his steed, but the more he tried to make him slacken the more he would n't do it, for he heard his pursuer close behind him. Hans began to feel indignant, and applied the spur; the clergyman, by voice and strength of arm, used all his efforts to stop his charger, now fairly excited, and apparently determined not to lose the race. Presently his hat flew off, and all his skill was needed to keep himself from being thrown after it. And thus on they went, over the hills and through the valleys, mile after mile, in the blazing meridian sun of one of the hottest days in August; now a length or two apart, and now almost neck and neck, but Abdallah, with his theological freight, still ahead.

The good people at Kroutdale were lounging about the doors of their little chapel, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the new pastor; when, through the clouds of dust, bareheaded, and his horse in a foam, he made his very unclerical appearance, and the graceless Dunderspeiken just behind him, who reined up at the meeting-house door, and cried out, in the hearing of the gaping crowd, "I give it up, Domine; you 've won the race."

MORAL.—Never mount a steed on Sunday that you are not able to manage.

[For the National Magazine.]

HASTY WORDS, AND THEIR APOLOGY.

BY ALICE CARY.

MYRIE sat at the window of her pretty cottage, glancing from her sewing work now and then down the walk; it was time for Charley to come home from the village. She had not waited long (for Charley was a good husband, and never kept her waiting long) when she heard his quick step coming up the walk.

"I have kept you waiting, Myrie," he said, shaking back his curly hair; "but never mind, I have brought you something that will more than pay you. I waited for the mail, and here is Luther Brisbane's prize-essay."

He threw it in her lap, and went on: "Put down your work, my dear, and read it; everybody is praising Luther, and I almost feared to bring you this, for it throws me all in the shadow; indeed, Myrie, I don't know how it was you ever saw anything in me to admire!" He spoke lightly, but the moisture came to his eyes, and affirmed that he was not idly depreciating himself.

"O Charley," said Myrie, putting the grand essay aside, and her arm about his neck, "I should love you for your generosity, if you had not one of your other thousand good and admirable qualities." After a moment she added, "Luther is not great enough to praise *you;* but no matter about him at all; let us go water the flowers while the tea is making."

And in their cheerful and healthful occupation they presently forgot all about Luther Brisbane; and when, the following evening, Charley read the prize-essay aloud, Myrie said she had not thought of it since he brought it home.

If Luther could have heard her say so, he would have taken another upward step, perhaps, in his long and bright progress.

When Mrs. Brisbane came to drink tea with Myrie she said she had hoped to bring Luther with her, but that he had been complaining all the day of headache, and did not look a bit well, poor boy—and besides, he had taken a long walk in the morning, and felt quite overcome. Had he seen Myrie's white curtains gleaming through the roses, and heard the music of her voice as she called across the hill to the good and loving Charley? Perhaps so.

The next day,—not when Charley saw her, however,—Myrie gathered the prettiest bunch of flowers she could cull from all her choice collection, and sent it to the indisposed Luther. Was it in the hope they would wake "disagreeable associations?" or was it to show him that she had so far outgrown her childish fancy as to regard him only as a sick neighbor, whom she would fain do kindly by?

Why should we pry into what it does not concern us to know? Let us for once leave vulgar curiosity, and receive simply that "Mrs. Robinson sends Mr. Brisbane some flowers, with her very kind regards." So the errand-boy said, and that is all we have to do with it. Daily Luther made long walks about the neighborhood, and on each return his mother inquired whether he had been to see Myrie; and again and again he replied that it was too late or too early, or that his walk had been in a different direction; and perhaps these answers were all made in good faith—at any rate, it does not concern us to know.

His stay at home was brief, and his visit confined chiefly to his parents, avoiding all society in as far as was possible. The momentary enthusiasm created by his prize-essay went down wonderfully during that brief visit. He was grown so unsocial, the villagers said—too proud to recognize them any more. What else could they infer, seeing not the heart of the young man, and how indifferent it was become to all things.

One young lady of the village, who had admiringly read the essay half a dozen times, growing enthusiastic at each reading, and essaying her own powers on some too ambitious theme,—which, alas! only showed how insufficient, as yet, her mind was for her task,—resolved that Luther should be brought within the magic circle of female influence; and, after a great deal of coaxing of the old folks, leave for a little merry-making was obtained. But vain are all human calculations, as the ambitious young woman found; for after all the preparation, and all the expectation, there came at the latest hour, and when hope was weary with standing tiptoe—not Luther, but a message from his mother, saying that increasing debility had hurried his departure beyond his design. She was only comforted for his absence—for he was gone, perhaps, for years—in the hope of his restoration to health.

Poor young man! said one and another; and while they talked of him other young men came, and thought turned back into light and lively channels, and Luther Brisbane was forgotten. He might have left deeper impressions if he had chosen to do so; but easy acquisitions were not among the things he valued; and nothing would so surely have kept him away from the little festival as the knowledge that he was anxiously expected there. The hearts of the best of us are sadly perverse, I am afraid.

December was come, the seventh one since Myrie was married, and far out over the sunset-snow gleamed the bright, warm light through her windows. The maid was busy preparing the tea-table, stopping now and then to give the cradle a tip, or to slap together her strong brown hands in the face of the baby, that was old enough now to sit up and look about and smile—and she did look about almost constantly, seemingly to be all the time wondering what manner of world she was come into. Her brown eyes were browner than her mother's, as it were with melancholy shadows; and her hair, thick and dark, hung a hand's breadth over her neck, or shoulders rather, for it was not much of a neck that little Lucy had. She sat up in the cradle, not looking in the fire, as she often did, but keeping her eyes steadily toward the door, and her white fingers working one with another, as if she were anxiously looking for her father to come. The maid might slap her hands merrily as she would, pull her hair, or shake the cradle like a playful storm, the child would not laugh, scarcely smile; nor could any device turn her for more than a moment from her watching at the door. Once or twice, when the wind rattled the shutters, and drifted from the eave a light cloud of snow, a shudder passed over her, and she looked beseechingly at her mother, who, talking through her to the maid, kept watch beside her. Warm, and bright, and cheerful the room was, and nothing was wanting to make it a perfect picture of a happy home but the coming of Charley, who had been gone all day. Myrie looked often down the snow-path, and, seeing him not, stitched on with nervous energy, and looked again, and stitched again faster than before.

Shadows crept over the snow where the sunshine had been, and the wind calmed itself down into keen and biting stillness—deeper grew the shadows, and deeper, and it was night. The sewing had been changed to the book, and the book had been opened and closed a dozen times, and was at last laid on the shelf; and stooping over the cradle, the young mother, perhaps to strengthen herself, told the baby again and again that father was coming—now he was almost come to Mr. Brisbane's house, and now he was past it—now he was on such a hill, and now riding beneath such a tree—now just in sight, and now coming up the path; and so she would lift the baby up to see him: but no, he was not there—all was still, and cold, and white. Presently there was a stamping at the door. Myrie hurried to open it, and the baby reached out its hands; but it was not the husband and father. Neighbor Brisbane was come to talk with him about some proposed improvement in the village—that was all: for Charles Robinson was looked upon as the most public-spirited and liberal of the people among whom he lived; and it was largely owing to his generous encouragement and aid that the new school-house was built, and the meeting-house, and the Lyceum-hall, and the turnpike-road; in fact, and in short, that the village was the pretty, and populous, and thrifty village it was. Mr. Brisbane said he had heard of the failure of a great bank in town, and he feared it was business connected with that which kept Charley so late. Any excuse was a relief to Myrie, and she felt for a moment that if that were all she should not care, even though every cent were gone with the bank. Mr. Brisbane said, too, that it was reported that Peter Mendenhall had run away, but that he hoped it was not true. Myrie said she hoped not; but just then she cared very little whether or not Peter Mendenhall had run away with the thousand dollars Charley had lent him. Once or twice neighbor Brisbane arose to go; but Myrie said so earnestly, "Won't you wait a little longer? I am sure he will come"—that he staid more for her sake than to talk with Charley.

At last they sat by the fire very still, for it is hard for one to keep up talk where there are two, and for her life Myrie could not say anything but, "Why don't Charley come! O, why don't he come!"

The baby was wide awake, quietly

watching the door, when the gate-latch made a joyful sound; then came a quick step, the door opened, and a stranger stood before them; his clothes frozen stiff about him, and his words frozen too. He was come to tell the saddest news that ever can be told. Charley was dead. When he had ended the story the baby left its watching toward the door, and with lips curling and trembling with the bitter cry it did not make aloud, hid its face in the cradle-pillow and would not be comforted.

Poor Charley! he had gone bravely, generously—just as he had lived.

As he was riding homeward, he saw a boy who was skating on the ice suddenly slip under, and springing to the ground, he plunged in, brought him up, bore him almost ashore, and with the effort that lodged him on safe ground, slipped himself, went down under, and was lost!

Poor, poor Charley!

"When the deep gives up its dead you will see him," said good Mr. Brisbane, and he laid his trembling hands on Myrie's head, stricken down with that sorrow which will not know hope; for across the Valley of the Shadow of Death hope travels slowly.

Misfortunes come not singly, it is often said, and I think there is truth in the saying. So it is with good fortune—an agreeable thing rarely comes to us isolated; there is, perhaps, attractive power in a good thing for its kind, and in a bad thing for its kind, and so it comes that if we slip our neighbor gives us a push; and "if we have a sheep and a cow, everybody gives us good-morrow."

Mr. Brisbane's fears were not without foundation; it was true that Peter Mendenhall had run away, and that the bank where Charles Robinson had put his money for safe-keeping (and so done what everybody said was a very wise thing in Charley Robinson) was gone to ruin, and Mrs. Robinson saw herself a widow, with poverty, if not actually at the door, coming thither very fast. She knew nothing about self-reliance, and it is not easy to stretch one's self up to an equality with fate, especially when there is a great sorrow dragging us down. We are more likely to sit and nurse our woes, most of us, till necessity says, "arise or perish," than to gather up our courage and press on alone. So sat poor Myrie a long, long time.

The ring which Luther had given her on the day of betrothal she had always worn on the finger with the wedding-ring; but now, as if it were a wrong to poor Charley, she took it off, and wore only the wedding-ring. Every book he had liked was preserved with scrupulous care, every flower he had planted tended better than the rest, and her best comfort was in telling the little Lucy what a good father she had had, and how many things he would have done for her if he had lived, and in asking her over and over if she remembered how he looked, or any word he had ever said to her; and whether it were from hearing it so often, I know not, but the child learned to say father long before she could say mother.

When the little girl could run about, she looked like another Myrie. Her faded dresses and bare feet looked like the selfsame; her brown eyes only had more sadness and less sparkle than her mother's had at the same time of life.

We are soon forgotten when we cease to minister to the happiness of others, and a great deal of beauty is reflected in the face sometimes from a costly dress; certain it is, Myrie was never praised any more except for her nice needle-work, which was more in demand than her company, when the table that used to be so bountifully spread was left against the wall, and nothing more than bread and butter on it.

The pretty cottage and the grounds went out of repair, and one room was let, and then another, till finally there was but one poor chamber left for Myrie and her little girl.

And the village grew and flourished, and children grew to "fair women and brave men." Lucy grew with the rest in beauty as well as height, but nobody thought of calling Lucy beautiful. Laurie Morton, who had a rough red face and an impudent stare, was thought to be a great beauty; everybody saw her big costly ear-rings, and nobody saw her big ugly ears; her father was a very rich man, and of course Laurie's beauty could not be questioned.

Annie Clough, too, a white-haired, pale-faced, slim young woman, with no particular expression in her gray eyes, but with a great deal of money prospectively in her purse, was thought to be of quite an elegant order of beauty, and a dozen

children of the town were named Annie Clough, and lifted up to kiss the pale cheek of the young woman as often as possible. But Lucy Robinson had no namesakes, and only the winds kissed her fair cheeks. She was only the daughter of a widow, and a seamstress.

In the free-school and the Sunday-school she could say as good lessons as any of them; but it *happened* she never won the first prize, nor the second. Her quiet manner, and wealth of hair, and soft and wondrous eyes, were not so striking to the vulgar gaze as the broad bright stripes of Laurie Morton's dresses, or the dead pallor of Annie Clough.

The day Lucy was fifteen years old, she came home from school with her eyes more filled with shadows than their wont, and, turning her face from her mother, bent low over her open book. Bending at her weary task sat the mother, as she had sat all day long. At length, drawing a long breath of relief, and breaking her thread, she said, "What is the matter, my child?"

Lucy replied she had studied hard that day and knew her lesson quite perfectly, and yet had received more bad marks than good ones.

"Well, never mind," said the mother; "but tie on your bonnet and carry home this bundle of work, for you know how badly the money is needed—indeed, we have no tea nor bread to-night."

It was a splendid collar for Annie Clough, and a gay skirt for Laurie Morton, that Mrs. Robinson had just finished; and, half smiling and half crying, Lucy took the parcel and did as she was directed; but when she returned, half an hour later, the smile was wholly gone—she was crying outright. Mrs. Morton had said nothing about paying for the work, and Miss Clough was not at home. "I met her, though," said Lucy, "walking with Laurie Morton, and neither of them noticed me at all." Mother and daughter went supperless to bed that night, and sad enough.

A night or two after this Lucy brought home most of her books—there would not be any school the next day—there would be a great meeting of citizens in the afternoon, and a dinner, in honor of some distinguished gentleman and traveler who had just arrived. "Mrs. Morton, don't you think," continued Lucy, "is to give a fine ball; and that is what you made the lace capes and things for, mother."

After a moment she added, pettishly, "Well, they may have their fine ball and their fine traveler too; don't you say so, mother?"

"Certainly, my child," replied Mrs. Robinson—and directly she asked Lucy if she knew who it was that was come? "You read so much, you perhaps know something of him," she said.

Lucy tossed back her curls, quite contrary to her usual method of softly brushing them away, and replied that she never heard of him in her life, and that his name was Brisby, she believed. The quickened beating of Mrs. Robinson's heart caused the work to drop from her hands, and a bright, warm blush clouded the settled pallor of her cheek. She turned away, seeming to search for her lost needle, and asked Lucy again what she said the stranger's name was.

"Bushby," answered the girl. "I did not call it right before, did I?"

Mrs. Robinson drew a long sigh—half of regret and half of relief, and presently putting down her work, unlocked a drawer, opened a miniature case, kissed the poor semblance of what was once Charley, and when she returned to her seat the quiet and the customary paleness were back again. But she did not work any more for a long while, and sat silent, rocking to and fro till the shadows had deepened into night, and till long after that.

Lucy brought her stool to her mother's feet presently, leaned her cheek on her knee, and with her long hair dropping down her neck and shoulder, and almost to the floor, fell asleep, quite unconscious of the strange tumult her careless words had wakened and stilled.

While they sat so, mother and child, in their dark little room, Mrs. Morton's fine house was full of lights and merriment. Laurie choked on the tea, and was obliged to leave the table in convulsions of laughter. "Dear Annie Clough," she exclaimed at length, "did you ever hear anything so preposterous?" But that white little person had turned aside, and was concluding her laughter with a violent cough. Still holding both her sides, Laurie resumed her seat, and as soon as she could calm herself sufficiently, said, "Seriously, mother, it is not possible you

thought of asking old widow Robinson and her girl; a pretty figure they would make at our ball, would n't they. Why the widow is forty years old, ain't she?"

"No, my dear; not much more than thirty," answered Mrs. Morton, who was really a good and kind-hearted woman; and she added, "when you young girls are thirty you will find your hearts feeling just as young as they do now, perhaps; and besides, Mrs. Robinson and Mr. Brisbane were thought to be lovers once."

"O mother!" cried Laurie, and "O Mrs. Morton!" cried Annie; "it is not possible!"

"Why, Mr. Brisbane is just in his prime, young enough for either of us, and Mrs. Robinson is an old woman."

Mrs. Morton repeated again that Mrs. Robinson could not be much beyond thirty, and going back to the time Lucy was born guessed at how old Myrie was then, and so guessed again at what Lucy's age must then be, and assured the laughing young ladies that Myrie Robinson could not be more than thirty-three.

"At any rate," said Laurie, "it would be an absurdity to ask her to our house to meet Mr. Brisbane. Why, he is the handsomest man I ever saw, and rich too, it is said, and she a poor old sewing woman —ridiculous!"

Mrs. Morton was half ashamed of her suggestion, and said she had not really thought of inviting Mrs. Robinson; and to smooth over, in some sort, the terrible absurdity of the thing, she related to the young ladies what she knew, and the much more she had heard, respecting the relations existing long ago between the handsome Mr. Brisbane and the widow.

They, however, could not believe there had ever been any serious attachment between them; they knew, indeed, there could have been none on Mr. Brisbane's part. In short, they concluded the girl Myrie, as any other presuming dependent might foolishly do, had fallen in love with the elegant student, and probably married at last to cover the mortification of defeat.

Mrs. Morton said it was not unlikely, but she said it with an ill grace, and had evidently her own thoughts in the matter; and when she arose from her nicely-spread tea-table, she said with some heartiness she would go and see Myrie Robinson before a week, and her manner seemed to say, "Laugh as you will, you cannot keep me from doing that."

Lively and busy times there were in the village, but Mrs. Robinson's little room was as still and as lonesome as usual. Lucy selected the poems in her school-books, and read them to her mother again and again; sometimes she even ventured upon a song, but it generally ended in a sigh, for poor Lucy had no mates and no joys but her duties, and such reflective silences as were little suited to her years.

It was a sunshiny day of about the middle of August, that they saw, mother and child, through the dusty vines at the window, the many people hurrying to the grand reception, for which the school had given its recess, and for which so many preparations had been making the week past; they saw as if they saw not, for it was not for them, poor and unmirthful, to have to do with festivals.

"Dear mother," spoke Lucy at last, "do n't sew any more to-day;" and with gentle force she took the work from her weary hands and folded it away. "No, no, my child," said the mother; "what will become of us if I leave off working?"

Lucy opened the hymn-book, one of the few books they had, and read:—

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

She added nothing, but the mother saw the beautiful and trusting light in her face, and suffered the work to be laid away.

"Dear, good mother!" exclaimed the happy child, and pulling down her mother's hair, she combed and curled it as she saw it in the picture that was laid away. There was a gentle protest against the curls, but the mother yielded in that too, though when they were made she pushed them back half carelessly and half conscientiously, for she had worn her hair all put plainly away since Charley had died. Lucy declared that her mother had actually added to the beautiful effect of the curls, and in her strangely playful and sunny mood brought forth from the drawer the white dress she so liked to see her mother wear. "Really," she said, standing apart and looking at her in loving admiration when she was dressed, "nobody would believe you were my mother, you look so young, and O, so pretty!" and, indeed, they did look more

like sisters than like mother and child. She tied on her hood directly, and, concealing a small basket under her apron, went out, saying only that she should be back in an hour or two. It was her habit to wander often about the woods and fields; but it was not simply her own pleasure she was seeking that day. She saw everybody having a holiday, and, after her own fashion, she was trying to make one too, and the concealed basket she hoped to bring home full of berries—an addition to the supper which should happily surprise her mother; but little did she then dream of *all* the happy surprise she was preparing for her. She knew well where the vines were, and that the berries were ripe to blackness; but she turned her feet away from them, and hurried toward Mr. Brisbane's house, to ask the liberty which she knew would be cordially accorded. She did not see the old family carriage moving up the road, and Mrs. Brisbane, in her best black silk dress, seated so comfortably and so respectably beside her husband; she was thinking where the ripest berries were, and of the nice supper they would have at home, and lightly crossing the porch, tapped on the door of the parlor, which stood ajar. "I have come to ask you, Mr. Brisbane," she said, stepping within the room, "if I might go to the hedge for berries."

Luther Brisbane—for it was he who was reading by the window—dropped the paper he held, and in his bewilderment said nothing.

Astonished at his silence, Lucy, rubbing her sunblinded eyes, drew nearer, saying, "Dear father, (for she often called Mr. Brisbane so,) what is the matter?"

"My pretty child," he said, in tones tremulous with emotion, "you have mistaken me, I fear. I have no right to the name you call me." Blushing and ashamed, Lucy explained and apologized as well as she could, and having obtained leave to pick the berries, hurried away, scarcely, in her confusion, having noticed the many questions the stranger asked in reference to her home and her mother. She reached the hedge and filled her basket before she was aware, so full of thoughts was her heart, and hastened home to relate her little adventure.

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Robinson, "he came directly here and told me all about it; he is an old friend of your mother's; we were playmates you know;" and she added, after a moment, that he had partly engaged to come back and drink tea with them; but she hardly thought he would do so, he would receive so many better invitations. However, the supper was arranged for three, and not in vain; that little room, with its loved inhabitants, was to Luther the brightest spot he had ever found.

Mrs. Morton's guests waited wearily for the most honored guest of all. At last he came, so late as to make necessary an apology. Laurie's bright flounces seemed to drop suddenly from their wide flaunting, and Miss Clough's white cheek grew still whiter, if possible, when they knew it was Mrs. Robinson who had come between them and their crowning pleasure.

"I told you so, young ladies," exclaimed Mrs. Morton, lifting one finger in sly exultation; but Laurie stoutly maintained that she was the first to suggest the propriety of inviting Mrs. Robinson, and Annie Clough was quite sure she had seconded the proposal.

It was December again, the snow lay white and cold over all the ground; the wind blew roughly, now and then sending the flame down the chimney, and almost to the feet of Myrie and Luther, for we may call them so again, rattling the shutters, and sometimes driving quite through the broken pane. Myrie's hands were clasped together, and her eyes rested on the ground; but Luther's eyes were resting on her lovingly, tenderly, and his hands moving uneasily, as if they sought something. At length she raised her eyes and asked Luther—for woman is apt to be impatient of such silences—whether it was the rough night he was thinking of?

"Myrie," said he, taking both her little hands in his, clasped together as they were, "do you remember once when I said—no matter what I said—something that was rash, boyish, foolish—wicked, I am afraid—and you gave me twenty years to frame an apology?"

The trembling of Myrie's hands showed that she remembered, but she said nothing, and he went on: "All those twenty years I have tried to frame that apology, and now I have only to throw myself on your goodness, your generosity; for what I said there can be no apology made. Can you forgive me?" The tears were in

Myrie's eyes; the deep humility of the strong, proud man had touched her heart, and, in a voice sweet and unsteady, she answered she had nothing to forgive, just as she would have answered twenty years before if he could only have bent his stubborn will to speak those simple words. How it ended the reader sees well enough, and I will only add that Lucy stammered and blushed anew when, an hour after the *apology*, Mr. Brisbane awoke her with a kiss—for with cheek resting on her arm she had been asleep all the evening—awoke her, and asking if she remembered calling him father by mistake when they first met, said that for the future it would be a mistake if she called him anything else, and that he hoped to merit at least some part of the affection and respect belonging to that name.

The ring of betrothal took its old place again, but the wedding-ring—Charley's ring—was never removed. Happy as mortals may expect to be, their lives glided on; but in spite of all the brightness around her, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, some days were full of clouds and shadows to Myrie, and at such times she was sure to say Charley instead of Luther—*he* had spoken no word to her that it was not sweet to remember, and held to the last the purest place in her heart—let us not be curious to know whether the deepest or not, or if the glitter of gratified ambition and pride did not dissolve itself into a vain and foolish thing when set against the memory of a heartfelt smile. Of course Mrs. Brisbane became the pet and the admiration of the people among whom she lived, especially among those who had been least conscious of her existence previously to her second marriage; but she had learned the world's cold wisdom now—she had learned to pause and fear; and doubtless it was well, else might her heart have been made vain by the constant adulation, and her life have been rather a strife to be great than good. As it was, she never forgot the instability of earthly things, or ceased from laying up treasures where moth and rust doth not corrupt. So we leave her with her wealth—her husband, hospitable and somewhat stately; her daughter, beautiful and dewy as a rose-bud; her sacred memory, and her heavenly hope.

> "Into each life some rain will fall,
> Some days must be dark and dreary."

A LOG-CABIN BISHOP.

WE have given our readers a series of sketches of the last-appointed bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church—closing the list in our last number: will they allow us now to introduce to them an episcopos of the old school—a backwoods bishop, who, with a diocese coextensive with the continent, dignified a log-cabin as his episcopal residence, and, independently of all official claims, presented a character of rare interest?

ROBERT R. ROBERTS was born in Maryland on the 2d of August, 1778; elected and ordained bishop in 1816, and died in Lawrence county, Indiana, March 26, 1843.

Innumerable reminiscences of the sainted old man revive in our memory: his dignified bearing, his white locks, his noble brow, his mild blue eye—the most benignant we ever saw—his tranquil temper, which we never saw ruffled; his extreme modesty, his exquisite delicacy of feeling, so singularly combined with the hardy *bonhomie* of the backwoodsman; and, above all, the unction of his piety. He was a man to be loved while living and to be remembered when dead—the St. John of the Methodist apostleship!

He had no one trait which, by extraordinary prominence, gave him uniqueness, or what is usually called greatness. The distinction and beauty of his character was its equability. We doubt that he ever felt a quarter of an hour's irritation since the day of his conversion. A symmetrical mind is truly great, though seldom so appreciated: it is at once rare and capable. It is what is most requisite, next to holiness, for the high office which the bishop sustained in the Church, and his election to it was owing in a great measure to the estimation in which his judicious constituents held this qualification. It was perceived and valued in him by the older preachers, and especially by Asbury, at his first appearance among them, at the Baltimore General Conference of 1808. He had traveled to Baltimore, from the then western wilds, with bread and provender in his saddle-bags, and but one dollar in his pocket. He appeared before them in rude guise and unpretending humility, but was immediately appreciated by the preachers and people, and was soon after transferred by the sagacious Asbury to that city. In a few years he was ap-

pointed to Philadelphia; from the city station he was raised to the presiding eldership of the district; and it was in that city, while presiding in the annual conference, in the absence of a bishop, that his equanimity, his calm and discriminating judgment, and other corresponding qualifications, suggested his nomination to the episcopacy. The next month he was elected bishop, at Baltimore. We have always looked upon his election as providential. The great field of Methodism was to be in the West. It was then rapidly opening, and Roberts was the man for the West. He was a child of the wilderness; he had been educated to its hardy habits; his rugged frame and characteristic qualities all designated him as a great evangelist for the Great West. Though born in Maryland, he was removed in early childhood to a wilderness part of Pennsylvania, then on the border of civilization. Here he spent his youth in the labors of the "settler." When the region began to be extensively settled, he pushed forward with a few brave pioneers into Chenango, at that time public land, offered as a bonus to emigrants. There he built his log-cabin, and dwelt comparatively out of sight of civilized man, tilling the earth in summer, and hunting the bear, the deer, and the raccoon in winter. He became one of the most expert huntsmen of his day, and, in after life, often surprised veteran marksmen, on the far frontier, by the deadly certainty of his fire. The entire winter has he spent at his solitary log-cabin, twenty miles away from any human habitation, and cheered only by the faithful company of his favorite sister, who prepared his repast of wild meat.

The refinements of the Atlantic cities could not repress the ruling passion of his youth—it followed him through life, and was strong even in death. He lived a circuit preacher as he had a "settler," and a bishop as he had a circuit preacher, in a *log-cabin*; and died in a log-cabin. No sooner had he been elected a bishop than he fixed his episcopal residence in the old cabin at Chenango; and his next removal was to Indiana, then the Far West, where his episcopal palace was a log-cabin built by his own hands, and his furniture rude fabrications from the forest wood, made with such tools as he had carried in his emigrant wagon. We have been authentically informed that the first meal of the sainted bishop and his family in this new abode consisted only of roasted potatoes, and that it was begun and ended with hearty thanksgiving. Here he lived in the true simplicity of frontier life, toiling, at his leisure, in the fields. The allowance for his family expenses, besides two hundred dollars per annum for quarterage, was, during most of his episcopal career, from two hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars; at least this was the case till 1836. Such is the pomp of the Methodist episcopacy!

Simple and severe as this western life was, it was legitimate to the character and position of Roberts. He was born unto it; it comported with the new field, the great wilderness diocese of the Mississippi Valley, into which he was thrust. There was in it a propriety with the genius of the country, with the *tout ensemble* of the circumstances of time and place. Such was the life for such a field; and Roberts was the man for both such a field and such a life. Let us learn to follow Providence in all things; there is always a beautiful compatibility between its ends and its agents. The history of our Church is full of such examples.

This congeniality of the bishop's character with western life attracted about him the strong affections of the western preachers. They felt that he was legitimately one among them. In his latter years they venerated and loved him as the patriarch of the wilderness. His visit to the last Missouri Conference, as described in our papers at the time, was an example. He had spent some months before in a most laborious visitation among the Indian missions beyond Arkansas and Missouri. His health was evidently undermined by years and toils, and the time of his departure was at hand. The preachers looked upon him as peculiarly their own bishop—their father; and while, trembling with infirmities, he addressed them, at the reading of the appointments, in the crowded court-house of Jefferson city, they wept aloud, invoking, in audible ejaculations, blessings on the old evangelist. He had presided at their first conference, more than a quarter of a century before, when it included nearly a third of the great Mississippi Valley, and had attended more than half its sessions since: but three or four of its original members remained: he made thrilling allusions to

the old preachers who had gone up to their reward, and gave much information respecting the progress of their work. As he alluded to his own health, and the little prospect of ever meeting them again in this world, his voice faltered, he paused, and they all wept together like the elders of Ephesus when taking leave of Paul. "I feel," said the bishop, "like a father leaving his children"—words that went to the hearts of all present, and called forth tears and irrepressible sobs from preachers and spectators. It was his final leave—in about six months he ascended to heaven.

As usual with equable minds, Bishop Roberts was cheerful and amiable. His piety was never gloomy, though seldom ecstatic. You felt at the first introduction that he must be one of the most agreeable companions; that he could calmly endure afflictions, and compassionately forgive offenses; that he was fitted for domestic life and permanent friendships.

As is natural with such a disposition, he was generous and liberal. We have heard of numerous examples of his benevolence from the best authority. Those who knew well his private affairs have estimated that his pecuniary contributions, during his ministerial life, amounted to more than all his receipts from the Church for domestic expenses. He was especially liberal to our literary institutions. He prized learning from a sense of his own deficiency in it, having had but about three months' instruction after his seventh year. To four of our colleges he gave, at intervals, one hundred dollars each. In 1826, when in New-Orleans, he found the brethren attempting, with few resources, to erect a cheap church; he sold his horse, and, giving them all it brought—a hundred dollars—made his way with many difficulties to Nashville, where his friends provided him with a horse and funds with which to finish his journey. While at home, in the periods between his episcopal visitations, he labored hard in the fields, that he might have the means of indulging this noble propensity of his generous mind. He was as whole-hearted in his labors. According to his routes, the last year he lived, he must have traveled between five and six thousand miles, visiting some half-dozen states, and nearly an equal number of Indian nations.

As a preacher he was always interesting, and frequently eloquent. His passions never had undue play in the pulpit. A thoroughly systematic arrangement of his subject, readiness of thought, fluent, and generally correct diction, and a facile yet dignified manner, were his characteristics in the desk. His large person—corpulent, and nearly six feet in height—his strongly-marked features, elevated forehead, and manners of extreme simplicity and cordiality, gave to his presence always the air of a superior man—one to be remembered and loved.

It is certainly no small tribute to his character to say that its greatest apparent defect was the excess of a very amiable quality—he was constitutionally modest. In his earlier life this disposition rendered him painfully diffident, and throughout his career it deterred him from many bold and energetic measures which his position and abilities justified, and which might have been of wide influence on the Church. He often referred facetiously to instances of his early diffidence. For a long time after his appointment as class-leader, among his rustic neighbors, he could not assume courage enough to address them individually, and he had actually to be superseded by another leader till he conquered this timidity. In his first attempt at public exhortation he suddenly sat down, appalled at the intent look of a good man whose favorable interest he took for disapprobation. At another time, when he was expected to exhort, he was so alarmed as to retire in agony and conceal himself in a barn. In the third attempt he proceeded some time with good effect, but, fearing he had made a blunder, stopped short in confusion.

In after years this extreme diffidence became a subdued modesty, not interfering with his ordinary duties, but deterring him from novel or experimental plans, however hopeful, and leading often to ludicrous mistakes among those who did not know him. When stopping in his travels among strangers, he usually assumed no other pretensions than those of a private Christian; and frequently it was not till the family worship declared his spirit and talents that his ministerial character was supposed. Under such circumstances he has sometimes attended class-meeting with his host, and received warm and pointed exhortations from zealous class-leaders. On returning to the West, after a General Conference, he once applied at the house

of a Methodist family to which he had been recommended for entertainment. He was, as usual, humble in dress, and dusty and weary. The family, taking him to be a rustic traveler, permitted him to put up and feed his horse, and take his seat in the sitting-room. Supper was over, and no one took the trouble to inquire if he had taken any on the way. The preacher of the circuit was stopping at the same house—he was young, frivolous, and foppish—and spent the evening in gay conversation with the daughters of the family, alluding occasionally and contemptuously to the "old man," who sat silently in a corner. The good bishop, after sitting a long time, with no other attention than these allusions, respectfully requested to be shown to bed. The chamber was over the sitting-room, and, while upon his knees praying with paternal feeling for the faithless young preacher, he still heard the gay jest and rude laugh. At last the family retired without domestic worship. The young preacher slept in the same room with the bishop. He laid down without prayer.

"Well, old man," said he, as he got into bed, "are you asleep yet?"

"I am not, sir," replied the bishop.

"Where have you come from?"

"From east of the mountains."

"From east of the mountains, eh—what place?"

"Baltimore, sir."

"Baltimore, eh—the seat of our General Conference—did you hear anything about it? We expect Bishop Roberts to stop here on his way home."

"Yes, sir," replied the bishop, humbly; "it ended before I left."

"Did you ever see Bishop Roberts?"

"Yes, sir, often; we left Baltimore together."

"*You* left Baltimore together?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's your name, my old friend?"

"Roberts, sir."

"Roberts! Roberts! Excuse me, sir, are you related to the bishop?"

"They usually call me Bishop Roberts, sir."

"Bishop Roberts! Bishop Roberts! are you Bishop Roberts, sir?" said the young man, leaping out of bed, and trembling with agitation.

Embarrassed and confounded, he implored the good man's pardon, insisted upon calling up the family, and seemed willing to do anything to redeem himself. The bishop gave him an affectionate admonition, which he promised with tears never to forget; acknowledging, at the same time, that he had backslidden in heart, and deeply lamenting his folly and his spiritual declension. The venerable and compassionate man knew the frivolity of youth; he gave him much paternal advice, and prayed with him. He would not allow the family to be called, though he had eaten nothing since breakfast. The next morning, after praying again with the spirit-broken young preacher, he left before the family had risen, that he might save them a mortifying explanation.

The circumstance was a salutary lesson to the young itinerant; at the next session of the —— Conference he called upon the bishop a renewed man; he wept again as he acknowledged his error, and has since become a useful and eminent minister. Bishop Roberts often alluded to the incident, but, through a commendable kindness, would never tell the name of the young preacher.* Other and similarly ludicrous rencounters might be mentioned.

Peace to the memory of the good, the kind-hearted old man! His image is embalmed in the affections of many a heart, and will there be enshrined faithfully through future years of pilgrimage and change. Many a veteran who served under him looks forward to the gates of heaven with affectionate thoughts of meeting him there!

Methodism has been peculiarly favored in the character of its episcopacy. In nothing, perhaps, has the providential care of the "Great Bishop and Shepherd" been more manifest toward it. Grave, prudent, humble but talented men, have been almost invariably the incumbents of its supreme office, and the well-being of the Church has been largely owing to the weight of their personal as well as official character. Roberts was one of the noblest on the catalogue. In the language upon the monument which marks his grave—"A sweet savor embalms him in the memory of the ministers and people of his charge."

* This fact has been extensively circulated, with some exaggeration, and with Bishop George substituted for Bishop Roberts. Bishop Roberts was its real subject.

[For the National Magazine.]

SINGAPORE.

CENTURIES ago some dark-skinned, half-naked Columbus steered his adventurous "proa" into the narrow waters connecting the China Sea with the Straits of Malacca. Peering into the jungle of the low shores along which he coasted, as the winds stirred the dense foliage, or some wild beast caused the branches to crackle, the startled navigator named the land from which he turned his proa in terror, "Singha-Poora"—"Lion Town." The first history of Singhapura dates from A. D. 1160. Forty years since the little island, twenty-five miles long by five broad, lying at the southern extremity of the great Asiatic peninsula, was the unexplored retreat of one hundred and fifty vagabond pirates and fishermen. Upon this solitary spot the far-sighted Sir Stamford Raffles pitched as the site of a new settlement. Here, in 1819, upon a broad and beautiful bay, affording commodious harbor and secure anchorage for shipping, Singapore—"Sinkepure," or, as it reads in the Latin inscription upon the tombstone of "My Lord Peter, second bishop of Japan," the apostolical successor of the great Xavier, "SINCAPVRA"—was founded, and rose in population and commercial importance with a rapidity scarcely paralleled in the modern history of the parent hemisphere. In growth it rivals the Mississippian or Pacific West, and may be regarded as the St. Louis or San Francisco of the Indian East. Its population is mainly Chinese; and it is said by some who profess to know to be the rendezvous of the Triad Society, (?) and quiet head-quarters of the agitations now jeopardizing the rule of the Son of Heaven. (?) It is at present the safe retirement of Aling, a brevet hero, (?) once a horse-boy, who saved his *queue* by precipitate flight in the steamer after the recent discomfiture of the rebels at Shanghai.

In 1820, one year from its foundation, this thriving town numbered five thousand inhabitants; in 1822, ten thousand; and in 1836, thirty thousand. The present population is not, so far as I can learn, far from sixty thousand. The Malays number about ten thousand, the European residents are under five hundred; some thousands, including convicts, represent other parts of British India; while the balance, a large proportion of the whole, is made up of those shrewd, impassive, ingenious, imitative, politic, migratory, peddling Yankees of the East—the Chinese. From the harbor, spacious, beautiful, and tropically quiet, seldom molested by the harassing commotions of the winds and waves of colder latitudes, the view of the place is decidedly fine. Near the center rises a lofty green hill, surmounted by the governor's house and a tall flag-staff, on which are indicated, by appropriate signals, the coming, the nationality, and the character of any craft entering the port long before she reaches her anchorage. A little to the right lies a lower green slope, from the midst of whose deep verdure and close foliage peep numerous white roofs of the mansions of the dead. At the left, in the direction of the Chinese quarter, cluster the tiled roofs of the "go-downs," or stores of the foreign and resident merchants. Along the shore, from the "go-downs" on the left, to the Malay town on the right, stretch a broad avenue and esplanade, alive with carriages, and studded on the further side with handsome inclosures, and the roofs of wealthy residences nestled amid the cool shades. A single spire rises in the distance—that of the French Catholic Church. The view formerly embraced two. That of the English Church has fallen to ruins, without prospect of immediate re-edification. The buildings of the Anglo-Chinese College, projected in 1823, and now used by the Rev. Mr. Wright for school purposes, are conspicuous, though, like many other things in this world of ours, they borrow a portion of their enchantment from distance. Most of these Eastern establishments bearing the proud name of college, like the magnificent foundations of the West, however richly endowed and learnedly manned, have dwindled to common schools, and instead of lavishing means for the liberal education of the few, they are doing a better work in liberalizing the intelligence of the many. Considerably to the left of the flag of the American consulate, filled at present by the scientific C. W. Bradley, LL. D., you may discover the fanes of Mohammed—dirty shrines, which you may not enter without removing your shoes, (and I pray you not to do that if you have a passion for cleanly

hose,) Chinese joss-houses, and Hindoo temples. A Hindoo festival is in progress, and vast is the display of lights blazing in and around their temple and its turrets by night, grand are the processions by day, and, saving the unrhythmical accompaniment of a terrible drum, sweet and pleasant are the combination and effects of the musical instruments employed on the occasion. The principal Chinese temple is an expensive model of their peculiar architecture. Dragons spring from the roofs, forming, with the arching of their scaly backs and sting-armed tails, the festoon style of roof which we have all seen in the blue landscapes with which the table services of our grandmothers were ornamented. Its interior is barbarically gorgeous—gods, resembling the old-fashioned red-faced, beer-mug representations of John Bull, with his cup of flip, look mildly or glare hideously out of recessed shrines. Swallows twitter in the lofty roofs, and fly unmolested about their nests in the eaves, reminding you that the temple at Jerusalem was built in the same open-work style, and the habitation of like feathery occupants. On the hill in the distance, beyond these temples, stand the hospitals, and around the point at which the view terminates, with a few straggling habitations, lies New Harbor and the wharves and coal-yard of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company, the transporters of passengers and mails from China to Suez, monthly, since the commencement of the siege of Sebastopol. The harbor is thronged with foreign ships, and those rudest of all specimens of marine architecture this side of Noah's ark—Chinese junks. "Sanpans" ply in all directions, rowed by swarthy men naked from the loins upward, and downward, with the occasional exception of a glossy coat of olive oil! The costume is certainly adapted to the climate, and the force of custom is such that the well-habited foreigner soon learns to regard it as a matter of course, and to think it as singular to see a Malay in Christian apparel as it originally was to see him without any. And so great is the power of habit, that those Malays who dress in light clothes of English fashion always wear the waist-cloth—by way of superfluous ornament as it would seem—over the garments of civilization. The anchor of the stranger ship is no sooner dropped than her decks are covered with sooty officials, boarding-house keepers, newspaper reporters, ship-chandlers' clerks, "dobeys" and "compradores," parading their cards and references, seeking and imparting news, and soliciting custom. The "dubash" or "compradore," a handsome Hindoo with rings in his ears and nose, and robed and turbaned in spotless white, is engaged to provision the ship during her stay, and every day brings off refreshing loads of fresh beef, fresh fowls, fresh eggs, fresh milk, fresh vegetables, fresh fruits, pine-apples, bananas, cocoa-nuts, and Boston ice. We shall fare like princes after the stale bill of fare of a ship three months out of port. The meek-looking dobey-washerman takes away cargoes of foul linen. A ship is a filthy place, and no washing, gentle housewife, can be done at sea. Damp and mildew make terrible havoc with your "nice things" on a protracted voyage. Here are peddlers of clothes, shoes, fancy boots, canes, shells and coral, five dollars a boat-load, a rich acquisition to any college cabinet; "bum-boats," with full assortments of eatables, and drinkables, and wearables for the common sailors; and venders not a few of native birds and animals, particularly of those familiar caricatures of humanity, parrots and monkeys. You are boarded by a band of the far-famed Indian jugglers, who, upon the open deck of the ship, in broad daylight, watched by a hundred eyes, play all manner of deceptions with cups and balls, change dust into chalk, sand into charcoal, balls into eggs, and eggs into serpents, besides swallowing cold steel at such a fearful rate as to revive the old suspicion of collusion with the devil. This ready deception of the eye, the keenest and most trusted of all the senses. in open daylight, within three feet of you, and in a hundred ways, is enough, one would suppose, to make us forswear trust in the evidence of sense altogether. The "serang," or stevedore, with his gang of "lascars," comes each morning, with the coming of the sun, to lade or unlade the vessel. They are dark-skinned, muscular, nearly naked Madras-men, who hoist the cargo from the lighter to the hold, or from the hold to the lighter, with a wild wailing solo and chorus similar to those of the negroes of the South. More careful of their religion than of their morals are

these semi-heathens; for when one of our men maliciously threw a bit of pork—as great an abhorrence to the Mussulman as to the Jew—into their pot of rice and curry, the old cook, with averted eyes, took the polluted vessel from the fire with a couple of sticks, and threw the dinner of the whole gang, pot and all, over the ship's side into the sea; yet when Mr. "Serang" was detected with charging the ship with the labour of twenty-nine hands, when, upon count before his eyes, it was found to consist of only twenty-five, he coolly replied that they had "laboured very hard, and in his judgment had done the *work* of twenty-nine!" They get fifty cents a day and board themselves, deem it a sacrilege to eat with a Christian or touch his meat, yet every day send a delicious dish of rice and curry to our cabin table. They are nightly rowed ashore by a handsome young Chinaman, who frequently rests his diligent sanpan under our lee, smokes his pipe with a bamboo handle three feet long, cooks his rice in the stern of his boat with a few pine sticks over an earthen furnace, plies his chopsticks as if for a wager, and at the conclusion of his meal makes a finger-glass of the clear blue sea. He is one of the multitude of "ship and shore" adventurers who come annually in junks to Singapore in quest of the proceeds of labor or the gifts of fortune. He will spend the summer here, paddling about the harbor at two to ten cents a passage, and return home passing rich, at the change of the monsoon, with forty Spanish dollars concealed in the waistbands of the great, broad, grass-cloth trousers flowing from his loins to his knees. The "dingey," or boat hired to wait on the ship during her stay in harbor, is manned by Malays, sinister-looking fellows, with good reflective faculties and large fun, prone to sarcasm, suspicious, deceitful, cruel, more readily managed by irony than argument, as devoted to their religion as faithless to employers and wives, sometimes full dressed in cotton shirt, turban, and trowsers, at others scantily clothed, and exposing a closely-shaven skull fearlessly to the equatorial sun. Comfortably seated on matting, and sheltered from sun and rain by a roof of bamboo, four or six of these sturdy oarsmen will quickly set you ashore.

At the foot of the stone stairs of the principal landing, float, like half-grown pumpkins, a lot of little heads, the property of any quantity of sable arms and black legs, kicking and sprawling like so many frogs beneath the surface. "Pice, sir! pice!" is screamed in deafening din from this mob of juvenile aquatics. Throw overboard a few half-pence, and witness the skill and avidity with which these divers of six or eight summers—it is always summer here—will bring them to the surface! Throw coin from your ship's side and they rarely fail to overtake it before it reaches the bottom. How their little coal-black eyes twinkle as they rise to the surface, give their hairless skulls a shake, and exhibit the coin securely viced between two rows of beautifully white and glistening teeth, which the future use of the betel-nut and its vile accompaniments will make blacker than the copper itself.

"Syce"—cabmen—throng the covered landing-place, a roof supported by neat columns, and highly essential in a climate which vibrates between burning suns and pouring showers. These clamorous Jehus, the same, black or white, in New-York or Singapore, struggle in noisy competition for your custom, restrained somewhat by the presence of a "Sepoy" (native soldier) strutting to and fro in British regimentals, the gaudy badges of his own and his country's subjection. Well-armed are these dark officials, and not disposed to dodge around the nearest corner when a row occurs. "Syce, sir! syce!" is the substitute for "Cab, sir!" from these troublesome "whips," who are, withal, by no means unwelcome, particularly if you have a lady on your arm, as heat, custom, and the tenacious dust of a red soil, peculiarly attractive to white muslins, prevents her from indulging extensively the exercise of the powers of locomotion. The carriages are small, lumbering, glazed only in front, with Venetian blinds to slide down all around if necessary, and drawn by a single mule pony, at whose head *runs* the half-naked syce at the top of his speed. The novelty of this six-legged mode of conveyance provokes mirth at first, but mirth is quickly supplanted by admiration at the elegant grace and litheness of limb, the elastic speed, and equestrian ease with which these long-limbed, slender-bodied, sable-haired runners keep pace with their thick-

set, shaggy-maned, cantering, panting, willful, and often vicious fellow-ministers to public convenience and pleasure. Fifteen cents an hour, or a dollar a day, are the terms prescribed by law upon which you may indulge in the luxury of a ride about town, or an evening drive among the carriages that deluge the esplanade.

The streets of Malay Town are long, well-shaded avenues, thickly bordered with small inclosures, in which, a little back from the road, cluster the rude but populous huts of the natives in the midst of tall, ever-verdant shade trees, so numerously interspersed as to convey the idea of a city in the woods.

Recessed in one of these shady inclosures—you would not notice it unless it was pointed out to you—stands the Malay Mission-chapel, in which Rev. Mr. Keasberry, formerly of the London Missionary Society, preaches twice a week to a congregation of seventy-five Malays and half-castes, twelve of whom are baptized members of the Christian Church. A square or two from the chapel are extensive "dobey" grounds. Imagine the perspective of a winding brook, in which, for a quarter of a mile, "dobeys" stand in water up to their knees, alternately sousing linens and woolens in the running stream, and then swinging them over their heads as they beat them clean—of buttons at least—upon the flat rocks that line the shore! Acres of vacant green-sward are whitened with the robes of Parsees, the turbans of Mohammedans, and the shirts and pants of Christians, indiscriminately mingled and mangled by these human washing—or rather threshing—machines, yclept "dobeys." If you reflect that quicklime is substituted for soap, in addition to "cold scalds" and rough usage, all through the East, you will not wonder if the wardrobes of residents, in a climate where white is so universally worn, (even to slippers and umbrellas,) stand in need of frequent replenishment. To the elevated and beautiful grounds of the governor—the embodiment of the majesty of the East India Company—we can have no access, since the arrival, a day or two since, of his excellency, with all the pomp of banners, bands, salutes, and military display. We may, however, linger at sunset in the embowered burial-place of the Protestant dead, full of recent tombs blackened by the climate, and crumbling to premature decay. Here are English and Americans, missionaries and merchants, naval officers and common sailors, distinguished men with simple head-stones, and infants under preposterous colonnades of brick-work and marble. Below us lie the roofs of elegant dwellings, imbedded in evergreen foliage, or glimmering among thick tropical shade-trees; beyond is the harbor, with its flotilla of junks, ships, steamers, and proas; the chime of vesper bells comes with the dying hum of the business of the day; images of the distant living consort with images of the distant dead, and throng the excited recollection; familiar voices seem to mix with the murmurings of life rippling up from below upon the silent wastes of death, and tears mingle freely with the dew-drops wept by evening upon the graves of the lost and loved! Over the dense hedge-row is the Romish cemetery, carefully separated from the English, as if corruption could be tainted by corruption, or heresy infect the dead, or the devil, in quest of crosiers and miters, could mistake his own! Let us drive hence to the Chinese quarter. How its busy shops, built, like Pennsylvania villages, as near the curb-stone as possible, are thronged with artisans and tradesmen of every description! Why do not the cities of civilization roof in their side-walks from sun and rain by porticoes projecting from the second story, supported upon rows of slender columns, and affording secure observatories to women and children above, and safe quarters for displayed goods beneath. Awnings of canvas are miserable substitutes for the substantial coverings of the eastern bazaars. Here are fifteen thousand of the miserable victims of opium; and here are the conscienceless Europeans—there is no American house in the place—that enrich themselves with the sale of the drug. The members of the Church of England are better church-goers than the Americans engaged in business abroad. The East India Company's chaplain reads prayers and sermons, at a salary of $400 a month, to a congregation of three hundred merchants and officials, half-castes, women and children. Malays manage the organ and orchestra; England and America prefer buying music to making it; while Mohammedans, stationed outside, work the "punkahs," or huge fans, suspended from the ceiling of the church, neutralize the effect of a

drowsy sermon, do away with the flutter of a thousand fans, and give the men, as well as women, a chance at fresh air. Such an arrangement, for summer use, would be of incalculable service to the United States, as necessary in July as stoves in January. Here they are used the year round, and glass and chimneys are alike superfluous. Singapore publishes two or three weekly newspapers, subscription price eight dollars a year! and its annual almanac and directory—a shilling pamphlet in New-York—costs a dollar and a half here. The thermometer ranges between seventy-five and eighty-five; seabreezes and frequent showers modify the heats of the climate, and render it healthful and pleasant. The roads, thanks to the rascality of British subjects, are beautiful. They are the work of convicts. Britain always builds good roads. At home, in Canada, in India, the valleys are filled and hills brought low in obedience to that principle of political economy that teaches the connection between facility of communication and national prosperity. I saw licensed carriages numbered as high as four hundred and seventy-nine; and one boat whose number figured nearly four thousand. In mine ignorance, I once happened to call Singapore a "city," and was taken to task by a good-natured church-woman for denominating that a city which had no cathedral! Church and bishop are as essential to the British corporation as mayor and aldermen. The forms of social life conflict somewhat with the ideas of those Americans who have adhered to the modes of their fathers, and eschewed the European customs of "tiffin" at eight o'clock, breakfast at twelve, dinner at five, and tea at any time between that and midnight, and saying "good-morning" till sun down. The hospitalities of Singapore are generous, and life there as free from annoyances as elsewhere. Mosquitoes are no more troublesome than in New-York, Baltimore, or St. Louis; lizards sport by lamplight on the whited walls of well-furnished parlors, and tea-tables furnish their deserts of dissected reputations. The miniature crocodile is a harmless fly-catcher, and mangling the characters of the absent is not peculiar to this hemisphere. A score of missionaries have labored at Singapore. There is not one there now. Efforts for the salvation of its teeming multitudes of heathen are all those of individual benevolence. The temples of Romanism and heathenism are rising. The only spire of Protestantism has fallen down. Is this typical of the fate of Christian effort for the salvation of this vast people? God forbid!

THE CALIFORNIA OYSTER.

Out in California's gulf,
In the deep Pacific sea,
There's an Oyster ever working,
Dreary, damp, and silently!
Sad and lonely is his dwelling
On the banks beneath the tide—
No one ever calls upon him
In the realms of ocean wide,
Save, perhaps, some widow'd Mermaid,
As she braids her dripping locks,
Sits, a moment, down beside him,
On the sharp and sedgy rocks,
Twining in her tangled hair
Sprigs of coral, fresh and fair—
Heedless of her late disaster,
Longing for another master—
And she wonders how a shell-fish
Can become so very selfish,
As to shut his lip and eye
When such charms as her's are nigh!

Melancholy Fatalist!
Hermit of the ocean-cave,
Monk-marine, in cloisters gray,
Fathoms ten beneath the wave,
Never moving, never stirring,
Lock'd within his coral walls!—
Sharks and whales and dandy dolphins,
Sporting in those cavern halls,
Far and wide forever roaming,
On each other madly prey;
But the Oyster, anchor'd firmly,
Never seeks the upper day.
He is quiet, peaceful, lonely,
Never asks another's aid,
Opes his mouth when food floats by him,
Shuts it when the debt is paid!
Robbers they, but, miser he,
Takes the spoils that round him whirl,
And with patient, toilsome temper,
Coins the Oyster's wealth—a Pearl!

Whales are spear'd to give us light,
Oily beams dispel the night;
Dolphins die to glut the palate,
Sharks vindictively are slain,
But the daring Diver plunges
Deeply in the boiling main,
Dragging from their tranquil rest,
Pearls to sleep on beauty's breast!

Thus, within their silent cells,
Lonely Students toil forever,
While the striving world around them
Stills its pulse of passion never;—
But, at length, the sturdy Diver
In the philosophic deep,
Drags the hermit from his cavern
Never more to rest or sleep—
Drags him from his book and taper
To the blazing light of fame,
And the thought he coin'd in sorrow,
Like a pearl, enshrines his name!

[For the National Magazine.]

THE BLESSEDNESS OF GIVING.

THE Great Teacher said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Is it? Did Jesus speak the truth? Do not be offended now, as if I were offering you an insult by asking such a question. It is most manifest that the great mass of mankind do not admit the truth of the sentiment. They do not believe a word of it. Their main object is to get all they can. They give as little as possible. Their happiness consists in accumulating. With them the saying is a paradoxical absurdity.

But is it more blessed to give than to receive? Do the professing followers of the Nazarene—Christians—assent to the truth of that saying of their Saviour? Very few venture to brand it as palpably false; and yet the number of those who assent to its truth as a simple proposition, applicable to all classes and at all times, is not a great deal larger.

It is true with certain qualifications. As, for instance, if a man is rich it may be more blessed to give than to receive. No doubt of it. But did you ever know a rich man? I never did. I have been nearly half a century in this world, have traveled somewhat extensively in both hemispheres, yet have I never met the man who admitted himself to be rich. I have seen some who call a large piece of the earth's surface their own, men whose signature will procure an almost fabulous amount of gold, yet they assure me that I labor under a great mistake if I suppose them rich. And thus the Saviour's saying is made a complete nullity. The wealthiest man of your acquaintance compares himself with one who is wealthier, or with some imaginary standard, and admits that it may be more blessed to give than to receive when he shall have attained the *ignis fatuus* that dances in his vision; but not yet.

I repeat the question. Is the saying of the Saviour true? Is it more blessed to give than to receive? Yes, provided we are perfectly sure that what is given will be faithfully appropriated. Here again is an impossible condition annexed to the Saviour's language. You do not know that what you give to the missionary cause, for instance, or to any other, will be used wisely. Nor are you sure that it will ever reach the specific object for which it is intended. But all that has nothing to do with the question. You are not responsible for the integrity or the honesty of those through whom your gift passes.

Nor is it essential to the validity of the sentiment that the man should be perfectly satisfied that the object for which he is asked to give be a good one. It is right for him to use his own judgment in the matter; but I am speaking of the sentiment itself, as it fell from the lips of Christ. He does not say, It is more blessed to give *to a good object* than to receive. If he had said that, nobody would have questioned the truth of the saying; for human selfishness would have found flaws everywhere, and a really good object would have been, just as it is indeed, an exceedingly rare thing.

Here now is an applicant for a portion, a small pittance, of that abundance wherewith God has intrusted you. His family are in want. Jesus says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Do you believe him? Well, yes—that is, provided he and his family are sober, and honest, and industrious. Do you require all three? Very convenient that, and economical. It is about the same as saying: If no one needed charity I would give, for most certainly you may live many years without meeting a sober, and honest, and industrious beggar who will afford you an opportunity to receive the blessing which Christ assures to them who—give.

When there is an opportunity of practically evincing belief in this saying of the Lord Jesus, when there is a beggar at the door, how exceedingly fearful we are of being imposed upon. Is there any guilt incurred by being deceived? Shall we lose the promised blessing if it turns out that the pauper was not half so badly off as he pretended to be? The common law regards every man as innocent until he is proved guilty. The Christianity of our day seems inclined to reverse the process, and to conclude every applicant for alms as undeserving until the contrary is made so clear that there is not a peg to hang a doubt upon.

Certainly, if I know a cause to be in itself bad, or if I am quite sure that he who seeks my bounty is an impostor, I shall do wrong to give. But if I do not know; if, on the contrary, there is equal room for

that disposition of heart which hopeth all things and never faileth, then the practical question for me to answer is this: Did the great teacher understand himself, mean what he said, and speak truthfully in the declaration, unlimited and unrestricted, It is more blessed to give than to receive?

Do not make a mistake here by supposing the Saviour meant to speak about the payment of debts. His saying is unquestionably true so far as concerns the meeting of an obligation incurred,—the payment, for instance, of a shoemaker's bill or a minister's salary. But paying debts is not giving. At least it can only be so considered by a violent figure of speech. You do not expect praise from men, as some do, for mere honesty, do you? Much less then can you suppose, that when you give value for value received you will find the amount passed to your credit in Heaven's record of deeds of benevolence. Nay, until you discharge the obligations that are against you, or at any rate until you have the disposition to pay your debts, I see not how you can come within the limits of the Saviour's benediction. You cannot give that which does not belong to you. It is dishonesty, and I am all along taking for granted that you are honest, and that you really desire to know what is duty.

Look again, then, at the question before us. Do you say, Certainly, it is a pleasant and even a blessed thing to give to the grateful and the thankful, but the world is full of ingratitude. It is not so pleasant to give to those from whom no return, even by way of an acknowledgment, may be expected?" All true, very true. It has nothing, however, to do with the subject under discussion. The blessedness spoken of by the Saviour depends not upon the state of mind, the conduct, or the language of the recipient of your bounty. He may squander upon his lusts the money you designed for the purchase of bread for his children. It was not from *him*, was it, that you expected the blessing? Or, worse than even this, instead of the pleasing incense of gratitude for favors conferred, you may receive, even as Christ did, and does yet, reproach, contempt, hatred. They called the master of the house Beelzebub, a wine-bibber, a glutton. They said he was possessed of the devil. Gratitude to him was exceedingly rare. Very few thanked him; and yet, unwearied, he went about doing good, and spent his life, his all, in acts of benevolence; leaving, as the result of his experience, the simple, unrestricted, unqualified declaration, It is more blessed to give than to receive.

And so it must be, because thus man may most resemble Him. He was, and is, and will be forever perfectly happy. He who gives participates in the blessedness of Christ. It is a blessedness that man cannot impart to his fellow-man. It depends not on the conduct of those upon whom our gifts are conferred, nor upon the wise or unwise appropriation of our bounty. Giving is Christ-like. How full of happiness this world might be! How full of pure enjoyment it would be if men believed the Saviour's sentiment, and everywhere showed their faith by their works.

And the truth of the declaration depends not merely upon the *ipse dixit* of the Son of God. It is more blessed to give than to receive, not because Christ said so, but he said it because it is truth, —a fact eternal. We are so constituted, mentally and morally, that our enjoyment exactly accords with the nature of the desire gratified. It is so with all created beings. It cannot be otherwise with the uncreated God.

The epicure has pleasure in the gratification of his appetite. He enjoys a good dinner. There is a kind of satisfaction in the display of jewels and a gay dress. The intoxicating cup produces a delirium of ecstasy.. But how low and groveling —how base and degrading are all such imitations of happiness. They are mere shams, and everybody knows they are, even when under their potent spell. The enjoyment arising from doing good by acts of beneficence is as high above them as the heavens are higher than the earth. The one, man has in common with the beasts that perish; the other allies him with the great Jehovah, and makes him a participant of His unalloyed bliss. He is perfectly happy, and He is perpetually giving.

And yet, once again, while all other enjoyment that can possibly arise from the temporal bounties of heaven are fleeting and transitory, the pleasure, the satisfaction that springs up in the soul from the mere fact of giving is permanent and enduring. It brings no sorrow with it.

It is a source of enjoyment in the act, it is pleasant in the retrospect. It brings no disagreeable reflections even in the day of adversity or the hour of grief. Its remembrance plants no thorns in the dying pillow. At the day of judgment and forever will it be found a glorious verity that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

And just here comes in the ever-ready objection relative to the orthodoxy of the sentiment under consideration. What sticklers we are for the doctrine of salvation by faith! How readily our hearts sympathize with our pockets, and we thank God that eternal life is not to be bought with money, and that the blessedness of heaven is a free gift!—ay, verily, it is a free gift. Gold and silver cannot purchase a mansion there; nor is a crown of immortality to be had in exchange for all the wealth of a created universe. And I have said nothing that may be tortured into such an absurdity, nor did Jesus. Heaven is not to be obtained by giving, but it is equally true that *heaven may be lost by refusing to give*. The sentence of condemnation in that day, "Ye did it not," will settle forever the oft-discussed question relative to faith and works, but will make it no clearer than it is now to the mind not willingly blinded. As a man's works are, so is his faith; and no one has a particle more than he makes visible to the world around him. How can he have? Is faith a material substance—a thing to be locked up and reserved for use when occasion calls for it? or may a man do by his faith as he does by his Sunday coat—brush it nicely on Monday morning, fold it neatly, and put it away until the dawn of the next Sabbath?

Two questions here arise. They are frequently proposed, because selfish ingenuity deems them unanswerable. First, what proportion of my income should I devote to benevolent purposes? and, secondly, to what specific objects ought I to give? The answer to both is the same—*just what you please*. We are not under the Jewish dispensation, as saith the apostle—not under law, but under grace. To give *was* a duty, now it is a privilege. Christ gave no law upon the subject, and therein he acted just like himself. He simply said, It is more blessed to give than to receive; and Paul, in recording the sentiment, uses no argument to enforce it as a duty. He merely says, Remember the words of the Lord Jesus. Remember them and act. Remember them and be blessed just to what extent you choose. No man, and no body of men, have any right to dictate rules and regulations upon this subject. It would be usurping the prerogatives of Jehovah, and setting limits to the enjoyments of God's children. Christ wants them to be perfectly happy, and never said, nor authorized any one else to say to the soul panting for blessings from his hand—Thus far, but no farther.

But is there not something like partiality and respect of persons here? Certainly the poor cannot give as much as the rich, and by consequence they may not expect so much blessedness, so large an amount of enjoyment. A fallacy this more specious than any to which we have adverted, and therefore I suppose it was that Christ took pains to expose and explode it. In respect of giving, and the blessedness thence arising, he placed all men upon one and the same level. This he did by teaching, if I may so speak, a new rule in arithmetic. A poor widow's farthing was the largest gift thrown into the treasury when the wealthy men of the nation were making their offerings. Many that were rich cast in much, but she gave more than they all. By consequence she was entitled to receive, and beyond all peradventure, did receive a blessing more than equivalent to theirs. You will say that the difference in the motives by which these donors were actuated justified the Lord Jesus in the judgment which he gave. Perhaps so. There is nothing said, however, about the motives of either party. I know not what their motives were, and do not care to know. I leave them with Him who looketh upon the heart, while it is mine to regard only the outward appearance.

How, then, can the paltry gift of this poor widow be said to be greater than the oblations of the rich? Simply on this wise: *Christ estimates our gifts not by the actual amount given, but by what remains after we have made our offering.*

How simple, and at the same time how perfectly adapted to every situation and to every condition in life! Is it not strange that we did not think of that before? How it equalizes the rich and the poor!—nay, how it seems to give the

poor man the advantage over his more successful neighbor. Seems, I say, but it does not in reality. It places all alike on the same platform, while to every individual comes the assurance of the Lord Jesus: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Do you believe it?

THE CHILD-SEER.

ONE of the darkest pages in American history is that relating to the sufferings of the inhabitants of Otsego county, New-York, during the war of the Revolution, from the attacks of the Indians and Royalists under the Mohawk chief Brant and the more savage Captain Walter Butler. Early in the war, Cherry Valley was selected as a place of refuge and defense for the inhabitants of the smaller and more exposed settlements. Block-houses were built, fortifications were thrown up, and finally a fort was erected, under the direction of General Lafayette. The inhabitants of the surrounding settlements came in and lived for several months as in garrison, submitting to strict military regulations. Among the families which took temporary refuge in this fort, was that of Captain Robert Lindsay, formerly a British officer,—brave and adventurous, who, only at the entreaty of his wife, had left his farm, which stood in a lonely unprotected situation, several miles from any settlement. This Captain Lindsay was a reserved, melancholy man, about whom the simple and honest pioneers wondered and speculated not a little. His language and manner bespoke at once the man of education and breeding. His wife, though a quiet, heroic woman, was evidently a lady by nature and association.

Captain Lindsay had a native love of solitude and adventure,—the first requisites for a pioneer; and for several years no other reason was known for his seeking the wilds, and exposing his tender family to all the perils and privations of a frontier life. But at length an emigrant coming from his native place, in the Highlands of Scotland, brought the story of his exile, which was briefly this:—Captain Lindsay, when a somewhat dissipated young man, proud and passionate, had quarreled with a brother-officer, an old friend, at a mess-dinner. Both officers had drunk freely; and their difference was aggravated by hot-brained, half-drunken partisans. Insulting words were exchanged, and a duel on the spot was the consequence. Lindsay escaped with a slight wound; but his sword pierced the heart of his friend. He was hurried away to a secure hiding-place, but not before he had learned that in the first matter of dispute he had been in the wrong.

Lindsay made all the reparation in his power, by transferring his paternal estate, for the term of his own lifetime, to the homeless widow and young daughter of his friend. Then, with his wife's small property, and the price of his commission, he secretly emigrated to America. He left his family in New-York, while he went up the Hudson, purchased a small farm, and built a house for their reception. He was accompanied in this expedition by an old family servitor; who, with true Highland fidelity, clung to his unfortunate master with exemplary devotion.

Mrs. Lindsay's heart sank within her when she found that her new home was so far from any settlement,—literally in the wilderness; but she understood her husband's misanthropic gloom, almost amounting to melancholy madness, and did not murmur. Yet her forest home was very beautiful,—a small valley-farm, surrounded by densely-wooded hills, dark gorges, and mossy dells. The house was a rough, primitive-looking structure, containing but three small apartments and a low chamber, or rather loft. But it was comfortably and securely built; and, overhung by noble trees, and overrun by wild vines, was not unpicturesque. Under the tasteful care of Mrs. Lindsay, a little garden soon sprang up around it, where, among many strange plants, bloomed a few familiar flowers, whose fragrance seemed to breathe of home, like the sighs of an exile's heart.

The family at the period of their taking refuge in the fort at Cherry Valley, consisted of three sons and an infant daughter, (the last born in America,) the man Davie, and a maid-servant. Douglas, the elder son, a lad of twelve or thirteen, was a brave, high-spirited, somewhat self-willed boy, tall and handsome, and the especial pride of his mother: not alone because he was her first-born, but because he most vividly recalled to her heart her husband in his happy days. Angus, the second son, was a slight, delicate, fair-haired boy, possessing a highly sensitive and poetic nature. Unconsciously displaying at times

singular and startling intuitions—dreaming uncomprehended dreams, which were sometimes strangely verified, and uttering involuntary prophecies, which time often fulfilled—he was always spoken of as "a strange child," and, for all his tender years and sweet pensive face, was regarded with a secret, shrinking awe, even by those nearest to him. In truth, the child seemed to be gifted with that weird, mysterious faculty known as second-sight.

Archie, the youngest son, his father's own darling, was a sturdy, rosy-cheeked, curly-headed boy of five. Effie was yet at the mother's breast, a little rosy bud of beauty,—a fair promise of infinite joy and comfort to her mother's saddened heart.

As I have stated, this family took refuge in the fort, in the spring of seventeen hundred and seventy-eight, somewhat against the will of Captain Lindsay—who, as he remained neutral, had little fear of the Indians—and also of his eldest son, who fancied there was something cowardly in flying from their forest-home before it had been attacked. The latter, however, was soon reconciled by the opportunity afforded him, for the first time for several years, of associating with lads of his own age, of whom there were a goodly number at the fort and settlement. The sports and exercises of the men and youth were entirely of a military character; and Douglas, who had inherited martial tastes from a long line of warlike ancestors, and who had been instructed by his father in military rules and evolutions, soon became the captain of a company of boys, armed with formidable wooden guns, and fully equipped as mimic soldiers. Angus was made his lieutenant; but this was a piece of favoritism, the child having little taste or talent for the profession of arms.

One bright May morning, as these young amateur-fighters were parading on the green before the fort, they had spectators whom they little suspected. Upon a hill, about a mile away, Joseph Brant had posted a large party of his braves, where, concealed by the thick wood, they were looking down on the settlement. It had been his intention to attack the fort that night; but this grand parade of light infantry deceived him. At that distance he mistook the boys for men, and decided to defer the attack till he could ascertain, by his scouts, the exact strength of the place. In the meantime he moved his party northward a few miles, to a point on the road leading from Cherry Valley to the Mohawk river, where he concealed them behind rocks and trees. At this spot the road passed through a thick growth of evergreens, forming a perpetual twilight, and wound along a precipice a hundred and fifty feet high, over which plunged a small stream in a cascade, called by the Indians Tekaharawa.

Brant had doubtless received information that an American officer had ridden down from Fort Plain, on the Mohawk river, in the morning, to visit the fort, and might be expected to return before night. This officer had come to inform the garrison that a regiment of militia would arrive the next day, and take up their quarters at Cherry Valley. His name was Lieutenant Woodville; he was a young man of fortune,—gay, gallant, handsome, and daring. He was dressed in a rich suit of velvet, wore a plumed hat and a jewel-hilted sword, and let his dark waving hair grow to a cavalierish length. He rode a full-blooded English horse, which he managed with ease. This Lieutenant Woodville lingered so long at the settlement, that his friends tried to persuade him to remain all night; but he laughed, and, as he mounted flung down his portmanteau to one of them, saying, "I will call for that to-morrow." When it was nearly sunset the little garrison came out into the court-yard to watch his departure. Among the spectators were the boy-soldiers whose parade of the morning had daunted even the terrible Brant. Foremost stood the doughty Douglas, and by his side the timid Angus, gazing with childish curiosity on the dashing young officer, and marking with wondering delight his smiling mastery over his steed.

Suddenly the boy passed his hand over his eyes, grew marble-white and rigid for an instant, then shuddered, and burst into tears. Before he could be questioned, he had quitted his brother, rushed forward, and was clinging to the lieutenant's knee; crying, in a tone of the most passionate entreaty—

"O, sir, ye maun stay here to-night—here, where a' is safe! Dinna gang; they 'll kill ye! O, dinna gang!"

"Who, my little lad? who 'll kill me?" gently asked the officer, looking down into the delicate face of the boy, struck by its agonized expression.

"The Indians. They're waitin' for you in yon dark, awfu' place by the falls," replied Angus, in a tone of solemnity.

"And how do you know all this, my little man?" asked the officer, smiling.

"I hae seen them," said Angus, in a low, hoarse tone, casting down his eyes and trembling visibly.

"Seen them! When?"

"Just noo. I saw them a' as weel as I see you and the lave. It's the guid God, may be, that sends the vision to save you frae death. So ye maun heed the warning, and not put your life in peril by riding up there, where they're waitin' for ye in the gloaming."

"What is the matter with this child?" exclaimed Lieutenant Woodville, turning to a friend in the little crowd. The man, for answer, merely touched his forehead significantly. "Indeed! So young!" replied the officer. Then, laying his hand gently on the head of the boy, and smiling pityingly into his wild beseeching eyes, he said, "But indeed I must go, prophet of evil. Indians or no Indians, a soldier must obey orders, you know. Come, dry your tears, and I will bring you a pretty plume for your soldier-cap when I return. Adieu, friends, until to-morrow!"

Saying this, he bent to loosen Angus's hands from the stirrup; but the child clung convulsively, shrieking out his warnings and entreaties, until his father broke through the crowd, and bore him forcibly away.

Lieutenant Woodville galloped off, with gay words of farewell; but, as some noticed, with an unusual shadow on his handsome face.

Mrs. Lindsay took Angus in her arms, and strove to soothe him in her quiet, loving way. Yet the child would not be comforted. He hid his face in her bosom, sobbing and shuddering, but saying nothing for several minutes. Then he shrieked out—"There! There! O, mither, they hae killed him! I hae seen him fa' frae his horse. I see him noo, lying amang the briars, wi' the red bluid rinning frae his head, down on to his braw soldier-coat. O, mither, I could na help it; he would na believe the vision!"

After this, the repose of a sad certainty seemed to come upon the child, and, sobbing more and more softly, he fell asleep; but not until the return of Lieutenant Woodville's horse, with an empty saddle stained with blood, had brought terrible confirmation of the vision. Next morning, the body of the unfortunate young officer was found in the dark pass, near the falls of Tekaharawa. He had been shot and scalped by Brant himself.

As may be supposed, this tragic verification of Angus Lindsay's prophecy excited surprise and speculation, and caused the child to be regarded with a strange interest, which, though not unfriendly, had in it too much of superstitious dread to be altogether kindly.

The boy instinctively shrank from it, and grew more sad and reserved day by day. Some regarded the prediction as naturally resulting from the omnipresent fear of savages—common to settlers' children—taking more vivid form in the imagination of a nervous and sickly boy, and the fate of Lieutenant Woodville as merely a remarkable coincidence. But, more shook their heads with solemn meaning, declaring the lad a young wizard; and went so far as to intimate that the real wizard was the lad's father, whose haughty and melancholy reserve was little understood by the honest settlers, and that poor little Angus was his victim—the one possessed.

The expression of this feeling—not in words, but in a sort of distrustful avoidance—made Mrs. Lindsay consent to the proposition of her husband to return to their home for the harvest. Several families were venturing on this hazardous step, encouraged by the temporary tranquillity of the country, and thinking that their savage enemies had quenched their blood-thirst at Wyoming,—thus rather taking courage than warning by that fearful massacre.

The Lindsays found their home as they had left it three months before; nothing had been molested; they all speedily fell into their old in-door and out-door duties and amusements. And so passed a few weeks of quiet happiness. Captain Lindsay and his man always took their arms with them to the harvest-fields, which were in sight of the house. The two elder sons usually worked with their father. On the last day of the harvest, when little remained to be done, the boys asked permission to go to a stream, about two miles away, to angle for trout.

In his moody abstraction, or fearlessness, Captain Lindsay consented, and the

boys set out in high glee. Little Archie, who was also with his father for that day, begged to be taken with them; but the lads did not wish to be so encumbered, and hurried away. Just as they were passing from the clearing into the little cow-path leading through the woods to the creek, Angus looked back and saw the child standing by his father, in tears, gazing wistfully after his elder brothers.

"Ah, Douglas," exclaimed he, "let us tak Archie wi' us. See how the puir bairn is greeting."

"No, no; he'll only fright the trout, and we canna wait. Come awa'."

The lads reached the creek in safety, crept stealthily along its shaded bank, selected their places in silence, and flung their bait upon the water. Douglas seemed to enjoy the sport keenly, but Angus was remorseful for having said nay to his little brother's entreaty.

"O, Douglas!" he exclaimed at last, "I canna forget Archie's tearfu', wistfu' face. I'm sae sorry we left him!"

"Dinna fash yer head about Archie, but mind yer fish!" replied Douglas, impatiently.

Angus was silent for another half-hour. Then he suddenly gave a short, quick cry, made a start forward, and peered anxiously down into the water.

"What noo?" said Douglas, petulantly, for the cry and movement had scared a fine trout that seemed just about to take his hook.

"O, brother," answered Angus, trembling, "I ha' seen Archie's bonnie face in the burn, and it had sic a pale, frightened look. I doubt something awfu' has happened! Let us gang hame."

Douglas laughed as he replied, "It's yer own face ye saw in the burn, and no' Archie's. How could it be his, when he's maist twa mile awa'?"

"I dinna ken, Douglas," replied Angus, humbly, "but I maun believe it was Archie's face. There it comes again! And father's, and Davie's! O, brother, the Indians!"

Shrieking out these words, the poor boy staggered backward and fainted. Douglas, though a good deal alarmed, had sufficient presence of mind to apply nature's remedy, fortunately near at hand; and under a copious sprinkling of cold water, Angus speedily revived. Douglas no longer resisted his entreaties, but silently gathering up their fishing tackle, and taking their string of trout, set out for home, walking slowly, and supporting the trembling steps of his brother. As they neared the borders of the clearing, where they were to come in sight of the harvest-fields and their home, Angus absolutely shook, and even the cheek of the bold Douglas grew white.

The first sight which met their eyes, on their emerging from the wood, was their house in flames, with a party of fiendish savages dancing and howling around it. The boys shrank back into the wood; and, crouching down together beneath a thick growth of underbrush, lay sobbing and shuddering in their grief and terror.

At length Angus gave a start, and whispered joyfully, "O, brother, I've seen mither, and wee Effie, and Jenny—an' they're a' safe—hid awa' in the bushes, like us."

"But do you see father, and Archie, and auld Davie!" asked Douglas, believing, at last, in the second-sight of his young brother.

"No, no," replied Angus, mournfully, "I canna see them ony mair. They maun be a' dead, Douglas."

"I'll no' believe that," said the elder brother, proudly; "father and Davie baith had their arms wi' them. Davie is no' a bad fighter, an' ye ken a braver soldier could na be found in a' the world than father."

They lay thus, talking in fearful whispers, and weeping silently, until the shouts of the savages died away, and silence fell with the twilight over the little valley. Then, slowly and cautiously they crept from their hiding-place, and stole through the harvest-fields to the spot where they had left their father and little brother, and Davie.

And they were all there—dead. They appeared to have fallen together—faithful old Davie lay across his master's knees, which he seemed embracing in death. Little Archie had evidently lingered longest alive; his flesh was yet soft and slightly warm, and he had crept to his father's arms, and lay partly across his breast.

All, even to the sinless baby, had been tomahawked. Yet, bathed in blood, as they were, the poor boys could not believe them dead, but clasped their stiffened hands, and kissed their lips, felt for their heart-beats, and called them by their

names in every accent of love and sorrow. At last, finding all their frenzied efforts vain, they abandoned themselves utterly to grief.

The moon rose upon them thus—weeping wildly over their murdered father and brother—stained with their blood, and shuddering with their death-chill. Never did the moon look on a more desolate group. Captain Lindsay's brow seemed more awfully stern in its light, and his unclosed eyes shone with an icy gleam. Archie's still tearful face showed most piteously sad; while the agonized faces of the two young mourners, now bent over their dead, now lifted despairingly toward heaven, seemed to have grown strangely old in that time of terror, and horror, and bitter grieving. Thus the hours wore on; and, at last, from utter exhaustion, they slept—the living with the dead.

They were wakened by the warm sunlight and the birds who sang—how strange it seemed!—as gaily as ever in the neighboring wood. The boys raised their heads and looked, each into the other's sad face, and then on the dead, in the blank, speechless anguish of their renewed grief. Douglas was the first to speak. "Come, brother," he said, in a calm tone, "we maun be men noo; let us gang back to the fort: may be we shall find mither there, wi' Jenny and the bairnie, 'gin you 're sure ye saw them a' in yer vision."

"But we canna' leave these here to their lane," said Angus.

"We maun leave them; we are no' big enough to bury them; but we'll cover them ower wi' leaves and the branches o' the pines, and when we get to the fort we 'll ask the soldiers to come and make graves for them. Come wi' me, Angus, dear."

Angus took Douglas's hand, and rose; but soon staggered and fell, murmuring, "O, brother! I 'm sair faint and ill. I think I am dying. Stay wi' me a little while, and then ye may cover us a' up togither and gang awa'."

"Dinna say sic sorrowfu' things, Angus; yer no' dying, puir laddie; yer but fainting wi' hunger, and I the same," said Douglas, in a tone of hopeless despondency. Just at the moment his eye fell on a small hand-basket, in which the laborers were accustomed to take their luncheon to the harvest-field. It was now lying where the dead had left it, against a pile of wheat-sheaves, and was found to contain some fragments of bread and meat, of which they partook.

Somewhat refreshed, the boys set about their melancholy duty. They did not attempt to move the bodies from the positions in which they had found them; they left little Archie on his father's breast, and faithful old Davie with his face hid against his master's knees.

Douglas took out his pocket-knife to sever a lock of hair from his father's and his little brother's heads, for mementos. "O! dinna tak' that lock, Douglas," said Angus, with a shudder; "did ye na see the bluid on it?"

Alas! it was difficult to find a lock on the head of either father or child not darkened and stiffened with gore.

When they had taken the last look, the last kiss, and had completed their mound of boughs and leaves, the two children knelt beside it, and prayed. Surely the God of the fatherless was near them. Better in His sight, their pious care of the dead, than the most pompous funeral obsequies; sweeter to Him, the simple prayer they sobbed into his ear, than the grandest requiem.

It was nearly noon when the boys left the little valley, and took their way toward the fort. They had first visited the ruins of their house, and searched around them and the garden diligently, but vainly, for any trace of their mother, and nurse, and sister. From a tree in the little orchard, they filled their basket with apples, and set forth.

They had advanced but a mile or two on the dark, winding, forest path, when they heard before them the sound of footsteps and voices. In their sudden terror, thinking only of savages, they fled into the thickest recesses of the wood. When their alarm had passed, and they sought to regain the path, they found to their grief and dismay that they had lost it. Still they kept on—apparently at random—but angel-guided, it seemed, in the direction of the fort. Yet night came upon them in the dense, gloomy wood; and at last, very weary and sorrowful, they sank down, murmured their broken prayers, and clasped in each other's arms fell into a chill and troubled sleep.

Douglas was wakened in the early morning by a touch on his shoulder. He sprang to his feet, and confronted—Brant!

Behind the chief stood a small band of savage attendants, eagerly eyeing the young and helpless "pale-faces," as though their fingers itched to be among their curls.

"Who are you?" asked the warrior, sternly.

"I am Douglas Lindsay; and this is my brother, Angus Lindsay."

"Is Captain Lindsay your father?"

"He *was* our father," replied Douglas with a passionate burst of tears; "but ye ken weel enough we hae no father noo, sin' ye 've murdered him. Ay, and puir auld Davie, and the wee bairn Archie, ye divils!"

"No, boy," replied Brant, in a not ungentle tone, "we did not murder your father. I am sorry to hear he has been killed. He was a brave man, and never took part with the rebels. I promised him my protection. It must have been some of Captain Butler's men: they are about now. I would have risked my life to have saved his. I will protect his children. Where were you going?"

"To the fort," put in little Augus, eagerly; "may be we shall find mither, and Effie, and Jenny a' there. O! Mister Thayendenaga, tak' us to the fort, if it's no' too far, for we hae lost our way."

Brant—who was an educated man, and had little of the Indian in his appearance or speech—smiled to hear himself addressed by his pompous Indian name, (a stroke of policy on the lad's part,) and replied: "That is easy to do. Cherry Valley is just over the hill—only a little way off. Let us go."

Saying this, and briefly commanding his warriors to remain where they were until he should return—an order received in sullen silence by the savages, who glared ferociously upon their lost prey—the chief strode forward through the forest, followed by the two boys. When they reached the brow of the hill overlooking the settlement he paused and said, "I had better not go any further. I will wait here till I see you safe. Good-by! Tell your mother that Brant did not kill her brave husband. Say to her that he's sorry about it—go."

The children sought to express their thanks, but he waved them away, and stood with folded arms under the shade of a gigantic oak, watching them as they descended the hill.

Mrs. Lindsay's part in the sad story is soon told. On the day of the massacre she heard the firing in the harvest-field, and, from the windows of the house, witnessed the brief struggle of her husband and Davie with their foes. The fearful sight at first benumbed every faculty—but one cry from her baby roused her from her stupor of grief and terror. She snatched the infant from the cradle and rushed with it into the woods, followed by Jenny, the maid. The two women concealed themselves so effectually in the thick under-brush that they remained undiscovered, though the shouts of the savages came to their ears with horrible distinctness, and even the blaze of their burning home reddened the sunlight that struggled through the thick foliage above them.

When, at length, the party left the little valley, it passed within a few yards of the fugitives. O! how fervently the mother thanked God that her baby slept tranquilly on her bosom, and by no cry betrayed their hiding-place! They did not venture to leave their leafy sanctuary until evening. They were on the side of the clearing opposite the harvest-fields, and near the road leading to Cherry Valley. This they found, and set out at once for the settlement, which they reached in safety about midnight, and were kindly received at one of the fortified houses. The next day a party of brave men, moved by the passionate entreaties of the two women, set out on what was thought a hopeless search for Captain Lindsay, his sons, and servant. They reached the harvest-fields safely, found there the bodies as they had been left, hastily buried them, and, after vainly seeking for the missing boys, returned to Cherry Valley, taking a dread certainty and a faint hope to the afflicted wife and mother.

Prostrated by her fearful bereavement, yet not wholly despairing, worn with cruel anxieties and fatigues, Mrs. Lindsay at last slept, watched over by her faithful nurse. She awoke in the early morning, raised herself eagerly from her pillow, looked around, and then sank back in tears.

"O, Jenny," said she, "I hae had sic a blessed dream! I dreamed I saw my twa boys—only twa noo, Jenny—my brave Douglas, and the bonnie Angus—coming over the hill wi' the sunrise. But they 'll no' come ony mair—they are a' taken frae

me—a' but this wee bit bairnie," she murmured, pressing her babe to her bosom, and sprinkling its brow with the bitter baptism of her tears. For some minutes she lay thus, weeping with all that fresh realization of sorrow and desolation which comes with the first awakening from sleep after a great bereavement. Then she arose and tottered away from the bed, saying, "Lift the window, Jenny. I maun look on the hill o' my dream."

Jenny obeyed, and supported her mistress as she looked out on the lovely landscape, kindling in the light of an August morning. "Ah, Jenny," she said, "it is a' as I dreamed—the yellow corn on the hill-side, and the dark pines above—the soft blue of the sky—the clouds a' rosy and golden, and the glory o' the sunlight spread a' abroad, like the smile o' the Lord on this wicked and waefu' world. And,—look!—look! O, mercifu' God,—there are the bairns!"

This history, fortunately, has nothing to do with the terrible massacres and burnings which, a few months later, desolated Cherry Valley and the neighboring settlements. Mrs. Lindsay and her children were then safe in the city of New-York. Immediately on the close of the war they returned to their friends in Scotland.

Among the Highlands, Angus Lindsay lost his extreme delicacy of health, and with it, gradually, his mysterious faculty; yet he was ever singularly sensitive, thoughtful, and imaginative; and when he grew into manhood, though not recognized as a seer or a prophet, he was accorded a title which comprehended the greatest attributes of both—Poet.

Mrs. Lindsay returned to the family estate with her children; but the widow of her husband's friend was not deprived of her sad sanctuary, to which she had finally a dearer, if not a more sacred right, as the home of her daughter, the wife of Douglas Lindsay.

HOPE, FAITH, AND LOVE.

A MAGIC boat I saw afloat
On the stormy Sea of Life;
With pure bright brow, a child at the prow
Steer'd through the raging strife.

And 'mid the storm, that cherub form
Sang clearly, ceasing never:—
"Bright Hope will sail through the fiercest gale
On the Sea of Life forever!"

The boat sped on; the day was gone;
Dark clouds that child surrounded;
Yet like a star, it shone afar
As it ever onward bounded.

And higher grown, its alter'd tone
Sang firmly, faltering never:—
"Faith steers aright, through the blackest night,
On the Sea of Life forever."

Through perils dark, that magic bark
To its heavenly haven bounded;
And the child full-grown, like an angel shone,
Its brow with a crown surrounded,

And high it sung, with seraph tongue,
Its music ceasing never:—
"Love, shining bright, is the highest light
On the Sea of Life forever."

R. N. P. R.

THE DELUGE—ITS EXTENT AND ITS MEMORIALS.

HAD it not been for the use of letters, many of the great events now forming epochs in the world's history would, doubtless, have perished altogether from human memory. But we can well conceive that such a stupendous visitation as the destruction of the world by a flood of waters, would have left some imperishable traces of itself in the national traditions of mankind. For we well know that when written records fail as our guides up the historic stream of ancient nations and races, we find invaluable guidance in their mythologies, and in a comparison of their languages. Indeed, we may frequently, by following this apparently dim light, trace a people to their very fountain-head, and see them on the very soil which gave them birth; we may discover their primitive style of life, as agriculturists, as nomads, or as hunters, notwithstanding that they are now divided into many nations, each having its own distinctive national character and varied kind of civilization. Much also is enigmatically contained in the traditions and vocables of a people. Words in abundance are to be found among all the nations from the shores washed by the Atlantic to the Caspian Sea and the Persian Gulf—among that people belonging to the great Indo-Germanic race—which prove that they were originally nursed in the same district, and that their present diversities of tongues and dialects sprang from the same parent stem. *So* we apprehend that in many of the traditions, and, as some of the learned men have contended, in the mythologies cur-

rent among different people, vestiges are to be found of the deluge, an event which, at the first "moved" the soul of the pious patriarch with "fear," but afterward was the means of enlarging his acquaintance with God, and of strengthening his trust in his overruling goodness and love.

Our object will be, in the first instance, to ascertain what evidence we have of the fact of the deluge collateral with the sacred writings, and then to examine the question of its nature and extent.

I.

1. Invaluable evidence of the truth of the Scripture narrative is furnished by tradition. We might judge, *a priori*, that after the deluge, the great fact would be interwoven for ages with the thoughts which the postdiluvians entertained concerning God and his providential rule over the world; and that certain objects, standing most prominent in their recollection of the event—such as the ark, the water, the bow in the cloud, and perhaps the raven and the dove—would be clothed with a kind of sacred interest. At length, some of these might even have been worshiped, or, if they did not become actual objects of worship, might have been associated with their devotions.

We are assured by Mr. Bryant, in his "System of Ancient Mythology," that "men repaired (for worship) in the first ages either to lonely summits of mountains, or else to caverns and to rocks and hollows in the bosom of the earth, which they thought were the residence of the

gods. At the entrance of these they raised their altars and performed their vows. When they began to erect temples, they were still determined in their vicinity by these objects, which they comprehended within the limits of their inclosure. These melancholy recesses were esteemed the places of the highest sanctity; and so greatly did this notion prevail, that in after times, when the practice ceased, still the innermost part of the temple was denominated a cavern." Mr. Bryant attempts to show in his work, with much learned labor, that the primitive gods of Egypt were eight in number; that they were the eight persons who were saved in the ark; and that almost all the heathen deities had, one way or another, reference to Noah.

This writer was followed by Mr. Faber, who strives to make out, with no less learning and ingenuity than his predecessor, that Noah was worshiped in conjunction with the sun, and the ark with the moon; and that these were the principal deities among the heathen. These laborious researches into the mythologies of the East, of Greece and Rome, were pursued with a similar design by Davies among the Celtic races, with remarkable perseverance. The last laborer in this field was the Rev. J. V. Harcourt, whose "Doctrine of the Deluge" is more of a compilation from the preceding works than an original production. With respect to the general value of these works, excepting the latter, it may be remarked that they were written before any true principles had been applied to the study of ancient mythology, and before scarcely anything was known of the gods of Egypt. And more fatal still for these works, the science of comparative grammar not having been placed as yet upon a true scientific foundation, their etymologies are consequently entirely without value. These remarks apply almost equally to "The Doctrine of the Deluge," because its author has, without proper discrimination, followed the earlier works of Bryant, Faber, and Davies. Etymology and mythology are, however, the two pillars on which the huge fabric of these authors rest. Their labors have been severely criticised, and their theories pronounced improbable, from the absurdity of supposing that all antiquity should be so "mad after Noah and the ark."

It has, however, on the other hand, been the opinion of the most accomplished scholars of our day, that traces of the flood of waters are to be found mingled in various ways with the *traditions* of almost all ancient nations. Each national tradition having retained its own separate individuality, yet all at the same time possessing certain characteristics in common, are circumstances which prove an identity of origin, analogous to that unity of descent observable in the diversities of the human race itself. The traditions of which we speak are to be discovered among the Egyptians, the Hindoos, and the Persians; the Greeks and Romans; the Celtic and other northern tribes; as also among the Mexicans and Peruvians. We shall proceed to give a brief outline of some of these traditions, beginning with those found in the East, which are of deep interest to the historical student.

The remarkable account that follows has been handed down through two different channels. One of them is Abydenus, who extracted the main facts from the archives of the Medes and Babylonians, and whose account has been preserved by Eusebius. For the more full details, however, we are indebted to Berosius, who lived in the time of Alexander, and wrote a history of the Babylonians. He relates that a general deluge happened in the days of King Xisuthrus, who, like Noah, was the tenth in descent from the first created man.

"Warned in a dream by Chronus and Saturn of the approaching calamity, he was commanded to build an immense ship, and embark in it with his wife, his children, and his friends, having first furnished it with provisions, and put into it a number both of birds and four-footed animals. As soon as these preparations were completed the flood commenced, and the whole world perished beneath its waters. After it began to abate, Xisuthrus sent out some of the birds, which, finding neither food nor resting-place, returned immediately to the ship. In the course of a few days he again let out the birds, but they came back to him, having their feet covered with mud. The third time of his sending them they returned no more. Concluding from this that the flood was decreasing, and the earth again appearing, he made an aperture in the side of the vessel, and perceived that it was approaching a mountain, on which it soon after rested, when he descended with his family, adored the earth, built an altar, and sacrificed to the gods. Xisuthrus having suddenly disappeared, his family heard a voice in the air which informed them that the country was Armenia, and directed them to return to Babylon."

In the writings of Sir William Jones, we have the following version of the event as preserved among the Hindoos:—

"The demon Hayagriva having purloined the Vedas from the custody of Brahma, while he was reposing at the close of the sixth Manwantara, *the whole race of men became corrupt, except the seven Rishis*, and Satyavata, who then reigned in Dravira, a maritime region south of Carnata. This prince was performing his ablutions in the river Critamala, when Vishnu appeared to him in the shape of a fish, and thus addressed his amazed votary:—'In seven days all creatures which have offended me shall be destroyed by a deluge, but thou shalt be secure in a capacious vessel, miraculously formed. Take, therefore, all kinds of medicinal herbs, and esculent grain for food; and, together with the seven holy men, your respective wives, and pairs of all animals, enter the ark without fear. Thou shalt know God face to face, and all thy questions shall be answered.' Saying this he disappeared; and after seven days the ocean began to overflow the coasts, and the earth to be flooded by constant showers, when Satyavata, meditating on the Deity, saw a large vessel moving on the waters. He entered it, and Vishnu, in the form of a fish, suffered the vessel to be tied with a great sea-serpent, as with a cable, to his measureless horn. When the deluge ceased, Vishnu slew the demon, recovered the Vedas, and instructed Satyavata in divine knowledge."

Proceeding from the East, the source whence these ancient traditions were derived, we arrive at Greece, and there we meet with the celebrated flood of Deucalion. This ancient story possesses so many points of similarity to the great event recorded in the Scriptures, that we can scarcely doubt its being the same event preserved in both accounts. Deucalion was the son of Prometheus. He was king in Phthia. His wife was Pyrrha. After the ill treatment which Zeus had received from Lycaon, he resolved to destroy the wicked race of men upon the earth. Prometheus entreated Deucalion to build a ship, and carry into it stores of food. When Zeus sent a flood all over Hellas, which destroyed all its inhabitants, Deucalion and his wife alone were saved. The ship floated about for nine days, after which it landed on Mount Parnassus. Some accounts, however, state that a few other persons were likewise saved. When the waters had abated, Deucalion offered sacrifice to Zeus Phyxius, or the helper of fugitives; and, after this act of worship, Zeus sent Hermes to him to promise that he would grant any wish which Deucalion might make known. He prayed that God would restore the race of men. The tradition adds, that while Deucalion and his wife were in the sanctuary of Themis, the goddess bade them cover their heads as they walked away from the temple, and throw the bones of their mother behind them as they went along. They were greatly perplexed as to the signification of this singular request. They at length interpreted it to mean that they were to throw stones behind them, the earth being frequently called their mother. When they proceeded to obey the goddess, according to this explanation of her request, those stones which were thrown by Deucalion sprang up into men, while those which were thrown by his wife were converted into women.

Though the preceding account of Deucalion's flood differs in many particulars from that of the sacred historian, yet the points of agreement are very remarkable. Both coincide in representing the deluge as a punishment of sin from God—in the salvation of a pair of human beings—in the ship or ark as a means of preservation—its resting upon a mountain—and in the sacrifice offered to God after the removal of the waters. Indeed, in most of these circumstances, *all* the traditions agree with more or less precision. And these points of agreement are the more important since they are almost the only incidents in which naturalness is preserved in the traditional accounts; while the discrepancies, on the other hand, are exactly those which are evidently the additions of human fancy. These latter being a departure from fact, there consequently could be no agreement among them. Strabo relates, that near the coasts of Phthistis there are two small islands of the name of Deucalion and Phthia. The author of "The Doctrine of the Deluge" would tell us that this was in commemoration of the fact that the ark, or mountain on which the ark rested, was surrounded by the waters of the deluge like an island. We must leave it to the judgment of our readers whether or not to accept such an interpretation of this circumstance, and numerous similar facts. To us, the whole theory which led Mr. Harcourt to attach such a meaning to this fact seems too fanciful, and the evidence on which it rests too uncertain to warrant belief.

Let us now leave the old world in quest of what is to be discovered among the tribes of the new. And we shall be

gratified by finding here some remarkable traces of this great catastrophe. The resemblance which these vestiges bear to those we found among the peoples of the old continents, serves to show that the inhabitants of the old and new worlds must have been nourished on the same soil, as members of the same original family, although they are now separated by vast seas and lands. In different parts of Mexico, the tradition varies in many of its particulars. Among some of the tribes, paintings are to be found representing the deluge. Some accounts state that a vulture was sent out of the ship, and that this bird, which preys upon dead flesh, did not return on account of the great number of dead carcasses with which the earth was strewed after it was dried from the deluge. It is further stated in some versions of the story, that a humming-bird alone, out of many that were sent from the ship, returned with a branch covered with leaves in its beak. These birds differ from those mentioned in the Scripture narrative, but the change is naturally enough made from birds unknown to such as are well known where the tradition prevails. These details were made known first by Pedro de los Rios, a Dominican monk, who in 1566 copied all the hieroglyphical paintings of Mexico he could procure. More recently they have been examined afresh by Humboldt.

The last distinguished traveler relates that, on the savannas bounded by the Cassiquiare, the Oronoko, and the Rio Negro, there is now scarcely a trace of human habitation; yet rude figures representing the sun, the moon, and different animals, are traced in the hardest rocks of granite. These carvings demonstrate the existence of tribes long since removed. By his intercourse with the natives themselves, and with intelligent missionaries, Humboldt learned that similar figures upon rocks abounded through a large district of the country, particularly on the whole of the Eucaramada range of rocks. He says:—

"The nations of the Tamanac race, who were the ancient inhabitants of these countries, have a *local* mythology and tradition relating to these sculptured rocks. Amalivaca, the father of Tamanac, that is, the Creator of the human race, (for every nation regards itself, as the root of the other nations,) arrived in a barque against the mountains of Eucaramada in the interior of the land. All mankind, or, to express myself better, all the Tamanacs, were drowned, with the exception of one man and one woman, who saved themselves in a mountain near the banks of the Asiveru, called Cuchivero by the Spaniards. This mountain is the Ararat of the Armenian or Semitic nations, and the Tlaloe of the Mexicans. Amalivaca, sailing in his barque, engraved the figures of the sun and the moon on the *pointed rock* of Eucaramada. Some blocks of granite piled upon one another and forming a kind of cavern, are still called the *house* or *dwelling* of the great forefather of the Tamanacs."

The Tamanacs account for the repeopling of the earth by saying that a man and a woman saved themselves in the time of the great flood on a high mountain, called Tamanacu, situated on the banks of the Asiveru, and casting behind them, over their heads, the fruit of the mauritia palm-tree, saw the seed contained in those fruit produce the men and women who repeopled the earth.

We conceive that these traditions of antiquity, which might easily be multiplied, collected from the most widely separated races of mankind, point with the highest degree of probability, and may we not say certainty, to that great event which is recorded in our sacred Scriptures. The recent researches of Wilkinson, Lepsius, and Bunsen, have shown that Osiris, Thoth, and other Egyptian deities, are not, as have been asserted, different names for Noah; and that in the mysteries connected with their worship there is no reference whatever to the ark and to the flood. These deities are symbols of cosmological ideas, and of religious sentiments, which lie far deeper in the nature of man than the mere remembrance of the deluge. Thus the arguments of Mr. Bryant and his followers are rendered nugatory. But our reasonings, drawn from *traditions*, remain unshaken. We conclude this branch of our subject with the deeply suggestive words of Humboldt, which will be highly interesting to every thoughtful mind:—

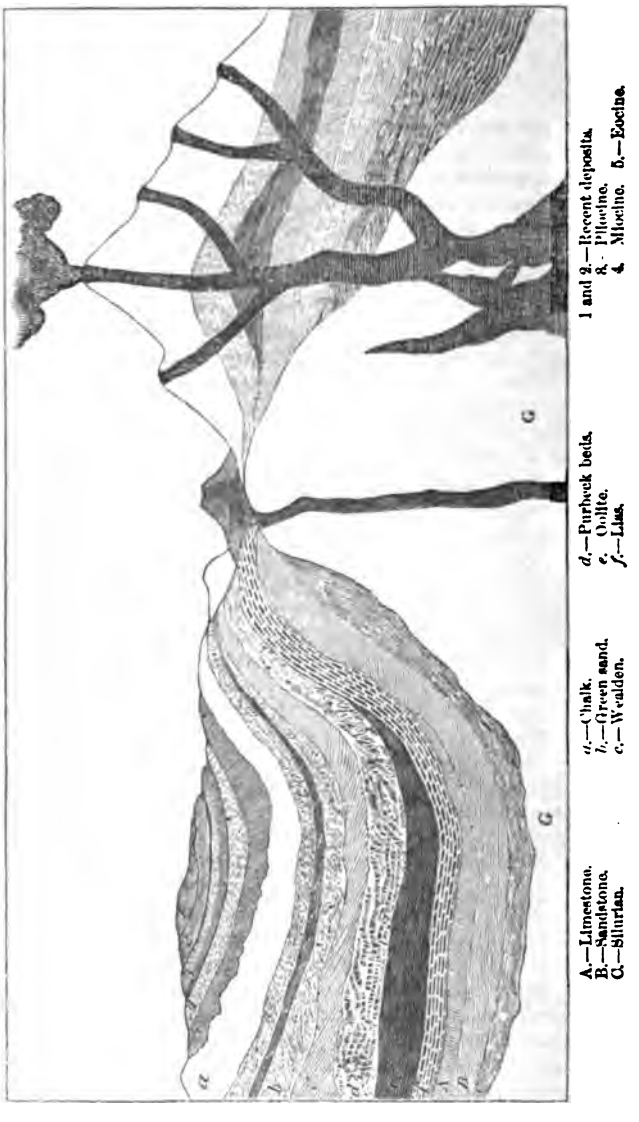
"Like certain families of the vegetable kingdom, which, notwithstanding the diversity of climate and the influence of heights, retain the impression of a common type, these traditions of nations display everywhere the same physiognomy, and preserve features of resemblance that fill us with astonishment. How many different tongues, belonging to branches that appear completely distinct, transmit to us the same fact! The bases of the traditions concerning races that are destroyed, and the renewal of nature, scarcely vary, though every nation gives them a local coloring. In the great continents, as in the smallest islands of

the Pacific Ocean, it is always on the loftiest and nearest mountain that the remains of the human race have been saved; and this event appears the more recent in proportion as the nations are uncultivated, and as the knowledge they have of their own existence has not a very remote date."

2. *Are there any traces of the action of the Deluge upon the existing surface of the Earth?* This question brings before us greater difficulties than any we as yet have had to encounter. While examining into the traces of the deluge among the traditions of antiquity, we found the opinions of the learned were in harmony with popular notions and theories. On entering, however, upon the investigation of the *physical* traces of the same event upon the surface and conformation of our globe, while we find the most perfect agreement among men of science—who alone are competent to form a correct opinion upon the subject—we fear that the popular mind is not at present fully prepared to hear their verdict. Until lately, it was usual, even with men of science to ascribe ALL *the organic fossil remains* which were occasionally dug out of the earth to the action of the deluge. How otherwise, in the imperfect state of knowledge which then prevailed, could they account for the existence of marine shells on the tops of the highest mountains, and far away from the ocean? or for the remains of animals of tropical climes embedded in the rocks of polar regions? They saw the evident action of water. *What* water could it be, if it were not that of the universal deluge? They proceeded a step further in their hasty conclusions. Many of these remains were taken from very great depths below the surface of the earth; it was, therefore, asserted that the earth, almost to its center, had been disturbed by violent convulsions and upheavings beneath the waters, and by forcing eddies and rushing torrents. But when men ceased to theorize upon what they imagined to be fact, and betook themselves to the calm investigation of the phenomena, they found that these various deposits could not have been produced by any such violent convulsions as they had previously supposed; for the utmost *order* prevails in the deposits of shells and other remains. The various specimens of a cabinet are not more methodically and precisely arranged than are the successive strata of the earth. These must, therefore, have been formed by agencies which were slow and orderly in their operation. Nor is this order confined to such as lie near the surface; but it extends to the very lowest beds. These strata, it has been estimated, extend to the thickness of six miles in depth! The calculation has been conducted upon such a principle, that the result is no doubt tolerably near to the truth.

It must be understood that the various strata lie superimposed the one upon the other, like piles of books; or are arranged in concentric layers, similar to the flakes of an onion. Geologists divide the fossiliferous strata into three general periods: the *primary*, which is the oldest and lowest; the *secondary*, or intermediate; and the *tertiary*, or upper formation. Each of these consists of numerous subdivisions. Now it is a remarkable fact, that wherever these have been examined—and this has been the case in numerous parts of the globe—these series of stratification always occur in precisely the same order of succession. For the sake of making our remarks intelligible to our unscientific readers, we have given a kind of ideal section of the earth's crust. In this it may be seen how the different strata rest upon their foundation of granite —one of the unstratified rocks. Let A, B, C, represent three principal strata of the *primary; a, b, c, d, e, f*, six of the more common of the *secondary;* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, five of the *tertiary* periods; then, as we are informed by the geologist, there *never* is any transposition of this order of arrangement. That is to say, not only is C never in the place of *a*, or *f* in the place of 2 or 3; but 3 never precedes 4, or *c, d;* and so we might observe of all the possible changes of the rest. Sometimes, indeed, a particular stratum is missing; but the *disposition* of the series, when found, is always the same. It will be palpable, therefore, to the common sense of our readers, that if these deposits of strata, together with their fossil organic remains, had been formed by such violent agitations and upheavings as were once supposed to have attended the Noachian deluge, this orderly arrangement could never have taken place.

From an inspection of our section of the earth's crust, the reader may learn the manner by which the thickness of these various strata has been estimated. Each



of the formations, from the highest to the lowest, in some parts of the globe, has been forced up to the surface by the violence of volcanic action; and the measurement of these, as they have presented their thickness to the surface, raised from their natural horizontal position to every degree of inclination to the perpendicular, has afforded a basis for calculation more or less correct. When we consider, therefore, this orderly deposition of strata, and that it extends in thickness to the depth of six miles over the whole globe, we may well ask whether it is *possible* that this could have been the work of one universal deluge, lasting only twelve months.

After the phenomena presented in the substance of the earth's crust ceased to be regarded by scientific men as proofs of the general deluge, ample evidence of its effects was still thought to be left on the surface of the earth, in what was called *diluvium* or *drift*—consisting of sand, gravel, and boulders. This deposit lies

immediately under the *alluvium* or surface-soil. It was as recently as 1823 that Dr. Buckland published his celebrated work, entitled *Reliquæ Diluvianæ*, for the purpose of vindicating the truth of the Mosaic account, from a consideration of the present condition of the earth's surface. In the summing up of the evidence brought forward in the body of his work, he enumerates ten or twelve classes of facts which he had observed, and which, to his mind, at the time, afforded insurmountable evidence of the truth of the deluge. "These facts," he says, "establish the universality of a recent inundation of the earth, as no difficulties or objections that have hitherto arisen are in any way sufficient to overrule." As many of his reasonings would make too great a demand upon the scientific knowledge of some of our readers, we shall venture to state only two of the most important.

The first proof is drawn from "the immense deposits of gravel that occur occasionally on the summit of hills, and almost universally in the valleys over the whole earth, in situations to which no torrents or rivers, that are now in operation, could ever have drifted them." As an example of this class of facts, we may mention those huge blocks of granite which have been transported from the height of Mont Blanc to the Jura Mountains. These could not have been moved from their parent mountain, which is the highest in Europe, had not that mountain been below the level of the water by which they were so transported.

The second proof is derived from the nature of the gravel, which is composed of the wreck of the neighbouring hills, and fragments apparently transported from distant regions. Professor Sedgwick has ascertained that the gravel on the summit of Gogmagog Hills, near Cambridge, England, and on the hills in the vicinity of Bedford, as well as that in the valleys, contain not only the wreck of chalk shells, but also fragments of almost every formation that occurs in England; among them he found the joint of a basaltic pillar, between one and two feet long!

Thus we have seen, by this brief review, one theory after another in succession displaced, as knowledge and science have advanced. First, *all* the strata of the earth, from the highest to the lowest, with their vegetable and animal remains—even after it became known that these extended to a vast depth beneath the surface of the earth—were almost universally looked upon as effects of the waters of the deluge. And although it seems to us almost incredible that scholars and *savans* have conceived that the waters of the deluge could have deposited their traces so deeply in the earth's interior, and that they could have left shells and bones embedded in the hardest rocks; yet a vague supposition of currents and upheavings enabled them to silence alike the objections of others, and such as must have arisen in their own minds. This theory at length gave place to a second, which was advocated by Sharon Turner and others. By this it was supposed that the *primary* and *secondary* series were formed during the period intervening between the creation and the deluge, and that the *tertiary* formation alone was to be ascribed to the flood. As this theory was open to all the objections of the first, and introduced new ones, it did not gain much acceptance. A third, which seemed to be based upon a scientific induction of facts, was regarded for a time as ultimate. This was the theory of *drift* or *diluvium*, as expounded by Dr. Buckland and other eminent men. But this was finally abandoned; and the verdict has now been given, that *no* traces of the action of the waters of the deluge are to be discovered on the general surface of the globe. Our readers will naturally inquire, If the quantities of drift scattered over such large portions of the earth, are not the effects of the universal deluge, to what agency are they to be ascribed? It would lead us too far astray from our subject, if we were to attempt to reply to this question. We refer those who desire information on this matter to the works on geology by Lyell, Richardson, and others.

We shall continue the subject in our next, showing the opinions of divines and other authorities.

THE GRASS-TREE.—Not far off we saw the grass-trees, but only the dwarf ones, splendidly in flower. The flower is on a rod of two or three feet high, which rises perpendicularly from the center of the grass-tree, and surrounds some half a yard of it in the manner of the flower of the club-rush, but white, and the florets resembling those of the water tussilago.—*Howitt's Land, Labor, and Gold.*

[For the National Magazine.]

EAST INDIAN POETRY—FEMALE POETS.

IT is undoubtedly true that those literary monuments which obtain the greatest and most durable popularity are poetical works, and more particularly those short poems which are remarkable for their energetic simplicity, but still more for the musical airs that fix them in the memory of the people. This kind of songs, which are not necessarily written, or what writing and tradition both save from oblivion, are the only ones which can be appreciated by the mass of the people. They are designated as popular songs, and they necessarily present the reflection of the popular faith, manners, and language, and under this triple point of view they deserve the attention of the philosopher and the *savant*. The popular songs of India, that is, those in the languages of Hindoo and Hindoostanee, are not less interesting than those of other nations, and they are not inferior in a poetical comparison. Some of them are chanted in the Brahminical or Mussulman gatherings; others are sung in the harems or zananas, or in the markets and public places. They have them for all seasons of the year, and also for different occupations, and the latter often contain a kind of onomatopœia expressive of the singer's employment. Even the redoubtable robbers of India, called *thugs* or *phansegars*, have their characteristic songs. Captain Sleeman, in his history of these fearful banditti, mentions one of their invocations:—

"Kali, Kalkatta wâli térâ backa na jâwé khâli!"

"O Kali, protectress of Calcutta, let not thy promise be in vain!"

These songs occupy an important place in Indian literature. The present selection from among them excludes many which appeared somewhat free in expression; among these are those called *galê* or *injure*, which are sung at their weddings, and at the time of their *poli* or Indian carnival. Many were too insignificant to deserve attention, and many others were found untranslatable on account of the changes produced by their play upon words, or the obscurity arising from the multiplicity of ridiculous and exaggerated metaphors, particularly in the Mussulman songs. Much of the beauty of some of their most popular songs is derived from the rhyme or the rhythmical repetitions, which, though charming in the original, cannot be rendered in another language. Several songs relative to peculiarly Eastern games have also been omitted. The principal merit of the present collection is that it is composed of selections translated from the original for the first time, with the exception of a very few specimens.

It has been remarked that the authors of popular songs are usually unknown. This, however, is not quite true in India. In many Hindoo songs, and in most Mussulman ones, it is customary to have the poet's name in the last verse or strophe. Several of these, which are here translated, are from authors whose names are more popular than their writings. Among others are those of the Hindoo reformers Kabir and Nanak, and the blind Lurdas. The poems of the latter have a great reputation in India, and many of his *hischæpad* and other hymns are sung at the present day. They are generally devoted to the praises of Wischnu or Krischna, expressed in an obscure manner and in words which, having fallen into disuse, are not found in the dictionaries. Most of them are Indian words written in Persian characters, which increases the difficulty of making them intelligible.

Among the Mussulmans are Khusran, Wali, Sauda, and the musician Zan-Sen, who has not only contributed to popularize the compositions of others, but who is himself the author of several poems still in use. Khusran wrote in the thirteenth century. Several of the other writers belong to the sixteenth century, and these names fix definitely the date of the extracts which will be quoted. Some of them have been composed in more modern times, and there are also those which belong to a still more ancient date. Among the Rajpoute tribes there are Hindoo songs still in use which can unquestionably be traced back to the twelfth century. It was at the time that Chaud, the Homer of Rajasthan, wrote his historic poems, the dialect of which probably served as a transition-medium between the Sanscrit and the more modern Hindoo; but unfortunately only a few isolated verses of these ancient songs have been preserved to us. These historical compositions are doubtless the most important examples of Oriental poetry, but we find few of them

existing, particularly in Central India. Tod, in his curious "Annals of Rajasthan," quotes a couple of stanzas, which are interesting only on account of their reference to known historical events.

The same author, in his travels in Western India, speaks of a minstrel who sang before him several stanzas of the *bardais*, or bards of the olden time. These bards also sang at the commencement of their battles warlike hymns known as *kar-kha*. They had particular positions in the army, and during the evolutions of the troops they inspired them with their energetic songs. These bards are still found occasionally among the native armies. Like the muezzins of the mosques, their voices are so strong that they are heard above the tramp of the cavalry, and they produce such an effect upon the soldiery, that after hearing the exciting strains they charge upon the enemy with infuriated ardor.

Hindoo and Hindoostanee, Brahminical and Mussulman songs may be arranged in three distinct classes. The first may be called the religious and mythological, the second the erotic and mystical-erotic, and the third the ethnological, or those which relate to customs peculiar to India.

There is a great variety of versification in properly Hindoo songs. First comes the *Pad*, which is equivalent to the Mussulman *Gazal*, a short poem of twelve lines at the most, with the same rhyme, containing the poet's name in the closing line. If the *Pad* is addressed to Wischnu, it is called a *Wischnupad*; if it commemorates the incarnation of this god, under the name of Rama, it is a *Rampad*. The *Zappa* is a little love-song of two hemistichs, the last of which is repeated at the end in a ritornello.

The *Kabit* is another poem of four lines, much used for religious songs. The *Thumri* is a poem composed of a small number of hemistichs; it is a particular favorite in the *zananas* or women's apartments. The *Dhurpad* is another poem composed of five hemistichs upon the same rhyme, but it is confined to no particular subject. The *Malar*, on the contrary, always alludes to the rainy season; the *Domra* and *Kahrwa* are appropriated to the dances whose names they bear; and the *Hindola* is always accompanied by the balancing of the see-saw, a diversion of which the Indians are passionately fond.

These songs, peculiar to the Mussulmans, are the *Gazal*, already mentioned, and the *Marsiya*, or lament upon Mussulman martyrs, and particularly elegiac variations upon Hucain, the son of Ali, and grandson of Mohammed, their favorite saint, and the object of special worship.

Among the mixed songs which are indifferently used by the Hindoos and Mussulmans are the *Hari* or Holi, a song of the Indian carnival, from which it takes its name; the *Khiyal*, an erotic poem, with a refrain, which is always written as if sung by a woman. There is also a poem called, in Hindoo, *Badhawa*, and in Persian, *Mubarak-Bad*, which is used as an epithalamium, as sung at the birth of children, and other joyful events.

Besides the song-writers already mentioned, there are several others, among the most distinguished of whom is Tulcidas, the author of a Ramayana as celebrated as that of Valmiki, and more popular than his; Rasrang, who rivals Zan-Sen as a musician, and whose popular songs are diffused throughout India. Ram-Prasad is the author of a religious work which is much admired by the Hindoo dissidents, and his songs are sung everywhere by them.

Among Mussulman writers is found the name of Jawan, the author of a "Poem of Twelve Months," which has been compared to the "Fasti" of Ovid. The Grand Mogul, Schah-Alam II., is also a well-known author under the name of Aftab; as was also Açaf Uddaula, the Nadab of Aoude, who reigned at the close of the last century. Dard and Hasrat are two celebrated scholars, as well as fertile and distinguished writers. Inscha has not only written in Hindoostanee, his maternal tongue, but also in Turkish, the language of his ancestors, and in Persian and Arabic, which are to the Mussulmans of India very nearly what the Latin and Greek are to us.

It will be surprising to many in the civilized nations of the Western world to learn that there have been, and there are at the present day, female poets in India, not only among the Hindoos, but among the Mussulmans. Without mentioning ancient or Sanscrit India, we find in modern India, in the common language of the country, female poets of remarkable talent, who have enjoyed a great reputation among their countrymen. Indeed, more than one *hegam* has sent forth from

the depths of her *zanana* or harem, charming verses, which have been repeated by the people, and sung in the markets and on the public places.

Mirâ Bâi, that is to say Madam Mirâ, is one of the oldest of the modern female poets of India, and she certainly has the first rank in this feminine group. She was the daughter and wife of a king, and the founder of a Hindoo sect still in existence, which bears her name. The Bhaktamâl, or "The Life of Hindoo Saints," gives us the details of her legends, to which nothing is wanting but a definite date. Her poems are hymns which assert the doctrine of justification by faith, without works of penance. They are sung by the believers in her opinions.

"In order to abandon herself entirely to the worship of Krischna, Mirâ," says a popular song, "renounced all worldly considerations and all family ties. Though she lived in the Kaliyug, (age of iron,) she manifested as sincere a love for Krischna as that of the Gopies, those examples of perfected humanity saved by the incarnation of this deity. She sang the glory of her God with spiritual freedom, but without any excitement. The wicked plotted against her, and wished her death; but their efforts were vain. The poison which she drank was changed into ambrosia."

The legendary biography of Mirâ is only the development of this popular song. The reader is told that from her infancy Mirâ maintained, in her father's house, a devoted worship to a statue of Krischna, to whom she vowed her love. At her marriage, when she was about to leave her paternal home, to follow her husband, she wished to take her beloved idol with her. Her mother consented, and the figure was placed with her box in the palanquin, which she ascended. Her mother-in-law came forth to meet the bridal procession with singing, to the sound of musical instruments; she conducted Mirâ to the temple of the goddess Durga, for the performance of the *perja;* but Mirâ refused to sacrifice, saying that she bowed her head only before Krischna, and she recited some verses upon the occasion, of which the following is a specimen:—

"They may tear out my tongue, but I shall not cease to pronounce the name of Krischna, for he alone inspires me with wisdom.

"The heart which is consumed by love at last finds under the lotus the footsteps of the god whose print it has sought."

Notwithstanding the entreaties of her mother-in-law, Mirâ did not perform the perja. Her husband, the king, was so afflicted with the part she had taken, that he did not receive her into his palace, but provided her a separate residence. Mirâ, however, was contented with this arrangement, and she gave herself up with more assiduity than ever to her devotion to Krischna, conformably to the new doctrine of the *Sadhs* (pietists) which she had adopted. Her sister-in-law came to remonstrate with her. She said to her, "My sister, if you continue to associate with the Sadhs, both families will be dishonored. The world will ridicule your father and your father-in-law." She replied: "I cannot remove myself from the Sadhs; my life is bound up with theirs." The king was so incensed with this reply, when it was repeated to him, that he sent her a cup full of deadly poison. Mirâ drank it fearlessly, but it had no effect upon her. The Indian narrator, in speaking of this event, says: "Poison is not always poison, and ambrosia is not always ambrosia. The will of God can change poison into ambrosia, and ambrosia into poison."

The king, thus defeated in his project for her destruction, ordered a strict watch to be kept over her. One day the spy, who was constantly at her heels, announced to the king that Krischna was manifesting himself to Mirâ. The monarch hastened with his drawn sword and cut down the door which concealed her; but he found Mirâ alone, and he returned to his palace, covered with confusion.

Mirâ finally separated entirely from the king; she even left the kingdom, and retired to Dwarika, where she dwelt in a temple dedicated to Krischna. Here she chanted her own verses to her beloved deity in strains like the following:—

"Ah! my beloved, accept the affection which thou knowest is thine! I desire no other favor from thee than the gift of thyself. Through my fastings by day, and my sleeplessness by night, I am constantly growing weaker. O, beloved Krischna! abandon me not, now that thou hast permitted my approach."

At last the king of Mirta, in Ajnier, the husband of Mirâ, became converted, and repented of the injuries he had committed against this extraordinary woman.

Another distinguished female, who rivaled Mirâ Bai in her poetical talent as well as in her piety, was Karma-Bâi, whose songs form a large part of the canonical collection of the Sikhs called Sambhû-Granth.

Another female poet of the same epoch was Ratnawati, the beloved wife of a Hindoo chief who was conquered by Scher-Schak, and put to death by his orders. The brave warrior, when attacked in his tent, knowing that he must perish himself, killed his beautiful and intellectual companion. But the furious Scher-Schak, not satisfied with this cruelty, ordered his three sons to be mutilated, and his daughter to be given to the jugglers. This occurred about the year 1528.

In modern times it is rather the Mussulman women who cultivate Indian poetry: the idea is erroneous that they seek to please their husbands by mere physical beauty. Some, doubtless, are entirely occupied thus; but many of them improve their minds, not only by the study of music, but also of literature. It must not be forgotten that Mussulman India has produced several queens as distinguished as their most celebrated kings. It is true that the women of India have greater facilities for acquiring knowledge than other women of the East. They have in their possession translations of the principal Arabian and Persian works, both sacred and profane. Newspapers even penetrate the depths of their retreats; for in India there are several periodicals written in the common language, whose editors do not usually improve the opportunity (which, however, they sometimes employ) of attacking the government, but rather aim at the diffusion of useful knowledge and the cause of female education against old Indian prejudices, thus introducing Christian ideas without avowing Christianity.

The Mohammedan women of India can read the Koran, for it is translated into the common language. In this respect they have a great advantage over the Turkish women, who have it only in Arabic, which is seldom understood. They also celebrate a festival in the harem, which serves to excite their religious sentiments and to develop their taste for poetry. It is the *fête* of Hucain, grandson of Mohammed; for ten days they assemble to hear the recital of his martyrdom, and to sing *marciyas* or laments of their own composing. There are many collections of these songs in the common language. The following is one of the most popular:—

"Heaven and earth wept for thy death; the mind and the heart were alike crushed; the soul itself was poured out in tears.

"O Hucain, son of Ali! at the remembrance of thy ardent thirst, the bosom of the mountain opens, and abundance of water flows forth.

"The world—the mystery of those words, *Let it be, and it was*—is like a body of which thou art the soul; it also is drowned in tears, remembering thy agony.

"What! shall not we, inhabitants of earth, put on mourning when the archangel Rizwan bows his head, and when the garden of Paradise is wet with tears?

"Not only should our eyes stream with tears, but our hearts should offer their life-blood in commemoration of this great calamity, which afflicts even the dwellers in Paradise.

"Adam, Noah, Abraham, (the friend of God,) Moses, and Jesus, have resigned themselves to grief; Gabriel himself, who knows the secrets of eternal truth, has shed tears.

"The members of the family of Mohammed have filled the air with such lamentations that all things have wept; the stones even are dissolved.

"How is the noble family of the prophet brought to desolation! The burning deserts and the highest mountains are alike inundated with tears."

The Mussulman women are not, however, satisfied with the composition of elegies alone; they frequently produce *gazals* and other poems of greater length and merit. Among these authors may be mentioned Dulhan-Begam, who has written some fine Hindoostanee poetry, as has also her royal husband, Nadab of Aoude. Her writings are often pathetic, which seems to be the character of her mind. Here are a few of her verses:—

"In the garden of the world I am a fair flower; but like the tulip, I bear in my breast traces of a wound.

"Blood, mixed with water, flows to my eyes, and pours itself out in gushing tears.

"Why ask if I be preserved in health? To each one of my veins is applied the lancet of grief without my knowing either why or how.

"*Life slowly leaves my heart like a caravan marching into the darkness.*"

Ganna-Begam, wife of a vizier of Ahmad-Scha, is another female author, no less celebrated for her beauty than for her talent, which is remarkable in brilliant and ready *repartees*. She unites a fine education with her natural abilities, having studied under Saudâ, Soy, and Minnat, the most distinguished cotemporary poets

of Delhi. Her poetry resembles theirs, and is very popular among the natives.

Dilbar, surnamed *Choti-Begam*, or "the Little Lady," has acquired a name among the poets of her time. An Indian biographer describes her thus:—

"She is beautiful and charming, pleasant to the soul, and of sweet manners; her breath, like that of the Messiah, dispels grief. Her face shines as with the light of the sun, but is gentle as the moon. Her skin is like silver; her chin is a beautiful crystal; her port is majestic, her step noiseless and graceful, and her words are delicious. What more shall I say? It is as difficult to describe her beauty as her wonderful eloquence."

The poems of Chanda, (moon,) called Mah-Sica, (face of the moon,) queen of Haiderabad, recall the impassioned strains of Sappho. The following song is an example of her style:—

"My heart was intoxicated by the glance of a luminous eye; I was beside myself, wandering at random like one abandoned to grief.

"Thy burning eyes devour all that they behold; thy face, which wears the light of fire, has consumed my heart.

"As my eyes gaze on thy countenance my soul trembles, my heart beats loudly.

"All that Chanda desires is that in both worlds she may be near to thee; she with the tender heart."

Many of the simple Bayadères are women of good acquirements and poetic talent: such is Moti, (pearl,) of Delhi, beloved of Martul, a distinguished Hindoostanee poet. She is the author of several graceful and elegant gazals; also Jan, (life,) or rather Jan-Sahib, (Mrs. Jan,) of Farrukhâbâd. We learn from some original biographies that she applied herself to music and literature in childhood, that she mastered the Persian language, and read the Gulistân, the Bostân, and the Bahâr-Danisch, but that Hindoostanee poetry was her favorite study. In 1847, when twenty-six years old, she published a *Dirman*,—a collection of her poems,—which was much admired by her literary cotemporaries, and acquired for her great renown, particularly at Lakhnan, where she resides. Her poems are skillfully managed, and are marked by delicate and ingenious pleasantries. But the most remarkable in this last category of female poets is Zinat, of Delhi, who is as celebrated for her genius as for her love to Mir-Mustahsan Kalic, who is the son of Mir Haçan, the author of Sihrulbayan, and one of the most distinguished poets of modern India. The most admired of her poems is the following gazal, addressed to her lover when he left for the army:—

"Lovers do not leave the street of their mistress; but while all others weary me with love, you alone are cruel.

"If you never left me, no, not for a moment, could I then suspect your fidelity?

"My sad cries pierce heaven; but the proud emir who has betrayed my heart, does he hearken to my laments?

"When the cup-bearer brings me rose-colored wine, and a perfumed zephyr lies in the air, intoxication quickly veils my eyes.

"The rose asks why, since I have my reason, I blame her sweet influence, which intoxicates me?

"The pallor of my cheeks is to me a sign of death; but she who is ready to stake her life for love, can she fear death?

"Alas! he does not return. Why fix my eyes on the road? It is all in vain.

"And this is the emir who, having distinguished me in an assembly of beautiful women, cried, 'Henceforth I will never leave thee!'

"Then I arose, inwardly saying, 'If I speak to another, he will die of jealousy.'

"And now what can I do but search for him far and wide? Yet in spite of my violent love, I dare not take this dangerous step."

These specimens will suffice, perhaps more than suffice, for most of our readers. They are genuine expressions of the universal passion, and they are genuinely poetic. Anacreon and Sappho would not have despised some of them. Our design, however, in giving them here, is to show a development of Hindoo thought, supposed by very few among us to exist in that barbarous land, especially among its women, whose intellectual position is so generally degraded. We shall reserve for another paper more varied specimens of the Indian poetry.

SIX BETTER THAN NINE.—In the meridian of his reputation, Hook was incessantly worried by Albina, Countess of Buckingham, with cards for "coffee at nine o'clock," but never with an invitation for the more genial hour of six, at which last-mentioned hour the dinner on her ladyship's table was most punctually served. It may be supposed he never accepted the invitation for nine, and, to avoid their continuous recurrence for the future, returned an answer to the last: "Mr. Hook presents his compliments to the Countess of Buckingham, and has the honor to inform her ladyship that he makes it an invariable rule to take his coffee where he dines."—*Richardson's Recollections.*

IMPRESSIONS OF TRAVEL IN FRANCE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

IN our last article we referred to the absence of beggary in much of France: it is a "new feature" of the country. It much improves the general "countenance" of the nation, unquestionably; but that it indicates an equal absence of want and suffering is doubtful. Mendicity is legally prohibited in many departments. The interdict is inscribed on the sign-boards of the street-corners. Poverty must therefore skulk aside, or disguise itself in some fantastic form of humor or legerdemain—an artifice sad enough when associated with misfortune and wretchedness, but quite agreeable to French taste. Nothing, indeed, is more melancholy here to a stranger than the broken, subdued, and sometimes gasping voices of decrepid men or women, uttering, in the court-yards or at the porticos, humorous songs as appeals for charity. The humor of the ditty cannot disguise the broken heart; and the brow, smitten with prolonged sorrow, cannot yield the accompaniment of a smile to the comical strain. And when poor little withered children are heard, quite into the weary night, pleading thus for bread, or for suffering ones at home, one feels that the comedy of French life is, after all, the same sad tragedy that humanity enacts everywhere.

Our Protestant blood has bubbled quite up to the boiling point, several times, at one fact here, in connection with this matter of mendicity; namely, that while poverty and misfortune are driven into close quarters, quite out of sight, or compelled to disguise their sorrows under comical grimaces, the priests have really taken possession of the vacated field, and ecclesiastical mendicity is rife everywhere. At every door, at almost every pillar in the churches, the appeal is made to you for "*Charité, s'il vous plait!*" This is not the case in the poorer or suburban churches merely, but in the most magnificent and opulent temples—at Notre Dame, the Madeleine, the Pantheon, St. Sulpice. The latter is especially fervent and multiform in inculcations of the duty. Little "troncs" hang almost everywhere against the pillars and the walls, with beseeching inscriptions that you would remember such and such a beneficent design—the repair of the adjacent side chapel; the purchase of a "reliquary" for the better preservation of the toe of Saint Somebody, or the ear of the martyr somebody else. The honest foreigner may stand, scratching his head, in devout thoughtfulness for hours, if he please, before these "troncs," to recall the historical claims of the defunct saint; but it will usually be in vain. Most of them are known only to the initiated, and to them only as crazy legends which people the preternatural world with ridiculous fantasies. If he evades the "tronc," let him beware how he attempts to relieve his eye with the pictures in the side chapels. The chances are, that the very first one repeats the appeal of the "tronc" with an eloquence before which his terrified soul will stand aghast. On the pillar by his side, the "tronc" beseeches charity that "masses" may be purchased for souls in purgatory. On the picture, alas! he sees the poor souls themselves (as real as paint can make them) driven over the fiery wall, pursued by demons; while stooping angels, weeping over the scene, seem incapable of relieving them till the solicited charity is accorded. Some of these pictures are absolutely intolerable. The mob of the next revolution would pay a homage to humanity and religion by tearing them down. They sometimes represent families—widows and orphan children—bending with desolation over the open graves of their dead, while the departed soul shrinks away into the abyss of fiery suffering. Such attempts to wring from the heart of sorrow itself the pittance of charity—often the pittance of poverty—are a refinement of priestly cruelty and imposture which the good sensibility, if not the good sense of the people ought to indignantly forbid.

Some of these "troncs" plead for charity in behalf of the poor. We will not suppose that they are not honestly used for the purpose; but it would certainly look better if they were not associated with so many sheerly ecclesiastical designs, and with legendary pretensions, the transparent imposture of which the most determined credulity can hardly deny. Many of the Parisian priests are learned men; they sit in the chairs of the Institute—do they believe these follies? can they believe them? And yet, when have you heard a whisper raised by them against such degradations of religion and of the people?

Besides the "troncs" and the "collection," (which never fails to go the rounds at any public service,) you often find lay gentlemen, (for such they appear, in dress, at least,) and oftener well-dressed ladies, at the doorways, thrusting gilded purses at you point-blank, and keeping up the everlasting refrain, "*La charité, s'il vous plait—la charité, s'il vous plait!*" These importunate representatives of the priests must be numbered by thousands in Paris alone. Often, too, villages are canvassed, street by street, with the appeal "*la charité*" from such messengers, or sisters of charity *en costume*, and this is done openly in departments where the interdict of mendicity stares down from every corner into the sad face of the poverty-smitten old man, the widow, or the fatherless. So extreme has this ecclesiastical beggary become in France, that the public press has had to attack it. The Paris *Siècle*, especially, has remonstrated against it as bringing religion into scorn; and its correspondents from the provinces have represented the country as infested with churchmen and churchwomen, who thus claim exemption from the proscription of mendicity—who, in fact, claim the field out of which the real poor of the land—the old, the halt, the blind—have been whipped by the scourge of the law. The evil is really an epidemic. Popery is supported by the government; its priests are salaried, and its edifices built or repaired from the state budget; but it is not content: its grasp is upon the "means" of the humblest "work-people." Besides its government support, the churches in Paris alone receive no less than five million francs annually as *perquisites*—that is, for burying the dead, baptisms, marriages, &c. This includes not its immense receipts as donations and douceurs, nor the results of "*la charité*" appeals, which are incessantly ringing through the churches.

We pass, naturally, to the religious aspect of the country. Napoleon I. attempted an odd policy respecting religion—a very good one for himself, as it gave him the control of the leading religions; but one that struck the Papists with an astonishment from which they have not recovered to this day. They hardly know how to pronounce upon it, even at this date; it is, they affirm, unquestionably heterodoxical; but as it practically favors Popery, they do not violently demur at it. By that policy several faiths are now really *national religions* in the empire—the Roman Catholic, the Protestant Reformed, (old Huguenotic,) the Lutheran Reformed, (chiefly in Alsatia,) the Jews, (everywhere,) the Mohammedans, (in Algeria,) are recognized state religions, supported out of the treasury, and supposed to be protected in their respective rights by the government, though it is found that not only the chief treasury aid, but nearly all the "protection," is accorded to Popery. The government says, virtually, that "As you are all supported by the state, you must be at peace among yourselves." Very good advice, if it did not really amount to saying that "You, Protestants, must not go out of your petty limits: if you go 'evangelizing' into any neighborhood where you are not already established, we shall fine and imprison you: if you publish a book, or preach a discourse, impeaching Popery, we must also punish you as attacking a state institution, and therefore disturbers of public order," &c. In fine, as Popery has precedence everywhere, this government policy amounts simply to a protection of it in undisturbed possession of the land. Prelates and priests, therefore, quietly accept it as a singular providence, which makes use of a heterodox fact for the protection of the "faithful." They would rather choose that there should be no recognition of Protestantism at all, and are amazed at finding the Jews and Mussulmans standing side by side with themselves under the egis of the state; but as these heretics are in chains there, though lustily fed with treasury pap, while Popery is both thoroughly fed and thoroughly free—is fat and kicking, like Jeshurun, and roaring like a bull of Bashan—what matters it?—the good bishops shrug their shoulders with a *n'importe*.

Such, then, badinage apart, is the condition of religion here in its relations to the state. There is no right of *self-extension* to Protestantism; many chapels stand closed to-day because they have been obtrusively built; numerous public schools (no less than eight in one department) are at this moment closed, though they were designed for Protestant children alone—they happened to be located where none of the kind had preceded them. No Protestant clergyman can legally obey the

"higher law" of the apostolic commission, to "go" anywhere and everywhere, "*and preach the Gospel to every creature.*" What ought the Protestant clergy to do in such a case? Is that a question? What ought they to do? What, but to cast all this state "protection" to the winds, and, lifting a universal voice of remonstrance, shout to the Napoleons, and all other tyrants—"We recognize a Sovereign higher than Cæsar; we are his embassadors, and can die in your prisons, but not compromise his dignity and his supremacy." That would be worthy of them, and it would be policy too. A hundred or five hundred Protestant clergymen, praying in the prisons of France, would emancipate the nation in one month, and quite probably emancipate Western Europe with it. But this is a hard saying, and who, here, will receive it?

Under the state of things we have described, of course Popery is rampant. It has no other reason to be—the literary mind of France detests it; the popular intelligence of the nation turns away in disgust from it; the common mind has memories of it, which, if bravely appealed to by Protestantism, would leap like lightnings from the clouds. But the government uses it for policy; the priests are an army; the "religious houses" are everywhere, and are moral fortresses against popular opinions and rights; and, meanwhile, Protestantism is bound hand and foot—on condition of being fed!

The priests are an army, we repeat. Add other ecclesiastics, and you have several *corps d'armes*. Remember that their territory here could be put into one of our single large states, and then think of the fact that within these limits is a corps of about forty-five thousand priests. And while you hesitate, with doubt, at this statement, learn the other well-ascertained fact, (for there are official statistics,) that there is an army of *monks* seventeen thousand strong abetting these priests!—idlers, or worse, who ought to be taught the duties of good, industrious citizens, if by no other means than repairing the highways. But this is not all—nay, worse than all this, there are no less than seventy-five thousand nuns here—many of them, doubtless, good women, God bless them! but whose offices of charity could be infinitely more gracious, as well as more graceful, if performed in the unostentatious walks of private and domestic life, as by their Protestant sisters, rather than in the begrimed habiliments and for the questionable ends of "Ecclesiastical Houses." The greatest proportion of these ecclesiastical women, of course, have little or nothing to do with charitable offices, and those who do only minister to an ecclesiastical system which imposes infinitely more evils upon the people than even such a corps of "Sisters of Charity" could counteract.

There are at least thirty convents in Paris alone. There are nearly six hundred monasteries in France. The whole ecclesiastical force, including monks and nuns, can be little short of one hundred and thirty-three thousand. It has gained about one-fifth of its strength within the last quarter of a century.

Protestantism, here, has had a singular history; there is at least one anomaly in it—the policy of persecution appears to have been successful with it. St. Bartholomew's, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and other hostilities to the Protestant cause, seem, contrary to the testimony of ecclesiastical history in all other cases, to have nearly succeeded in their heinous purpose. Protestantism has not, at least, recovered yet from these stunning blows. Christianity has, in every other instance, triumphed through persecution—"the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," has passed into a trite truism. Alas for French Protestantism! It has stood here for generations a mere specter of Deism, amid the sweeping follies of Popery. I know not how to account for the anomalous fact, except by referring it to the peculiar national idiosyncrasies of this most anomalous people—a people whom Gibbon long ago said were an exception to all the laws of history—greatest in its excellences and in its follies of all nations. But let us hope that this judgment of French Protestantism may be premature. There may yet be a splendid history for it.

There are now about two millions of Protestants in France; they have about nine hundred clergymen of different denominations. Thirty years ago all these, except, perhaps, half a dozen, were Rationalists; that is, in honest language, Deists; and there was not, twenty-five years ago, an evangelical Protestant pastor in the city of Paris. Half the Protes-

tant clergy of the nation are now supposed to be evangelical; they have a majority in the ecclesiastical elections of the capital; evangelical movements are taking place in many directions; Missions, Bible Societies, Tract Societies, Sunday Schools, Colporteurage, are struggling along as energetically, perhaps, as the government policy will admit; and, above all, churches are organizing against the "State-Church" policy, with brave and fiery-hearted pastors—none the worse for being fiery, in the peculiar state of things here. The great want of French Protestantism is, in fact, a "baptism of fire," an outburst of zeal—an enthusiasm founded on overpowering faith in the reality of the spiritual world, and which, trampling this world in the dust, will heroically challenge emperor and pope, imprisonment and death, as "seeing Him that is invisible." A dash of fanaticism even would be preferable to the moral death that once reigned, and still extensively reigns here. Enthusiasm is as legitimate to true Christianity as heroism is to war, as sympathy is to sorrow, or smiles to joy.

But enough of the religion of the French. The French are considered a *gay* people. Are they such? Late writers say they are not. Bulwer, twenty-five years ago, remarked, in his book on Paris and the French, that they were no longer so, and that other observers besides himself had already spoken of the change which seemed to be coming over the national temperament. The Revolution—that tremendous earthquake of humanity, whose vibrations still tremble along the walls and towers of Church and State over half the world—that saddest, most solemn, most terrible, and most salutary stroke of retribution from heaven against modern nations—the Revolution has, in fact, left the murmur of its commingled sobs, shrieks, and noise of battle, in all the moral atmosphere of the country; it sighs still through the entire soul of France. The image of the beautiful Marie Antoinette, with locks turned white by the agony of one night—the greatest sufferer perhaps in history, except Him who sweat drops of blood for us men and our redemption; the terrible specter of the Dauphin, the most beautiful child of France, whose brow, still looking down from these merry galleries like an angel's, was distorted into horror and idiocy, as if beaten by the fists of demons; the forms of Charlotte Corday, of Madame Roland, of the Princess Lamballe, and Madame Elizabeth—the shades of the beautiful, the noble, the saintly, dragged to the prisons, the guillotine, the rivers, from almost all the best homes of France—they haunt the air still—they form a phantasmagoria, full of specters, tears, and sobs, on all the sky of France. Every place of great resort has its melancholy revolutionary memory. Yonder stands the "Conciergerie," still vocal with the sigh of the prisoner; there is the Place de la Concorde, terrible in its very splendor with the memories of the guillotine; there the Hotel de Ville—you cannot silence as you pass it the suicide-shriek of Robespierre; there the Palais Royale, with its tumultuous horrors; yonder the Convent of the "Cosmes," with its slaughter of nearly two hundred priests and bishops in one day—the blood is yet on its floors; and there that solemn and unearthly monument, the *Chapelle Expiatoire*, over whose threshold no thoughtful man passes but with a consciousness akin to that which would accompany him into "the land of shadows and of night"—the chapel which covers the spot where were ignobly buried the remains of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, the Swiss Guard, and so many victims! And then, if you go out of the city to the most popular resorts, everywhere the memories of the Revolution confront you,—Versailles, with the deserted *chaumières* of the butchered queen; St. Cloud, St. Germain, Meudon, St. Denis,—almost every church and other public edifice shows, in its dilapidations, traces of the terrible convulsion. And this is not only the case in and about Paris; it is so in the provinces—in the south, the north, the east, the west. Not only the public places and public histories, but almost everywhere, private families have a "revolutionary" history written in their dearest blood. What a baptism of commingled blood and fire fell upon this people! Where lives the man who does not see in their history that national sins have their retribution? The corruption of their courts, the persistent superstitions of their Church, the infidelity that sprung up because they had rejected the "Reformation"—all culminated in the retributive terrors of the Revolution. The Revolution was, with France, the converse term of the Reformation: the Ref-

ormation accepted, the Revolution would have been avoided.

Will she ever perceive this fact? Be this as it may, the very temperament of the nation has been sobered, if not saddened, by its sufferings. The gay customs of the people linger yet; but they are not themselves gay. Their brilliant climate and sparkling language, and, still more, their sparkling wines, would almost compel any people, however naturally melancholic, to be brilliant and gay; but the French are no longer so—they require great excitements to make them occasionally so. They demand stimulus—the usual symptoms of discontent and misery. The government itself would not be safe without the foreign success of its armies, or something new at home. The literature of the country must be morbidly stimulating, or it cannot be popular. Suicide is a national characteristic of France; and her statistics show that she has a larger ratio of maniacs than any other continental people.

But more on this subject hereafter.

BIBLIOMANIA.

WE do not wonder at the large sums expended on the autographs of celebrated authors. Any one who has looked at the first draft of "Paradise Lost" in Trinity College Library, or who has turned over the leaves of Luther's "Isaiah" at Heidelberg, must have found himself all but in contact with the great departed. There is such a story in every blot; so much of character in every fantasia and flourish of the pen; such meaning in every word erased or interlined, that such a holograph answers most of the purposes of a personal intimacy, and, in the case of dark or disputed passages, it would be the best of commentaries.

Collectors of autographs are now so numerous that large prices are paid for the mere signature of such men as Sir Thomas More, or Lord Bacon, or Oliver Cromwell; and, were one of the four or five veritable "Will. Shakspeares" in the market on one of these dog-days, it is hard to say where their frenzy would carry the competitors. But manuscripts of intrinsic interest or importance are objects of rational ambition; and, as indications of the value set on the filings and gold-dust of history by the present generation, it is well to record the amounts which they occasionally bring. For instance, in the last month of May, £71 were paid for a letter of Charles I. to the Marquis of Ormond, in which he declares war preferable to a dishonorable peace, and prefers "the chance of warr then [than] to give my consent to any such allowance of popery as must evidently bring destruction."

At the same sale—Mr. Baker's—£40 10*s.* were paid for a letter to Lady Strafford from her husband, then a prisoner in the Tower, in which he expresses his belief that there was nothing capital in the charges against him, or that "at the worste, His Majesty will pardon all." At the sale of the Macartney library, in January, 1854, two volumes of letters by Andrew Marvel, and others, addressed to Sir G. Downing, British Minister to the States-General in the time of Charles II., realized £152. The last time that the original of Gray's "Elegy" was offered for sale it brought £131; and "Scot's wha hae," by Robert Burns, fetched thirty guineas. But, perhaps, the largest sum for a single manuscript, combining historical interest with the value of a much-prized autograph, was offered in America a few years ago. The subject of competition was a paper of eight pages, in the handwriting of George Washington, containing his address to the people of the United States at the close of his second presidentship, in which he positively declines a reëlection. We believe that it realized 2300 dollars, and was purchased by Mr. Lenox, whose library is remarkable for its treasures illustrative of American history and its almost unequaled collection of English Bibles. At Mr. Dawson Turner's sale, £2000 were paid for four volumes of manuscripts, the real attraction being one of the four which contained letters by Bradford and other reformers and martyrs. It was bought by the British Museum.

However, many of our readers will be more surprised at the prices paid for printed books, especially as most of these books have little to recommend them except their oldness or their oddity. It sometimes happens that a single impression or a very few copies of some costly work are thrown off on vellum or silk or satin; and large collections of such useless luxuries have occasionally been brought together at an enormous expense. Some men of wealth have taken a fancy for books which have

been privately printed; or which have been burned by the hangman; or which have in any way brought their authors into trouble: and, as in the case of the "Vinegar Bible," a typographical error has sometimes made the fortune of a book, especially if it is an error which only occurred in early impressions and was corrected in later copies of the same edition. But the two elements which chiefly enhance the market price of old books are the interest now felt in the history of printing, and the zeal with which the admirers of favorite authors collect copies of every known edition.

The first book which Caxton printed with a date was the "Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye," 1471; and for a copy of this work a thousand guineas were paid at the famous Roxburghe sale.

But there are certain books deservedly popular, the early and peculiar editions of which form an interesting collection. In the Town Library of Trieste there are seven hundred and seventy-two editions of "Petrarch's Poems," and one hundred and twenty-three of the works of Pope Pius the Second (Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini); and it would need a separate building to hold all the editions of Shakspeare or Bunyan, along with the various literature which their works have called into existence. Within the last ten or twelve months a copy of Matthews' Bible, 1537, has sold for £150; Cranmer's, 1539, for £121; Coverdale's, 1535, for £365. First editions of Shakspeare have repeatedly sold for sums varying from £160 to £250.

In the British Museum is a translation into Italian verse of the first letter of Columbus, relating his discovery of the West Indies, and of which it is believed that there is no other copy. It extends to only four leaves, and was bought for £75; probably the most costly typographical fragment in existence. But the glories of all similar rarities must yield to the famous Valdarfer Boccaccio. It was a small folio, in faded yellow morocco, of date 1471, which had long kept its station in the library of the great book-buying Duke of Roxburghe, and which was believed to be the only perfect copy of the famous story-teller. At the dispersion of the ducal collection, it was to be sold on the 17th of June, 1812; and it may amuse our readers to transcribe Dr. Dibdin's most enthusiastic account of the contest it occasioned:—

"The rain fell in torrents as we alighted from the carriage; the room was crowded to excess: and a sudden darkness which came across gave rather an additional interest to the scene. Mr. Evans prefaced the putting up of the article by an appropriate oration, in which he expatiated upon its excessive rarity, and concluded by informing the company of the excessive regret, and even 'anguish of heart,' expressed by M. Van Praet, that such a treasure was not at that time to be found in the imperial collection at Paris. Silence followed the address of Mr. Evans. On his right hand, leaning against the wall, stood Earl Spencer. A little lower down, and standing at right angles with his lordship, appeared the Marquis of Blandford. My Lord Althorp stood a little backward, to the right of his father, Earl Spencer. Such was the ground taken up by the adverse hosts. The honor of firing the first shot was due to a gentleman of Shropshire, unused to this species of warfare, and who seemed to recoil from the reverberation of the report himself had made. 'One hundred guineas!' he exclaimed. Again a pause ensued; but anon the biddings rose rapidly to five hundred guineas. Hitherto, however, it was evident that the firing was but masked and desultory. At length all random shots ceased, and the champions before named stood gallantly up to each other. 'A thousand guineas!' were bid by Earl Spencer, to which the marquis added 'ten.' You might have heard a pin drop. All eyes were turned—all breathing well-nigh stopped—every sword was put home within its scabbard, except that which each of these champions brandished. 'Two thousand pounds are offered by the marquis!' Then it was that Earl Spencer, as a prudent general, began to think of a useless effusion of blood and expenditure of ammunition, seeing that his adversary was as fresh and resolute as at the onset. For a quarter of a minute he paused, when my Lord Althorp advanced one step forward, as if to supply his father with another spear for the purpose of renewing the contest. The father and son for a few seconds converse apart, and the biddings are resumed. 'Two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds!' said Lord Spencer. The spectators are now absolutely electrified. The marquis quietly adds his usual 'ten,' and there is an end of the contest. As the hammer fell, its echo was heard in the libraries of Rome, of Milan, and St. Mark."—(Dibdin's "Decameron," vol. iii, p. 64.)

It was said that the successful competitor, afterward Duke of Marlborough, was prepared to go as far as £5000.

While such rarities are bringing their weight in gold, it is pleasant to know that the most valuable books are also the most attainable. The sum expended on a daily cigar would soon surround the young man who reads these lines with the best of the British classics; and the "Book of books" may now be obtained for less money than a loaf of bread.

MEDICAL SUPERSTITIONS.*

AN amusing and not uninstructive book might be written on the above title. It might perhaps be objected that such a work, if treated exhaustively, would be nothing less than a complete history of medicine up to Bacon's day. And such objection would not be altogether unreasonable. But the contribution toward such a work, which I am about to send you, refers to the post-Baconian era; and is interesting, less as a specimen of the working of the medieval mind, than from the date of the volume in which I stumbled on it,—a very curious book in many respects, of which I will say a few words in the first place.

Il Medico Poeta (the Physician a Poet) is the title of a folio by Dr. Cammillo Brunori, published at Fabriano in 1726. The leading object of his work is to prove that there is nothing in the nature of things to forbid the banns of marriage between poetry and medicine; that an excellent physician may be an excellent poet, and *vice versâ;* and the subject-matter they are to deal with the same in either capacity. And I know no reason why it should not be so—there are the examples of Lucretius, Redi, and Fracastoro in its favor—except the existence of worthy Dr. Brunori's attempt to demonstrate the affirmative of the proposition. The work consists of a poem in twelve cantos, or "Capitoli," as from the fifteenth century downward it was an Italian fashion to call them, on the physical poet—a sort of medical *ars poetica;* and followed by a hundred and seventy-two sonnets on all diseases, drugs, parts of the body, functions of them, and curative means. Each sonnet is printed on one page, while that opposite is occupied by a compendious account in prose of the subject in hand. We have a sonnet on the stomach-ache, a sonnet on apoplexy, a sonnet on blisters, and many others on far less mentionable subjects. The author's poetical view of the action of a black-dose compares it to that of a tidy and active housemaid, who having swept together all the dirt in the house, throws it out of the window.

Mystic virtues are attributed to a variety of substances, animal, vegetable, and mineral. But the page of this strange farrago which specially induced me to introduce Dr. Cammillo Brunori to your readers, is that which details the medical uses of the human skull. It is easy to conceive the nature of the associations of ideas, and more or less poetical imaginings which generated such superstitions in the minds of men accustomed to seek facts in fancies as philosophers, rather than fancies in facts as poets. And in this, as in other similar instances, we may safely conclude, that the simple unsupported superstition was antecedent to the laborious attempts at finding some rationale for it. Of course, the would-be reasoner supposes and represents the process to have been the reverse. But the truth is, that such essays belong to a time when the nascent ideas of inductive philosophy had obtained sufficient strength and currency to convince students of nature that something of the sort was needful, but when they were not yet strong enough to sweep away the whole baseless fabric.

All skulls, Dr. Brunori informs us, are not of equal value. Indeed, those of persons who have died a natural death are good for little or nothing. The *reason* of this is, that the disease of which they died has consumed or dissipated the essential spirit! The skulls of murderers and bandits are particularly efficacious. And this is clearly because not only is the essential spirit of the cranium concentrated therein by the nature of their violent death, but also the force of it is increased by the long exposure to the atmosphere, occasioned by the heads of such persons being ordinarily placed on spikes over the gates of cities! Such skulls are used in various manners. Preparations of volatile salt, spirit, gelatine, essence, &c., are made from them, and are very useful in epilepsy and hemorrhage. The notion soldiers have, that drinking out of a skull renders them invulnerable in battle, is a mere superstition; though respectable writers do maintain that such a practice is a proved preventative against scrofula!

These, and many other no less absurdities, may no doubt be met with in writers more known to fame than poor Cammillo Brunori. But it is curious to find science at this point in Italy, at the time when Mead and Freind were writing in England, and Boerhaave in Holland.

* A work on this very subject, and under this very title, was published in 1844 by Mr. Pettigrew, in England.

The National Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1855.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER TO BISHOP SIMPSON.

LITERARY INTERESTS OF METHODISM—NUMBER OF ITS COLLEGES AND ACADEMIES—ITS BAD EDUCATIONAL POLICY—SOPHISMS—BAD ECONOMY—WHAT ARE THE REMEDIES?—THE GENERAL CONFERENCE—WILL IT ENACT A LAW ON THE SUBJECT?—AN EDUCATIONAL CONVENTION.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—I propose in one or two letters to review the present literary *status* of American Methodism, including its educational institutions, the condition and wants of its literature, its publishing agencies, and especially *the advantages which the denomination offers to young men of education.*

Since our last interview, my travels have extended in almost every direction through the Church. They have afforded me a good opportunity of judging of its general condition, and of making some inferences respecting its prospects. One thing has interested me greatly in these travels through the denomination—*its zeal for education.* The northern Church alone has now ten colleges. The oldest of these institutions is at Middletown, Connecticut, and it has not yet seen a quarter of a century. We have no less than fifty-seven high academies, or boarding-schools, the oldest of which is at Wilbraham, Mass., and it has seen but little more than a quarter of a century. Twenty of these seminaries have, at the present writing, five thousand students—an average of two hundred and fifty each. Individual academies have more than five hundred students. New ones are projected, in various parts of the country, continually, and at least three new collegiate institutions are now contemplated—one near Chicago, on a large scale; another under the auspices of the Church within the Missouri and St. Louis Conferences, to be "a first-class college;" and another at Troy, which proposes also an endowment much above our usual financial standard for such institutions.

I hardly err in pronouncing the eagerness of the Church in this respect a denominational mania—a most fortunate one, doubtless, in many respects, but not without its blunders—its waste of property, local interferences, and reacting failures. Academies, female colleges, ordinary colleges, and universities are attempted almost everywhere; conferences under old pledges for the support of given institutions, wheel about in favor of new ones; complications, and embarrassments, and failures ensue; and I fear that a "want of confidence"—a painful sense of the incompetence of the Church, in its present condition, to sustain substantial literary institutions—is becoming widespread among that class of our people upon which we must mostly depend for funds. The result is, that most of our collegiate, and a large proportion of our academic institutions, are hardly ever out of embarrassment. Agents must ever and anon drive over the conferences, and storm the Church for funds to save them from wreck. I hesitate not to pronounce this one of the greatest grievances of Methodism. We need the guiding wisdom of the General Conference, or at least of our most influential minds, to extricate us from its perplexities, I was about to say disgraces. Where, after all our educational struggles, can we point to a college occupying financially first-rate rank—shoulder to shoulder, and eye to eye with Princeton, Union, Yale and Harvard—a rank proportionate to our first-rate numerical position among the religious bodies of the land? Some few are out of serious embarrassments, such as the Indiana Asbury University, and the Ohio Wesleyan University. I know of none other that is not still in a struggle for life, unless it be Dickinson, whose last agents are, I believe, succeeding well. In the name of our common cause, and for our common honor, can we not come to our senses in this respect; can we not sacrifice our local and petty experiments for the sake of some grand and substantial educational provisions—such as shall concentrate our patronage and the strongest ability of our faculties, and shall commandingly stand out before the eyes of the whole nation? We could do this were we disposed—any half-dozen of the older conferences could do it—and do it easier, I soberly believe, than they can raise the comparatively smaller endowments of their present smaller institutions.

The "Great North-West" is attempting such an experiment in the neighborhood of Chicago. It has had the good sense not to begin till it should rear a financial defense about it which shall be invincible to the usual embarrassments that have so much mortified the Church, and crippled its educational projects in other places. It is, I think, the only instance in which we have so begun. Already its resources amount, I am informed, to three hundred thousand dollars, and agents are abroad for a hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand more, though the first stone of its foundation is not yet laid. I know not that it will ultimately succeed, for, judging from the past, nothing of the kind is yet certain among us; but it is the most satisfactory collegiate programme yet presented to the Church. The Biblical School, in connection with it, has a single pledge, as I lately stated, of one hundred thousand dollars, besides the above. *This is the right way to attempt such enterprises among us.* It is the only way in which they should ever again be undertaken in our Church. We could not do so *formerly;* we should in no instance do otherwise *now*—for we have institutions and need be in no haste, and we have resources to do what we please, wherever new ones may really be needed. I wish I could proclaim this sentiment through the whole Church. I would say to every man having means, and who is loyal to our common cause, Help no new experiment, give not a cent except where you have a clear guarantee of financial success before the first spade touches the soil. Where the Church is already committed, help her, "might and main," out of difficulties and discredit; but for the sake of every consideration of usefulness and honor, let us cease this trifling with great interests, and combine our energies for something worthy of our denominational standing.

Let it be understood that any collegiate scheme, hereafter to be attempted among us, will be *practicable in proportion as it is grand in its dimensions*. The time has come in which a commanding collegiate institution is a felt want of the Church;—it is felt to be a practical solecism, a denominational reproach, that we have none—that the largest Christian body of the country should lag in the rear of almost all other cardinal sects in the great interest of collegiate education—and men who now give little, and give it reluctantly, would enter with enthusiasm into a project of the kind, which should bear any proportion to our denominational importance and responsibility. We have now (not including those which are not "endowed") eight colleges starving (most of them) in various parts of the country on an average property of about eighty-two thousand dollars,* including their college premises. What a shabby pretense is this for American Methodism! Is there a generous man among us who would not help liberally to redeem us from the reproach?

I know the sentiments of our leading men on this subject, and I know this opinion to be correct. There is a general disgust, a denominational chagrin at our past failures; there is an impatient desire among our intelligent wealthy brethren to see a commanding university rise somewhere in these United States in honor of Methodism. I repeat it; you can command more money, and command it with tenfold more ease, for a *great design* of the kind, than for a small and hobbling one. We have blundered with the Wesleyan University just here in our late and almost desperate attempt to endow it. Instead of fifty thousand dollars in Boston, and fifty thousand in New-York, enough to keep the college about in its old *status*, or slightly advance it, we should have proposed a sum which with its present endowments would place it on a platform square with those of Yale and Harvard. The design of transforming it into a first-class university, of putting it at once and forever above those harassing contingencies which have beset this and all our learned institutions, would have enlisted, in good financial times, the enthusiasm of our people, and brought in five hundred dollars where we could otherwise get one hundred.

These views will be charged with extravagance; but they are just to human nature, and to the conditions of the Church. They are extravagant in the sense that all energetic and successful movements are to the paltry calculations of croakers. There is not only "Young Americanism" in them, but genuine "old Methodism" also. There is not an essential attribute of practical Methodism that would not have been, *a priori*, impracticable to the cautious wisdom of some men. Try this experiment in suitable financial times, and see if it does not succeed better than the schemes of men who are always disposed to let their "moderation be known among all men," and who contrive sufficiently well to make it *always* known by their never-ending and never-succeeding experiments.

But would this policy be the best? Some have objected to it, and have contended that even feeble institutions, more generally distributed, would be more useful. I confess that my small amount of common-sense has not been sufficient to comprehend their logic.

Do they argue that the nearness of a college to a given neighborhood will promote its number of students by locally accommodating them? The reply is, that this matter of local accessibility is rendered a cipher, now-a-days, by the new and cheap public conveyances. What was more than a week's voyage from Baltimore to old Yale, is now scarcely a day's journey.

Is it argued that by many institutions we secure more local interest, and, therefore, more support for them? I would ask, in reply, whether a large number of languishing and failing colleges, for which the Church is continually chagrined, can possibly inspire the confidence and zeal of the people for such interests? whether a really powerful institution, like Harvard, Yale, or Princeton, does not give a mightier sway to the cause of education, in a Church or nation, than half-a-score of collegiate fledglings whose chief appeal to the public is the squeaking voice of starvation incessantly calling for help?

Is it argued that smaller assemblies of young men are safer, morally, than large ones; and that, therefore, what may be lost financially is gained morally? I answer, That facts prove there is no truth in the assertion except where your small number is too small for any college. Twelve or fifteen youth, together, have moral advantages doubtless over a larger number; but when once you get above that figure—when you reach fifty or a hundred, you might as well have five hundred.

Is it argued that in small institutions more thorough study is practicable? I reply that facts are here again opposed to the assumption. Large institutions can command superior men for their faculties, can provide superior apparatus and libraries, and by the larger and more commanding field of competition, excite more the ambition of students. Individual exceptions can, of course, be quoted by almost any man; but the general fact is unquestionable.

And now set off against all this flimsy reasoning for scattered, consumptive colleges, the question of *economy*, and how apparent becomes their folly? You have ten colleges (omitting from the list such as are not fully under way) starving (most of them) in various parts of the country. Suppose they were reduced to four—one in the East, one in the Middle States, and two in the West—would they not be more effective, while at the same time the endowment of each would be doubled, and two-thirds, or one-half their present faculties could do the work now done by all? You would increase by more than one-half their endowments; reduce, by nearly one-half, their faculties; and add, certainly, more than one-half to their moral importance in the community. To make these consumptive colleges breathe with any ease whatever—to secure them even an humble mediocrity, they must have at least $200,000 each, and correspondently increased faculties. This will give them an aggregate of $2,000,000. Now suppose this aggregate were given to four institutions, as above; they could each have $500,000—a mu-

* This fact I learn from a paragraph recently current in our Church papers.

nificent endowment—and their combined faculties need not be more than two-thirds the number which the ten gasping colleges would need with the same aggregate funds. Economy, then, as well as efficiency, presses this policy upon us. Shall we not heed it?

But what can we do for the correction of the evil? I have no specific remedy to offer. It seems almost a foregone case. One thing is clear—we must correct the public sentiment of the Church on the subject, whatever else we may rely on. This, I think, can be done—the facts are so glaring, and the patience of our people has so long been wearied with applications for their aid to these almost hopeless experiments. Were it not too bold in me, I would, in conclusion, venture the following suggestions, as means of arresting and directing public opinion on the subject:—

First. That it should be thoroughly discussed in the *Episcopal Address* to the General Conference. In other words, I would bring the Episcopal influence to bear upon it. Positive as this influence now is, it has hardly any other expression, on mooted questions, than the Episcopal Address. You, our bishops, are not at liberty to enter into the discussions of the General Conference; in the Annual Conferences, where the evil under discussion mostly prevails, you can scarcely, without peril, venture a suggestion against it. Through unwise concessions, as I think, your power to direct public opinion among us has been constantly failing for the last twenty years, and the rights of the pulpit and the presidental chair are almost all that remain at your command, except the Quadrennial Episcopal Address. Let not, then, the process of retrenchment which has almost isolated your official position from the great discussions of the Church trench upon this. There is not a true friend of education among us who would not invoke your influence against the evil under discussion.

Second. That the *Committee* of that body *on Education* should make it a matter of special inquiry and report. They receive the educational statistics of the Church—let them examine these thoroughly in respect to this question. They will inevitably come to the demonstration, that in the resources consumed by scattered institutions which secure us but an inferior educational rank among the religious bodies of the country, and harass us with intolerable embarrassments, we have *now* the means of supplying our whole field with a series of universities which shall place us in the first educational rank among those bodies; and that we are, therefore, sacrificing the moral and educational importance of such a rank for the sake of our petty local rivalries. Give us the facts, and the verdict officially from the supreme body of the Church—they will tell on the public mind of our people as but few other reports from that body can.

Third. Should not the General Conference do *something positive* on the question—should it not enact a *law* restraining the annual conferences from patronizing or in anywise encouraging any new college, unless it *can guarantee at least two hundred thousand dollars'* worth of property, and have it properly *secured before the first shovelfull of earth is lifted from its site?* It is in the power of that body certainly to do this, and does any man doubt that it would be both salutary and acceptable to our people? Shall we have the law, then, and stop this folly at which every intelligent man in the connection has been mortified? Two hundred thousand dollars is the very minimum with which a college can, now-a-days, have any effective life in our country. Almost any sum short of this, can only be an investment for the waste of money, the waste of public confidence, and the infliction of embarrassments and vexations on the conferences patronizing the institution. I believe, that such a law would be popular among us; as it would not, of course, have a *post facto* bearing it would be an advantage to all our present public institutions, and would therefore be favored by their friends, while its obvious propriety would secure it the favor of all who are uncommitted to such projects. There seems then to be hardly a single source of objection to it.

Fourth. One thing more I will venture to suggest, viz., the propriety of occasional *public conventions* of the friends of education in the Church. The friends of general education hold such meetings annually; scientific men, medical men, and other classes, have regular general gatherings. Such reunions have many great advantages, and they are of little expense in these days. Why, then, cannot we have them? It would be a good thing to bring our intelligent laymen, our teachers and professors, trustees and patrons of learned institutions together once in a while—their better mutual acquaintance would be a blessing to the Church; their zeal for our literary institutions would be deepened; questions respecting methods of endowment, of instruction, of discipline, could be discussed with advantage; plans for the extension of education in the Church suggested, and public opinion on questions like that I have now discussed be rightly directed. As education has now become a great denominational interest, financially and otherwise, with us, and our laymen have so much to do with it as instructors, trustees, and patrons, and yet have no voice in the general or annual conferences on the subject, I think such an occasional convention not a little desirable.

I have thus, my dear sir, reviewed this part of my subject. I have presented facts and calculations, and my suggestions spring legitimately from them, as I think. Some of the latter, as in former letters, may be considered questionable; I may question them myself hereafter; but it has not been my design in this correspondence to deal in the admitted platitudes of the subject. I have attempted to examine anew some old matters; I have asked myself, and through you, asked the Church, if there is not the possibility of progress in this, that, or the other direction. Such questions are legitimate to our times; they are especially legitimate to our own cause. While they have been put, in these columns, with a spirit of frank disregard for the frowns or menaces of an obsolete conservatism, they have nevertheless been guarded and loyal, and will, I trust, be accredited as such by yourself and the friends of our common cause, generally. I am, &c.,

A. Stevens.

Editorial Notes and Gleanings.

END OF THE VOLUME.—With this number closes our SEVENTH VOLUME, and with a few of our readers we part company. We do so reluctantly, and with kind wishes for their welfare, cheered alike by the consciousness that we have faithfully endeavored to interest and amuse them, and that a host of new subscribers have already enrolled themselves for the next volume. There is room for a few more, and now is the fitting time to subscribe.

Much as we dislike adverting to personal matters, we feel it a duty to take this opportunity of making our acknowledgments to the editorial fraternity, who have so frequently, and in such warm terms, commended the NATIONAL to public favor. Our thanks are due also to friends and agents in all parts of the land, and their efforts to extend our subscription-list will, we trust, be continued.

As to the future, so far as the editorial department is concerned, we prefer to make no promises; but we are authorized by our publishers to pledge all that can be done on their part to make the next volume everything that it ought to be in mechanical execution and artistic embellishment. If the NATIONAL falls below the reasonable expectation of its friends, the fault will not rest with them, but with those to whom is intrusted its editorial supervision. Hence our contributors must see the necessity of allowing us to be guided by our own judgment in the selection of articles for publication; it may differ from theirs; it may not be so correct; but from the necessity of the case we must be governed by it.

From the Editor, now on his way to the Holy Land, we have several articles, which will appear in future numbers. During his wanderings his pen will not be idle, and his contributions, as heretofore, will be designated in our table of contents as *Editorial*. For them only is he responsible during his absence.

Hereafter VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS, if not deemed suitable for our pages, will be returned to the writers, when a request to that effect *is accompanied by the necessary postage stamps.*

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THE VALUE OF A CIPHER.—Our attention has been called, by a writer in the *Northern Advocate*, to an error in the short article entitled "The Dead," in our *Notes and Gleanings* for October. Upon the data there assumed the number of persons who have lived upon our globe should be 81,000,000,000 instead of 8,100,000,000. Of course, a cipher must also be added to the number of square miles required for their burial-place, and instead of eight hundred and seventy-two it should be eight thousand seven hundred and twenty.

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THE BOOK-PUBLISHERS' FESTIVAL at the Crystal Palace was attended by the principal authors, editors, printers, and publishers of this city, and by many from Boston, Philadelphia, and elsewhere. The viands provided were abundant in quantity; but in quality, as saith Bryant, of the *Evening Post*, rather "colicky." There was, however, nothing colicky in the feast of reason which followed, although, from the peculiar structure of the edifice, everybody could not hear everything that was said. Mr. Milburn, chaplain of the United States Senate, was exceedingly happy in his remarks. In response to a toast to "the clergy," he said:—

"Mr. President: In their name I sincerely thank you for your honorable recognition of the clergy; and perchance that branch of it to which I belong may not be the least worthy to respond to your sentiment, for they were probably the first to penetrate the wilds of the new countries, carrying those precious commodities—books. Our training began in the saddle, and in lieu of holsters we carried saddle-bags crammed with books for study and for sale; for our Church economy held it a duty of the minister to circulate good books, as well as to preach the word. Although we were graduates of Brush College and the Swamp University, we were always the friends of a wholesome literature. Picture, then, a young itinerant, clad in blue jeans of copperas homespun; his nether extremities adorned with leggings; his head surmounted with a straw hat in summer, a skin cap in winter, dismounting from the finest horse in the settlement, at the door of a log-cabin, which may serve as a school-house or a squatter's home, carefully adjusting on his arm the well-worn leather bookcase. See him as he enters the house of one room, where is assembled the little congregation of half a dozen or a dozen hearers—backwoods' farmers and hunters, bringing with them their wives and little ones, their hounds and rifles. The religious service is gone through, regularly as in a cathedral. At its close our young friend opens the capacious pockets of his saddle-bags, displaying on the split-bottom chair, which has served him as a pulpit, his little stock of books to the eager gaze of the foresters. Thus day after day does the circuit-rider perform his double duties, as preacher and bookseller. Not a few men of my acquaintance have driven a large trade in this line, turning thereby many an honest penny. The plan was designed to work as a two-edged sword, cutting both ways—to place a sound religious literature in the homes of the people, and (as we bought at a discount of thirty-three per cent.) to enable men whose salaries were a hundred dollars a year (and who rejoiced greatly if they received half that amount) to provide themselves with libraries. From this picture you will see that the relations of the clergy to the book-trade are more intimate than may be generally known."

In touching allusion to his blindness the speaker said:—

"Time was, when after a fashion I could read; but never with that flashing glance which instantly transfers a word, a line, a sentence from the page to the mind. It was the perpetuation of the child's process, a letter at a time, always spelling, never reading truly. Thus for more than twenty years, with the shade upon the brow, the hand upon the cheek, the finger beneath the eye, to make an artificial pupil, with beaded sweat, joining with the hot tears trickling from the weak and paining organ, to blister upon the page, was learning sought. Nevertheless, as I have striven to study my native tongue in Shakspeare's dictionary, and eloquence in the well-nigh inspired page of Milton, or endeavored to look through the sightless sockets, yet light-giving mind of Homer upon the plain of Troy; or have sat me at the wayside, with solitary Bartimeus, to hear, if we could not see the Son of man, I have found that knowledge is its own reward—an exceeding great reward. The waters of the fountain of learning are not the less, perhaps more sweet, because mixed with the bitter drops of suffering. Gentlemen booksellers, the leaves you scatter are from the tree whose fruit is for the healing of the nations. Gentlemen publishers, the well-heads opened in your press-rooms may send forth streams to refresh and gladden the homes of a continent, so that "the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes."

INADEQUATE PAY OF MINISTERS.—At the late Diocesan Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this city, it was stated, in the report of the Committee on the subject of "the provision made for the support of the parish clergy," that—

"Of the parishes whose circumstances had been brought to the knowledge of the committee, the rectors of more than twenty receive less than five hundred dollars a year. Of these twenty, the salaries of one-half do not exceed three hundred dollars; and this, too, in instances where the clergyman is married and has a family.

"In one case, a clergyman doing duty in two parishes receives but two hundred and fifty dollars for his services in both. In another, situated in a wealthy county, the pastor has 'a parsonage and two hundred dollars, with no other perquisites than gloves and scarfs at funerals;' and in one case, that of a city missionary, instead of receiving a salary, he states that he has been expected, and compelled, to advance moneys for church accommodation.

"One clergyman, in illustration of the point, refers to the case of a reverend brother of high character, good talents, and more than respectable scholarship—a faithful and diligent laborer in the Church—who confessed to him that he could not afford meat at his table more than once a week.

"Another mentions, that on one occasion when ten clergymen had met together in the northern part of this state, the question was incidentally asked, and from curiosity passed around, 'Does your salary support you?" and the answer was invariably 'No.'

"'I have been again and again called on,' writes a reverend rector, 'to aid even with the scantiest pittance, clergymen destitute of the daily necessaries of life, and concealing themselves through misery. I know educated, respectable, and worthy clergymen, who, to avoid unqualified want and the possible starvation of their families, and with an unabated love for their sacred calling, are now engaged in secular (and I do not here mean academical or literary) avocations. It is not uncommon for pastors of congregations, in hopeless poverty, to relinquish the scene of their loved and chosen labors in city and country, and teach schools, or give private lessons, or engage in the department of ill-remunerated literary labors.'

"The fact of modest, meritorious, and able clergymen being reluctantly compelled to support themselves and their families by teaching, and to make the duties of their profession secondary, is repeatedly stated by other reverend gentlemen, one of whom adds the remark, "It is clear to me, and I think, on reflection, must be so to others, that when teaching and preaching the Gospel are combined in the same person, justice will not be done to either.'

"'I know,' writes another, after recounting some of the hardships of the clergy, 'that they are inefficient from that cause.'

"How can a man, who must weigh out the meal which he can allow to his babes, and the salt to savor it, have his mind free from care?"

This state of things may, at least in part, account for the startling fact revealed in the recent address of the bishop of the same church in the State of Maine. He says:—

"Between the General Convention of 1847 and that of 1858, one hundred and fifty-five names disappeared from the official catalogue of our clergy. Eighty-three were certainly clergymen who had died in these six years; and eighteen others I have been unable to trace by the journals, and conclude them to be also for the most part deceased. Four, at least, were originally British subjects, and had returned to Great Britain or its provinces. Four others had certainly relinquished the active exercise of the ministry, and had been silently dropped from the diocesan records. Forty-six had been displaced: and if to these we add the four last to whom allusion has been made, we see that out of a hundred and fifty-five who had ceased to be ministers of our Church, fifty had either willingly abandoned its ministry, or had been deposed for errors in doctrine or viciousness of life. The fact that almost one-third of our ministry thus leave its ranks, is, I suspect, as little known as it is worthy to be known, and ought to be made the subject of solemn and searching reflection."

THE FATE OF TURKEY.—The *North American Review* says, with regard to the European complications: "One thing appears certain, which is, that whoever may get safely out of this Eastern question, Turkey will not. Her last hour is near. She began her career with the sword; all she can ask is a burial with military honors. She is at present joining the Allies in firing the last volley over her own grave."

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THE CONNECTING LINK.—Boswell and Johnson were conversing upon the conduct of a planter, who so flogged his slave that he died. The doctor thundered savagely.

"Well, but," said Boswell, deprecatingly, "I have always held the man with a black face to be a connecting link between a man and a brute."

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, rolling his huge form from side to side, "and I have always held the man with a *black heart* to be a connecting link between a brute and the *devil*."

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A SEVERE RETORT.—Robert Hall, while suffering a temporary loss of reason, was visited in the madhouse by a person who, in a whining tone, asked: "What brought you here, Mr. Hall?" Touching his brow significantly with his finger, Hall replied: "What will never bring you, sir—too much brain."

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BISHOP SOULE NOT A SLAVEHOLDER.—In Dr. Elliott's "History of the Great Secession," he states, on what he doubtless deemed sufficient authority, that Bishop Soule had become a slaveholder. In a late Southern paper the bishop denies it, in language as emphatic and indignant as if he had been charged with the greatest possible crimes. His phraseology is rather harsh; but we can pardon it in view of the horror it must have excited in his bosom to be thus held up to the gaze of Christendom. The italics are his own:—

"I will not say that Dr. Elliott *knew* I was *not a slaveholder*; but I do say that he did not, *could not* know that I was; and that, in consideration of the great excitement on the subject of slavery in the Church and in the country, the relations I have sustained in the Church, and the services I have performed, however imperfect, for more than half a century, and the position I now occupy, Dr. Elliott had *no right, on the great principles of Christian morality*, to publish me a 'slaveholder,' unless he had the most *incontestable evidence* of its truth. I have nothing further to say *at present* but to pronounce this publication a *falsehood without the least mixture of truth. I am not now, and never was a slaveholder. I never owned a slave by purchase, gift, or by any other means; and never had an intention or desire to own one.*"

The good bishop goes on to add that better men than himself have been implicated in "the great evil"—a declaration which we incline to put to the credit of his excessive modesty.

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CONVERTS TO ROMANISM.—The *Freeman's Journal*, a leading papal organ, thus exults over what it calls the "Conversion" of the Rev. George H. Doane, son of the bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New Jersey:—

"We look upon Mr. Doane's conversion as the first fruits of an abundant harvest from the second generation of Puseyite Episcopalians. From those that, from being Protestants—Episcopalians or others—were attracted by the sacramental system of Christianity

set forth so strongly by the Oxford men, and who had become what was called Puseyites, we have seen a multitude of the brightest and the best hastening on to the Catholic Church as the only home of the true Christian doctrine.

"We are now, perhaps, about to see another movement, consisting of those who have been educated from infancy in this delusive system of a false Catholicity. The doctrines paraded with disgusting hollowness by the fathers may be received readily by the sincere hearts of the children; and when they grow to men's estate, *experience* and *reason* will form a sieve in which they will be thoroughly cribbled, and the wheat be separated from the chaff. The grace of God will gather the wheat into his own garner, and the chaff will be scattered, in the mean time, to the four winds of heaven.

"Mr. Doane is the fourth Protestant Episcopal clergyman in the United States that has become a Catholic within six months."

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THE USEFULNESS OF SOME MEN.—"There are some members of a community," said the sagacious and witty Thomas Bradbury, "that are like a crumb in the throat: if they go the *right way*, they afford but little nourishment; but if they happen to go the *wrong way*, they give a great deal of trouble."

—

Lyra Germanica, a work translated from the German, by Catherine Winkworth, has just been published in London. We have here the songs, the holy hymns, of many a noble spirit. The battle-song of Gustavus Adolphus, which he sang the last time before the battle of Lutzen, is also given. The greatest, however, of all the German hymn-writers is Paul Gerhardt, from whom the Wesleys made several translations. He was long celebrated as a popular preacher at the Nicolai-Kirche, in Berlin, whence he retired because the government of the day did not allow him sufficient freedom of utterance, and became Archdeacon of Lübbon. With him culminated the elder school of German sacred poetry—a school distinguished by its depth and simplicity. We give one of his hymns, written in 1659:—

"Go forth, my heart, and seek delight
In all the gifts of God's great might,
These pleasant summer hours:
Look how the plains for thee and me
Have deck'd themselves most fair to see,
All bright and sweet with flowers.

"The trees stand thick and dark with leaves,
And earth o'er all her dust now weaves
A robe of living green;
Nor silks of Solomon compare
With glories that the tulips wear,
Or lilies' spotless sheen.

"The lark soars singing into space,
The dove forsakes her hiding-place,
And coos the woods among;
The richly-gifted nightingale
Pours forth her voice o'er hill and dale,
And floods the fields with song.

"Here with her brood the hen doth walk,
There builds and guards his nest the stork,
The fleet-wing'd swallows pass;
The swift stag leaves his rocky home,
And down the light deer bounding come
To taste the long rich grass.

"The brooks rush gurgling through the sand,
And from the trees on either hand,
Cool shadows o'er them fall;
The meadows at their side are glad
With herds; and hark! the shepherd lad
Sends forth his mirthful call.

"And humming, hovering to and fro,
The never-wearied swarms forth go
To seek their honey'd food;
And through the vine's yet feeble shoots
Stream daily upward from her roots
New strength and juices good.

"The corn springs up, a wealth untold,
A sight to gladden young and old,
Who now their voices lift
To Him who gives such plenteous store,
And makes the cup of life run o'er
With many a noble gift.

"Thy mighty working, mighty God,
Wakes all my powers; I look abroad
And can no longer rest:
I too must sing when all things sing,
And from my heart the praises ring
The Highest loveth best.

"I think, Art Thou so good to us,
And scatt'rest joy and beauty thus
O'er this poor earth of ours;
What nobler glories shall be given
Hereafter in Thy shining heaven,
Set round with golden towers!

"What thrilling joy when on our sight
Christ's garden beams in cloudless light,
Where all the air is sweet,
Still laden with th' unwearied hymn
From all the thousand seraphim
Who God's high praise repeat!

"O were I there! O that I now,
My God, before Thy throne could bow,
And bear my heavenly palm!
Then like the angels would I raise
My voice, and sing Thy endless praise
In many a sweet-toned psalm.

"Nor can I now, O God, forbear,
Though still this mortal yoke I wear,
To utter oft Thy name;
But still my heart is bent to speak
Thy praises; still, though poor and weak,
Would I set forth Thy fame.

"But help me; let thy heavenly showers
Revive and bless my fainting powers,
And let me thrive and grow
Beneath the summer of Thy grace,
And fruits of faith bud forth apace
While yet I dwell below.

"And set me, Lord, in Paradise
When I have bloom'd beneath these skies
Till my last leaf is flown;
Thus let me serve Thee here in time,
And after, in that happier clime,
And Thee, my God, alone!"

—

YOU DARE NOT.—It is related of the late Robert Newton, that after his return from America, in the very height of his reputation, he visited Pocklington, and once more saw the friends among whom he had commenced his ministry. A poor old man, named John Hart, of Thornton, expressed a wish to be conveyed to Pocklington, that he might once more hear Robert Newton, whom he had known when he was a young preacher. John was infirm, and to prevent him from being injured in the crowd, he was placed in the pulpit. While Dr. Newton was speaking, he alluded to his early career in that circuit, and stated that he had felt depressed as to his ministry, and had thought of resigning his charge and returning home, but he had mentioned this to a good man named John Hart, who had answered him with the words, "You dare not." "I wonder," said Dr. Newton, "whether John Hart is alive, or not."

We may judge of his surprise when, from the pulpit behind him, a shrill and tremulous voice answered, "I is here, sir." "The scene that immediately followed this disclosure," says Mr. Jackson, "and the feeling which was excited in the doctor and the devout peasant, and in the meeting generally, may be more easily conceived than described. It is possible that the three pithy words, 'You dare not,' were a means in the hand of God of preventing the young evangelist from leaving his circuit and returning to his farming occupations; and if so, then the hundreds of sinners who were turned to righteousness by his preaching in subsequent years, and the tens of thousands of persons who were instructed and edified by his ministry, owe a debt of gratitude to John Hart which they can never fully repay; and Dr. Newton himself, while through eternity he reaps the fruit of his faithful labors, will bless God for the words which were so seasonably spoken by a plain unlettered man. It is possible that they may be remembered and repeated with thankfulness to God millions of ages hence."

—

Cleanliness.—A writer, making the tour of Europe, says, in a recent letter :—

"I passed a very pleasant week in Holland and Belgium, delightfully amused with everything I saw in that former country of anomalies and contradictions. When at Amsterdam I went out to see the little village of Broek, "celebrated as the cleanest village in the world." Carriages are not allowed to enter it. You must have a cover to your pipe that the ashes may not fall out (there is a notice to this effect) and sully the unblemished purity of the spot. I said that it ought to be put under a glass case, it is such a pretty little toy place. Everything is as still as death in it—the houses look as though they were deserted. You would imagine that the inhabitants must die of atrophy, bodily and mental. Conceive the terror an unwashed hog would cause there! It would produce a shock on their nerves that they would never get over. We went into one of the dairies near there—such neatness and cleanliness, not a speck of dirt to be seen anywhere; every saucer and pan hanging on its appropriate hook! The cheeses looked as though they had been scrubbed. They keep the cows in the dairies in the winter, and each cow has its tail neatly tied up to the wall, in order to keep it out of the dirt, and from soiling the place."

—

Royalty on a Rail-road.—We infer from the following, which we take from the *Illustrated London News* of September 15, that John Bull has yet something to learn on the subject of rail cars. Ordinary travelers must stand a poor chance when such mishaps occur with royalty on board, in spite of "extraordinary precautions," and "grease of the best quality," and "a man stationed on the foot-boards of the train to grease the axles as it was running :"—

"The train which conveyed the queen and royal family from London to Edinburgh on Thursday week met with a series of mishaps, which not only resulted in her majesty having to change carriages before she reached her destination, but unhappily, also, in the loss of life. Notwithstanding the extraordinary precautions taken to prevent even the slightest casualty, it would seem that shortly after the royal train left the metropolis it was found that some of the axles of the carriages, especially one of the last break-van, were not in a satisfactory state. When the train arrived at Peterborough one or two of the axle-boxes were washed out. At Grantham matters were found to be worse, and a man was then stationed on the foot-boards of the train, in order to grease the axles as it was running. At Retford a telegraphic message was sent to Doncaster to have a fresh break got in readiness. At Bawtry the train was delayed five minutes to allow the axles—all of which were overheated more or less—time to cool. On reaching Doncaster the last break of the train was exchanged for a fresh one. After leaving Doncaster, and getting rid of the all but ignited break, the state of the axles of some of the other carriages was sufficient to excite the liveliest anxiety of the officials in charge of the train, and to require the most constant vigilance. On approaching Darlington, one of the greasers stationed on the foot-boards of the train unfortunately came in contact with the girder-railing of a small culvert bridge; the collision knocked him off the train, and he was so crushed and mutilated in his fall that he died soon afterward. At Darlington Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Princess Royal, who occupied the principal state carriage, were under the necessity of abandoning it, and proceeding, for the remainder of their journey, in one of the blue saloon carriages occupied by some of the younger branches of the family. It was found that the heat of the axles was so great as to endanger the safety of the carriage. The real cause of these untoward incidents is involved in some mystery. The state carriages, which have not been used since last September, appeared to be quite safe, in every respect, on their trial journey from London to the Great Northern Company's repairing depot at Doncaster, and back. It is a very unusual circumstance for an axle-tree to overheat itself in so short a distance as that in which the occurrence was first observed in this case; and it is a still more rare circumstance for several axles of one train to overheat in the course of one journey. The grease used was of the best quality, and, we believe, the same as that used during the royal journey to Scotland last year. The end of the axle of the break cast off at Doncaster was nearly worn away; the apertures of the brasses through which the grease should descend were stopped up by the fusion of the metal, after which, of course, none of the grease could get to the axle. No doubt a rigid investigation will be made into all the circumstances of the case at the inquest on the body of the unfortunate man whose life has been sacrificed. The queen did not hear of the occurrence until the train reached Edinburgh, and on the fatal accident being explained, Her Majesty expressed her gracious intention of providing for the widow and family of the deceased."

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Popery in France.—It is said that in 1790 the number of priests in Paris was five thousand. As the population has since doubled, the present number, to keep up the relative proportion, ought to be ten thousand, whereas it is but eight hundred. This is certainly a remarkable fact, and a significant one as to the decay of Popery in its old strongholds.

—

Whitfield and Philpots.—An English paper says :—"It may be regarded by some who are interested in such matters as a singular coincidence, that Whitfield, who in his day was distinguished as an eloquent advocate of the evangelical or low church party, was born in Gloucester, at the Bell hotel, kept by his mother, where also the present Bishop of Exeter, who may be considered as the representative and the head of the high church party, first saw the light, his mother being the bustling landlady of the same hostelry for some years."

—

The Last Rose of Summer.—From a beautiful address made by the poet Bryant at a meeting of the Horticultural Society of this city, we cull the following :—

"In Anacreon's time, and long after, down to the time when Moore, the translator of Anacreon, composed his song entitled the "Last Rose of Summer," there was an especial season of roses. One flush of bloom came over the rose-trees, and then the delicate leaves were strewn withered on the ground: the fruit appeared in its stead, and there were no more roses for that year; the summer must pass into autumn, the autumn into winter, and even the spring must approach its close before roses were again gathered in our gardens. But it is no longer so, as your tables

this day bear witness. See what horticulture has done; how it has prolonged the gentle reign of this queen of flowers! The florist comes, he takes the roses of warmer climates, which are unaccustomed to our seasons, he crosses them with the hardier growth of our northern gardens, and obtains plants which endure our winters in the open air, and bloom continually from the beginning of June to the setting in of the winter frosts. There is now no last rose of summer,—summer goes out in a cloud of roses; they spring up under the departing footsteps of autumn. Some poet speaks ironically of roses in December: what he meant as an extravagance has become the literal truth. I have gathered roses in my garden on Long Island on the twentieth of December; but last year I broke them from their stems on the tenth. It is curious to see the plant go on putting forth its flowers and rearing its clusters of buds as if without any presentiment of approaching winter, till, in the midst of its bloom, it is surprised by a frost nipping all its young and tender shoots at once, like a sudden failure overtaking one of our men of commerce in the midst of his many projects."

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HOGARTH'S "TAILPIECE."—A few months before Hogarth was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its brightest ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he had entitled "The Tailpiece." The first idea of this picture is said to have been started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the end of all things." "If that is the case," replied his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end to the painter." "There will be so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily; "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better." Accordingly, he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension he should not live to complete it. This, however, he did, and in the most ingenious manner, by grouping everything that could denote the end of all things:—A broken bottle; an old broom worn to the stump; the butt-end of an old musket; a cracked bell; a crown tumbled to pieces; towers in ruins; the sign-post of a tavern, called "The World's End" falling down; the moon in her wane; the map of the globe burning; a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down; Phœbus and his horses lying dead in the clouds; a vessel wrecked; Time with his glass and scythe broken; a tobacco-pipe with the last whiff of smoke going out; a play-book opened, with *Exeunt omnes* stamped in the corner; an empty purse; and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature. "So far, so good," said Hogarth, on reviewing his performance; "nothing remains but this," taking his pencil and sketching the resemblance of a painter's palette broken. "Finis!" he then exclaimed. "The deed is done; all is over." It is a very remarkable fact, not generally known, that Hogarth never again took the palette in his hand, and that he died about a month after he had finished his "Tailpiece."

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LIBERTY.—The Japanese, whom we regard as being at best only semi-barbarians, never punish any one for escaping from prison. They hold that it is the natural right of every one to exert his ingenuity for regaining his liberty, and, when retaken, no harshness is used in the conveyance back or subsequent detention. If there be blame anywhere, it is with those who suffered him to escape through remissness in vigilance. This we have on the authority of a Russian, who was one of the few survivors from a vessel wrecked on their inhospitable coast. After being incarcerated according to their accustomed rule, he escaped to where he expected a boat would take him to some of the European ships in the offing, but he was recaptured, and lodged again in prison. He was greatly surprised at his mild treatment afterward, which he feared was only preparatory to a cruel death, till he learned their criminal escape law. But he took care not to test its leniency too far by a second attempt at evasion, and he was liberated by some particular treaty or convention.

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A MEDICAL LICENSE.—It may be interesting to our medical readers to see a license of the olden time. Here is one granted by the General Assembly of Connecticut in the year 1652:

"Thomas Lord, having engaged to this court to continue his abode in Hartford for the next ensuing year, and to improve his best skill among the inhabitants of the towns upon the river within this jurisdiction, both for the setting of bones and otherwise, as at all times, occasions, and necessities may require, this court doth grant, that he shall be paid by the county the sum of £15 for the ensuing year; and they also declare that for every visit or journey that he shall take or make, being sent for to any house in Hartford, 12*d.* is reasonable; to any house in Windsor, 5*s.*; to any house in Wethersfield, 5*s.*; to any house in Farmington, 6*s.*; to any house in Mattasebeck or Middletown, 8*s.*, (he having promised that he will require no more;) and that he shall be freed, for the time aforesaid, from watching, warding, and training, but not from finding arms according to law."

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EXISTING SUPERSTITIONS.—A correspondent of an English literary journal gives some very curious accounts of the superstitions which still exist in many parts of Scotland. We copy a few:—

"*Salt.*—I offered to help an old Highland lady at dinner one day to some salt from the 'cellar,' which stood much nearer to me than to her. She gravely put back my hand, and drew away her plate, saying at the same time, with a kind of shudder, between her teeth:—

'Help me to *sawt!*
Help me to *sorrow!*'

"*Sneezing.*—It is a thing known and fixed as the eternal fates in the minds of all douce nurses, and especially all 'howdies' whatsoever, that a new-born child is in the fairy spells until it *sneezes;* then all danger is past. I once overheard an old and most reverend-looking dame, of great experience in howdie-craft, crooning over a new-born child; and then watching it intently, and in silence, for nearly a minute, she said, taking a huge pinch of snuff, 'Oich! oich! No' yet—no' yet.' Suddenly the youngster exploded in a startling manner into a tremendous sneeze; when the old lady suddenly bent down, and as far as I could see, drew her forefinger across the brows of the child, very much as if making the sign of the cross, (although as a strict Calvinist she would have been scandalized at the idea,) and joyfully exclaimed, 'God sain the bairn, it's *no'* a *warlock!*' Even people of education I have heard say, and *maintain stoutly*, that no idiot ever sneezed or could sneeze!

"*Marriage.*—The sister of an old servant of a friend of mine was shortly since married to a sailor. I asked Katie if the bridal party had gone *down* the water for a pleasure sail. She answered me at once, looking quite flurried: 'Loah, no, sir! that would na be *canny*, ye ken; we gaed *up* the water.' She could give me no reasons, but abundant examples of couples who had impiously disregarded the custom, and had, in Katie's phraseology, 'gane aw wrang' in consequence. In some instances the bride had come to her death; and in one, both bride, bridegroom, and bridesmaids were drowned."

Book Notices.

Sermons for the People, by the Rev. T. H. Stockton, unlike the great mass of this species of literature, are neither dull nor drowsy. On the contrary, they are full of earnestness, original, and at times highly impassioned. The author is not only a popular preacher, but a true poet, as our readers have occasion to know; and in the volume before us, which is the fourth edition, (*Pittsburgh: A. H. English & Co.*,) he brings his imagination with all his other powers to bear upon the great object of his mission—God's glory and man's salvation. Thus he introduces a very impressive New-Year's sermon on the Psalmist's question, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?" &c.:—

"I saw the *Old* Year. He was lying on a bed of gathered leaves. The grass around was brown and withered: save here and there, close by the edge of the snow-patches, where it retained somewhat of its greenness. The turf was almost as hard as the pike—the smooth and stony pike, that glared in the lamplight, and rung under the rattling iron-hoofs and wheels of the passing mail. Of course, it was a secluded spot: away from the tide, with its ships and steamboats; and away from the wire, the rail, and the whistle. The spring gurgled out from the hill-side; but was almost hidden by the long icicles that hung thick from the moss-line, on the front of the over-jutting rock, down to the very basin of the fountain: nor was it seen long, for, as it came out between the icicles, it slipped under the ice that covered its channel, and again found itself almost as much in the dark as it was before it escaped from the inner crevices of the hill. Over the rude couch of the dying Year, the trees spread their leafless, snow-sprinkled branches, as though they would gladly have sheltered him if they could; and the breeze moaned by his side, as tenderly as though a woman's sympathy had touched it into piteous sweetness. The air was very keen, and very clear; and the barking of the distant watch-dog, startled by that passing mail, sounded loud and fierce, as if on the very border of the glen.

"That glen was thronged with an almost innumerable spiritual multitude. The *four seasons* were there. The *twelve months* were there. The *fifty-two weeks* were there. *Three hundred and sixty-five days* were there. *Three hundred and sixty-five nights* were there. Nearly *nine thousand hours* were there. More than *half a million minutes* were there. And more than *thirty millions of seconds* were there. . . .

"The pale Patriarch, thus surrounded by his immense host of descendants, summoned me into his immediate presence. I passed through the parted lines, and knelt by his humble pallet. 'I have called you hither,' said he, 'not for your own sake alone, but for the sake of the church and congregation to which you ministser. I have called you to commit to you, for them, my last and most solemn message. I am only one of the *six thousand Princes of Time*. Time is the son of eternity. Eternity is the son of God. Next to his being the Father of the *Lord Jesus Christ*, the most glorious title the Almighty bears is that of the Father of eternity! From eternity, down to the youngest second, all ages, and years, and seasons, and months, and weeks, and days, and nights, and hours, and minutes, are *his messengers;* intrusted with his richest benefits, and commissioned to bear them to man. My mission, like that of my predecessors, is ended. Before their departure, they reminded you of God's goodness. Before my departure, I remind you of the same. My office has been one of ceaseless love. If you marvel that I am encompassed by such a host, I have only to inform you that they have been my faithful assistants, as well as my affectionate children; and that the reason of their multitude is the multitude of God's benefits to man. A smaller number would fail to distribute his abounding mercies. There is not one, in all this array, who has not been thus employed.' . . .

"'Servant of God!'—said he—'Minister of Christ! return to your charge! The chapel will be open and illumined. The people will be assembled. You anticipate the solemnity of the occasion, and honestly and earnestly desire their profit. Tell them, that you have seen the dying Year. Tell them, that they themselves must die. Tell them, that when their own death-time shall come, the world will be withered around them, as it is now withered around me! Tell them, that they, too, must lie down on the dead leaves of their summer prosperity! Tell them, that every garden of pleasure will then be as desolate to them as are now these fields of nature to me—the verdure all wasted, the trees all stripped, the streams all frozen, and the air crisp, and cold, and still! Tell them, that they will then have but *one* hope, as I have now! See!' said the weary and dying pilgrim, lifting his kindling eye, and pointing, with thin finger, to the heavens,—'See! though the sphere of my labor on earth is all blighted and drear, *no change is there!* Or if, in that high place of reward, there be any change, it is only for the better. Behold! the blue skies are bluer now, and the bright stars brighter now, than they were in *mid-summer*. Nothing withers or declines there! There is the inheritance which is incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away! That is my hope: that is their hope: that is our only hope! But, thank God! it is a sufficient and glorious hope!

"'Go!—and tell them, that "God's benefits" begin with life, but do not end with death: that they commence on earth only to multiply in heaven; and that, while they enrich us in time, they will endure throughout eternity! Go!—and tell them, that the Old Year—looking back from his pallet of dry leaves to scenes of freshest beauty and bliss, and looking up from this wasted world to a universe of imperishable grace, glory, and rapture—*breathes out his last prayer* in their behalf, that every one among them may immediately and solemnly consider the great and pressing question, asking, with the Psalmist: "*What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?*" and answering with the Psalmist also: "*I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord, now, in the presence of all his people!*"'"

In May last the Rev. Dr. Neale, of Boston, delivered a discourse before the Baptist Publication Society, at their annual meeting in Chicago, Ill. It is sufficiently denominational, without being offensively sectarian, the doctor judging rightly that "indifference to our denominational sentiments is no sign of Christian liberality, but rather of a flagrant and inexcusable recreancy to the Master whom we serve." On the subject of Romanism he says:—

"The Papacy, with its waters and holy water, its bowing and crossing and genuflections, can never live in the air of American freedom. The Pope himself may come to this country. I hope he will. It would be the grave of his dynasty. He would come as comes the ox to the slaughter, and as a fool to the correction of the stocks. The light which is breaking in broad and vivid flashes from our free institutions, from a free Press, a free Pulpit, and an open Bible, will carry death and damnation to all the mummeries of an old, superannuated, and rotten superstition. Truth will consume the rubbish of ages by the breath of her mouth and by the brightness of her coming. Popery likely to be the religion of America! Preposterous. Let a barefooted friar appear in our streets, with his long, dirty, snuff-stained gown, the boys would laugh at him; and our merry romping girls, singing as they pluck the May-day flower, 'No, I won't be a nun,' would fly from his presence.

"Catholics, I am aware, are coming here by the hundred thousand; but they will not make us Catholics. 'When the lion eats an ox he does not thereby become an ox, but the ox a lion.' A like assimilation is here in process. America could swallow half the Old World without dying; some portions, it is true, are hard of digestion; but the probability is that, with a good 'constitution,' and the natural working of our political and religious systems, they will soon be incorporated with the body, and we shall breathe freely, and the heart beat as usual, and the countenance still glow in

the freshness of health. Raw emigrants from Cork and Kilkenny are the least hopeful cases. They will probably continue to count their beads. Old Michael will think it an unpardonable sin to go inside of a Protestant meeting, and Bridget O'Flarhty stop her ears during family prayers. But where are the children? 'Do their mothers know they're out?' Ay. It is not enough for the Archbishop of New-York to take the boys and girls from our free schools: he must take them away from our cities and villages, and from all places of public concourse, into some dark and by-corner —some lone and dismal cavern, where owls hoot and satyrs dance, if he would keep them from the free and all-pervading atmosphere of love, of intelligence, and of truth. But the Papist in his hopes, and the Protestant in his fears, mistakes the genius of our institutions and the character of our people altogether. The Pope thinks it fine policy, no doubt, to build costly cathedrals, and have long funeral processions, and a multitude of Saints' days; but this is not the way ever to impose on the American people. If they are cheated, it must be by shrewder expedients. They are not carried away with mere appeals to the eye, with ceremonies, and grimaces, and priestly vestments. They want something to hear—appeals that will stir up thought, and furnish matter for conversation and controversy. If his Holiness himself were to appear on one of your prairies with his glittering tiara, and were to offer high mass every day in the year, how many, think you, of the citizens of Illinois would go to witness the miserable farce? A few Irishmen probably, and a straggler or two from the neighborhood of Nauvoo; but your stanch, sensible yeomanry would go farther to hear a 'good, rousing' revival sermon, or a 'right smart' speech against the Nebraska Bill."

Gloria in Excelsis is the name of a new collection of Church Music, by W. Williams. It is professedly an improvement on all its predecessors, as simplifying the elementary instructions, and as containing nothing but *new* tunes, composed or arranged for this work, and which have never appeared in any American book of Church music. (*Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.; New-York: J. C. Derby.*)

One of the best presentation books for children who love to read is a volume of the *Sunday-School Advocate*. We have before us Volume XIV, neatly bound, and containing an immense amount of choice reading, beautifully illustrated. If any of our readers are not regular subscribers for the paper, we advise them to procure the bound volumes; and those who have been cheered by its semi-monthly appearance, will do well to send them to the binder. Missing numbers can be supplied by the Publishers. (*Carlton & Phillips, 200 Mulberry-street, New-York.*)

We are in a fair way to know all about the United States Expedition to Japan without waiting for the slow movements of Government, which has taken in hand its publication, having enjoined upon all persons belonging to the squadron to abstain from writing even to their friends upon the subject, and declared officially that "the journals and private notes of the officers and other persons in the expedition must be considered as belonging to the Government, until permission be received from the Navy Department to publish them." The effect of this order was, as might have been expected, to cause few journals to be written. From "scattered memoranda," however, and with the help of a good memory, *Mr. J. W. Spalding*, who held the office of Commander's clerk, has published a goodly-sized volume, entitled, *Japan and Around the World; an Account of Three Visits to the Japanese Empire.* (*Redfield, New-York.*) It is written in a lively style, and with so much minuteness of detail that we fear the author must have violated the instructions above referred to, or else has he a most excellent memory. Taken in connection with the work of Hildreth, and that of Bayard Taylor, both recently noticed in our pages, we are of opinion that all that is known about Japan in general, or worth knowing about Commodore Perry's expedition, is now before the public.

Dr. Jackson, whose *Letters to a Young Physician* was briefly noticed in our last, gives some very sensible advice on the treatment of infants. In these United States, and especially in our large cities, where the proportion of babes who pass from earth to heaven is most appalling, his remarks deserve the serious attention of all to whom God has intrusted an immortal spirit enshrined in a frail casket. The volume is adapted to the non-professional reader as well as to the young physician, and is issued in good style from the press of *Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston; and J. C. Derby, New-York.* We may do a service to some young mother by extracting a portion of the author's remarks on the morbid effects of dentition:—

"We come now to the great change in the infant's diet, *weaning*—weaning from the breast. This is a change to which the young mother looks forward with great anxiety. It is right that she should do so. It is worthy a careful consideration. At the risk of seeming to exalt this matter unduly, I will say that it is one of the great events in life. The child's subsequent health and vigor of constitution may depend upon the proper timing of this great change. . . .

"Children are benefited by living principally on the breast for twelve months; their vigor is evidently impaired, in almost all cases, when they are nursed less than nine months. The safest period of the year for weaning is from the middle of October to the middle of March; provided they be not weaned under ten months after December, under eleven after January, nor under twelve after February. Children who are weaned at the age of twelve months in March are ordinarily safe; those who are weaned at this age in April are less so—one-half of them, perhaps, suffering severely in the subsequent summer or autumn. In May the danger increases; and in the four subsequent months, if a child of any age be weaned, it will in most cases be very sick before the middle of the October ensuing. The disease does not immediately follow the weaning; though in many cases the diarrhœa of teething children ensues at once. But the instances in which children who are weaned between May and October escape severe cholera infantum, are extremely rare indeed."

Few publishers are doing so much for the dissemination of religious literature as the *Messrs. Carter*, of this city. In their selection of works for publication they appear less to regard the question, Will it increase our pecuniary gains? than that other and more important one—Is it likely to do good? They are continually increasing the obligations of all who cherish sound morality, and who deprecate the literary trash with which the book-market is flooded by those who seek only to put money in their pockets. We have now from their press a reprint of the new edition, the fourth, of the *Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral, by James McCosh, LL. D.*, in a beautiful octavo of over five hundred pages. Differing from the author as we do on several speculative points, we have no hesitation in commending the volume to our readers, if indeed commendation of a work so well known be necessary. The present edition has been thoroughly revised by the author, and several new topics of importance are discussed.

From the same publishers we have *The Parabolical Teaching of Christ; or, the Engravings of the New Testament, by Rev. D. T. K. Drummond, of Edinburgh.* Among the many attempts to elucidate the parables of the Saviour, we incline to the opinion that in the general judgment of the Church this volume will rank as the best that has yet appeared—the most satisfactory in its interpretations, and the most practical. Such, at any rate, is our own opinion, not hastily formed, but the result of careful examination.

From the press of *Redfield* we have *The Private Life of an Eastern King, by a Member of the Household of his late Majesty, Nieswir-u-deen, King of Oude.* The author, who withholds his name, represents himself as an Englishman, who, twenty years ago, visited Lucknow on business, and obtained a situation in the household of the King-of Oude. There, he tells us, he resided three and a half years, and this volume, professedly a narrative of facts, is a graphical description of the inner life of the palace, and more especially of the atrocious cruelty and brutal sensuality of an Eastern despot. Oude is a kingdom of considerable extent, larger, it is said, than Denmark, or than Holland and Belgium put together. Lucknow, the capital city, has a population of over three hundred thousand. The author of the volume before us gives no descriptions of the country, and says very little of the manners and customs of the people. He confines himself to his own experience in the service of his regal employer, and has made a very readable book.

The Rag-Picker; or, Bond and Free. 12mo., pp. 430. (*Mason & Brothers.*) We should have pronounced this story a gross tissue of improbabilities, and the principal characters egregiously overdrawn, had it not been for the assurance of the author that it is "a record of facts," and that in writing it there was "no occasion to draw upon imagination for the characters." This being admitted, and we have no right to question it, the tale verily illustrates the old adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction," and places the accursed system of Southern slavery in a more hideous light than has ever been thrown upon it by the fancy of the novelist, or the avowed writer of romance. It belongs to that rapidly-increasing class of literary spicery which is sought with avidity on this side of Mason and Dixon's line, and, though theoretically tabooed on the other, finds its way among the better portions of society, and is read with equal if not greater eagerness.

Peterson, of Philadelphia, is publishing cheap editions of the world-renowned fictions of Charles Dickens. We have, in yellow-covered pamphlets, at a shilling each, *The School-Boy and other Stories by the Christmas Fire, The Seven Poor Travelers*, and *Hard Times.*

A series of volumes entitled *Dickens's Little Folks* is in course of publication by *Redfield*, of this city. *Little Nell*, from "The Old Curiosity Shop," is on our table, to be followed by *Oliver Twist, Paul Dombey, Florence, &c.* The editor has made his selections with care and good judgment, and they are issued in a neat and attractive style.

As a specimen of book-making, including paper, type, binding, and pictorial embellishments, we have seen nothing for a long time to equal an edition of *The Task, a Poem, by William Cowper.* It was got up, as the phrase is, in Edinburgh, Scotland, but bears the imprint also of *Carter & Brothers, New-York.*

Literary Record.

The Astor Library.—It is stated that William B. Astor has made a donation to the Astor Library of eighty-five square feet of land adjacent to the building now occupied by that institution in Lafayette-Place. This will more than double the area of the present site, which was valued by the executors, before any building was on it, some five years ago, at $25,000. Mr. Astor has already made two other donations to the library: one of a large sum to meet the expenses for the construction of the building beyond the sum prescribed by the will; another of $2,500 to provide a special department illustrating practical and mechanical science. This is nearly completed, and a special catalogue is in course of preparation. The following recent additions, chiefly from the Paris press, have been made to the library:—"Lobert's Anatomie," folio; "Tichel's Iconographic Opthalmologique;" "Gelbke's Description des Ordres de Chevalrie," with innumerable illustrations, large folio. Of this magnificent work there are but a limited number of copies extant. A set of the London Times, complete, from 1840, has just been received; also Hooker's "Himalaya Plants," folio; Halliwell's "Shakspeare," and a translation of Aristotle, in ten volumes, quarto, only fifty copies of which have ever been printed.

The reports of the loss, in Central Africa, of *Dr. Barth*, the celebrated traveler, have received a most welcome contradiction by his arrival, on the 8th ult., at Marseilles, after an absence of six years. Gold medals, services of plate, &c., will shortly be presented to him, both in France and England.

New Library Building.—The corner-stone of an elegant edifice, about to be erected for the library of the New-York Historical Society, was laid with appropriate ceremonies on the 17th of October. It is on the corner of Second Avenue and Eleventh-street, in an open and free space, in the immediate neighborhood of kindred institutions, and easily accessible in all directions. But this site has other and stronger recommendations: it is rich in its historical associations, and its memories of the

past. It is part of the farm, and it is but a few hundred feet from the ancient residence, of Peter Stuyvesant, the early and distinguished governor of the then Dutch colony of New Netherlands. It is still nearer to the tombs of the governors of three distinct dynasties—the Dutch colonial, the English colonial, and the Independent constitutional of New-York. In a church-yard opposite repose the remains of Governors Stuyvesant, Slaughter, and Tompkins.

A Memoir of *Sir John Leverett*, Governor of Massachusetts, 1673–9, will soon be ready for the press. Among others, this work is to embrace extended notices of the Pilgrim, Thomas Leverett; Hon. John Leverett, President of Harvard University; Hon. Leverett Saltonstall; and Frederic Percival Leverett, Esq., author of a Latin Lexicon. The genealogy of the family will be brought down to the present time.

M. Dumas has taken the trouble to contradict a silly paragraph, which has been going the round of the papers, from the *Independence Belge*, to the effect that a wealthy old man had bequeathed to him a legacy of 300,000 francs, being half of his fortune, in acknowledgment of the pleasure received from the perusal of some of his writings during the octogenarian's last illness. It is humorously, and perhaps truly, stated by M. Dumas, that the only reality in the whole affair is, that his creditors, on the strength of this announced legacy, have put in claims against him to the amount of 163,000 francs.

The London *Athenæum* reviews "The Memoirs of James Gordon Bennett," handling the work in a humorous but most sarcastic manner, hinting at "cowhidings," and several other little matters of too delicate a nature to dwell upon, and pronounces it to be "in style, taste, and manner, a most ludicrous performance." The writer thinks we Americans have a *penchant* for this kind of nonsense, from the number of curious biographies which have recently been issued from the press, and slily asks, "What do our American friends think of them?"

The *Belgian Academy*, when reorganized, will devote itself to the production of national biography, the publication of Archaic Flemish works, and the re-editing of the great writers of the country. The late Baron Stassarts has left the Academy 2,260 francs a year, to found a prize for the best biography of a gold medal worth 600 francs. A second prize of 3,000 francs is to be given to the author of the best work on some point of national history. The first biography is to be that of the Baron himself.

Herring, in his work on "Paper and Paper-making" in England, gives the following interesting statistics:—

"In 1721, it is supposed that there were but about 300,000 reams of paper annually produced in Great Britain, which were equal merely to two-thirds of the consumption. In 1760 the value of the paper manufactured in England alone amounted to £800,000, the duty on which was £46,867 19*s.* 9*d.* At that time the duty was divided into seven distinct classes or rates of collection. Twenty years after, when the mode of assessment was reduced to three classes, the duty had risen to £315,802 4*s.* 8*d.*; in 1880, fifteen years after, to £619,824 7*s.* 11*d.*; in 1835, to £888,822 12*s.* 4*d.*, or, in weight, to 70,655,287 lbs., which was again in fifteen years nearly doubled. The quantity of paper charged with excise duty in the United Kingdom in 1850 was no less than 141,082,474 lbs., and last year (1854) the enormous weight of 179,896,222 lbs."

A history of the town of Natick, Mass., from the pen of *O. N. Bacon*, will shortly make its appearance.

The celebrated *Abd-el-Kader*, who is a member of the Asiatic Society of Paris, has recently forwarded to the society, as a mark of respect, the manuscript of an original work, consisting of religious and moral disquisitions, written by him. The manuscript has just been presented by the society to the Bibliothèque Imperiale, and it will no doubt be esteemed, in the course of a few centuries, as one of the most valuable of its treasures. As a specimen of the spirit in which it is written, we may mention that in the first chapter, which treats of the advantages of science, the author complains that the learned men of Europe, and particularly of France, who have carried human knowledge to a vast height, and are constantly carrying it higher, never think of raising their hearts and minds toward God, who governs the world with supreme wisdom. "Never," says he, "do they mention Him in their conversations, and never is there any question of Him in their writings."

German papers announce the death of the historian Menzel, whose works are well known in this country in translation. He died in Breslau, aged seventy-one.

Donation to the Boston Public Library.—Mrs. Sally Inman Kast Shepard, daughter of the late Dr. Thomas Kast, has placed in the hands of Dr. Shurtleff, the sum of *one thousand dollars*, to be expended forthwith in the purchase of books for the Boston Public Library.

In Italy, it appears, *German literature* is much studied and liked at present. A highly-praised translation of Klopstock's "Messias," by Signor Cereseto, has recently been published at Turin. The Milan weekly paper, *Il Crepuscolo*, presents its readers with frequent reviews of German scientific works, which show a great intimacy with the march of German science.

The well-known and accomplished *Mrs. Smith*, of Glasgow, died last month at the advanced age of one hundred years. This venerable lady was one of the correspondents of Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, and was well known to many of the literary celebrities of the west of Scotland during the two past generations. Her son, James Smith, Esq., of Jordanhill, F.R.S., in a graceful dedication of his last work, "A Critical Dissertation on the Voyages of St. Paul," refers to her as retaining in her 99th year the clear use of all her faculties.

The "Annuaire" of the *Belgian Academy* contains an interesting biography of Arago, with some new anecdotes. During the Revolution, the great astronomer, we are told, got entangled in a crowd, and was in imminent danger of being thrown into the Seine. Twenty hands were immediately upon his collar, and the National Guard were looking on trembling with

horror. A non-commissioned officer, who, with all the rashness of Peter, had cut down one of the assailants, only heightened the confusion. Dusty, torn, and helpless, Arago cried out, "Hé bien! hé bien! que faites vous donc? mais je ne sais pas nager." This naïve inquiry raised a laugh, and the astronomer escaped. An amusing story is told of his frightening a fat Belgian out of a place he coveted in the Ghent Railway, by a detailed account of a frightful explosion and loss of life. He described the shattered limbs and broken bones till the obnoxious *vis-à-vis* fairly took flight, and left the field of battle free for his laughing conqueror.

William Ogden Niles, of Washington city, proposes to reprint "Niles's Register," fifty volumes complete, commencing with the work in September, 1811, and closing with the life of its founder and editor, Hezekiah Niles, in September, 1836.

The entire value of the books named in the catalogue of the late Philadelphia trade sale, estimated at trade prices, was over $370,000; and that of the New-York Book-Publishers' Association catalogue for their sales, was over $400,000.

Professor Agassiz's new Work.—From a letter read before the Historical Society by the Rev. Mr. Osgood, it appears that the great work of Agassiz contains some extremely interesting comparisons of the geological condition of America with that of the Old World, illustrated in a most remarkable manner by the existing species of living animals in our country. "The prosperity and intelligence of the people in our western cities," says the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, "may be gathered from the fact that in the city of Toledo, in Ohio, with a population in 1850 of less than four thousand, *nineteen subscribers* to this great American work on Natural History have been obtained, being equal to one for every two hundred of the population." In Albany one hundred subscribers have been obtained.

The Arctic Expedition.—A number of volumes will shortly appear, both in England and America, from the pens of voyagers who have been in search of Sir John Franklin. The Memoirs of Lieutenant Joseph René Bellot, a Frenchman, who was connected with one of the expeditions which went in search of the lost mariner, have just been published in London. The happy manner in which the work is written, and the numerous laughable anecdotes which are related by the lieutenant, makes it extremely popular. Dr. Kane, of the Grinnell expedition, will, it is stated, shortly publish a work on the subject.

In London an important movement is in progress among the Jews for the establishment of a college for the education of members of the ancient faith. With a view of obtaining degrees in the London University, attendance on the classical classes of University College is to be part of the scheme. Hebrew and Theology are to be placed under the direction of the Chief Rabbi. A school is to be established in connection with the college. Similar institutions are to be started both in France and the United States.

Four elegantly-bound volumes of Schoolcraft's "History of the Indian Tribes," illustrated by S. Eastman, of the United States Army, and compiled under the direction of the Indian Bureau, have been prepared for presentation to the king of the Sandwich Islands, Kamehameha IV., through his minister, the Hon. M. Lee."

Arts and Sciences.

From Germany we learn that *Professor Von Kaulbach*, assisted by his pupil, Herr Echter, has almost finished his large fresco-painting, "Die Hunnenschlact," in one of the saloons of the new Museum, at Berlin, and that Professor Rauch has executed in marble a fine bust of Baron Humboldt. His marble group of Moses, with Aaron and Hur staying up his hands in the battle with the Amalekites, is advancing, and will, when completed, find its place at Sans Souci.

Monument to the Ossoli Family.—The family of Margaret Fuller Ossoli has erected a marble monument to her memory and that of her husband and child, in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Massachusetts. It was designed and executed by Mr. Thomas Carew, an artist of Boston. It is upright in form, and on its side, facing the avenue, is cut in the marble a medallion the size of life, and said to be an excellent likeness of Madame Ossoli, surrounded by an exquisitely carved oak wreath. Beneath the medallion is a book, denoting the literary vocation of Margaret Fuller; and near it is seen the hilt of a sword, designating the military profession of the Marquis Ossoli, who was captain of the Civic Guard during the Roman Revolution of 1848. There is no emblem especially designed for the child; but near by is a marble slab with an appropriate inscription, beneath which his dust reposes.

Railway under the British Channel.—M. Favre, a French engineer, has just published some observations relative to the possibility of making a railway under the Channel from France to England. The length of the work, he says, would be thirty kilometres (eighteen and three-quarter English miles,) and pierced at such a depth as to always leave twenty-five metres at least between the arch and the bottom of the sea. This tunnel he proposes to have lined with a double archway, one of bricks, and the other of iron, this latter pierced with narrow openings, to at once allow the slightest infiltration to be perceived. Referring to the repeated inbreaks of water in making the tunnel under

the Thames, M. Favre states that nothing of the kind can be apprehended in attempting a tunnel under the Channel, as, for the greater part of the distance, the ground consists of hard rock, where the soil under the Thames was a blue clay of no consistence. On the coast of Cornwall, he observes, a great number of mines extend several kilometres under the sea, and yet no accident occurs from an irruption of the sea, although the distance between the water and the workmen is so slight that the noise of the loose stones moved about by the waves can be distinctly heard. Engineers are at present, M. Favre states in conclusion, engaged in estimating, as accurately as can well be done, the utmost cost of the execution of a tunnel under the Channel between England and France; and in order to avoid all disappointment to the shareholders who might think fit to take part in the enterprise, the works would be executed at a fixed price, by contractors offering every guaranty of responsibility. Such is M. Favre's plan, which, whatever may be thought of its feasibility, certainly is not wanting in boldness.

The London *Literary Gazette* says:—

"M. Claudot, a French architect, has invented a means of coating stone with a composition resembling marble. It is hard, bright, and smooth, and can be colored in all shades and tints."

The *Gazette* is mistaken in attributing to a Frenchman the invention of this beautiful composition. For some years past it has been known both in Europe and America; but lately it has been wonderfully improved on by parties who spared neither pains nor expense to bring it to perfection. Iron was the first substance marbleized; but the Hydeville Marble (imitation) Works, a short time since, substituted slate, and succeeded in establishing its excellence beyond their most sanguine expectations. The varied patterns of mantel-pieces, (some of them colossal,) table-tops, &c., in imitation of every style of marble now in use, which were exhibited at the last fair or exhibition of art in the New-York Crystal Palace, and which were executed by Mr. Henry Fisher, will challenge rivalry with any material which may be produced either on this or the other side of the Atlantic.

The Rhineland papers report that the Mediæval monument "*Hochkreus*," situated on the high road between Bonn and Godesberg, is to be restored to its original form. According to the Kölner Chronik, it was erected in 1333 by Count Walram, of Juliers, Archbishop of Cologne. The statuary part of the restoration will be executed by two young sculptors of Cologne, Herren Mohr and Fuchs,—the first well known already by the part he takes in the completion of the cathedral of his native town.

The Richmond papers state that the colossal statue of *Jefferson* has been elevated on its temporary pedestal, on the lower pediment of the capitol steps in that city. It stands in beautiful contrast with the statue of Patrick Henry. Jefferson is represented wrapped in a cloak, with his head slightly bent, as if in deep thought, and holding in his left hand, folded across his breast, a scroll inscribed "1776."

N. Pouillet, of the Académie at Paris, has an apparatus for determining the height of clouds by the aid of photography; and at St. Petersburgh, photography has been made to do good service in the reduction and reproduction of large topographical maps.

The corner-stone of an immense granite monument, commemorative of the *landing of the Pilgrims*, is to be laid at Plymouth, Mass., on the first of August, 1856. Thirteen years is the maximum of time allowed for its construction, and it will be one of the most magnificent monuments in the world.

A statue of the "*Great Elector*" has been erected, by command of the King of Prussia, on the island of Rügen. It was executed by Herr Stürmer, of Berlin, and stands on the top of a column forty feet high. In the Royal Gardens, at Sans Souci, a new fountain, borne by four colossal sea-horses, from the hands of Professor Kiss, will soon attract the eyes of the curious. The preparatory works have been already commenced.

St. Petersburgh journals announce that an exhibition of fine arts will be held in that capital this year—in spite of the war.

Mr. Carmichael, the marine painter, has been to the Baltic in search of stirring subjects for his pencil, and has brought to England sketches for some important works. He was present at the bombardment of Sweaborg; and by the courtesy of those in authority he was permitted to land, with his drawing materials, on a small island, whence he had a magnificent view of this terrible attack. He is now engaged in making up some of his sketches into a large picture.

Professor Faraday states that lead is nearly as inflammable as phosphorus, and he explains the cause of its not burning in ordinary circumstance to be, that the solid product of combustion forms a film that prevents contact with the oxygen, and the conducting power of the other parts of the metal draws off and dissipates the heat. By the most admirable arrangements, these combustible properties of the metals are kept in proper control, and bodies that are really so inflammable are made to serve as strong resisters of combustion.

Mr. Mascher, an ingenious Philadelphia artist, now takes two stereoscopic pictures at once in full daylight, and in the open air. To effect his object, he makes use of very small lenses, pierces his camera with two apertures the fiftieth of an inch in diameter, and gets a picture with each.

The manufacture of paper from numerous kinds of grasses, straw, and wood, is by no means a new thing. Jacob Christian Scaffers, a German theologian, printed a book in 1772 on sixty specimens of paper, made from as many substances, such as straw, wood of various kinds, willow, beech, &c., and a number of grasses. Cotton rags, however, have been found to be vastly more economical, especially since the discovery of bleaching by chlorine, by which the blackest and dirtiest calico rags, which before were used for making wrapping paper, can now be bleached as white as snow.

Professor Petrina, of the University of Prague, favorably known for discoveries in magnetism, electricity, and for writings on scientific subjects, has just died.

A new *horseshoe* has been invented by Mr. S. Short, of New-London, Connecticut. The peculiar feature is, that the new shoe has not a nail or nail-hole in it! Otherwise, it is made in the common form, and is held on the foot by an iron cap, something in the shape of a low cut vamp of a man's leather shoe, or the leather peak of a boy's cloth cap. The iron cap on the hoof is about two inches wide at the toe, but narrower on each side toward the heel. It is so thin as to be a little flexible, and is fastened to the foot by a screw passing through the two ends behind the heel. The lower edge of this cap fits into a groove cut in the outer edge of the shoe, which holds them together, and the screw fastens them both to the hoof. This cap does not come to much wear, and will outlast many shoes.

A *Mr. Stoddard*, of Worcester, Mass., has constructed an instrument for making music by steam. It consists of a series of whistles, like those used on locomotives, being made of different sizes, so as to produce the desired tone corresponding with each note. This completes the machine, with the exception of a cylinder similar to those used in a common hand-organ or music box, containing cogs, which, when properly arranged, will, if turned by hand or otherwise, operate upon the valves in such a manner as to play any tune desired, by simply changing the position of the cogs, which are arranged so as to be movable.

New Route to India.—Captain Allen, an officer of the Royal Navy, and a gentleman of high scientific attainments, has conceived the idea of a route to India by a ship canal through the valley of the Jordan and the basin of the Dead Sea. He gives an account of his project in a work which he has just published, and we subjoin a brief description of it:—From a point in the southern depression of the Lebanon range, to the head of the Gulf of Akaba, (the eastern branch of the head of the Red Sea,) there exists, for a considerable part of the way, a deep valley, hundreds of feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and bordered by lofty hills. In this depression are found Lake Tiberias, the River Jordan, and the Dead Sea. In Captain Allen's opinion, this valley, during the geological era, was continued to the Gulf of Akaba, and formed a great inland ocean. By a rise of the land at the southern end of this great earth-fissure, the communication with the Red Sea was cut off; the heat of the climate dried up the water of the inland ocean by evaporation, till it was reduced to what the natural drainage of the country would supply; if, indeed, the Dead Sea is not even now decreasing, spite of the rivers that drain into it. The depression of this valley or basin is so great, that the surface of the Dead Sea is estimated to be 1300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. The *modus operandi* is therefore simple. Cut one ship-canal from the head of the Gulf of Akaba to the southern extremity of the basin of the Dead Sea, and another from the neighborhood of Mount Carmel on the Mediterranean, across the plain of Esdraelon, to the break (Captain Allen says the only break) that occurs in the mountain ranges bordering the "fissure." These two canals once finished, the waters of the Mediterranean and Red Sea would rush in, and, with a fall of thirteen hundred feet, speedily fill up the valley; when, almost as quickly as the *hey presto* of a conjuror, you have an inland ocean, furnishing as short a passage to India as the overland route, and putting an end forever to the squabbles and difficulties raised by the partisans of Egyptian railways and canals.

A Boston gentleman has patented an apparatus for *generating gas* from a new material. The material consists simply of zinc and hydrochloric acid, which is effectual without the application of external heat, and by mere chemical action. It yields a gas of great purity and brilliancy, as compared with the coal gas, the same quantity yielding twice the illuminating power. The whole apparatus is contained in a cylinder three feet in height and sixteen inches in diameter. There are no weights to wind, and the pressure, which is always equal, is adjusted by itself. One of the main advantages is that the gas can be made very cheaply.

Across the Darmetra branch of the Nile, thirty-five miles from Cairo, a *tubular bridge* is being constructed. The carriages are to run upon the outside of the bridge, and not, as is the case with the Menai bridge, upon the inside. The canoons to support the structure are of iron, filled with concrete, and sunk sixty feet into the bed of the Nile, to prevent their being carried away by the current, as occurred previously when sunk only thirty feet. The rail-road to Suez is to be commenced shortly. The chief engineer is a Frenchman.

Art in England.—In England a regular monument and testimonial mania is now raging. Almost every day a new development is made. Charley Napier's case is the latest. There is to be a shilling subscription got up *all* over the United Kingdom to procure a testimonial for the gallant old admiral, both as an expression of esteem and sympathy, and an evidence of the public sense of right and wrong. It has been enthusiastically received, and a large sum has already been collected. The Roebuck testimonial affair is progressing well in the provinces; men of all parties are concurring to do him honor. Feargus O'Connor, the leader of the Chartists, is to have a monument erected to his memory in Scotland. The movement was commenced in Glasgow. The working classes are to be called upon to assist in the undertaking. The statue of the Duke of Wellington, executed by Mr. Matthew Noble for the East India Company, has been placed in its niche in the general court-room at the India House, London. It is of white marble, rather beyond life-size, and represents the duke in military undress uniform, having in his hand a telescope. The one intended for the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral is to be executed by Baron Marochetti, at a cost of £5000. The expense is to be defrayed by government. This patronage of a foreigner has given great dissatisfaction to English artists generally.

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